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Personal & General

Rev. Canon Gribble, with his daughters, is living at 97 Cowan Ave., Toronto. * * * *

Rev. A. H. Howitt, M.A., is leaving St. Mark's, Orangeville, to take the rectorship of St. Thomas' Church, St. Catharines, succeeding Archdeacon Perry. * * * *

The many friends of Rev. J. W. Blacker, L.Th., who was Rector of Newmarket, will regret to hear that he is seriously ill in the Toronto General Hospital. * * * *

Rev. A. J. Reid commenced his new work at St. Chad's, Toronto, on August 20th. St. Chad's is situated in a suburb of Toronto, where the population is rapidly increasing. * * * *

Rev. Harold Snarrt began his duties as Rector of Port Colborne on September 1st. He was in charge of St. Chad's, Toronto. Mrs. Snarrt was formerly a teacher of Classics in Havergal College, Toronto. * * * *

Capt. the Rev. T. G. McGonigle, who has been overseas for two years on Chaplain service, has returned to resume the rectorship of Newmarket. Rev. C. E. Ryerson has been locum tenens during his absence. * * * *

The funeral service of Mr. Morley Davidson, former Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific R.R., was conducted at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, by Rev. Lenox Smith and Canon Kittson. * * * *

Mr. Claud C. Leech has been received into the Diocese of Algoma as student and catechist, and is doing missionary work in the Mission of Nipissing and Reston. Mr. Leech has been a chorister in St. Paul's Church choir, Toronto, for some time. * * * *

The death occurred a few days ago in England of the Rev. R. Barrington Nevitt, M.A., eldest son of Dr. R. B. Nevitt, of Toronto. Mr. Nevitt had been in failing health for a year past. He was a graduate of Trinity College of class '00, and had served in the American, as well as the Canadian Church, before going to England. * * * *

Capt. the Rev. E. C. Earp returned from overseas last week to assume the duties of acting Rector at Trinity Church, Montreal, during the absence of Col. the Rev. J. A. Almond, C.M.G., Chaplain-General of the Canadian Forces. Mr. Earp has been with the Canadian Forces for three years, and has seen one year's service in France. * * * *

The Bishop of Toronto preached at St. Andrew's, Centre Island, last Sunday morning. In the evening at St. Alban's Cathedral he spoke on the work of the Navy League, making a moving appeal for the needy of the Merchant Marine service. Last Tuesday he read the prayers at the public meeting at the City Hall in inaugurating the Navy League campaign for Ontario. * * * *

For the purpose of producing missionaries and Christian workers among the foreign element in Western Canada, a Slavic department will be opened in Brandon College this fall. A professor familiar with the Slav languages will be shortly appointed to supervise the instruction. Already a number of Russian students have been enrolled to pursue the studies which will be outlined.

Mr. John D. Falconbridge, B.A., LL.B., has been appointed a Commissioner for Ontario, along with Dr. Matthew Wilson, for the conference of Provincial representatives to promote uniformity in Provincial legislation. Mr. Falconbridge has been active in Church matters for some years. For five sessions he was Honorary Lay Secretary of the Toronto Synod, and he is a member of the General Synod. * * * *

On Tuesday, August 27th, at St. Johns, Newfoundland, the marriage took place of Miss Florence Ellen Netten, daughter of Rev. Canon T. G. Netten, of Newfoundland Cathedral, to Herbert Maxe Whiteway, son of the late William Whiteway, K.C.-M.G., Premier of Newfoundland. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the diocese. The young couple will reside at Rivermead, St. Johns, the home of Lady Whiteway. The bride is a sister of the Rector of Trinity Church, Cornwall. * * * *

Charged with violating the Espionage Act by making seditious remarks from the pulpit and in private conversation, Rev. John Steik, a Lutheran clergyman, known throughout New England, was arrested in Boston last week. The minister is alleged to have said from his pulpit that the explosion at Halifax was "an act of God against the enemies of Germany." In private conversation Mr. Steik is alleged to have advised young men contemplating enlisting to enter the German army and to have offered to help drafted men to escape military service. The clergyman, who is 53 years of age, was born in Russia. * * * *

Mr. W. P. Livingstone, whose "Mary Slessor" has found widespread acceptance as the most striking missionary biography of recent years, has begun to write the life-story of another heroine of the mission field, happily still alive, and resident in Glasgow. His discovery is Mrs. Forsyth, of Xolobe, who, as an honorary worker, lived alone for thirty-one years among a degraded tribe in an isolated region of South Africa. Drawing a comparison between Miss Slessor and Mrs. Forsyth, Mr. Livingstone says: "Miss Slessor was a pioneer, eager for territorial expansion, who thought in terms of towns and districts. Mrs. Forsyth never once left her station, even on furlough; she was an intensive worker, and thought in terms of individuals. She was as extraordinarily brave and tenacious in seeking to conquer a single soul, as Miss Slessor was to win a tribe." * * * *

The coming Wycliffe College Alumni Conference on September 23rd-26th, promises to be unusually interesting. Several notable speakers are to be present. Dr. S. M. Zwemer will conduct a conference for the clergy of the city and will speak at a public meeting on "The Near East and the War." Bishop Stringer and Canon McElheran will be luncheon speakers. Prof. Michel, of Queen's, and Prof. Haultain, of Toronto, will talk about the economic and social aspect of reconstruction problems. Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, W. A. Earp and F. S. Ford will tell of their mission fields. Capt. E. C. Earp will speak on the religious problems connected with the war and its effect on the men on active service. Rev. R. P. McKim, of St. John (who has been taking several missions in Ontario during the past year), will take the Quiet Hour each morning. Rev. G. L. Gray, of Rosemont, will lead a discussion on the problems of the Rural Church. The occupation of the greater part of the College as a barracks of the Royal Air Force, leaves room for only thirty men in residence, so some of the Alumni will be crowded out of the College halls this year.

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Canadian Churchman

Toronto, September 5th, 1918.

The Christian Year

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 5, 1918

CHURCH REFORM.

The Church of God has ever been an object of criticism. Her own members and those without have not spared her. This fact is a tribute. It shows how much is expected of her. If she falls short of her ideal—she has a high ideal to fall short of. The first duty of critics is suggested by the Collect for today—that they *pray* for the Church

Whatever may be wrong in morals or doctrine or lacking in devotion, however the Church or any part of the Church "may err," her cleansing must come "from above," from God. No reform in organization, no Synodical decrees or canons, however wise they may appear, will accomplish her revival or purification. Only God can cleanse the Church. *The first step in Church reform or revival is earnest prayer.*

The Church will ever be open to criticism, for she is "not already made perfect." She has many a "spot and wrinkle." The Divine society is not made up of those who are perfect, but of those who want to do the will of God and grow in grace and in the knowledge of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In the Church will be found all sorts and conditions of characters, in all stages of spiritual development. She includes all whose faces are towards Our Lord. Some think the Church is for the good only, and so withhold themselves from the great service of the Church, the Holy Communion. It is of God's grace we are admitted to His Holy Table. If we sincerely desire His help and want to be good men, we may come. We do not come "trusting in our own righteousness," but in His "manifold and great mercies." We come not as "saints," but as sinners who need help.

The Church is apt to become conformed to the world in any age. After any period of reform or revival corruption may set in. We must ever pray that the continual pity of God for the weakness of man may send the continual stream of His grace to keep the Church pure.

The Church's life and usefulness are ever menaced by foes within and without, "false doctrine, heresy and schism, the world, the flesh and the devil." She needs protection. In His great Prayer of Intercession—Our Lord foresees dangers to the Church, as represented by the Apostles, and prays, "Keep them." The Church's only safety lies in her being kept by "the power of God."

Thus we are reminded of our ground of confidence in the face of problems and tasks which confront the Church, or weaknesses which are only too obvious. These are not to be solved by human sagacity or business methods, but only by the appeal to the spiritual forces which are available for the Church. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." It was not by force or diplomacy that the early Church won her successes over the world, but by her spiritual power.

Your duty, then, as a Churchman is to make the Church of God a constant subject of prayer. One result of such honest praying

(Continued on page 575.)

Editorial

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

DEAD languages mean dead men, according to the popular notion. What earthly use is it for a student to waste his time conning the rudiments of Latin when the fields stand white to the harvest? This view will have its chance for expression when the proposal to drop the phrase *learned in the Latin tongue* from the Examining Chaplain's testimony in the Ordination Service is discussed at the coming General Synod.

The conscience of more than one examining chaplain has the burden of a "white lie," unless his statement be regarded as a charitable assumption, for it is common knowledge that some of our students know very little about Latin.

The causes for this decline of classical knowledge are apparent. The interest of some students has been turned to scientific pursuits and other students have simply "funked" the grind of language study. Men of riper years have been ordained for the Ministry, and all honour to them and their work for results have shown that they have a place in the Church. But their place is not to set the norm of academic qualification for the Ministry. Hard cases make poor laws.

We must beware of "scrapping" everything which does not take the colour of our modern rush methods. "Modern" sometimes means "ill-prepared." The strongest things in nature are those which take the most time to grow. The reed outstrips the oak in the first year. Immediacy rather than permanence is the bane of the time-spirit of to-day.

First Aid to the Injured, a complete Motor-Handbook, and a Boy Scout Guide, do not really exhaust the knowledge that a parson ought to have. Such knowledge has its place but, after all, the people want something more for a parson than a "handy-man."

Spiritual edification can, indeed, be received from a man whose high daily task is going about doing good. But the strength of the edification could be noticeably increased if men addressed themselves to the head as well as the heart, for Christ's appeal ultimately is to the reasonable soul.

Latin, and especially the education for which Latin stands, is most necessary if the Ministry is going to hold its position. The Arts course makes part of the ideal preparation for a clergyman. He must be learned in the Scriptures and Church Doctrine, but if he is to be able to make any contribution to the development of the Church, he must know the Church in its relation to the world of thought at large, past and present.

Unusual testimony was given to the value of the classics at a conference held in June, 1917, at Princeton. You expect such testimony from Professors of English, Modern History, and such subjects. But it was nothing short of surprising to observe that the strongest appreciation of classical study came from technical men, engineers (not professors of engineering, but practical engineers) and the directors of Social and Home Service. Analysis, generalization and relational thinking were the points developed by such studies valued by these men. Our readers will recall the joint statement by Viscount Bryce and others in *The Times*, May, 1916.

The smallness of the requirement is no argument against the matter. "A little Latin and

less Greek" is a better approach to the classical storehouses than translation. As the late Dr. Furness said: "If you cannot drink deep out of the Pierian spring, in heaven's name, take a sip."

To strike out the words in question would say to the world that our students are lacking in grounding or mentality. We prefer to say the former, but that is a statement which does not leave us comfortable about the future.

By all means have it understood, and honestly so, that the requirement can be dispensed with in special circumstances, but do not lower the educational standard of the Ministry which the Church in England has kept up and to which we shall be able to approach in the future when the clergy can spend more time in their studies than on the trails.

* * * * *

DURING the past two years and more this paper has been under the able guidance of Mr. R. W. Allin. Coming to the work with an unusual knowledge of the personnel and conditions of the Church, his friends were entitled to expect the creation of a journal of wide sympathies thoroughly Canadian. His editorials have always had as their definite objective the problems of Canadian national and church life. Straightforward and kindly, his utterances have always been the words of a man who loved peace but who realized that peace could be the result only of absolute sincerity in intention and expression. The high estimate in which he is held was shown at the last two Toronto Synod elections when Mr. Allin headed the poll.

He is well qualified for the post of Finance Commissioner. He sees the romance in figures. Money to him is energy in storage. It cannot work until it is released. He thinks that a five-dollar bill in the offertory basin is a better response than an Amen in G. He will be approaching men on their hard side, because many men are too much like the oyster, which must die before he gives up his pearl. The co-ordination of diocesan funds is a necessary step. There is a business end to the Church (the clergy will be glad to have it fully recognized). Some day we shall need a Finance Commissioner for the General Synod.

* * * * *

TWELVE hundred Chinamen inside a theatre and three hundred outside at half-past seven for a Christian meeting advertised for eight o'clock, is not a call but a shout. This happened four times last winter to the Anglican Mission in Vancouver. There was no subterfuge. The meetings were announced as being for Christian Teaching, showing pictures of the Life of Christ, the Life of St. Paul, Pilgrim's Progress, etc. The characteristics of the Chinese make efforts of this kind good investments. It is the same trait which is a factor in Mr. Sherwood Eddy's remarkable gatherings among the *literati* in China to-day. The Chinese respond much more readily than some other non-Christian nations. The appeal in our Correspondence Column this issue will meet the hearty response of every churchman who realizes the strategic opportunity presented for recovering some of the ground lost by our blunders and the necessity of doing the missionary work at our doors. The Chinatowns in British Columbia are the burden of the whole Canadian Church, not of the diocese of New Westminster.

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God and Mammon

Rev. T. A. LACEY, M.A.

Preached in Westminster Abbey, July 28th.

"The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light."—St. Luke xvi. 8.

IN the collection of sharp, stern sayings that we call the Sermon on the Mount there is this: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." You find the same words again in St. Luke's Gospel, but here they are not isolated; they are in a setting, and the setting reduces their sharpness. Many things are said in the Gospel after a one-sided fashion. It must be so, for there are truths that cannot be driven home in any other way.

If you are always looking impartially at both sides of the question, you will never reach any conclusion. Both sides should be looked at, but not necessarily at once, nor with equal intentness.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." There is a sharp contrast of light and darkness, of good and evil. Then wealth is an evil thing. You will remember that it is at least a hindrance to one who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. If you would love God, you must hate wealth; if you would hold to God, you must treat riches with contempt. Yes, it is true. But in what measure? Is there no counterweight? Is there no course open to a Christian man but the following of St. Francis of Assisi? It is a course well worth taking, but a Francis is needed to call men forward. I have not the face to bid them go. Mine is the unheroic part of balancing the counterweight.

The Irony of the Parable.

It is here in St. Luke. He brings the saying about God and Mammon into connection with the Parable of the Unjust Steward. It is a strange parable, full of that irony of the Gospel which often goes unrecognized. As the goodness of God is illustrated by the Parable of the Unrighteous Judge, so diligence in the Christian life is illustrated by the malpractices of this dishonest servant. The lesson is driven straight home. The man's prudent care for his own future is made an example to be followed—with a difference. Viewed from his own standpoint, it is excellent. Anyone viewing it from the same standpoint will praise him; the very master whom he has robbed will applaud his cunning. It is a common thing. So much carefulness—so much careful dishonesty—in providing against want. You can almost hear the sigh which accompanies the ironic comment: "In regard to their own surroundings the sons of this world are more provident than the sons of the light." But the sons of the light are told to learn the lesson, to go to the unjust steward, to consider his ways and be wise. And so you have this tremendous saying: "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when failure comes you may find a welcome in eternal dwellings."

A Startling Paradox.

The mammon of unrighteousness. The natural medium for the cunning of the dishonest steward. By means of this you are to open doors into the mansions of the blest. Dives should have spent freely on Lazarus

at his doorstep, and then Lazarus would have introduced him to Abraham's bosom. But they that have riches can hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Is the wealth that hinders also a help, a means of salvation? What complication have we here? Then you are told to be "faithful in the unrighteous mammon." It is startling. How, then, can wealth be an evil thing? It is a sacred charge entrusted to you by God; and further, a proper use of it is made a condition of receiving better things. If you have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? The sharp contrast of God and mammon is qualified, is modified. Indeed, the peremptory saying about the impossibility of serving both God and mammon has so little connection with the parable and its lesson that we may reasonably suppose the Evangelist to have introduced it in this place for the express purpose of emphasizing the qualification. It does not seem to have been the way of our Lord Jesus Christ to balance one statement against another. He left that work to His disciples, and it is a work that we have to do.

Doing this, we may find that in recording that peremptory statement we have to lay stress on the idea of service. You cannot be at once the servant of God and at the service of wealth. Wealth is not to be a master; you are not to live for this; it must be itself a servant; it is to be used; it is a means, and not an end. That simplifies matters. Every decent moralist will say as much. But is this enough? Does that ringing proclamation mean no more than such a commonplace of morality? The alternative is not only of serving or using, to serve God, but to use mammon. There is the alternative of adhering or despising, of hating or loving. You can either hate or love a servant; and why despise what is useful? The problem is not so very simple. And what use of wealth is indicated? "Make to yourselves friends." Here also there is surely some irony. It is so easy for a rich man to make friends! But what sort of friends? "That they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles." Is that the kind of friend that naturally haunts the rich? Or is some very special use of riches indicated?

A Franciscan Comment.

The rough Franciscan Stella has a voluminous comment on these words, the accumulation, doubtless, of much preaching. He finds no difficulty in understanding them. They point to unbounded almsgiving. He enlarges on the perils of wealth; he extols the spiritual privileges of the poor. A Franciscan may have the face to say such things. There is only one worthy use to be made of money; the part of faithful steward is to give it all away; "He hath dispersed abroad and given to the poor; his righteousness remaineth for ever."

The Franciscan comment seems to us hardly sufficient. The ruder forms of almsgiving are suspect. We are inclined to think them harmful; we have learnt, in fact, that they may do economic mischief, and that discovery must not be ignored. We, therefore, look about for other ways of exercising the stewardship of wealth. To hate wealth, even

as an employer of your time, seems almost impious, a quarrel against the providential ordering of the world. When Francis, the son of a well-to-do mercer, strips himself to a ragged coat, it looks like an evasion of responsibility.

The Ideal.

Have you so learnt Christ? What is this? "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me." I am ashamed to preach vicarious poverty, but nevertheless have patience with me when I say that the Franciscan ideal is greatly needed in the Church. It is not the only way of faithful stewardship, but it is perhaps the only way in which hatred of the mastery of wealth can be sufficiently exhibited. The lesson of the cunning steward also is learnt and taught. Those who choose to have nothing, that they may possess all things, show that sons of the light can be as wise and provident as any sons of this world, laying up treasure in heaven as carefully as any of us will provide for lean years to come.

The Almsgiving of the Gospel.

And almsgiving? The almsgiving so copiously commended in the Gospel has little in common with a good deal of activity which now usurps its name. It is not a careless disposal of your superfluity. It is not a ransom, a part of your accumulation bestowed on others that you may be able, either with an easy conscience or with some hope of success, to retain the rest for yourself. It is not a careful endeavour to redress the more glaring inequalities of social life, to set on their feet those who have been thrown down in the rush of baleful competition. That is an admirable thing to do. Charity organization is a good work, but perhaps it is not very well named. It may be made a work of love, but in respect of its aim it belongs rather to the sphere of justice than to the sphere of charity. The almsgiving of the Gospel—let us be candid—is in a way more self-regarding. It is to give what is unquestionably your own, what you have a right to retain, and to give so that you feel the pinch. If, indeed, you give away what your family needs, if you do not provide for your own, you will come under the condemnation of St. Paul as something worse than an infidel; but that is because you are giving what is not properly your own. And further, this almsgiving is to give—the Gospel is honestly outspoken here—in hope of a reward. It is not that you can purchase the reward. That thought will destroy the character of the act, and rob it of all efficacy. You are not to press the parable of the unjust steward so far. It is rather that by almsgiving you render yourself capable of enjoying the reward.

The Lesson of the Parable.

Here lies the ultimate lesson of the parable. It points to a revaluation of the things of life. You live in the present, for you can live nowhere else. You enjoy the good things of life; they are meant to be enjoyed. But in a greater degree they are meant to be used for future ends. The prudent sons of the light will so use them for ends that are eternal. It is foolish to despise the science of economics; but it is more foolish to suppose that the science of economics covers the whole range of human life. The Gospel does not condemn the possession or enjoyment of wealth, but it condemns without reserve the common valuation of wealth. And the condemnation takes this form: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

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"The Soul of the Soldier"

CAPTAIN JOHN McNAB,
Chaplain, Petawawa Camp.

A LONDON Chaplain who has spent many months in the front-line trenches has written a book on "The Soul of the Soldier." The casual observer of army life might make the comment that he was a brave man to do so, since, seemingly, the soldier has no soul. One's first impression of army life is that it tends to obliterate personality. Reginald James Wilson has become Number 4887655, Private Wilson, R. J., and the Government has taken off his shoulders all worry about food, clothing and housing. Indeed the Government has promised to look after everything pertaining to his welfare, and he has become one of the many men in olive drab or khaki who live in huts that are all built alike. His life is bound by rules and he is subject to severe discipline. Should he appear unshaven on parade he must be tried by the Commanding Officer and be punished by confinement to camp. He is drilled and commanded until his own initiative seems to be entirely overshadowed.

In reality this is not so, for it is found that though the regulations are the same for all, yet each man reacts in his own way. In the trying atmosphere of army life individual beauties of character are recognized and valued as nowhere else; and the heroic traits displayed mark out the men who are worthy of honour or rank, or of decorations.

Before I was on the front many weeks, I marvelled most of all at the soldier's unflinching devotion to duty. In all weathers, amidst poisonous gases, through shot and shell, every command was carried out with precision and promptitude. The conditions of service were trying, but there was never a word of complaint. It was not because they loved war that they stayed, but because they thought it was their "bit" to save their mothers and sisters from cruel outrage and the bloody rule of the Hun. War was loathsome to most of them, and bombing expeditions or bayonet charges were not carried out with a fiendish desire to exterminate the enemy, so much as to reach the objective set by the staff. In spite of the dangers and privations they never forsook the post of duty. Once I had the opportunity to offer a lad of twenty, who had been wounded three times, a clerical position some miles from the front line,—what is known in France as a "Safety First" job. He just thanked me and said he would not desert his comrades in the trenches. Quite recently I ran across a Sergeant in the Forestry Corps, who was seventy-two years of age, had four of his five sons fighting, and despite the fact that he had been in France eleven months, was grieved at the doctors for sending him home. He said that he wanted to be in at the finish. The heroism of the men, their spirit of sacrifice is beyond all praise. One evening we had a most enjoyable concert in a Y.M.C.A. back of the trenches. Many songs, comic and sentimental, were sung, then one of the boys arose and sang that ragtime of which the refrain is,—

"I want to go home, I want to go home,
'Jack Johnsons' and 'Whizz Bangs' they make
such a roar,
I don't want to go to the Front any more;
Take me over the sea, where the Enemy can't
get at me,
Oh! my! I don't want to die; I want to go home."

The chorus was sung with great enthusiasm, so when it ended, the Colonel rose and said, "Would you?" The reply came back just like a rifle shot. "Not, Sir, till we've done our bit."

Linked with devotion to duty is a fine spirit of comradeship. You find it throughout the whole army. It is a comradeship that holds everything in common. The selfish man is either almost unknown or silently ignored. When that box arrives from home, everyone in the tent or billet shares it. Sometimes the sharing takes a humorous turn. Earlier in war, well-meaning mothers sent all sorts of dainties overseas. Carefully cooked chickens came, and reached their destination, but two weeks travel across the Atlantic never improves the condition of chickens. Burial was preferred to cremation, so we buried them darkly at dead of night, and the whole tent would turn out

for the event. Everywhere comradeship is to the fore. It may be the gentle nurse on duty forty-eight hours, draining her own reserve of vitality to save the suffering. It is sometimes the physician, and it is often the common man offering up his life blood for another cripple, or throwing away life itself by dropping on a live bomb in order to preserve the lives of his comrades around him. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

But our men have risked and given their lives even to save an enemy. We have found the Germans to be most treacherous opponents, and although there are times that traces of his super-barbarism cause our men to, "See Red" and clean up all the enemy in the way, yet our soldiers have never forgotten how to be human. There is no "Hymn of Hate" sung in the Allied trenches, and our men invariably give respite to wounded and captive Boches. When we advance our lines in the St. Eloi section of the Ypres salient, the trenches were intersected by huge mine craters. These craters were wired as well as they possibly could be by the engineers. Many severe counter-attacks were made by the enemy, and in one of these he got close up on our wire before the machine guns compelled him to retire. Left behind, severely wounded and in great agony, a Boche was stuck fast on the wire. Their shrapnel and our shrapnel were sweeping No Man's Land with a hail of bullets. But at the risk of his own life one of our comrades dashed out, cut him off the wire, brought him to a dug-out and bound up his wounds.

Perhaps the most glorious of all the soldier's fine traits is his attitude in the face of death. In the trenches there is something akin to fatalism. A common saying is, "If the shell has your number on it, it will get you," or the other exclamation, "Gee! that was close, but it didn't have my name on it." The men court death so often, that the majority feel they have an impending rendezvous with death. But deeper—much deeper than this fatalistic philosophy of life is the feeling of triumph over death. Close contact with death has made them victors over it. They are conscious that it is but the passing into a larger service. One of our Chaplains tells the story of two comrades in the trenches how during a bombardment one was taken "West." The other came back to the Chaplain, pained at his great loss, but rejoicing in the confidence that death could not stop his friend, and that up yonder he was "carrying on."

Has the soldier a soul? Is there any religion in the trenches? We would look in vain for the stereotyped, black-frocked, long-visaged, once-a-week, spasmodic, holier-than-thou kind of religion. The religion of the soldier is a plain, fearless demand for justice, truth and mercy. The spirit of Jesus is to be found in every communication trench on the firing line. There is no need that these men will break faith with their relatives, their nation or their Creator.

The last time I went through the streets of Ypres, I was saddened by the awful scenes of desolation. All around was the havoc that war had made. The great Cloth Hall once Belgium's pride, was now a heap of shattered ruins. The hospitals, residences and stores levelled, nothing but a mass of broken stone and brick dust. Down to the church I came, its walls ripped asunder, the gravestones smashed, and the burying-place pock-marked by shell holes. But at the side of the church there stood untouched by shrapnel or high explosives—the Cross—the symbol of our Christian faith in a sympathetic and sacrificial God. Surely, aye, just as surely enthroned in the hearts of our men is Jesus and His Message of loving sacrifice. His life is their example, and in the soldier's soul love of home, love of country and love of God still reign supreme.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard, thine: if vented, thy sword is in another land. If thou desirest to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

Begin, therefore, betimes. Make God and goodness your foundations. Make your examples of wise and honest men: shoot at that mark: be no mocker, mocks follow them that delight therein. He shall be sure of shame that feeleth no grief in other men's shames. Have your friends in a reverence; and think unkindness to be the greatest offence, and least punished among men; but so much the more to be dreaded, for God is justicer upon that alone.—Wyatt.

**Theological Instruction
in War Time**

Rev. HERBERT SYMONDS, D.D., Montreal.

AN interesting conference has recently been held at Harvard University on the above subject. Fifty-five different colleges and seminaries were represented and fifteen denominations. Many men of high distinction were present, and it was stated that this was the first Conference of Theological Instructors of so catholic a kind to be held.

Professors Kirdopp Lake and Harry Wilder Foote, of the Harvard School of Divinity, were the principal organizers, and their task was admirably performed. Everything possible was done for the comfort of the delegates, who in addition to excellent accommodation, enjoyed a trip down Boston Harbour to Nantasket Beach, and a dinner at the Harvard Club.

President Lowell himself took a keen personal interest in the proceedings, delivering the opening address and presiding at the Harvard Club dinner. So also it may be added did Bishop Laurence, who made an admirable speech at the dinner.

Perhaps the most moving and striking event of the conference was the united Communion Service in Appleton Chapel on the last morning, when Bishop Laurence celebrated and administered Communion to about eighty people of fifteen denominations. I heard many expressions of deep appreciation of this beautiful service, at which Anglicans and Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists, Congregationalists and Unitarians knelt side by side to express their common devotion to Christ, their sense of brotherhood, and their feeling of the need of a larger unity.

Canada was very well represented. The heads of the four co-operating theological colleges in Montreal were there. Professor Cosgrave, of Trinity College, Toronto; Professor Gilmour, of MacMaster; Professors Scott and Morgan, of Queen's; a Professor from the Methodist College at Winnipeg, and a representative of King's College, Nova Scotia, were noted.

Of the conference itself I can say but little. The need of change was felt owing to the serious problems confronting the Church, although Dr. Foakes Jackson humourously pointed out that some of these problems had been noted by Piers Plowman five hundred years ago. That the war would reveal much was conceded, although our American brothers have not yet had such reports of the religion of the soldier, as those which have come to us. Dean Hodges was, I think, the only speaker to draw attention to such books as "The Church in the Furnace," but Principal Rexford was able to communicate some important facts.

To me, the most striking feature of the conference was the emphasis placed on the importance of theology itself. The Social Gospel was by no means neglected, but it was urged that Christianity is a religion and implied a theology, and that was the business of the Theological College.

There was a deep significance in this confidence in theology coming from men who for the most part hold what are called advanced views, or are modernists. No members more earnestly contended for theology than Dr. A. C. McGiffert, of Union Seminary, New York, and Dr. Fenn, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, a Unitarian. The "reconstruction" of theology in terms of the twentieth century is obviously well under way.

It must not, however, be supposed that the social situation was overlooked. A powerful presentation of the possibilities of revolution was presented by one of the speakers. But it was felt that the business of the Christian minister in this matter was to present the Christian doctrines and to urge the Christian practice, which, set forth in modern fashion, could meet the dangers of the situation.

The general feeling of the value of the conference found expression in the unanimous decision to appoint a continuation committee to arrange for another conference, and it is altogether likely that it will become an annual event of growing importance in the critical times that lie before us.

From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

THE recent changes that have been made in the political relations between Canada and Great Britain is evidence of the trend of public feeling. Canada is more and more realizing the necessity of taking her place among the nations of the world, bearing her responsibilities, facing her problems, and paying her way as a self-respecting nation should. The position of Governor-General will, under the new order, be an anachronism. Canada has, of course, been as free as she desired for years, and now the outlook would indicate that but the merest appearance of outward connection is retained. What has there been in our relations with Great Britain, in the past, that has had any coercive power? If Canada had taken the position that she didn't desire to enter the war, who could have made or thought of attempting to make her do so? The new understanding is really more of a convenience in the observing of the old ties than the shaping of new ones. If Canada should stand alone, just as independent of England as say the United States, what practical difference would it make? She will stand by England as she stands to-day, because of her obligation to the naval power of England for protection, and because of the sympathy, confidence and community of ideals that exist between members of the same great family. It is difficult to estimate the result of the recent changes that have taken place with mutual consent and hearty good will between the interested parties. The privileges that may have been won are certainly accompanied by responsibilities; and the acquisition of rights calls for corresponding duties. Let not Canada boast of a freedom that has been her's for years, but let her make haste to redeem her obligations.

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In the political change that has been noted as an outcome of the recent Imperial Conference is there not a very important suggestion to the Anglican Church of Canada? We are revising our Prayer Book and the very name we put on the title page is the "Church of England in Canada." The next thing that is done is to insert an act of uniformity that carries us back to England of the sixteenth century, an act that some believe had lost its validity in the old book, and yet our "loyalty" is so strong that we must needs copy a folly into our new book and give it vitality. Men do not press for political nationhood, and rejoice in ecclesiastical dependence or the appearance of it. Reason supports such an attitude. The Church's name should be revised with the rest of the book. "The Anglican Church" of Canada would be a sufficient designation, destructive and yet suggestive of its source. It is useless to spend time in finding an ideal name, containing aspirations as well as reminiscences. The name "Church of England" has nothing catholic in it. It is a name that appears to tie the Church to a very small portion of the earth's surface. No body of men presuming to represent the Church in Canada can fail to make revision a real living adjustment of worship to the lives of men in this age. All revision should be held up until it can be thorough and adequate. A public discussion such as is possible in the General Synod when presumably the ablest representatives of the Church are assembled ought to pretty definitely lay down the lines along which revision should proceed.

* * * *

To the discussion of the revision of the Prayer Book the right-of-way should be given at the approaching session. The M.S.C.C., Sunday School Commission, Social Service, State of the Church, war resolutions, and other matters more or less important, ought not to be allowed to exhaust the energies or deplete the attendance of Synod before this supreme question is taken up. All these subjects have had consideration, time and time again, but the downright consideration of our liturgy is a comparatively new thing. Let there be no mistake about this. If the position on the agenda paper assigned to revision be far down, if certain subjects and reports, by the rules of Synod, are given a certain day or hour for discussion, it is competent for a delegate to move the suspension of the rules of order, so that after routine, the question of Prayer Book Revision may have precedence until it is disposed off. Unless this is done we will have a weary Synod, with a fading personnel, discussing a subject that requires the fresh vigour of a full house. "Spectator" would

venture to ask the Chancellors of the various dioceses, and those laymen who are usually prominent in Synod, and have a right to be, because of their services, to use their gifts and talents in truly representing the layman's point of view. The clergy can amply take care of their side of the question, but the writer has always felt that the laity are not properly represented in the men who usually speak for them. Let him try to illustrate what he means. Take the chancellors who do such an enormous amount of work for the Church without thought of remuneration. They are always in particularly close association with their Bishops giving them legal and other advice that is most valuable in every way. Their close association with the clergy and particularly the episcopate unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless manifestly, colours their point of view. The result is that when they speak, one has a feeling that it is neither a clergyman nor a layman that is giving voice to his sentiments, but a cross between the two. "Spectator" imagines he hears readers say how splendid; here is the connecting link, etc. It doesn't, however, work out in that way. The Church is for the laity, and it is the real lay mind that is needed if the problem is to be effectively solved. It is the straightforward position of the man in the pew, or rather the man chiefly at home or on the golf links, that is needed in these discussions. But he is just the man who is not represented at Synod, or if he is he doesn't feel the atmosphere congenial for expressing his views. Now our lawyers, judges and men who have taken an interest in Church affairs, and are accustomed to take part in the debates of Synod, know the average lay point of view far better than the clergy. Let them speak as laymen and forget the associations that differentiate them from their fellow citizen, and present their case at its best. We have all heard the quip about the three sexes. One is sometimes tempted to refer to the three types of delegates in the Synods of the Church,—clergy, laity, and chancellors. It occurs to "Spectator" that he was once told that a very worthy chancellor lent the weight of his legal knowledge to prevent a delegate quoting from these columns on some subject under consideration in support of his contention. Whether he was successful or not the writer does not know, but it would be extremely interesting to have a point like that tested anew. We have never heard of any objection to quoting the Koran, the Zenda Vesta, or the writings of Bob. Ingersoll, if the speaker so desired. There are many readers of "From Week to Week" that would like to know just where the danger lurks, and to be warned of this bad eminence of which they have been so long unconscious.

"Spectator."

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AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

Tynemouth Parish Church in England has just celebrated its 250th anniversary. The original Tynemouth Parish Church, the Priory, was begun 1,300 years ago. Six or seven churches were built only to be devastated by the Danes. At length the Priory was established, and in the nave of this Priory Tynemouth parishioners worshipped. About the year 1539, however, the monks became corrupt, and the monastery was surrendered by Robert Blakeney, the then prior. The Priory was dismantled; shrines broken up, and treasures removed.

Since 1904 the ruins have been looked after and services have been held there at regular intervals.

In 1654 the Earl of Northumberland gave the site of the present parish church, a portion of Brock Close, which at one time belonged to the Priory. The site had the advantage of being nearer to the bulk of the population of Tynemouth, which at the time included eight neighbouring townships.

The organ has quite a history of its own. It was said to have been built for Westminster in 1700, was moved to Vauxhall Gardens in 1730, and brought to Tynemouth Parish Church in 1794. The parish stocks, which stood for years in a place now taken up as a public road, were eventually removed to the vestry, where they still remain with other relics. Some of the Communion plate is 250 years old, and the vergers' wand goes back to 1743.

* * *

He that is warm to-day and cold to-morrow, zealous in his resolution and weary in his practices, fierce in his beginning and slack and easy in his progress, hath not yet well chosen which side he will be of; he sees not reason enough for religion, and he hath not confidence enough for its contrary; and, therefore, he is, as St. James calls him, of doubtful mind.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Bible Lesson

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

16th Sunday after Trinity, September 15th, 1918.

Subject:

Abraham Giving Isaac to God.—Gen. 22:1-14.

THIS was the supreme test of Abraham's character and the greatest crisis of his life. Out of it emerged his faith clearer and stronger than ever before, and, also, out of it he learned lessons which were new and were intended to be for a perpetual guide to the people of Israel.

1. How did Abraham regard sacrifice? Abraham lived among people who offered human sacrifices. There was nothing in the idea of a human sacrifice abhorrent to his mind. The universal conscience of his day approved it. It was looked upon as a proper and fitting thing for a man to offer his first-born as a sacrifice to his gods.

2. Consider God's attitude towards this sacrifice. First, it is undoubtedly true that God did permit Abraham to pass through this test. In that sense it is true that "God did prove Abraham." It is also true that God did not intend that Abraham should slay his son. The end of the narrative shows that most clearly. We are then faced with the difficulty that the narrative tells us first that God told him to do this thing and then afterwards, when Abraham was ready to do it, God told him not to. It seems to show Abraham as steadfast in his purpose and God as changing in His. We must fix our mind upon the fact that the true purpose and intention of God is shown at the end. It was not God's will that Abraham should slay his son. Of the fact that God did not change we may be perfectly sure.

3. The clearing of the difficulty may be found in remembering that it was a Hebrew habit of mind to ascribe everything that happened to God. For instance, in 2 Sam. 24:1, it is recorded that God told David to number Israel and Judah and then, in the same chapter, it is shown how God punished him for doing it. In 1 Chron. 21:1 we have the same event recorded, but there it says that Satan moved David to number Israel. This seems like a different point of view. The two records are reconciled by remembering the Hebrew habit of mind in ascribing things that happened to God. The account in 2 Sam. 24 is an instance of it, while 1 Chron. 21 tells the story more in detail.

Now in applying this to the case of Abraham we must remember his circumstances. He felt that God required his best gift. The idea of human sacrifice was familiar to him. Indeed, the logical conclusion of one desiring to make a perfect sacrifice was that his best beloved should be offered. There was nothing in the universal conscience of that time to check such a notion. On the contrary the inclination was all the other way. It, therefore, was Abraham's idea of the utmost sacrifice that he should slay his son upon an altar. He thought it was God's will, but God showed him what His will really was when He called him and said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad."

4. God did not change but He made Abraham to change his purpose and thereby saved the religion of Israel for all time from being darkened by the sin of human sacrifices. In this God also upheld the natural human instinct of affection. The whole incident shows that sacrifice is in the spirit. The willingness to give all was accounted as worthy. The sacrifices that afterwards were offered in Israel were always typical of this. The prophets had repeatedly to teach that, in itself, the sacrificial act was emblematic of the inward spirit of sacrifice. It was when the Israelites forgot this that they became formalists.

5. The spirit of Isaac was, like that of Abraham, willing to yield all to God. He had come to man's estate and might have resisted his father's will, but he was willing to give himself because he thought it to be the will of God.

The whole story is a wonderful type of the great Gift of God. "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." Christ gave Himself a willing sacrifice. There is seen the perfect unity of the Divine will to save. The spirit of sacrifice is always the way of salvation. With what noble sacrifice many are giving their sons to-day for a great end. Their nobility is only equalled by the nobility of these sons who give themselves. If people will do this for patriotism, duty and a great cause, how much more ought we Christians to give the best we have to God—ourselves, our souls and bodies, a reasonable sacrifice.

On Active Service A Word of Thanks

The death was reported last week of Lieut. (Acting Capt.) Patrick John Alexander Andrew, son of the late, John Andrew and Mrs. H. K. Andrew, of Victoria. Lieut. Andrew who had recently received his promotion to Captain, was only thirty-three years of age, and left Canada with the 89th Battalion in Calgary in May, 1915. He had seen much active service as after only a few weeks in England he went to France with a reinforcement to the 15th Canadian Battalion. He had previously been wounded at Vimy Ridge in April, 1917, but recovered sufficiently to join his battalion in the field in October. The news came as a sad surprise to his relatives in Victoria, for the Captain had recently been in hospital with trench fever and they were unaware that he had rejoined his comrades in the line. A memorial service was held at St. John's Church, conducted by the Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick.

Lieut. Harley G. Smith, the eldest son of Major Harley Smith, a member of St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, and now overseas with the Canadian Army Medical Corps, has been reported killed in action in the recent engagements. Lieut. Smith won the Croix de Guerre with a gold star and the Medaille Militaire. He enlisted in an overseas unit when war broke out and later in the Royal Flying Corps. He resigned his commission to enter the French Army. His brother is serving in France and is now on his way to England with papers relating to awards of a high character recently made to Lieut. Smith.

Lieut. E. Jeffery, who enlisted while a student at King's College, has been reported killed in action. He was a native of Newfoundland, and was very highly thought of. He is the fourteenth Kingsman to fall in battle.

Lieut. Alan Victor Stupart, son of Sir Frederick Stupart, a member of St. Alban's Cathedral congregation, has been severely wounded in action. No particulars were given. Lieut. Stupart went overseas with the Divisional Signallers, and in April, 1917, was transferred to the Royal Air Force. It was just a year since he went to France. His brother, Lieut. F. G. Stupart, of the 75th Battalion, was killed in action in October, 1916.

Recently an official cable arrived with the information that Sergeant Ernest B. Staples had been admitted to No. 9 Casualty Hospital at Rouen, France, suffering from gunshot wounds in the left arm and hand. Imbued with the spirit of service through many years membership of Boy Scout organizations, young Staples enlisted in October, 1916, with the 160th Battalion, while only 17 years of age. He won his sergeant's stripes for valour in a raid on July 23rd of this year. His father, R. G. Staples, is organist in the Church of the Messiah, Toronto.

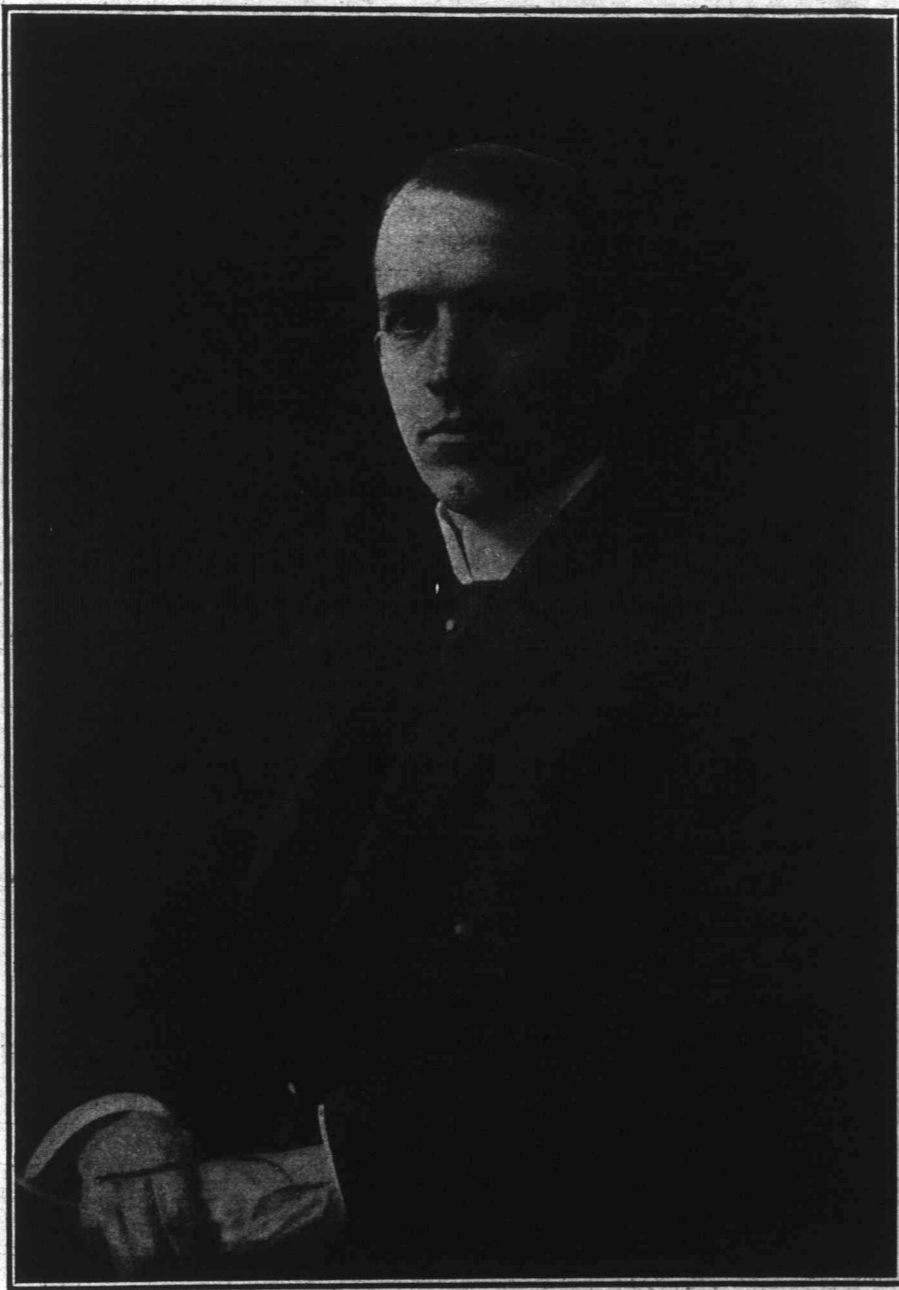
Among the wounded is the name of Lieut. D. M. Wiswell, B.A., a divinity student at King's College, and Rhodes Scholar. He is a son of a well-known Churchman, Mr. A. B. Wiswell, of Halifax.

Another Kingsman recently wounded is Lieut. C. J. Markham, of St. John. He was a third-year Arts student preparing for the ministry. He enlisted as a private, and won his commission on active service.

Word has been received in Dorchester, N.B., that Lieut. Daniel Lionel Teed, of the Canadian Field Artillery, has received the Military Cross. Lieut. Teed is a son of M. G. Teed, K.C., a well-known New Brunswick barrister. He was a student at King's, enlisting before his graduation year.

That which does not make a man worse than he was, also does not make his life worse, nor does it harm him either from without or from within.— Marcus Aurelius.

WITH the middle of August my connection with the "Canadian Churchman" as Managing Editor came to an end, but I should be ungrateful indeed did I not say a word of thanks to those who have so willingly helped both in contributing reading matter and in securing subscribers. Many kind things have been said about the paper, and the credit for any degree of excellence that it has attained is due in large measure to the different contributors, the majority of whom have given their help voluntarily and ungrudgingly. It is not wise to attempt to name them all, but I merely mention those who contributed regularly, such as Mr. Pilcher, Dean Owen and Canon Broughall, in the Christian Year; Dr. Howard and Canon Howard, in the Bible Lesson, and "Spectator." One more name, that of Dr. Hallam, must be added, for although it was not seen very often in the paper, the assistance rendered by him was invaluable. The work of editing the paper was made com-



R. W. ALLIN, M.A.,
Finance Commissioner for the Diocese of Toronto.

paratively simple by the assistance of the above, as their contributions formed a substantial nucleus each week round which to group other matter. The most difficult part of the work has not been the editorial. The business end has given, and will continue for many years to give, anxious thought to those responsible for our Church publications. There is a lamentable lack of appreciation of the value of a weekly Church paper in the homes of Church members. Too many of the clergy who have come to Canada from England, while continuing their connection with their "home" papers, pay little attention to Canadian productions. Too many of the Canadian-born clergy, on the other hand, fail to grasp the importance of keeping their people in touch with the work of the Church throughout the whole Dominion. There have, however, been splendid exceptions, and one cannot thank them enough for the encouragement that their efforts gave. There are many things that one would like to say regarding the whole question of Church papers, but we shall reserve this for a later date. While the results of the past two years and a half's efforts have not been as great as was hoped

for, still through the generosity of a few faithful members of the Church the latter has had at least one weekly publication carrying its message of progress and sure victory for the cause of Christ into several thousand homes. The Church will never realize fully the special debt it owes to the group of laymen who have been and are still financially responsible for the paper. They have given unsparingly of their time in the effort to produce a paper that is of real value to the work of the Church, and it was with much reluctance that I severed my official connection with them. I cannot repay them for their many acts of kindness. Last, but not least, I wish to mention those who have shared the labours of the office with me. One could not ask for more loyal support, and if mistakes and oversights have occurred at times, the readers of the "Churchman" can rest assured that no effort has been spared, that time and strength would permit, to avoid such and to set them right when they were pointed out. I bespeak for those who take up my duties as editor and business manager the same loyalty on the part of the staff, and an even greater degree of co-operation on the part of all readers of the paper. The directors of the paper wish me to announce that the Rev. Dr. W. T. Hallam, who has been editing the paper during the month of August, will assume the duties of editor for the present. Mr. G. C. Banks, of the Toronto "Mail and Empire," will be business manager.

In closing let me emphasize the serious character of the days that are ahead. Canada's difficulties will not cease with the termination of the war, but, if I mistake not, will increase. In dealing with these the Church must play an important part, and a virile and progressive Church press will be an absolute necessity. I earnestly trust, therefore, that through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the "Canadian Churchman" may steadily increase in power and effectiveness, seeking always to advance, fearlessly but charitably, the kingdom of righteousness among men.

R. W. ALLIN.

O VALIANT HEARTS

(The following verses were sung at the war anniversary service on August 4th at St. Margaret's Church, London, the King and Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many notables, including Sir Robert Borden, being present. The verses were written by a Mr. Arkwright, an Englishman, who has lost three sons in the war.)

O Valiant Hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through
battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue
proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you
loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to
war,
As who had heard God's message from
afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned
to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the selfsame way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to
this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss,
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of
God;

Victor He rose, victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.
O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff
has led;

In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

The Moslems in Honan

By the Rev. S. M. ZWEMER, D.D., Cairo, Egypt

HONAN Province has a Moslem population of 250,000 and Hupeh of only 15,000. On our recent visit through nine provinces we discovered that Moslems are found at all the great centres of traffic, as for centuries they have been engaged in the carrying trade. They are also prominent as butchers and restaurant keepers, while a considerable number are found in the armies, both of the monarchists and of those loyal to the republic.

Honan Province is rich in coal and iron and the soil is fertile for the most part. Three railways cross the Province and make the centres of population easily accessible: the Peking-Hankow line from north to south, the Kaifeng-Hsuechowfu and the Kaifeng-Shensi line via Honanfu and Tungkwang Pass. It is destined to pass on beyond Honanfu into Kansuh Province and will be the great future highway into Central Asia. Honan was once notorious as one of the most anti-foreign provinces. Kaifeng, the last of the provincial capitals to open its gates to the missionary, was occupied in 1902. Until 1900 the province had only three Protestant missionary societies. After the Boxer uprising others followed, until now 121 missionaries, representing nine societies, are located in 40 stations.

Hupeh is the central province proper of all China, and Hankow, with its twin suburbs of Wuchang and Hanyang, already has a population of 1,770,000. In the opinion of some of the residents, this Chinese Chicago and Pittsburgh, with railways, steel and iron works and arsenals, is destined to be not only the commercial metropolis of China, but perhaps the largest city of the world.

Although, therefore, the number of Moslems in other provinces may be greater, those in Central China are most accessible, and are sure to influence the others of their community out of all proportion to their numbers. The new mosque being built on so large a scale at Hankow, the schools for Arabic study at Kaifeng and Honanfu, and new industries in the hands of Moslems at Chengchow seem to indicate the strategy of these cities for Moslem evangelization also.

Islam dies hard. While visiting the Tung-Ta-Ssu mosque at Kaifeng—and there are six others as well as seven mosques for women—we were shown the ornamented wooden cases in which the Jewish scrolls were formerly kept when their synagogue was still standing. The remnant of the Jews took refuge here and at last became Buddhists. Their old copies of the law found there went to Christian hands, but the empty case rests as a memorial in the mosque. How typical it seemed of Islam in China, with all its Jewish ritual and pharisaic punctiliousness in regard to diet and defilement, while the testimony to the Messiah is neglected!

VISIT TO KAIFENG.

We found the Moslems at Kaifeng generally friendly, and although it was the fast month, one of the Ahungs promised to preside at a general meeting in a Chinese theatre, arranged by the missionaries of the Southern Baptist Society and the *Canadian Church Mission*. Another Ahung, the watchdog of the mosque, rather discouraged it and this ruling elder was apparently afraid that their broadminded Ahung, who had been in Peking, would be led into a trap. Our meeting in the theatre with lantern slides proved a great success as regards numbers. The place was packed and the police kept a crowd outside at bay, while nearly a thousand people were inside, more than two-thirds of them Moslems.

Moslems here frequently attend the preaching services at the missions. Many Moslem children are in the schools and the only question that seems to arise is that of providing specially cooked food for Moslem boys who are boarders. The most important question is that of abstaining from pork in every form, and when one sees the swine of Honan and their filthy habits, one's sympathy is with the Moslems. Every restaurant or food shop kept by the Mohammedans has a special license from the Ahung and one can soon recognize the Moslem quarter by the "tea-kettle" signs with some Arabic words from the Koran concerning the lawfulness of pure food only. This sign board, called "paiza," has on it not only a crude

representation of the ablution kettle used in the mosques but other symbols, such as the cloud and the pomegranate, which show traces of Buddhist or Nestorian influence. According to Professor P. Y. Saeki, the Nestorian Christians about the ninth century suffered such persecution, that many of them lapsed into Islam. Many Moslems of China, are, therefore, in a real sense, "prodi-gal sons."

At Chengchow many of them attend the Baptist Mission, and some have been baptized. Within the city walls there are 1,000 Moslem families, while some 600 families live outside. There are five mosques for men and two especially for women. Arabic is taught to the boys and girls. This is an old Moslem centre, as it is at the cross-roads of busy traffic north, south, east and westwards.

We had two services for Moslems with about one hundred present in each case. All of them belong here to the Hanifi sect, and I was surprised at the number of books in their mosque library.

A HOT ARGUMENT.

A meeting in the largest mosque had been arranged and I spoke on the "Five Pillars of the Faith." There was an argumentative Ahung named Chow, a petulant Pharisee, whose chief attraction was his ability to roll his eyes. After my address the Ahung waxed hot in argument and spoiled his own case. He afterwards said that the reason for his so doing was to save his face before the other Ahungs, and also to keep the ignorant people from thinking that the two religions were the same! He and other Ahungs, together with a large company of the faithful, called on us, and I took occasion to say to Chow, in the presence of the gathering, that his statements of the morning that the Jesus Society was there to spoil Mohammedans was hardly substantiated by the facts—that the foreigners have built hospitals and schools, not to mention other phases of the work. He did not have much "face," especially when some of his followers shouted out, "No, no, no, you do not injure people." The Moslems are called by the Chinese "the people who fast."

The Ahungs were deeply interested in politics and wanted to know all about the war, but they had no knowledge, even at second-hand, of affairs in Mecca. No prayer is offered in this part of China for the Khalifa. The Imperial Tablet, in honour of the emperor, has been removed from its prominent position since the declaration of the Republic. In some mosques we found it in the backyard, in other places it was covered up. The use of incense, however, continues and is universal throughout China.

The architecture of the mosques of Central China is thoroughly national and therefore the ornamentation is often Taoist, Buddhist, or Confucian in character, with dragons and other symbols of idolatry. When I called the attention of one of the priests to this, he remarked "Halamu, halamu!" It is forbidden but we cannot help it, we are in China! Another peculiarity of the mosques here is that the *Mihrab* is often built as a recess with very large dimensions. One was twenty feet in width and had tables and chairs, making it the seat of honour. Arabic inscriptions abound on the walls of the mosques, and often over the doors of the houses. Chinese Moslems have done the same things with the Arabic script that they have done with the Arabs' religion: they have rounded the corners and tipped the characters over so as to incline to the Chinese angle and resemble Chinese characters. With a little practice, however, this sort of script becomes quite legible.

At Hsin Hsiang Hsin, another centre in Honan, we met an Ahung named T'ang-who, who belonged to the Shathali sect of Dervish Orders. He had the Koran in thirty parts to be read in Ramadan. The inscription on the ornamental cover-case was in Arabic: "This box contains all the learning of the world." I secured a stick, in use for keeping the children at school, inscribed on one side in Chinese, "Noo Toim Mosque," and on the other in Arabic, "A blow from your teacher is worth all the kindness of your parents." There

are said to be about 700 families here, but there is only one mosque. In another mosque in this vicinity we found the scourge in use, which consisted of a rod about two feet in length with heavy oxhide thongs, a deadly weapon, and used to punish wine drinkers, adulterers, etc.

At Honanfu we met in the great Eastern Mosque an Ahung named Liu, rather self-important but better than his neighbour. He was suspicious and did not like my statement that we were Christian Moslems. He had several noted books on Mysticism, "The Perfect Man," "The Jewels" of Sha'urani; Persian books on Sufism; Persian sermons, Arabic grammar in manuscripts, and great volumes on jurisprudence. He did not want to speak about old and new sects. He said, "You Christians are divided—i.e., Catholic and Protestant, but Islam is a unit." When I pressed him a bit farther by mentioning points of difference, he reluctantly admitted that there were slight differences of belief. We saw the brass drum to be used during Ramadan to awaken the people before dawn to fast. In another mosque there was an Ahung named Ts'ai. He was from Szechwan and did not understand Arabic very well. We asked him why the Chinese did not circumcize their boys and veil their women. To save his face he said: "We do have these customs, but then you know," making a wry face, "Chinese find that the Arab customs are so bothersome."

In Honanfu, within eight li of the city, there are twelve mosques and over 1,000 families. Three missionary societies work here: the China Inland Mission, the Lutherans, and the Roman Catholics. The Ahungs seem to have a large collection of Arabic and Persian literature. Many of the books dealt with Mysticism.

We met everywhere with friendliness and no signs of fanaticism, save in the matter of diet. Food was served us, but on no occasion do I remember that Moslems were willing to partake of Christian food in return, even a cup of tea was politely refused. One of the peculiarities of Islam in China is the emphasis laid everywhere on the question of diet and ablution. Moslem restaurants, butcher shops, bakeries, etc., have a special sign to direct the Faithful lest he be defiled by heathen food. Hogs are so common everywhere in China that Moslems make a special effort to defend themselves against this religious abomination. A special soap factory exists at Chengchow, in Honan Province, for the manufacture of soap that is ritually clean. One of the advertising circulars came to our hand bearing at the top the new flag of the Chinese Republic and the Turkish flag as well. The Arabic and Chinese text, recommending the soap, states that it is manufactured for the glory of God and the good of Islam, for fear that Moslem prayers may be abrogated by using soap for ablution which contains lard and other impurities. The circular closes with the pious wish that God may bless this effort for the good of True Believers and is dated 1335 A.H.—1917.

I cannot better sum up the impressions of my visit than by giving our experience in the new mosque at Hankow. The old Ahung was a delightful host and explained the reason for prayer being held in an adjoining house. He allowed us to photograph the building operations and the pulpit. On the table we found a large collection of Arabic and Chinese literature, among others a little Arabic pamphlet: "Do You Pray?" published by the Nile Mission Press, and which had found its way here months ago through the efforts of Mr. Rhodes, of Chefoo. He not only engaged in conversation on the Scriptures, but joined us with all who were present, in a Christian prayer in the mosque. It all seemed very different from the spirit of Arabia and Egypt.

Confucianism has not only torn the veil from Moslem womanhood in China, but has undermined the spirit of fanaticism. Chinese etiquette, their high regard for rules of civility toward strangers, their love of fair play in argument, all these have modified the spirit of Islam.

A great opportunity lies before the Church in China, but it is neglected. Not a single worker has been especially set apart or qualified by study of Arabic for the task.

There are already signs of a harvest among Moslems in China. Shall we not pray for the schoolboys who went out on Christmas Day with their new flag and banner, and for all Moslem converts and their families? One converted family has three generations of Moslems from Kwangsi Province, who have accepted Christ. The father was the first Chinese baptized in Kweilin, in 1902. Subsequently, his wife and old mother were baptized and all the children. For many years he has been a Church Missionary Society catechist, and is now preparing for ordination. The first Chinese clergyman in Bishop Cassel's diocese was a Mohammedan of high birth.—The Missionary Review of the World.

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Correspondence

FRESH-AIR FUND.

Sir,—Please acknowledge the following sum, for which we are thankful:—

Baby Irene \$3.00

H. M. Emery.

Deaconess House.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Sir,—I desire, through the medium of your paper, to thank those clergy who have kindly written such sympathetic and helpful letters to me (on the occasion of the death of my dear wife). I may say they were greatly appreciated, and I regret not being able to write each one personally.

J. Cantrell.

Shannonville, Ont., Aug. 30, 1918.

AN APPEAL FOR A PREACHING HALL IN VANCOUVER CHINATOWN.

Sir,—The time has come when we, as a nation, must face the problem of the Chinese in Canada. Unless we are able to uplift them, they will, in due time, drag down our national manhood. The heart of this problem lies in Vancouver Chinatown. In this section alone, consisting of three or four blocks on Pender St. E., between Main and Carrall Streets, there are some 6,000 Chinese living crowded together; and there is no mission-hall of any denomination. The Christian mission-halls already established are outside the heart of Chinatown, and consequently are not touching the root of the problem. Lately there has been much talk of evil conditions. Public opinion has been aroused, and we hope that the necessary enforcement of the law will soon be put into effect. But these are all matters for the civic authorities. Our duty, as a Christian people, is not merely to stamp out the grosser forms of evil, but to help the Chinese to rise to higher moral and spiritual ideals. They can, however, only be reached by a mission-hall for evangelistic purposes, situated in the very middle of this district.

This mission-hall could also be used for a Christian Social Club and a Reading Room during the day, and for lantern lectures during the evenings. The benefits of such an institution would be felt right through Can-

ada, because all the 30,000 Chinese in the Dominion enter and return through the port of Vancouver. During their stay in this country, the Chinese all look upon Vancouver as their base. Take one example of what is meant: The Chinese newspaper, published in Vancouver, carries advertisements for Chinese merchants in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Winnipeg, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In other words, all the merchants buy from the wholesale Chinese importing companies in Vancouver, and look upon Vancouver as their headquarters.

Here in Vancouver we can reach them with the message of the Gospel; but once they have left Vancouver, they become scattered into smaller groups. Surely then we are not wrong in considering that this centre is a small strategic point in the great campaign for evangelizing the world.

A sum of between \$15,000 and \$20,000 is needed to buy the land and obtain a suitable building. Will you help us? Donations may be sent to the honorary treasurer, William Godfrey, Esq., Manager the Bank of B.N.A., Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C. Or we shall be very glad to send sheets of "bricks," which are to be sold at 10 cents a "brick." There are 10 "bricks" in each sheet. If you are willing to help in this way, please apply to Miss Nesbitt, 1623 Comox St., Vancouver, B.C.

H. A. Nesbitt.

ACTIVE SERVICE FOR THE CLERGY.

Sir,—Why is it that so comparatively few of the younger clergy have volunteered for active service in the war? Or is it that the Bishops have been unwilling to spare them?

Christianity itself is at stake in this conflict, and how can a man hope to successfully preach the Gospel, unless he has shown himself equally willing to fight for it, or at least to minister to those who do? Besides which, do the clergy not realize that the man who might actively participate in this titanic struggle with the powers of darkness, and neglects to do so, is depriving himself of the greatest privilege and opportunity which will ever be presented to him, suppressing his spiritual nature, dwarfing his soul and destroying his future usefulness? In fact, how any educated and cultured man of fighting age, with red blood in his veins, who recognizes the claims of humanity, can possibly keep out of it, is incomprehensible to me.

In an extract from an English paper in your issue of August 15th, a superior officer of a crack regiment, is quoted as saying: "I wonder what the result will be after the war? The church which is run by a parson who has been at the front will be crowded by men and women; the church that is run by a stay-at-home will have a few old women and children, and no men, unless there are a few paid choristers. The Church is losing a golden opportunity by hanging on to its young men."

If this can be said of England, how much more can it be said of Canada? And I know by experience that it is practically the unanimous attitude of men who have seen service, and when they return it will also be the attitude of their near friends and relatives. How then can the Church hope to lead these people to Christ, or how is it to give the lead which it ought to give in the reconstruction period, unless the great majority of the younger clergy have also faced the realities of life and death in the firing line?

Why should not every clergyman within the age limit (which I think is now 40), be required to take his turn on active service, unless the

military authorities have rejected him as unfit? It may be asked: "How can the Church get along without them?" My reply is, that it can get along better without them now than it can with them after the war.

I am glad to notice that it is proposed to discuss this and kindred subjects at the approaching General Synod, and I commend it to the prayerful consideration of all concerned.

J. A. V. Preston.
Orangeville, Aug. 30th, 1918.

THE PLEDGE ALREADY GIVEN.

Sir,—I have read Mr. Ransford's letter, "Prayers for the Departed," in your last issue, but in this communication, like in so many others, no word is said about the solemn pledge that was given in London when the revision of the Prayer Book was undertaken and the basis on which it was to proceed. Let me state it:—

"In any adaptation, enrichment or revision of the Book of Common Prayer, no change in either text or rubric shall be introduced which will involve or imply a change in doctrine or of principle, it being always understood that the ornaments rubric be left untouched."

With that declaration so clear in its terms, how can the General Synod or any of the members thereof seek to make any changes committing a breach of faith? What would our Church people all over the country think if our highest parliament in the Church should in any way fail to respect its pledge? Consequently, how can the change indicated in Mr. Ransford's letter be considered at all?

Fred C. Jarvis.

Toronto, August 27th, 1918.

THE CANADIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(Abridged.)

Sir,—If any change in the name of our Communion in Canada is to be made, it presents a most difficult question, as to what the new name is to be.

First. Some hundred years ago, a question as to change of names was brought forward in the old country. A family named Jones, in Monmouthshire (undoubtedly the eldest branch of the family represented in the long and noble family named Herberts—the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery in the English peerage), attempted to change their name to Herbert. Trouble arose, and the Solicitor-General made a very important pronouncement on the question. A family may change its surname, on condition that it can get its neighbours to recognize it by its new name. The upshot of this case was that the old Welsh Squire Jones failed in his attempt at the time to shine by the name of his great English twenty-fourth cousins, but he quietly entered his eldest boy as a cadet in the County Militia under the name of Herbert, and Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P. for Monmouthshire, is today the great grandson of Squire Jones, of Clytha.

I mention this case, because the principle laid down by the Solicitor-General at the time is a perfectly sane and important one in this connection of our change of name as a Church. We are a comparatively small body among a population of over seven million people. The Roman Catholic Church was a long established body here before the fall of Quebec. We have huge numbers of Christians on every side of us, and the question comes in: By what name are these

Progress of the War

Tuesday, August 27th.—General Debeney captures Roye. The Canadian and Scottish broke through the outer Hindenburg line from Pelves to Cherisy, five miles.

Wednesday, August 28th.—The English took Croisilles after two days' desperate fighting.

Thursday, August 29th.—Baupaupe taken. The British rush the foe across the Somme. It is declared that the first phase of the great battle is ended.

Friday, August 30th.—German resistance on the Hindenburg line stiffens. The French take Champs north of Ailette River.

Saturday, August 31st.—Peronne and Bullecourt taken by British. German armies in retreat from Ypres to Rheims. In places the retreat is a rout.

other Christians willing to recognize us? For we must remember, it is we, not our neighbours, proposing a change? Does any one suppose that our neighbours would be willing to call us "The Canadian Church," or "The Catholic Church," or "The Canadian Catholic Church?"

Our Parliament, acting upon the principle laid down by the English Solicitor-General a hundred years ago, would probably not allow us to do so, and as we hold all our personal and real property by our present name, we cannot alter our name and still retain our property without the consent of Parliament. A small body, like the Irvingites, may get incorporated as the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church as its first name, but an ancient Church, holding large properties by a legal name, proposing to take a new name, which implied great claims as against our Roman Catholic and Reformed fellow citizens, would be an altogether different matter.

I mention these few difficulties, as they do not seem to have presented themselves to some of your correspondents who have written on this subject. It seems to me there is nothing for it but, "The Church of England in Canada," or with the permission of Parliament, "The Anglican Church," or "The English Church," or "The Episcopal Church," or some other name which our neighbours are willing to recognize or call us. Of course, as a member of our Church, I would claim most distinctly to be a good Catholic, and that our Communion is a true part of The Catholic Church. Wm. Bevan.

"THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY."

Out from the dawning grey
Waking notes shower;
Dew-set, the lily spray
(Breathes forth her dower,
Owning a Father's care,
He Who made them so fair,
Birdling and flower.

Love, pressed on formless clay,
Image Divine;
Could I less homage pay
Than own Him mine?
To buy me back again
Thou on the Rood wast slain,
Such care was Thine.

Though at Life's table set
In lowest place,
Bread, but a morsel, yet
Owe I Thee grace.
Only the Cross I see—
Thy Cross my way shall be
To see Thy face.

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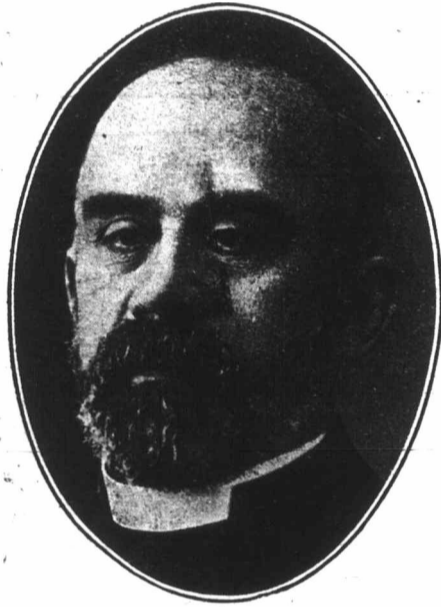
Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

Haines, Rev. Richard, Port Carling, to be Incumbent of Powassan and Trout Creek, Diocese of Algoma, and Chisholm, Diocese of Ottawa.

Church News

The New Principal of St. Mark's Hall, Vancouver.

The New Principal of St. Mark's Hall, Rev. C. H. Shortt, will arrive in Vancouver about the middle of September, to assume charge, in which he is succeeding the first Principal of the Hall, Rev. C. A. Seager, D.D. Rev. C. H. Shortt comes from Japan, where for the past 18 years he has been engaged in missionary work in the diocese of South Tokio.



REV. C. H. SHORTT, M.A.,
Principal-Designate of St. Mark's Hall

He has many friends in this Province and is one of the more widely known clergymen of the Church of England in Canada. His father, the Rev. Dr. Shortt, was for many years Rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, in Ontario. He was one of the leading Orangemen of his day and held an important position in the diocese of Toronto. The new Principal of St. Mark's was born in Port Hope, receiving a primary education in that town and was enrolled as a student at Helmuth College, in London, Ontario, during the days of Principal Rev. Arthur Sweatman, subsequently Bishop of the diocese of Toronto. Leaving Helmuth, he entered Trinity College, Toronto, where he received his B.A. degree in 1879. He was ordained to the diaconate by the Bishop of Toronto in 1881 and was priested in 1882. For the next two years he served as Curate at St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, under the late Canon Broughall. In 1884 he joined Rev. A. P. Ford, at Woodbridge. On Mr. Ford's resignation, Mr. Shortt succeeded to the work. In 1890 he was asked to found a new parish in north-west section of Toronto. Here a beautiful church was soon erected, being dedicated to St. Cyprian. It is a curious coincidence that on leaving St. Cyprian's, Mr. Shortt was followed by Dr. Seager, whom he is now in turn succeeding in this city. At that time Dr. Roper was the Rector of St. Thomas' Church in Toronto. Leaving this to take a chair in the General Theological Seminary in New York, Dr. Roper was succeeded by Mr. Shortt, who remained in charge of that well-known parish until an opportunity to realize a long-deferred hope, enabled Mr. Shortt to go to Japan, where he has worked for many years, first under Bishop Audrey, and

latterly under the Canadian Bishop, Bishop Hamilton of Mid-Japan. The place Mr. Shortt won in the hearts of his people is shown by the conversation of his workers, unconscious of listeners. In bewailing his leaving they said: "We don't care whether he spoke good Japanese or bad Japanese. His beautiful life helped us."

Calgary Notes.

August 7th was the 31st anniversary of the Bishop's consecration, and August 16th, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the diaconate.

On Thursday, July 4th, the Bishop inducted the Rev. Alleyne G. Bradshaw, B.S., incumbent of Christ Church, Nanton. The service consisted of the induction, a short address by the Bishop, and a celebration of the Holy Communion. In the afternoon, the Bishop addressed the Churchwomen of the parish. Rev. H. H. Wilford, Rural Dean, was present, and he took part in the service.

Rev. C. Horne having gone overseas as Chaplain, Rev. Canon Hayes has become locum tenens at Christ Church, Calgary, and Rev. H. H. Wilford is acting Rector of St. Benedict's, High River, with his other duties at Okotoks, Millarville, Aldersyde, etc.

Rev. Canon Gale having resigned the office of Rural Dean of Calgary, Rev. Canon Hayes has been appointed to that office, and Rev. A. D. Currie, Rector of Pine Lake, is now Rural Dean of Red Deer.

The parishes of St. Magloire, Drumheller, and Holy Trinity, Munson, have been taken from the Deanery of Red Deer, and placed in that of Calgary.

The Bishop on his last visit to Macleod confirmed a class of 13 persons, making a total of 56 persons confirmed by him in that parish since Rev. S. C. Gray became Rector a little over two years ago. During the time Mr. Gray has been Rector, the parish has made remarkable progress financially, all parochial organizations uniting in the good work, with the result that, not only has the stipend been increased from \$900 to \$1,200, but overdue taxes and coal bills have been met; the sum of \$1,080 has been raised and spent to make the rectory free of debt; two notes amounting to \$320 have been paid off, as well as a debt of \$400, being a mortgage upon the parish hall.

Trinity Church, Halifax, to be Restored.

At the parish meeting on August 22nd in Trinity Hall, Halifax, the attendance was the largest in the whole history of the church on such occasions. The interest and spirit of the people was also most enthusiastic and unanimous. There is now no thought of combining the church with the St. Matthias' Church. At a special meeting the vestry decided to proceed at once with the restoration of Trinity Church, as it stood before the explosion. A permit was obtained from the city and a contractor secured to do the work on a percentage cost basis. The meeting unanimously endorsed the action of the vestry. The meeting also unanimously voted an increase of \$400 to the Rector's salary and \$100 increase to the sexton. The work of restoring the church is to be proceeded with at once and pushed with all possible speed.

A Wartime Parish.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan last week was visiting one of the districts rearranged to suit war time. Starting in the morning he motored 70 miles, taking two services, whilst Mr. Leach, the young incumbent, motored 100 miles, taking three services. They met at the centre church for a Con-

firmation that evening, so our Church is trying to meet war-time conditions.

Confirmation Service at Amherst Island.

Bishop Bidwell recently visited the parish of Amherst Island, when 14 candidates were presented for Confirmation. His Lordship preached most excellent and inspiring sermons at both services, which were attended by large congregations. At St. Alban's Church, Stella, he dedicated a sterling silver Communion set presented by Mrs. Neilson in memory of her husband, the late James S. Neilson, who for many years was a faithful member of the church, and of whom the Rector spoke in very feeling terms on presentation of the gift. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howard, of Toronto, have presented a beautiful brass reading desk to St. Alban's Church, Stella, in memory of their children. This will be dedicated on the next visitation of the Bishop.

In July a "birthday" tea was given at the rectory grounds by the W.A. The grounds were prettily decorated in the national colours, and the tea table was graced by beautiful French poppies. One of the most pleasing features of the afternoon was the presence of several returned soldiers under the care of Major the Very Rev. Dean Starr. The Rector, Rev. J. C. Dixon, welcomed the guests on behalf of the W.A., and then called upon Dean Starr to act as chairman, which he did in his usual happy manner. Mr. Whiting and Mr. Webster, who were also of the party, gave interesting five-minute addresses, and several of the soldiers spoke very feelingly of the work of the Red Cross. A goodly sum was realized from the birthday bags for the carrying on of the work.

The New Head of Lac la Ronge School

Rev. E. A. Minchin has offered to enter Indian work, owing to need in the schools. Early next month he is expecting to start for St. Andrew's Mission, Lac la Ronge, to take charge of the school there, Mr. Hives having resigned his post. Mr. Minchin will be sorely missed in his old Mission of Perdue, where he has won all hearts and built up a solid work. Under his guidance the juniors of the place have made good progress, the boys as good all-round Scouts and the Girls as W.A. workers. The Junior W.A. have set a good example to other branches in ordering \$5. worth of missionary literature to encourage the missionary spirit. With Mr. Minchin will be Miss Eaton, who is returning to the school after her vacation, and Miss Lena Wilkins, who is going in for the first time. Both these ladies are W.A. missionaries. The start will be about September 3rd or 4th, so that the wagon should reach Montreal Lake by the Sunday. The road is very rough so far and the travelling hard. After Montreal Lake a canoe will take them the rest of the way.

Emmanuel College to "Carry On."

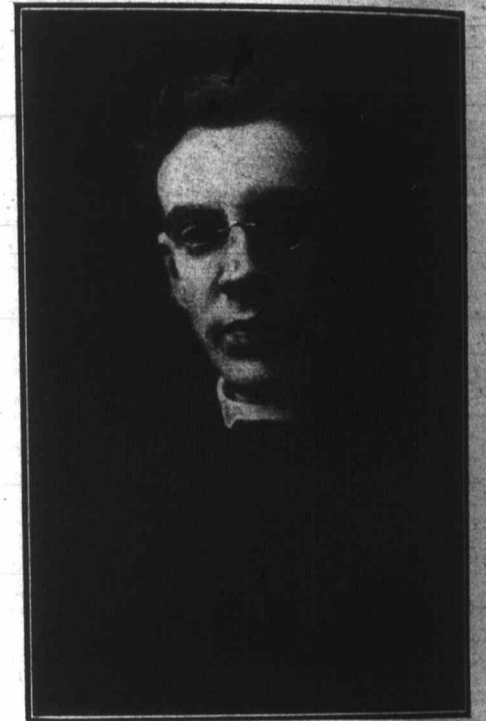
The Council of Emmanuel met this week, when it was decided to keep open the College in a small way. Dr. Carpenter will lecture till his departure at the end of October, when other arrangements will be made. During the session news was received of the death of Rev. W. Davis, M.C., formerly an Emmanuel student. His splendid and self-denying work among the Canadian soldiers is well known. His many friends in Saskatchewan and Edmonton will grieve over their loss. He rests from his labours, which must have been heartbreaking to such a sympathetic character. Those left behind must carry on in his place. A memorial service was held in the College Chapel.

King's College Advance Movement.

Canon Vernon, the Organizing Secretary of the King's College Advance Movement, spent most of the month of August in the parishes of the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia. The fund has now reached \$79,000, and is steadily growing. The outlook for securing the \$125,000 needed is regarded as exceedingly favourable.

Rev. E. A. McIntyre Honoured.

A congregational meeting of St. Aidan's Church, Toronto, was held last Friday evening in honour of Rev. E. A. and Mrs. McIntyre. Mr. McIntyre has been Rector of the parish since its foundation. A purse of gold and a gold watch was the gift of the people to the Rector. A silk umbrella was given to his wife, who came as a bride to the parish. Mr. McIntyre's mother, who was associated closely with the work in the first years, was remembered by a purse and an umbrella. The Women's Guild gave an enlarged portrait of the Rector for the Vestry. Mr. McIntyre goes to St. Paul's Church as colleague to Rev.



REV. E. A. MCINTYRE, M.A., B.D.,
who last Sunday entered on his work at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, as colleague to Rev. Dr. Cody.

Dr. Cody. His excellent preaching powers and organizing ability augur well for his success in a heavy undertaking. Rev. G. S. Despard, who made a name for himself in Trinity Church, Aurora, will be the third minister at St. Paul's.

The New Rector of Fenelon Falls.

Rev. P. B. De Lom, who has been doing faithful work in the pioneer district of Haliburton, was inducted to the rectorship of St. James' Church, Fenelon Falls, Ont., last week, by the Bishop of Toronto. The Bishop referred to the work Mr. De Lom had done in a hard place at a great cost. Not every young man is willing to go to the out-of-the-way missions in the diocese, and it is particularly commendable when a man of senior standing was willing to work in such a difficult field as Haliburton.

Rev. J. C. Dixon to Stay at Amherst Island.

By the unanimous request of the people, the parish of Newboro was offered by the Bishop of Ontario to Rev. J. C. Dixon, Rector of Amherst Island, but a petition was presented to Mr. Dixon by the wardens and congregation begging him to stay and he has refused the Bishop's offer. The Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M.A., Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Belleville, and Mrs. Beamish, spent a few days at the Rectory, Amherst Island.

Advance Movement.

the Organizing... spent most of the... in the parishes of... Nova Scotia. The... \$79,000, and is... The outlook for... needed is reg-ly favourable.

McIntyre Honoured.

Meeting of St. Toronto, was held in honour of Rev. McIntyre. Mr. Mc... of the parish... A purse of gold... was the gift of the... A silk um-... his wife, who came... parish. Mr. McIn-... was associated... rk in the first years... by a purse and an... omen's Guild gave... it of the Rector for... McIntyre goes to St... colleague to Rev.

"St. John of Hazelton."

Rev. John Field.

In the passing away of Rev. John Field on Monday, August 19th, at Duncan, Vancouver Island, where he went a few weeks ago to rest after a long life of active service in the Christian ministry, all the pioneer settlers of the Hazelton district will feel that they have lost a friend. He was universally respected and most highly esteemed. His gentle kindness shown to all, irrespective of creed or race, class or rank, has won for him the title "The St. John of Hazelton." Prospectors and miners scattered over northern British Columbia will read this notice with more than a passing interest. Many an eye in some lonely camp will fill with tears and then, when the pang of sorrow has passed and the tribute of respect has been paid to his memory, round the camp fire will be repeated some of his quiet, humorous remarks, which sparkle with Irish wit. John Field was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, 72 years ago. After training in the Church Missionary College, London, in 1877 he went to Lagos, West Africa, as a missionary teacher. Returning to England he was ordained deacon in 1880 by the Bishop of London, and priest in 1881 by the Bishop of Exeter. In 1882 he went to Ceylon, and was on the staff of Trinity College, Kandy, but in 1886, on account of Mrs. Field's health, he was transferred to Hazelton, B.C., where he remained for 32 years, until last May failing strength led him to retire from active work. During these many years at Hazelton, Mrs. Field was a true helper, and became endeared to all the old-timers whose heartfelt sympathy now goes out to her. There are two sons, one in South Africa, the other, Fred. Field, well known in Hazelton, is at the front doing his duty for King and country. Out of the life of Old Hazelton there has passed a personality which has touched with an influence for good the whole community, through the quiet power of loving kindness.

Tablet to the Memory of Bishop Scriven.

The dedication of the brass memorial tablet erected in Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, to the memory of the late Bishop Scriven took place on August 25th at a special service under the direction of the Bishop of Columbia. Among the congregation were lay representatives of all the city churches and members of the memorial committee. Owing to the condition of the steamboat service, the Bishop of New Westminster was unable to attend, and the Rev. J. W. Flinton, Rector of St. Mark's, as one of the senior clergymen of the diocese, and as an intimate friend of the late Bishop, was asked to give the address. The choir was in attendance, and the following clergy took their places in the chancel stalls: Rev. J. W. Flinton, Rev. W. Baugh Allen, Rev. E. G. Miller, Rev. H. T. Archbold, Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, Rev. F. H. Fatt, Rev. Rural Dean Connell, Rev. G. H. Andrews, Rev. W. G. Boyd, Rev. H. M. Bolton. The Rev. Fred. H. Fatt acted as Bishop's Chaplain. The Rev. J. W. Flinton took his text from 1 Cor. 4: 1, 2. He said that people would wrong the memory of Bishop Scriven if they did not strive to follow the teaching and example of his life. The Bishop had been a man of most humble character, one who, like the Angel of the Apocalypse, would say: "I am thy fellow-servant; worship God," and with the Psalmist: "Not unto us, O God, be the praise." His was a radiant temperament, drawing men to him in a passionate loyalty, not explained by natural endowment but by the spiritual example of his own life and teaching as a minister of Christ. His religion was his all. He enjoyed

the world and rejoiced in life. He was the happiest of companions, his life illuminated by the constant ray of faith. He was, indeed, the embodiment of Tennyson's ideal knight, "the knight of heaven." He did not scan his brother's faults, but sought his virtues. From youth until the eventide of life his path was one of intense loyalty, absorbed in his work, grounded by an all-embracing charity and guarded by the bulwarks of his faith. Not by oratory or claim of special prerogative did Bishop Scriven win the love of his people, but by obedience to the Master and by reflecting His teaching in his daily life. He will not be forgotten; his words may fade but his active and faithful work for 32 years have been ineffaceably impressed.

The tablet, which was dedicated by the Bishop of Columbia, is four feet by two feet six inches and has been designed and executed by the firm of the Pritchard Andrews Company, of Ottawa. It is made of fine lacquered brass raised upon a returned edge, and mounted upon an oak back. It is oblong in shape and the design shows a Gothic arch, in the top of which is engraved the arms of the diocese, surmounted by a mitre, crossed by two pastoral staves. The wording of the tablet is as follows:—

"To the Glory of God and in affectionate remembrance of Augustine Scriven, M.A., D.D. (Oxon), who, after serving for thirty-one years as Archdeacon of Vancouver, was consecrated fourth Bishop of this diocese on the Festival of Saint Bartholomew, 1915. Entered into rest, 20th June, 1916."

Induction at Balm Beach.

Last Tuesday, Rev. Dr. Cotton, formerly Professor of Apologetics at Wycliffe College, was inducted as Rector of St. Aidan's Church, Balm Beach, Toronto, by the Bishop of Toronto. The sermon was preached by Canon Dixon, who years ago started a church mission in the district when it was chiefly a summer resort. Rev. C. J. James, the Rural Dean, and Canon Plumtre read the service. Prof. Cosgrave and Dr. Hallam read the Lessons. Dr. Cotton commenced his duties last Sunday, when unusually large congregations attended the services. The warm personal interest he has shown in the College students during his thirteen years' professoriate, proves him the ideal man for such a charge.

Decoration Day Service at Calt.

The annual decoration day service of the local Sons of England lodge was held at Trinity Cemetery, August 25th. A large number of the members of the order, including quite a contingent of war veterans, paraded. An impressive ceremony was conducted with Rev. W. H. Snelgrove, Rector of Trinity Church, delivering the address. A very touching ceremony at the cemetery was the tribute paid to ten members of the local lodge, who have made the supreme sacrifice in battle. On the S.O.E. plot, there were placed by returned men, wreaths, each one bearing the name of a fallen hero.

An Edmonton Chaplain at the Front.

A Padre's First Service in the Trenches.

Capt. the Rev. C. Carruthers, C.F., formerly of Holy Trinity Church, Edmonton, writes:—I received orders to proceed to France on a certain Tuesday, and the following Friday I was with my battalion in the line. My first duty was to arrange for the Sunday work.

The C.O. sent word that it was too dangerous to bring the men together in the morning, but that he would have his headquarters fixed up for service in the evening. About dusk my servant and I sallied forth to find this place, each of us arrayed in our gas masks and steel helmets. We arrived in good time, and I was agreeably surprised at the comfort and size of our under-ground church. The Huns had begun its erection by projecting a high-explosive shell into the side of a small hill. The filling of sand-bags for the parapets further increased its size. Finally the Adjutant came along, and decided that this was the proper place for front-line headquarters, and soon a room twelve feet deep, and eight feet wide was hollowed out. This was comfortably floored, and the front closed up with corrugated iron and bags of sand. A couple of benches and a rough table was the extent of the furniture. There were present for the service, the C.O., Adjutant, three other officers and several men. All day up and down the trenches everything had been very quiet. But we had scarcely finished the reading of the Psalms when Fritz began an evening hate. Shrapnel could be heard bursting with a nasty, aggressive sound. High-explosive shells went by with a wailing note, that made one think of lost souls being cast into utter darkness. Grim

monsters of destruction were belching forth flame, and steel, and poisonous gas. Outside our little sanctuary death hovered around. Inside there was comparative safety and peace. The faces of the men seemed to light up with a look of quiet resolve. Not a faltering note could be detected in the voices that quietly repeated the sentences and joined heartily in the prayers. How real and vital this seemed compared with many of the services I had held at home. What inspiration came to one to speak of the great verities of life. In spite of the confusion and dread, God seemed very near. Truly men think, and ponder, and pray under these conditions. Whatever there may be in one of nobility and sacrifice is appealed to most tremendously. To speak of goodness and God is the natural thing to do. Nothing else really matters. In times like these men feel and know the right, and act accordingly. At the close of the service, and when the shelling had died down, each man shook my hand, and passed quietly out into the night. Truly these men are the saints and heroes of God to-day. When I returned to my dug-out and sat musing over the day's work I thought that this must surely be worth while.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

(Continued from page 567.)

will be that your energies will become directed towards the extension of Christ's Kingdom. The Epistle gives us a model prayer for the Church. In his intercession for the Church at Ephesus St. Paul desires that they may be strengthened by the Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith, and their spiritual perception may be such that they may know by individual experience the love of Christ, which passeth our full comprehension.

The Gospel is a beautiful illustration of the pity of Our Lord—the pity which is "continual" for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He saw the widow in her great sorrow, and had compassion on her. "The Heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." The Church which He purchased with His Precious Blood is the constant care of Our Lord. Each individual is the object of His compassion. In the face of problems, trials and tasks which lie before the Church or her members, we may with confidence invoke the Divine power and pity.

- P is the parish which uses the Practical.
R is its rector, with ability tactical,
A who allowed his people to buy it,
C that the children and teachers might try it.
T is the testimony, often rehearsed,
I that the interest held from the first.
C is the change that it wrought in the school,
A by attention to system and rule,
L by the lessons now taught in that school.

Extract from a Letter from a Canon of the Canadian Church:

I think the four year lesson course is the ideal & practical course combined. I wish it were more widely adopted in our Sunday schools. It would result in better Churchmanship & a clearer understanding in the coming generations as to why we are Churchmen.

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McIntyre, M.A., B.D., entered on his work in Toronto, as Rev. Dr. Cody.

excellent preaching... nizing ability augur... ss in a heavy under-... S. Despard, who... r himself in Trinity... will be the third min-...

of Fenelon Falls.

Lom, who has been... rk in the pioneer dis-... on, was inducted to... St. James' Church... t., last week, by the... to. The Bishop re-... ck Mr. De Lom had... lace at a great cost... man is willing to go... way missions in the... is particularly com-... man of senior stand-... to work in such a... Haliburton.

to Stay at Amherst Island.

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The Difference in Religion

"AS for me, I think one religion is about as good as another. It's mostly a matter of climate and race and tradition."

"That's so," said the other man. "Christianity is sentimentally attractive. But what has it ever really done? It has broken down under the war. It's no better than any other religion."

The world is small, and travellers in America may expect the unusual. The two men were on a transcontinental train. A man seated across the aisle who had the air of a foreigner suddenly leaned forward and said very politely:—

"Pardon. But your remarks, which I could not help but hearing, deeply interest me. May I say why?"

"Surely. Go ahead," the first speaker replied, looking curiously at the foreigner.

"Thank you, sir. I am an Armenian. I was born in Bitlis. Bitlis has about forty thousand people. Have you a town of that size you can think of in America?"

"Just the size of my own town," said the second man.

"Take your town, then, and call it Bitlis; and say of your town these things: No hospital, no doctor, no dentist, no church, except the mission and the Armenian, no press, no telephone, no sanitation, no water system, no library, no transportation, no public school. And that is your town here in America. That is, you understand, my town of Bitlis in Turkey."

"The one bright spot in my town is the Christian mission, which supports a dispensary and a school and the hope of life. During the recent uprising against the Armenians, in which over three hundred thousand of them were massacred, the missionaries in Bitlis, aided by those in Van, at the risk of their lives, saved me from torture and death. All my relatives were murdered and our property was utterly destroyed. My wife and children were tortured and burned alive in my house."

"Do you wonder that I cannot agree with you that one religion is as good as another. Gentlemen, it is Christianity that has stretched out its healing hand to the tortured people of Europe, and after the war it will be the spirit of the Master that will build up life on the ghastly ruins. I am a witness of it."

The men who had flippantly dismissed Christianity in two sentences spent the next hour learning some wholesome truths about Christian missions and heroes of the cross. The Armenian was helping the Bitlis missionaries raise money for a hospital in his city. The two travellers pulled out their pocketbooks to make a contribution.

"Send it to the headquarters in Boston," said the defender of Christianity. And they did, to the agreeable surprise of the treasurer.—Youth's Companion.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.—Watts.

Why I Am a Fanatic

By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON

"HE'S a teetotal fanatic," I heard someone whisper behind my back, at a meeting of poor, powerless, local authorities accidentally discussing the way in which American and Canadian soldiers were being alcoholized in the public-houses and private drinking places in West Sussex. Our attention had been called to this problem by American officers and by residents, shocked to see men from the other side of the Atlantic who had come over here total abstainers (probably), and were now being damaged, by being led into harmful consumption of whisky under the bland gaze of the Board of Control—or whatever is the name of the buffer which an alcohol-tolerating government set up some time ago between angry prohibitionists and the conscienceless trade. I had let myself go in denunciation of our lack of patriotism in declining to win the war at the expense of the alcohol manufacturers and distributors, and had adduced the remarks made to me in France by American, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand officers as to the way in which during their sojourn in England their men were corrupted by temptations on every hand to abandon abstinence from alcohol and to acquire the whisky habit.

I suppose in course of time I have become a fanatic in regard to the drinking of distilled spirits or of brandied wines, because I am intensely interested in the British Islands and the British Empire, and wish to see both prosperous, happy, healthy, and efficient beyond all other countries; because in Central Africa I found alcohol far harder to fight than the Arabs; because in West Africa I found alcohol the main cause of quarrels between the natives and the white man, between the natives themselves, the chief stimulant of horrors like cannibalism and "were-leopardy," secret poisonings, and the foulest intricacies of fetish worship, the principal cause of laziness amongst the blacks, or deadly ill-health amongst the whites; because in South Africa I knew only too well that the quarrels between British and Boers were almost entirely conflicts between Scottish or Irish whisky and Cape Brandy, and that distilled alcohol was the one over-mastering incitement to the native to rape, rob, revolt and ravage; because I saw in India and in the employment of the Sikh and Indian Mohammedan in East Africa, what serious damage the spread of alcoholic habits was causing among Oriental populations—the white man's example being the ally of the distiller; because I have seen the same in Egypt and in Algeria; because I know that just as the Jameson Raid was provoked, conceived, born and miscarried in alcohol, so were the Ceylon riots and many a Kuli disturbance in Malaysia (accord-

ing to the complaints of Planters' Associations).

I have, nevertheless, laid emphasis on the sobriety of our army in general, not always in Britain, but in France, and I daresay elsewhere. This satisfactory state of things is little due to any direct War Office action, but is almost entirely to the credit of the Young Men's Christian Association. As I pointed out in 1915, the British army for the most part did not want to fuddle itself with strong drink while on war service, and many men resented having strong ales or rum forced on them in the trenches when they were very tired or very thirsty. They said it made them sleepy, languid, and unobservant, when their senses should have been thoroughly on the alert.

The Y.M.C.A. stepped in unobtrusively—it is most fortunately in a position to practise rather than preach—and offered tired, exhausted, thirsty soldiers a variety of attractive, stimulating, warming or cooling drinks. It combined with excellent food for the body the best food for the mind to be got at the book-shops. When we have won the war the share in the winning to be attributed to the Y.M.C.A. will not be small; and I for one was delighted the other day to see that some of their representatives in France had been awarded Imperial decorations—not only earned by the acme of good catering for mind and body, but by a cool, intelligent courage in moments of great danger (I write as one who knows), when any loss of nerve or error of judgment might have led to loss of lives and morale.—London News.

A SOLDIER'S PLEA.

A soldier at the front writes: "It is time that the rank-and-file of the British army themselves made known to the public their opinion of the nauseating cant that is being uttered on their behalf. There are all classes of men with various grades of morals in our army. The life is monotonous in the extreme, and any man worthy of the name misses terribly the society of women who were his companions in the dear, clean homeland. It is not surprising that a few of the weaker ones should fall from their former standard of morality. For such as these, stringent protective regulations should be made. Do not misunderstand me. I mean protection, not of their bodies, but of their morals. Moreover, protection is necessary for the girls, most of them victims of hard and grinding social and industrial conditions. . . . The surest system of protection for both men and girls is to make the society of good, honest girls available for these boys when they leave, for a spell, the dreary and enervating life of the camp and desert."—Christian Commonwealth.

Who Will Inherit!

The laws of succession become operative when an estate is left intestate. To make certain that your estate is distributed according to your wishes it is necessary to make the provisions in an accurately drawn up will. The time to make your Will is NOW. In appointing an executor, let us suggest the experience and reliability of this Corporation as evidenced by its 36 years of successful service and satisfaction. The charges are no more than the courts allow a private individual executor.

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Plain Words About Prayer

IN intercessory prayer we enter most deeply into the spirit and experience of Jesus. His most characteristic prayers were for others—for His friends, for the sick and afflicted, for His disciples, for His enemies. Why should He have prayed for these others; one might ask—if He believed already in His Father's universal loving will? Would not God give to all those gifts which He saw they needed without the intercession of any other on their behalf? That same question men might ask themselves to-day in regard to intercessory prayer.

And the answer is for us, as it was for Jesus: there are certain things which the love of God Himself can only do through the instrumentality of His children, one for another. There are blessings which it requires the human instrument to convey. He cannot give to men the inspiration which can come through the highest friendships until there are friends whose souls are open to become the channels of the highest things. He cannot make righteousness prevail among the nations until there are men in the nations who are willing to be righteous. He cannot make peace until the hearts of the people in this land and every land are ready to conquer by His love the hates and prejudices which make war.

Oh, is it not an awful thing—and yet a thing that may be redeeming, too—to realize that all the agonies of this time may be the punishment we make inevitable for ourselves because we are not ready yet to learn and to live the truths by which they might be ended? We say that we are horrified by the war and its ghastly havoc. We say that we hate the brutal ambitions and the cruel selfishness which caused it. We say that we fight for a world that shall be redeemed into an abiding peace. But what if, while we say these things, the coming of all we profess to desire is blocked by our indifference to the forces through which alone redemption can be wrought?

Admiral Sir David Beatty said of his own country: "England still remains to be taken out of her stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency . . . and until she can be stirred out of this condition, until religious revival takes place at home, just so long will the war continue." And another officer, home from the tragic campaign at Gallipoli, said also of his nation: "I think God is waiting for her to learn many things before the war will end, and she is very, very slow in learning."

How fast can we say that we in America are learning all that God has for us to confess, before the travail of this time may cease? Are we learning yet to hate in ourselves the power of the flesh and the world which make self-indulgence and covetousness so real and the beauty of God so dim? Are we learning to pray, by learning first to want the things we ought to pray for?

Certain it is that the mercies of God can be poured out upon His people only as there arise men and women who cry out to be made the channels through which that mercy may be bestowed. When we intercede, therefore, for one another, for the nation and for the world, we are opening the way for the blessings of God. We are making it possible for the answer to our prayers to begin within ourselves. We are helping to release through us the boundless reservoirs of the waiting love of God.—W. Russell Bowie, in St. Andrew's Cross.

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About Prayer

ayer we enter most spirit and experi- His most charac- re for others—for sick and afflicted, for His enemies. e prayed for these ask—if He believed er's universal lov- ot God give to all le saw they needed ssion of any other hat same question emelves to-day in ory prayer.

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at the mercies of God : upon His people only and women who cry he channels through y may be bestowed. le, therefore, for one nation and for the ning the way for the We are making it nswer to our prayers ourselves. We are se through us the oirs of the waiting Russell Bowie, in St.

Yes, it is a fact that "SALADA" TEA

is a blend of the finest growths of the best gardens—only, and it has remained unchanged for more than 25 years.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS FOR THINKING PEOPLE.

Rev. T. H. Ibbott.

You may preach on Divine things as much as you please, but you must feel them first in your own heart, and if you feel them you will love and practice them. Truth in the heart produces obedience in the life.

Let no man imagine that he can receive forgiveness of sins in the blood of Jesus without confessing himself to be a sinner.

We experience the new creation of the soul in time, when a man is born again of the spirit; we shall experience the new creation of the body at the last day.

As Saul threw Agag, the Amalekite king, into prison, though at the command of God he should have slain him (1 Sam. 15: 8, 9), so there are many who conceal the desires which they ought to destroy. It is not enough that we hide evil lusts; we must destroy them, or if we do not, as Saul, we shall be rejected from the kingdom, especially the kingdom of heaven.

There are many people who resemble the trees in winter, which have at this time no leaves, but which in spring shoot forth. So there are many who, when the cold winter of misfortune passes over them, suppress their evil lusts, but as soon as the sun of prosperity reappeareth, and things go well, they break forth again, and by their fruits they prove themselves to be the children of the devil and not the children of the living God, and thus they show that they are hypocrites.

The Church was built up, not by the powerful, or the learned, or the wealthy, but by thousands of poor men and women, whose hearts were filled with the love of our Lord, and who spent their lives in giving their little all to the cause of His Kingdom and His glory.—Rev. H. P. Liddon, D.D.

Amiens Cathedral Has Escaped Ruin

Ghastly Contrast of Church of St. Peter in Montdidier

"AMIENS, like Chateau Thierry, isn't wiped out," writes the special correspondent of the New York "Sun," "although many of the stores in the main business section have been smashed. The luckiest thing of all is that the Cathedral escaped almost unscathed, although it was hit four times. One shell badly smashed the organ, another wrecked a group of saints near the altar and the others also caused some damage, but the altar itself was not touched, and most of the fine windows were unbroken. All of the precious vessels, ornaments and paintings were removed in the early days of the German menace and are safe, but it is a shock to see the vaulted interior of this sacred place coated deeply with dust and to see the fragments of the roof lying around outside. It is a miraculous thing that although the gray stone walls were nicked in many places by shell fragments, the magnificent bas relief at the main portal, facing Place Notre Dame, was not touched—it represents Judgment Day. The fact that much of the fine stone carving of the Cathedral had been swathed and protected by sandbags may explain in part its grafting state of preservation.

"Montdidier is a ghastly contrast. Its gray buildings, ranged terracelike along the shelving valley of the little River Dqm, are shattered and roofless. They look like staring eye-sockets of a human skull, and one instinctively expects to see bats flitting about. Parts of walls are standing, but parts only. The streets are piled with debris. There is a church in Montdidier—or there was one—the Church of St. Peter. The church is half ruined, and beneath every altar in its deep cellar, the Boche had established a telephone station. The tombs in the cemetery were smashed by shells and in some the coffins are exposed. The angels who supported the columns of the doorway of the Hotel de Ville are wingless now and legless, typical of the torture which has been inflicted on what was once a pretty town with thousands of homes."

The Jolly Animals' Club By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

VIII. THE KEEPER OF THE GARDEN.

"HALLO, Old Warty! I do believe you're getting uglier every day."

As these scornful words fell on his ears, Old Warty, the toad, looked up at the tall columbine, proudly waving her beautiful crimson and gold blossoms above his head. The flowers little guessed how much Old Warty loved them, or how much they owed to him. For a long time he had been the keeper of the Flowery Nook upon the river bank. Never an ugly or harmful insect escaped his watchful eye. Blue and white violets nestled there in the shade, and pink wild roses loved to let the sunshine kiss their faces. All were sweetly gracious to Old Warty except Miss Columbine, who daily scorned him to his face. It was she, indeed, who had given him that name.

Miss Columbine was decidedly handsome, but she was vain of her good looks, and, regarding beauty as the most desirable thing in the world, she did not care in the least whose feelings she hurt, and seemed to take a particular delight in heaping insults upon the poor, old toad.

Old Warty had certainly no beauty to boast of. His dusty, wrinkled skin, goggle eyes and wide mouth were enough to give one the nightmare, Miss Columbine said. But a blue violet one day made the discovery that he had very beautiful eyes. They were as clear and bright as jewels, and all sorts of lovely things were photographed in them—flowers and water and sky and stars. And so she knew that beneath his ugly coat there beat a heart that was trusty and true. Old Warty loved beautiful things. That is why they were so often photographed upon his eyes, and had it not been for Miss Columbine he would never have known that he himself was so ugly. But after one of her cutting remarks one day he hopped to the brink of the river and looked in. There he saw a picture of himself. It made him feel very bad to find he was the only ugly thing in the beautiful wild garden, and he did not wonder at all that Miss Columbine should treat him so badly. He did not feel angry, only sorry, when she said to him, "Go away, you ugly old thing. Don't ever dare to come near me. I can't bear to look at you."

One day a horrid hairy caterpillar climbed part way up the stem of the columbine and began to gnaw and gnaw and gnaw. The more she tried to shake it off, the tighter it clung, and at last she felt the cruel teeth pierce her very heart. It hurt—oh, how it hurt!—and she gave a little sob of pain.

Old Warty heard that sob and hopped over in an instant. "What's the matter?" he asked, timidly.

"That awful creature—it's killing me," Miss Columbine gasped, weakly.

Without a moment's hesitation Old Warty jumped as high as he could, seized the cruel thing and swallowed it at a gulp.

"Thank you," whispered Miss Columbine; but the help had come too late. Her beautiful blossoms drooped and lost their beauty, and she felt faint and sick.

There came a rustling in the bushes, and into the Flowery Nook stepped a tall, handsome man and a beautiful girl, hand in hand. She was dressed in white, and never



Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug gists, Grocers and General Stores.

flower was sweeter than her face. His eyes were full of love. "What a lovely spot!" she cried. He smiled and led her to a seat upon the mossy bank, where for a little while they sat and talked. "They are lovers," the roses whis-

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Mrs. M. Smithson, 27 Arthur street, Windsor, Ont., writes: "I was suffering from nervous breakdown, which was caused by a shock when fire broke out in the adjoining house. My nerves were in such a state that, after going to bed, I could not get my nerves quieted down sufficiently to go to sleep. I used to get up and walk around the room, or go downstairs. Even when I would be dropping off to sleep my limbs would twitch and waken me. I used to have cold, nervous night sweats, sometimes would become unconscious and lie that way for quite a little while. I was always cold and it seemed impossible for me to get warm or keep warm. When on the street I would see two or three objects at once, and did not want any person to speak to me or bother me. Any little noise irritated and annoyed me very much. I had consulted specialists and tried many remedies during this time, but could not gain relief. At last I tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before long could see that this treatment was proving of benefit. I am now feeling so much better that I can go out on the street without any difficulty, can go across the river and go about the same as usual. I sleep well at night, and am feeling more like myself every day. I am pleased to be able to write you to tell you how much good the Nerve Food has done me. It has strengthened and built up my whole system. I am recommending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of any kind."

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pered to one another, blushing pinker than ever.
"They are lovers," echoed the violets.

Very soon he of the love-lit eyes gathered a beautiful bunch of roses for her of the flower-face. She raised them to her lips, and said they were the most beautiful of all the flowers.

To be loved is the highest ambition of all the flowers, and for this they willingly, gladly, give their fair, sweet lives. While the roses were all athrill with happiness, poor Miss Columbine, unnoticed and alone, hung lower and lower her fainting head.

"Old Warty," she whispered, "you were a good, true friend. If I had not scorned you I might be happy now." Lower and lower, then she drooped and died.

When the lovers went away they took with them a white violet—to grow and bloom in the girl's own garden.

That night, just at dusk, Professor Owl swooped down into the Flowery Nook. "Old Warty," he said, "I've just been hearing about you. Your faithfulness to duty and your generous treatment of your enemy are just the qualities we are looking for in the Jolly Animals' Club, and I shall be glad to welcome you there to-night at sunset. You will henceforth be known as the Flowers' Friend."

That was the greatest surprise and the greatest delight ever experienced by Old Warty.

A PRAYER IN KHAKI.

(Written by an American soldier in a training camp and printed in the "Outlook," New York.)

O Lord, my God, accept my prayer of thanks
That Thou hast placed me humbly in the ranks
Where I can do my part, all unafraid—
A simple soldier in Thy great crusade.

I pray Thee, Lord, let others take command;
Enough for me, a rifle in my hand,
Thy blood-red banner ever leading me
Where I can fight for liberty and Thee.

Give others, God, the glory; mine the right
To stand beside my comrades in the fight,
To die, if need be, in some foreign land—
Absolved and solaced by a soldier's hand.

O Lord, my God, pray hearken to my prayer
And keep me ever humble, keep me where
The fight is thickest, where, 'midst steel and flame,
Thy sons give battle, calling on Thy name.

Conservation measures and voluntary saving in the homes have reduced Canadian consumption of flour from 800,000 to 600,000 barrels per month, as compared with pre-war consumption. This means a saving at the rate of 2,400,000 barrels per year, or, counting the saving by lengthened extraction of milling, of 2,640,000 barrels per year. This is equivalent to a saving of nearly 12,000,000 bushels of wheat. Conservation efforts in Canada are releasing meat enough to provide the ration for, it is estimated, at least 500,000 soldiers.

Boys and Girls

JERRY'S BUBBLE PARTY.

"I'm going to have a party to-day," announced Jerry on the morning of his sixth birthday.

Uncle Jimmy stared at him in surprise. He and Jerry were alone in the house. Jerry's mother and father had been called away to grandmother, who had been taken ill.

"I guess not," said Uncle Jimmy, at last "Who is to give the party for you? Not your Uncle Jimmy?"

"I'll give it myself," said Jerry. "I've got the pipes from last year, and I'll have another soap bubble party. But it won't be a real party without anything to eat," he ended, wistfully.

Jerry invited his six best friends, and they all came, even though he told them there would be nothing to eat. They blew bubbles until Rosemary blew one as big as a five-cent balloon. Then they laid aside the pipes and went into the woods.

They had been gone only a few moments when they came running back, Jerry leading. "Come quick, Uncle Jimmy," he called. "There's something in the tree that's trying to make soap bubbles, or else it's trying to burst itself."

Uncle Jimmy hurried back with the excited children.

"There it is," whispered Jerry. "It" was a grayish-brown object, about three inches long, with a lumpy body and a pair of beautiful bright eyes. Every other second its breast puffed out until it did look a little like a soap bubble, in shape at least. And all the while there was a shrill note thrown upon the air.

"Do you hear that noise?" asked Uncle Jimmy. "That is the tree toad's song. And the soap bubble is his chest expanding when he takes in a breath to sing."

"I didn't know toads sang." "You're listening to one now, Rosemary," said Uncle Jimmy. "The tree toad's song is about the first spring note heard in the woods. They beat the birds to it. Now, if I know this fellow, I believe I can give you another treat, though it seems a shame to disturb him. Watch him and tell me if anything happens."

Uncle Jimmy stood on the stump of a tree and gently prodded Mr. Tree Toad with the end of his finger. Instantly he stopped singing, the soap-bubble chest became quiet, and, after a moment's watchful waiting, he hopped up the branch until he came to a shelter of green leaves. Not a second did the eager eyes of the children leave him.

Suddenly Billy cried out: "He's changed his clothes." Sure enough, he was wearing a green suit.

"He changed to match his surroundings," explained Uncle Jimmy. "When his brown coat did not hide him on the limb of the tree, he hurried to the leaves and took on their colour. He thinks he is hidden now. And he won't sing for a while, either. So let's go back to the house. I believe I smell a birthday cake, and who knows but there might be some roses made out of pink ice cream to eat with it?"

"Oh! oh!" cried seven voices. "It's a real party, after all!" shouted Jerry. "And I've had a special singer at my party, just the way mother has at some of hers."—Herald and Presbyterian.

CATCHING.

"Mother, do you think I could go and play with Edna to-morrow?" asked Lois, just before she went to bed.

One of her mother's old friends had just moved into the neighbourhood.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
MADE IN CANADA
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

She had a little girl, and Lois had been promised that she could go and get acquainted just as soon as they were settled.

But, instead of answering at once, mother looked at father and said: "Do you think it is catching?"

"I can't tell," said father, with a little twinkle in his eye. "It may be. But you might let her go, anyway."

"Very well," said mother. "You may go to-morrow, Lois."

"Mother, has Edna the measles?" "Oh, no, dear; nothing as bad as measles. Now, hurry to bed. It is five minutes past time."

Lois went to bed wondering what Edna had that might be catching. If it had been as bad as measles Lois would have given up the visit, for she had had measles that spring, and she remembered how ill she was. And mother said she was fretful and whiny yet because of the measles. But, since it was not as bad, she decided to go. She might not catch it, anyway.

The next afternoon she went to Edna's house and knocked on the door.

"Why," said Edna's mother, "here is Lois come to visit us. Edna, my dear, come get acquainted with Lois."

A little girl came flying into the room. She didn't look the least bit sick. If you can imagine the very nicest smile you know turned into a little girl, that would be Edna. There were smiles in her eyes and in her cheeks and in her voice, and, by the way she skipped and pranced. I think they were even in her feet. She took



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Lois out to the garden to see her playhouse.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she said. "Now we can play school."

"I don't like to play school," said Lois, with some of the fretfulness coming into her voice. "I'd rather play house."

"I like to play house, too," said Edna. "Of course, we'll play what you'd rather, because you're company. Would you rather be the mother?"

"I'd rather you'd choose what you want to be," murmured Lois, the fretfulness quite gone. "And afterward let's play school, too. I think I'd like that."

So they played both games, and Lois didn't get a chance to whine or insist on her own way. Edna said she was company and should have her own way, so there couldn't be any argument about it. And Edna was so pleased with everything, and smiled and laughed so often, that Lois had to laugh, too.

Lois went home that night, skipping and singing. Mother and father were on the porch.

"It was catching, after all," said father.

"Yes," said mother, "I see it was."

When Lois went to bed that night she examined herself carefully to see if there were any red spots on her arms or chest. There were not. She didn't have headache or sore throat. What could she have caught?

Edna came to visit Lois in a few days. Without anyone telling her to do it, Lois was very polite, and asked Edna each time what she would rather do.

But at length Edna said: "You choose this time. It's more fun sometimes to do what other people like."

So they played singing school, and Edna taught Lois some new songs.

"You do think of the nicest things to do," said Edna. "I think you're just lovely for a best friend."

When Edna had gone home, Lois said to her mother: "Edna thinks most everything is lovely. She thought it was a lovely day, though I thought it was too hot. And she liked our house and orchard, and my playthings, and the dog and my mother and father and me."

"What good times she must have when she sees so many things she likes!" said mother. "I suppose she hardly ever finds anything to complain about."

"She doesn't," said Lois. "And she does have lots of fun. I believe I'll look for the nice things, too. I'd like to have as much fun as Edna does."

"I see it is very, very catching," laughed mother. But she wouldn't tell Lois what was catching, and Lois couldn't find a thing the matter with herself.

The next time Lois went to visit Edna she carried five cents in her apron pocket.

"Oh, Edna! let's go down to the little store and get some ice cream."

"I don't believe I want to buy any," said Edna.

"Won't your mother give you five cents?" asked Lois.

"Oh, yes; I have five cents, and lots more of my very own. But I don't believe I want to buy ice cream. I'm going to do something nicer with it."

"What is nicer than ice cream?" asked Lois.

"I believe I will tell you," said Edna, "and then you will see that it is more fun."

"The woman who washes for my mother brought her little girl with her once. The little girl is a cripple, and her mother had to bring her in a wheel-chair. I showed her some of my birthday books, for she loves to read. And what do you think! She never had a birthday present. Not one. You see, she has only her mother to take care of her, and the mother only earns enough to buy the food and clothes. So I'm saving my money, all my allowance, and what's in my bank, and I'm going to have a real birthday for her. She shall have a cake with candles, and flowers, and a book-full of lovely stories like some of my birthday books. So I can't spend any money for ice cream, because her birthday is next month. Won't it be fun to see how glad she is when she gets her first present?"

"Yes," said Lois, slowly. "Can I go, too, and see her get it?"

"Why, of course. That will be lovely. It will be a regular party, won't it?"

"I guess I won't get any ice cream to-day. I shall save my money, too, and I'll buy her a present."

"Oh, what fun that will be!" cried Edna.

And most of the afternoon the two girls talked about what they would do at the party for the girl who had never had one before.

Lois came home skipping and singing again.

"Mother!" she cried, "I'm not going to buy any ice cream or candy for a long time."

"Why should that make you so happy?" asked mother.

"Because I'm going to help give a birthday party to a girl that never had a thing for her birthday before. We are going to have such fun."

"I see you have caught it," said mother. "You have a well-developed case."

"Mother, what have I caught?" begged Lois.

The mother took Lois on her lap. "My dear, you have caught two of the best things a little person, or a big one, either, can catch; they are a merry spirit and a kind heart. Our little girl was getting very fretful and cross. We knew that Edna was happy and sunshiny, so we hoped that her merry spirit was catching. Father and I felt very sad when we saw our daughter growing selfish and caring for herself first. Edna was kind-hearted and thought of other people first. We hoped it was catching. And both of those good things were. Our little girl is growing more cheerful and kind each day. Aren't you glad you caught something?"

Lois was very glad, and she thought over it all evening. She meant to catch more cheerfulness and kindness. Then she thought of something new.

"Mother," she said at bedtime, "perhaps someone may catch some nice things of me sometimes."

"I think they will," said mother.

"I have noticed that smiles and kindness are even more catching than the measles."—Christian Standard.

THE MOTHERLY TARANTULA

From time to time I meet a little band of gypsies passing along the highroad on their way to some neighbouring fair. The new-born babe

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mewls on the mother's breast in a hammock formed out of a kerchief. The last-weaned is carried pick-a-back; a third toddles, clinging to its mother's skirts; others follow closely, the biggest in the rear, ferreting in the blackberry-laden hedgerows. It is a magnificent spectacle of happy-go-lucky fruitfulness. They go their way, penniless and rejoicing. The sun is hot and the earth is fertile.

But how this picture pales before that of the Lycosa (black-bellied Tarantula), that incomparable gipsy, whose brats are numbered by the hundred! And one and all of them, from September to April, without a moment's respite, find room upon the patient creature's back, where they are content to lead a tranquil life and to be carted about.

The little ones are very good; none moves, none seeks a quarrel with his neighbours. Clinging together, they form a continuous drapery, a shaggy ulster under which the mother becomes unrecognizable. Is it an animal, a fluff of wool, a cluster of small seeds fastened to one another? 'Tis impossible to tell at the first glance.

The equilibrium of this living blanket is not so firm but that falls often occur, especially when the mother climbs from indoors and comes to the threshold to let the little ones take the sun. The least brush against the gallery unseats a part of the family. The mishap is not serious. The hen, fidgeting about her chicks, looks for the strays, calls them, gathers them together. The Lycosa knows not these maternal alarms. Impassively, she leaves those who drop off to manage their own difficulty, which they do with wonderful quickness. Commend me to those youngsters for getting up without whining, dusting themselves and resuming their seat in the saddle! The unhorsed ones promptly find a leg of the mother, the usual climbing-pole; they swarm up it as fast as they can and recover their places on the bearer's back.

To speak here of mother-love were, I think, extravagant. The Lycosa's affection for her offspring hardly surpasses that of the plant, which is unacquainted with any tender feeling, and nevertheless bestows the nicest

and most delicate care upon its seeds. The animal, in many cases, knows no other sense of motherhood. What cares the Lycosa for her brood! She accepts another's as readily as her own; she is satisfied so long as her back is burdened with a swarming crowd, whether it issue from her ovaries or elsewhere. There is no question here of real maternal affection.

An Experiment with a Pencil.

I take a hair-pencil and sweep the living burden from one of my spiders, making it fall close to another covered with her little ones. The evicted youngsters, scamper about, find the new mother's legs outspread, nimbly clamber up these, and mount on the back of the obliging creature, who quietly lets them have their way. They slip in among the others, or, when the layer is too thick, push to the front and pass from the abdomen to the thorax, and even to the head, though leaving the region of the eyes uncovered. It does not do to blind the bearer: the common safety demands that. They know this and respect the lenses of the eyes, however populous the assembly be.

The whole animal is now covered with a swarming carpet of young, all except the legs, which must preserve their freedom of action, and the under part of the body, where contact with the ground is to be feared.

My pencil forces a third family upon the already over-burdened spider; and this, too, is peacefully accepted. The youngsters huddle up closer, lie one on top of the other in layers, and room is found for all. The Lycosa has lost the least semblance of an animal, has become a nameless bristling thing that walks about. Falls are frequent, and are followed by continual climbings.

I perceive that I have reached the limits, not of the bearer's good-will, but of equilibrium. The spider would adopt an indefinite further number of foundlings if the dimensions of her back afforded them a firm hold.—Jean Henri Fabre, in "The Wonders of Insect Life," recently published (Fisher, Unwin Co.).

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irl, and Lois had she could go and t as soon as they

answering at once, father and said: is catching?"

aid father, with a i eye. "It may be her go, anyway." id mother. "You Lois."

dna the measles?" nothing as bad as irry to bed. It is time."

ed wondering what ght be catching. If id as measles Lois up the visit, for she hat spring, and she ill she was. And as fretful and whiny measles. But, since she decided to go. tch it, anyway.

noon she went to d knocked on the

dna's mother. "here visit us. Edna, my acquainted with

me flying into the t look the least bit imagine the very know turned into a ould be Edna. There er eyes and in her r voice, and, by the and pranced. I think a her feet. She took

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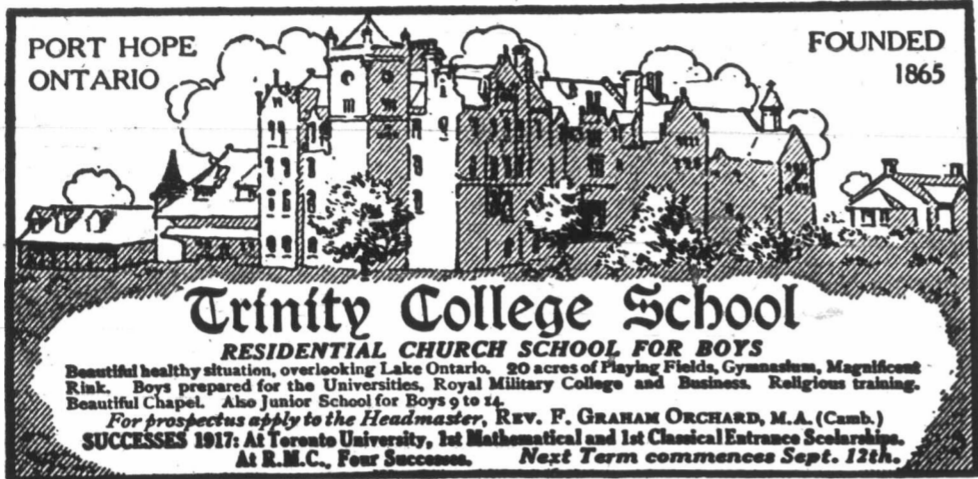
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DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that over here in France
The birds sing and the hedgerows blossom green,
The sky is often coloured to enhance
The beauty of a quiet, pastoral scene?

Did you never know that in a land
Where Death is rampant every night and day
The roses bloom, and often, there,
A band
Of laughing, happy, little children play?

Where men are fighting men and
Death is near
In every moment of the hour's advance,
These things are interspersed—yes,
Even here
Is peace—amidst the strife of men
in France.

France. Stanley Gilbey.

"HOUND OF GOD"

A tribute was paid to the British Navy by Rev. Edward T. Sullivan at St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, on a recent Sunday, when he preached a sermon on "The Hound of God: the British Fleet, Guardian of Our Liberty." Mr. Sullivan traced the history of the British fleet, and said twice before has the British Navy been called upon to defend the seas when Britain's safety was threatened by the Spanish Armada; and again by Napoleon, when Nelson led his men by sleepless vigilance and bulldog tenacity to save England and Europe from the invader, and finally gave his own life at Trafalgar Bay.

"England's control of the sea was threatened for the third time in this war, but within twenty-four hours after war was declared, and both France and Britain taken unawares, the hound of Heaven had its strangle hold on Germany's throat, and has since been tightening its grip and throttling the very life of the despot. More than 20,000,000 men have been sent back and forth in safety because of Britain's naval power. Her achievements are unparalleled, stupendous in conception, mighty in scope. Her silent sentinels of the North Sea have made it possible to land troops everywhere. To this power and to our own wonderful navy, man to man and ship to ship, we pay our tribute and join hands across the sea with those who serve."

At the close of the sermon Mr. Sullivan read "Nelson's Dying Prayer at Trafalgar Bay."

A LIFE-LONG PATRON

The Vicar stopped one of his aged parishioners and congratulated him on his approaching marriage.

"I am sorry," he added, "that a prior engagement will prevent me from performing the ceremony on Tuesday, but no doubt my Curate will do just as well."

"Oh, nowt o' t' soort—nowt o' t' sort!" ejaculated the old fellow. "That be 'anged for a tale! Mebbe, now, ye'd be at liberty o' Wednesday?"

"Well," was the reply, "I certainly shall be free on Wednesday, but—"

"Then Wednesday it is," went on the prospective bridegroom. "Just mak' a note on it, Parson."

"But surely," protested the Vicar, "you'll never postpone the wedding for twenty-four hours—"

"Awd postpone it for twenty-four year if necessary," came the firm reply. "You've allus done this job for me, an' you allus will as long as Aw live."

Then the Vicar remembered that the old fellow had been three times previously married.—Tit-Bits.

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