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Good Christian People of Canada

This is the most awful crisis in the history of our country.

The honor and self-respect of the nation and of every right-thinking and humane citizen are involved in the issue.

It is not a political election. It is a grim death grapple with sinister and unworthy forces, bent on the destruction of the soul of the nation.

Detestable Dogmas of Prussianism

Like the rest of the world we are all war-weary and sick, but we must "carry on" until the fear of Prussianism, with its detestable dogmas is forever removed from the civilized world.

We must "carry on," "carry on" steadfastly and courageously until the world is safe for Christian men and women to live their lives in peace and happiness.

There Never Was a More Just or Righteous War

Yes, the price is great, the cost dear, but there never was a more just or righteous war, never one which more greatly impelled and compelled the highest sacrifices of life, health and wealth.

It is for life itself—the Allies are fighting—Canada proudly, courageously and nobly among them.

The Gallant Sons of Canada

It is because nothing under God's heavens would be worth living for if the Hun be victorious that the gallant sons of Canada have offered themselves to be the supreme sacrifice.

There is only one issue—shall we continue to fight, or slink from the field—saying, as the French-Canadians are saying, "We have done enough."

Unthinkable To Stop Now

That Canada should stop now in the middle of the fight is unthinkable and unbelievable.

The good people of Canada, mostly descendants of the men who were the hardy pioneers of this country, are made of "Sterner Stuff." They spring from the old British stock which tenaciously adheres to the right and never lets go in a good cause.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" should be the battle-cry of every sane man and woman in the land.

Onward until glorious, honorable, and blessed victory is achieved.

Onward for the salvation of our own souls and that of the nation.

Onward to support our gallant boys at the front.

Onward to banish barbarism from the world and restore the reign of God and righteousness.

The Path of Honor

There never was a time when there was a greater or more vital necessity for good people to exert their utmost influence in order that the nation may not be diverted from the path of honor to that of dishonor.

There is no alternative. The defeat of Union Government would be a victory for those in the nation who do not want to fight to maintain their liberties. The issue is as clear as the noon-day sun. If Laurier wins there will be no necessity of a Referendum. This election is the Referendum and it is being fought solely on the question as to whether we will keep in the fight or not.

Think it over seriously, good people.
We doubt not what your decision will be.
It will be "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Support Union Government

Unionist Party Publicity Committee.

Books of the Hour

On the Fringe of the Great Fight

By COL. GEORGE G. NASMITH, C.M.G.

An intensely interesting War Book from a new view point. How the British Army is kept fit and how the health of the army is maintained. Col. Nasmith was an observer of the second battle of Ypres, and made the first report on the nature of the gas used by the Germans. Cloth, Illustrated. Price, \$1.50

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Personal & General

The Rev. G. Q. Warner was inducted Rector of the Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church, London, Ont., on Sunday, December, by the Bishop of Huron.

Lady Tupper, of Vancouver, has received the medal won by her son, Captain Gordon Tupper, who was killed in France.

The Archbishop of York, the Rt. Rev. C. G. Lang, has announced his acceptance of an invitation to visit the United States. He will probably come in March next.

Word has been received that Gunner John Ward, son of the Rev. James Ward, Rector of Simcoe, Ont., has been wounded in the head. He was attending college in Toronto when he enlisted.

Word has been received in Vancouver by Mrs. de Pencier, wife of the Bishop of New Westminster, that her son, Second-Lieutenant J. D. de Pencier, R.F.C., was wounded on November 23rd.

Among those injured at Halifax is the son of Professor Michael Mackenzie, Toronto University, a Naval Cadet. The name Bidwell also appeared in the list, possibly the son of the Bishop of Ontario.

Deep sympathy is being felt for the Rev. W. B. Hawkins, Rector of Blyth, Ont., (diocese of Huron), in the death of his wife on Monday, December 3rd. Besides her husband Mrs. Hawkins leaves three small daughters.

Mid-day services of intercession for business men are being held during Advent in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. The opening service was taken by the Rt. Rev. J. C. Farthing, and the city clergy are taking the other services in turn.

The Rev. William Temple, Rector of St. James', Piccadilly, England, has resigned his parish in order to devote all his time for the next two years to the "Life and Liberty" Movement. Mr. Temple is regarded as one of the strongest of the younger generation of clergy in the Church in England.

The Rev. F. W. Hovey, M.A., Rector of Burlington, Ont., (diocese of Niagara), celebrated his twelfth anniversary in that parish on Sunday, the 2nd inst. The Rev. R. A. Hiltz, Secretary of the S.S. Commission, was the preacher at the morning service, and Mr. Hovey himself at the evening service.

Miss Kathleen Moore Byers, eldest daughter of the Rev. B. F. and Mrs. Byers, Stirling, Ont., was married recently to Captain G. C. Brink, C.A.M.C., London, Ont., recently returned from the front. The Rev. R. Macnamara, of St. John's Church, West Toronto, a returned Chaplain of the C.E.F., officiated.

The following clergy and sons of clergy of Huron diocese have suffered in the recent fighting at Passchendaele Ridge: wounded, Rev. K. McGoun; killed, eldest son of Rev. Arthur Shore, Ilderton, Ont.; gassed, son of Rev. T. G. Wright, London, Ont.; and the son of the Rev. James Ward, Simcoe, Ont., referred to elsewhere.

Five candidates from the diocese of Newfoundland were ordained in All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax, on Sunday, December 2nd. The sermon was

preached by the Rev. H. Cunningham, Rector of St. George's, uncle of one of the candidates. Canon Balt, of St. John's, Newfoundland, accompanied the candidates.

The Rev. A. J. Vale, of St. Peter's Indian Boarding School, Hay River, (diocese of Mackenzie River), who is at present engaged in deputation work in Eastern Canada under the M.S.C.C., gave an illustrated address in the school house of St. James' Church, Kingston, on Thursday evening, November 29th.

The Rev. W. P. Robertson was inducted Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Hamilton, Ont., on Sunday, December 2nd, by the Bishop of Niagara, assisted by Rev. Canon Sutherland, and Rev. F. H. Cosgrave, of Trinity College, Toronto. Professor Cosgrave preached at the morning service and Mr. Robertson in the evening.

The Rev. W. E. Cockshutt, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Nanaimo, B.C., who resigned some time ago, preached his farewell sermons on Sunday, November 25th. On the preceding evening at a meeting of the congregation Mrs. Cockshutt was presented with a purse of gold. They have taken up their residence at Maple Bay, B.C., for the winter.

When Dr. Percival, the late Bishop of Hereford, celebrated his eightieth birthday, a special service was held in Hereford Cathedral to commemorate the event. One remarkable feature of the service was the ages of those who assisted. The Rev. A. Duncombe was eighty-five, Canon Copes, who read the first lesson, was eighty-three, Canon Palmer, who read the second, was eighty-four, the Epistle was taken by Prebendary Lamb, who was eighty-two, and the Gospel was read by Prebendary Hanbury, who was eighty-five. Among the congregation were four ladies whose ages totalled 349 years.

The Rev. A. G. Wilken, formerly of the diocese of Qu'Appelle, who was reported missing last year, is a prisoner of war at Halzminden, Germany. Mr. Wilken is the "fighting parson," who, when the Canadians were making their desperate defence of the Ypres Salient in 1916, took a hand with a rifle. When his ammunition was spent, he charged the enemy with a bayonet, and when that broke fought on with his fists till he was finally knocked down. After joining the army as a Chaplain, Mr. Wilken resigned his commission and re-enlisted as a private in order to get out as speedily as possible. He was re-appointed Chaplain and Honorary Captain while at Shorncliffe.

AN ILLUSTRATED CATECHISM

What gives promise of being an entirely new, and most interesting way of teaching the Church Catechism, is a collection of pictures illustrating the various questions. For example, the picture used to illustrate the first question, "What is your name?" is that of the child Samuel, being called by God, by name. A beautiful font is used in connection with the question on baptism. The parable of the Good Samaritan, forcibly teaches the point in answer to the question on, "What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?"

Such a set is now being prepared for the use of the members in the Lantern Slide Exchange of the Sunday School Commission, and will prove of great value in the important and often difficult task of imparting Catechism truths.

Canadian Churchman

Vol. 44

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1917.

No. 50.

The Christian Year

The Fourth Sunday in Advent, Dec. 23, 1917.

REJOICE.

The keynote of joy is struck in the Epistle on the Sunday before Christmas—"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." Although Advent is not over, the gladness of Christmas is already upon us. It is indeed a true Christmas rejoicing that St. Paul is thinking of in that portion of his Epistle which the Church asks us to think of as we are preparing for Christmas.

There is a great deal of natural joy in the world; wherever there is youth, and love, and hope, there is joy. But the true joy of Christmas is not of the natural order. "Rejoice," says St. Paul on this Sunday of special preparation for our great Christian Day of rejoicing, but "rejoice," not in the world which comes to nought, neither in the things of man which are as unstable as water, but "rejoice in the Lord." Yes, it is God Who is the source of our joy, even the God Who as at this time came down to us to live our life and share our joys and sorrows.

But St. Paul says more than that, not only "rejoice in the Lord," but "rejoice in the Lord always." This is a specially seasonable lesson for us in these days. The true rejoicing of Christmas time is not only different from natural rejoicing in that its source and object are entirely different, but because it endures through all things. It is easy enough to rejoice *sometimes*, but we are to rejoice, according to St. Paul, *always*. This Christmas time finds thousands of our people in great distress. The shadow of sorrow is upon the whole land. It is no part of the Christian profession to minimize sorrow, or to refuse to face the facts of life; rather we are to face them, understanding fully their reality and greatness, but we are to face them unafraid. "Rejoice in the Lord always." It is this quality of joy in the little Christian Church which surprised the Pagan world of old. They could not understand a people who in the face of bitter persecution and the loss of everything that was the natural cause of rejoicing, nevertheless maintained their joyful spirit. It has been said that it was the joy of the early Christians in the midst of outward distress, that more than anything else about them, convinced men that there was something in the Christian religion of which the world knew nothing.

St. Paul in the closing words of the Epistle gives us a clue to this calm and joyful spirit which ought to characterize those who name the Name of Christ. "Be careful for nothing," that is, "in nothing be anxious." How can we avoid this in the midst of this anxious world? He tells us, "but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Now, what is the result of such praying? God sends a sentinel who stands at the door of heart and mind and, when anxious thoughts seek entrance, he turns them back. The name of this sentinel is "the Peace of God." For what does St. Paul say is the result of such praying? "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Editorial

CHRISTMAS.

Once more we wish our readers a very Happy Christmas. To some, such a wish at such a time may sound somewhat inconsistent, but even in the midst of war with its train of sorrow and suffering, there is such a thing as happiness. We can at least feel happy in the consciousness of duty done and happy in the faith that He whose birthday we commemorate can bring good out of evil, peace and harmony out of discord and joy out of sorrow. And it is particularly necessary in this time of carnage and strife, when men's lower passions are so prone to get the upperhand, that the Christmas message should be emphasized. The story of the Christ-Child has lost none of its power. The collecting of taxes, the journey to Bethlehem, the crowded inn, the manger, the swaddling clothes, the shepherds, and the heavenly host are all pictured in direct and simple language. The most marvellous event in the world's history is ushered in, in the humblest possible manner in a small Eastern village, and yet there is no story told by human lips to man or child, among all races and in all tongues, that calls forth the same response. The whole of that wonderful series of books that we call the Bible have that life as their central theme, and to that figure the world of sorrowing, struggling humanity looks as its one sure and certain hope. Very man of very man, and very God of very God, He combines with the physical frailties and needs of man the sinlessness and love and power of God. The existence of a war such as the present, reveals what humanity led astray can be guilty of, and it likewise reveals what humanity in its effort to be loyal to the teaching and example of Christ is willing to suffer. May God lead us through war to a clearer conception of the message of Christ for the world, and to a greater determination to follow Him whithersoever He leads.

* * * * *

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these . . . ye did it unto me." Did you ever think of giving a Christmas present to Jesus? And yet there should not seem to be anything strange or unusual or irreverent about such a question. Even a cup of cold water in His name will bring its reward. We should not, of course, do such deeds for the purpose of winning rewards, else we shall defeat our own ends. There is one reason and one only that is sufficient, namely, love. We love Him and that love compels us to do kind acts for others and these in turn bring blessings upon us. In our giving, therefore, when it springs from love for the Saviour, in giving to others we are in reality giving to Him.

* * * * *

We have no desire to say anything that would disparage giving simple Christmas presents to children. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that the habit of giving expensive presents to adults, other than soldiers, sick persons and aged people, should be dispensed with during the war. Even in times of peace it is doubtful if such a habit can be justified, and we feel certain that the money could be spent to much greater advantage among the sick and needy.

Speaking recently with a man about Christmas we were somewhat surprised to hear him say that it was a dull day for him. We thought for a moment and then suggested to him that this was probably due to the fact that he had no home, and he acknowledged that this was the reason. Christmas and home and family are words that go together. The family gathering, the Christmas dinner where the members of the family gather from far and near, are unique in Christian lands and are peculiar to this season of the year. The man referred to above is one of a large class whose only home life is that found in a boarding house. And the older they are the more they feel the loneliness of such a Christmas. However humble the home, and however simple the gifts, there is a place there for the Christmas spirit.

* * * * *

The terrible calamity at Halifax has cast a gloom over the whole of Canada and has called forth deep and practical sympathy on all sides. It will be a sad Christmas for many a homeless one in that shattered city and the utmost that one can do to restore the desolate and ruined homes and to care for the afflicted is little compared with the suffering and sorrow that have without a moment's warning fallen upon them. The origin of it all will not be known for some time and it is premature to charge anyone with the blame. The important thing to do now is send help to those who have been spared. As yet few details have come to hand regarding the loss suffered by the Church. St. Mark's Church has been destroyed as well as the rectory. The rector, the Rev. N. Lemoine, is living in the cellar of the Sunday School. It is stated that half the members of his parish have perished, all his vestry men and all but two of his choir. Of the other Churches in and near the ruined district, St. Matthias, Trinity, St. George and St. Paul, no details have been received. The calamity is beyond description and the quicker relief is sent the better.

* * * * *

The death of the late Mr. Creighton made a break in the list of those who had kindly consented to act as judges in our essay competition. We are very pleased to be able to announce that the Right Rev. W. D. Reeve, Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto, has kindly agreed to fill the vacancy. It was, moreover, decided at the last meeting of our Executive to extend the time for the close of the competition to the end of January, owing to the fact that the Advent, Christmas and New Year seasons are particularly heavy ones for the clergy and might prevent some from taking part.

* * * * *

As we go to press, we learn that Jerusalem has been taken by the British forces. This victory is particularly gratifying at this season of the year. The city over which our Saviour wept has passed through many vicissitudes, but it has never fallen into the hands of better friends than the present conquerors.

* * * * *

It is through the kindness of the Missionary Education Movement that we have been able to secure the use of the picture that appears on the front cover of this issue. Copies of this in colours, or sepia, in sheet form or on post cards can be obtained from the M.S.C.C. offices, Toronto.

Christmas Day

Most Rev. GEORGE THORNELOE
Archbishop of Algoma

CHRISTMAS Day, the Festival of the Incarnation, is one of the world's great assets. Its influence is no unimportant factor in human life and progress.

For at least one brief day in every year, over wide areas of human life and experience, men rise above their ordinary levels of aspiration and effort. The moral atmosphere about them is cleared. They see things as they really are, and in true perspective. Selfishness and greed are revealed in their naked ugliness. Brotherly love is exalted. Family ties are strengthened. Feuds are healed. Deeds of great moral loveliness are enacted. And lifting the veil of earthliness and sin which obscures human vision, the Angel of the Incarnation discloses the splendour of a life emptied of self, and consecrated, in childlike simplicity, to the good of others. All of which may be summed up by saying that in countless ways the world is unspeakably the better for Christmas Day; and that to lose its observance would be to lose a moral and spiritual agency of no ordinary value!

This, however, represents only a part of the truth about the Festival of the Incarnation. That festival is, indeed, far more than a mere beneficent influence. It is, in very truth and reality, a Divine offer of peace, made year by year to a sinning and suffering world.

In all stages of human progress, and in every phase of social and national life, Christmas brings to men and nations the same great message and offer of peace. The angel's cry is still sounding through the world: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace, good will to men," or "among men of good will." It is a proclamation from the King of kings to every human being and to every nation. "Peace is yours, whenever you are willing to have it, if you will turn to me and put the glory of God above every other consideration." The offer came at the Advent of the Incarnate Lord. But each recurring Christmastide reminds us it is still availing. And when men everywhere turn to the Saviour in trustful, loving submission and obedience—realizing that schemes of federation, plans for policing the nations, and national treaties of peace, are alike "scraps of paper," without the Gospel of the Incarnate Lord behind them—then, and not till then, will the reign of peace begin to be established through the earth.

The application is obvious. God offers us peace. He does not force it upon any one. He simply offers it upon one condition. And that condition is this: that we accept Him as our King, and His righteousness as our Law. May we ignore the condition and yet expect the blessing? Many foolish questions are asked about "God and the War." After all, the "great war" is but the outcome and summing up of countless lesser wars in social and private life. May not the great peace, when it comes, be the summing up and outcome of the ending of these lesser conflicts?

Surely this is our message. Men must cease to lie in wait to wrong their fellowmen. Criminal war must become unthinkable. Capital and labour must co-operate. Party must be made second to patriotism; and patriotism to righteousness. All men must be, as well as call themselves, brothers; and each must be enabled, as far as may be, to fulfil his duty and his destiny. The principles of Christ's Gospel, Truth and Justice, Freedom and Righteousness, must be maintained at all cost and against all assailants. Then, and then only, may we rightly, and confidently, look for the fulfilment of the Christmas message—the establishment of God's Kingdom, and the reign of enduring peace throughout the earth.

Our utmost efforts cannot quell the pain of loneliness, or fill the empty places, or drown the grief of loss; but the peace of the Christmastide, the promise of the angel's song, is for the sorrowful as well as the glad. The unselfish participation in the joy of others and warm-hearted giving of ourselves and our treasure lighten the burdens of sorrow, while the "peace" of the angel's song is "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."—Elizabeth L. Gebhard.

A Christmas Secret

CHRISTMAS is a time of secrets,
So I'll whisper one to you;
Grandpa says that all who try it
Find that every word is true:
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

Grandpa says this little secret
Should be carried through the year,
And if all would try to heed it
Earth would soon be full of cheer.
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

OH! TO have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet
Of the mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the Holy Child.
Hush! Such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?

—Adelaide Procter.

Christmas Gifts

CHRISTMAS gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of Love,
Brought from His Royal home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Like Mother Made

YOU can talk about your Christmas in the gay
and festive town,
With its crowds of Christmas strollers promenading
up and down;
With its lavish decorations, and its music sung
and played,
But the Christmas to my notion was the kind that
mother made.
As to mother's bread and doughnuts I shall simply
pass them by,
Not a word about her cookies or her golden
pumpkin pie;
Not a line about her puddings or her jams or
marmalade,
But a volume in the praises of the Christmases
she made.
Oh, the presents they were simple and devoid
of tinsel bright,
And were fashioned by her fingers while we
calmly slept at night;
And the stories that she told us were as true as
true could be,
'Cause she'd heard her mother tell them Christ-
mastimes the same as we.
Oh, the place where mother "fitted," leaving
others in the shade,
Was the genuine, old-fashioned, bang-up Christ-
mases she made.

—Joe Cone.

Face the Sun

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success,
You'll find what you look for; don't look for dis-
tress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and
don't shirk,
Don't think of your worries, but think of your
work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done,
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun.

The Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus

Most Rev. F. H. DU VERNET,
Metropolitan of British Columbia

PERVADING the whole universe is the Spirit of Life. It is like the ether, everywhere present. It is back of all the forces of nature. It is the source from which all our vitality is derived. It is the great reality. It is the Spirit of God. But it is hard for us to grasp the absolute, the infinite, the eternal, and so in marvellous love for us the Spirit of Life was manifested for us in a particular and concrete form, "God manifest in the flesh." On the first Christmas Day the Spirit of Life was to be seen in a little human infant, "Jesus." A bright, happy, healthy babe. Subject to the laws of development "the child grew," the Spirit of Life coursing freely through His being. "The boy Jesus" had all the fullness of boyish life, no moping and pining, no fretting and fussing, but all the healthy buoyancy of the Spirit of Life. Reaching manhood He quietly prepared Himself both physically, mentally and spiritually for His great work—not above swinging an axe and using a saw—manual training having its true place in physical development, under the inspiration of the Spirit of Life within. At length, when His powers were matured, He entered upon His public ministry. Soon, the Spirit of Life within Him began to attract others round Him and both those who were spiritually weak and also those who were physically infirm, who came into living contact with Him through faith, began to feel the power of His vitality. "Signs" of this vital energy could not be concealed and "the common people heard Him gladly." "I am the Life" was His frequent cry. "If any man thirst (for life) let him come unto Me and drink."

In the mystery of love the outer casket containing this Life had to be broken in sacrifice—even the death of the body upon the Cross for our redemption, but it was not possible for death to crush "the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus." He "arose" and with a more spiritual body reassured the fainting hearts of His followers that He was indeed the Resurrection and the Life, and then He "ascended" to become the radiating Centre of the Spirit of Life for all who are willing through faith to come into living communion with Him.

As we throw open the inner recesses of our being and drink in the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, we feel the touch of His vitality upon our spirit, which renews, not only our spiritual life, but through the laws of the human mind, reacts upon our physical health, dispelling all poisoning tempers such as anger, envy and jealousy, eliminating all corroding cares and killing worries, and banishing all gloom and sadness, filling our hearts with peace and rest, and quickening all our energies with "newness of life."

And so we can enter into the joy of Christmas. "Christ is born," not only in Bethlehem, but in our hearts. The Spirit of Eternal Youth brings songs of praise to our lips. Even the old in years can become "little children" and enter with zest into the Christmas festivities. "The Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus" is pre-eminently the Spirit of Brotherly Love. "If we love one another God abideth in us."

Of what value are theological definitions if the Spirit of Love is lacking? Of what value are solemn sacraments if the thing signified, "the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus," is not embodied in our lives?

Religious bigotry and theological bitterness are a denial of Christ. To quarrel over the Holy Communion is to become traitors to the Feast of Love. This is the very worst form of atheism. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen."

This restless age, this war weary world, is demanding a new theology, and the essence of this new theology is simply this, "The Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus."

If you have faith preach it; if you have doubts bury them; if you have joy share it; if you have sorrow bear it. Find the bright side of things and help others to get sight of it also. This is the only and surest way to be cheerful and happy.

The Birthday of Faith

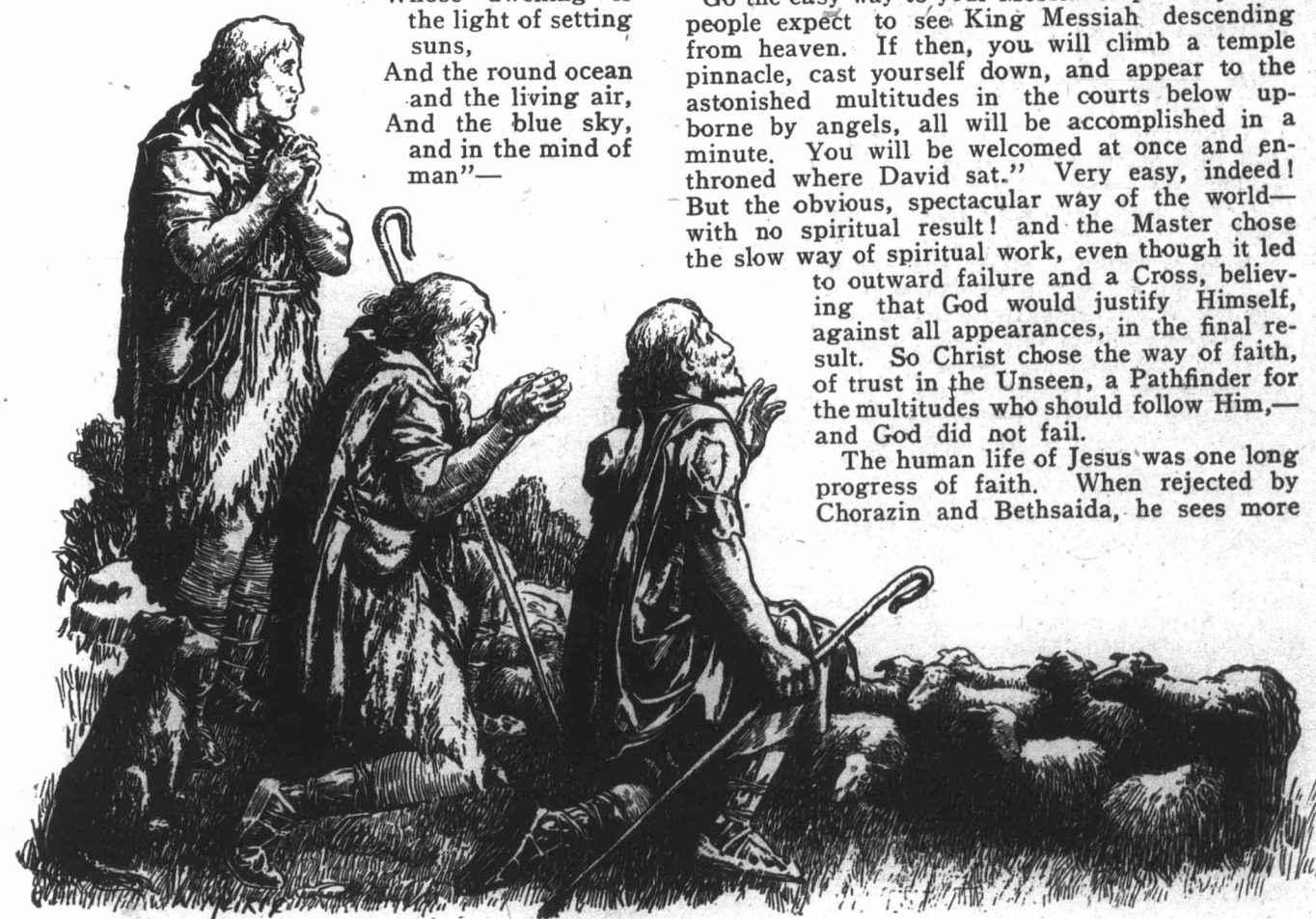
By Rev. C. V. PILCHER

THE Word was made flesh"—so the aged Apostle, garnering in pregnant phrase the harvest of a life-time's meditation, sums up the amazing import of the Christmas story. From the lips of the Mother of the Lord herself, confided to his care on Calvary, St. John must have often heard the peerless tale, which since has taken captive the imagination of the world—of the angel visit and the shepherds on the bleak hillside, of heaven's Hallelujah Chorus, and of the strange wise men from the depths of the mysterious East. But to the mind of the Beloved Disciple the fascination of the story is put into the background, outshone, overborne by adoring amazement at the discovery of the mighty fact which the history enshrined. The details of the tale, which St. Luke, a comparative stranger to the Virgin Mother, chronicles so faithfully, are admitted by that Mother's confidant. He has no time for the outward scenery. Passing at once to the centre of the blazing reality he records in a phrase, memorable for all time, the overwhelming discovery of his life—Jesus of Nazareth, the Companion of those three supreme years, the Man Whose voice he had heard, Whose form he had seen with his eyes, Whose face he had looked upon, Whose hands his hands in friendship's intercourse had handled,—Jesus of Nazareth, the very God; that Divine Being by Whom the worlds were made; the Only-Begotten Son of the Father! Jesus of Nazareth—Man, of course, as His Galilean friends knew so well; but God, too! That was the amazing discovery! It was "the Word" who "was made flesh."

For St. John is no exception to the rule that men tend to emphasize the new, the unusual, truth. The obvious is taken for granted. And so the Manhood of the Christ, so unmistakable, is left unemphasized. It is His Divinity which is insisted upon. The Gospel is written expressly "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God."

And the emphasis of this stupendous discovery passed on as a natural tradition to the Christian Church. St. Paul expounds to the Colossians, threatened by alien teaching, this supreme position of the Master. By Christ, "the image of the invisible God," "were all things created"—not only this material universe, but also the unseen hierarchies of "Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Princedoms, Powers." And all down the centuries the marvel has enthralled the imagination of men. If to Wordsworth at times there came a consciousness of a personal Presence in this outward scheme of things—

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is
The light of setting
Suns,
And the round ocean
And the living air,
And the blue sky,
And in the mind of
man"—



to Cowper there came the dearer assurance that the Presence which upheld the Universe was that of his adored Redeemer.

Who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower,
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil."

The Saviour was one with the Eternal, the Infinite.

"The Word was made flesh"—on that first Christmas morning, when Augustus Caesar ruled at Rome, God became incarnate. Such was the emphasis of St. John. Such the emphasis of the Church—and a noble emphasis it was. But even such a necessary and true emphasis has its dangers. As "The Days of His Flesh" receded into the background, the figure of the Human Christ tended to become unreal. Men thought of the Divine Judge, pictured with awe-inspiring majesty in the great Byzantine mosaics, rather than of Him Who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities—of the Miracle-Worker, rather than of the One Who had not where to lay His Head. And so Christ, the Son of Man, became distant, almost phantasmal. Our Elder Brother, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, was replaced by One Who had never really shared our human struggle, because, through possession of super-human power, exalted far above it. The Jesus of History had gone. The Human Comrade had vanished.

And so the inevitable reaction came. Modern scholarship laid itself out to recapture "The Man, Christ Jesus"—largely with notable success. But this movement, too, had its perils. It might, and in many instances did, become one-sided. Some men in emphasizing the Humanity, denied the Divinity. But if we guard ourselves from this distortion of fact, how rich is the reward of stressing for the moment, the predicate in the Apostle's pregnant statement; of drawing such cheer as we may from the vast reservoir of encouragement contained in the words, "The Word became *Flesh*."

"The Word became *Flesh*." A real man was born on Christmas Day, and in the life that followed a really human progress was achieved, a really human battle was fought out, a really human victory won.

Perhaps the most remarkable corollary which follows from this fact of the completely human experience of the Master, is that marked by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, when he speaks of Jesus as the supreme "Leader and Perfecter of faith" (Heb. 12:2)—that is to say the real Pathfinder in the life of faith; the Consummate example of those who, believing "that God is," have lived for the unseen, the eternal, the spiritual, in spite of the lure and the pomp of all the obvious phantasmagoria of the seen, the carnal, the temporal.

Jesus—the Pathfinder in the life of faith, the great Adventurer in the realm of the spirit, one who supremely was willing, in spite of its seeming futility, to "hazard all for God at a clap." This was the victory He achieved in the great forty-days temptation. The Satanic voice said, "Go the easy way to your Messiahship. The Jewish people expect to see King Messiah descending from heaven. If then, you will climb a temple pinnacle, cast yourself down, and appear to the astonished multitudes in the courts below upborne by angels, all will be accomplished in a minute. You will be welcomed at once and enthroned where David sat." Very easy, indeed! But the obvious, spectacular way of the world—with no spiritual result! and the Master chose the slow way of spiritual work, even though it led to outward failure and a Cross, believing that God would justify Himself, against all appearances, in the final result. So Christ chose the way of faith, of trust in the Unseen, a Pathfinder for the multitudes who should follow Him,—and God did not fail.

The human life of Jesus was one long progress of faith. When rejected by Chorazin and Bethsaida, he sees more



clearly than ever His final Kingdom—and in the vision finds rest unto His soul (St. Matt. 11:20-30). When hostility deepens and the chosen few alone remain, He again rejects, as a diabolical suggestion, Peter's hint of the easy way. As the shadows close in upon Him, He deliberately sets His face, led by the Spirit, toward Jerusalem, to achieve the conquest of the world by a felon's death. Impossible! Yes, but the way of God! Jesus—the Pathfinder of the life of faith! And in these dark days this wondrous aspect of the experience of the Human Christ comes to us with a clarion call to courage.

We sometimes hear the fear expressed, "Christianity is at stake in this war." Do not let us add this to our thousand and one burdens. Christianity is not at stake. If Christianity ever could have been overwhelmed by the brutal force of the world, it would have been when corrupt Judaism suborned the might of Rome to extinguish its Founder on a Cross. But Christ had staked all upon the triumph of the spiritual, the permanence of the eternal, the victory of God—and Christ conquered. "Though the waves of the sea rage horribly, the Lord that sitteth on high is mightier." Christianity does not waver in the balance, for God and Christ are eternal. There may be a removing of those things which can be shaken, but the things which cannot be shaken will remain. The attitude of faith is the only true attitude, and the faith of Christ in the supremacy of spiritual powers and spiritual methods rings a challenge to us, and a warning also. In these times when the Church is so often expected, and rightly, to voice the needs of the nation's material organization; when the pulpit is asked to contribute its share towards arousing enthusiasm for enlistment, food-production, Victory Loans, and Red Cross work, ministers of Christ are tempted to allow themselves to be crowded away from the viewpoint of faith—the conviction that in the long-run the spiritual is supreme, that the things of the unseen order have the pre-eminence, that the nation, as the individual, achieves success "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

"The Word became flesh"—so the Christmas bells ring out. The Babe born at Bethlehem, as Man, had to do battle with the spectres of the mind, and, conquering, became for us "The Pathfinder of the life of faith." May we, too, recapture, as we kneel in these latter days by the Manger-Cradle, something of that divine orientation of the soul!

You will find, as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out—the moments when you have really lived—are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those round about you, things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life.—Henry Drummond.

PALESTINE IN WAR

From a Soldier's Letter.

THIS is a free day for me because yesterday I was inoculated for double T.A.B.; or, if you prefer it, I had a double dose of para-typhoid inoculation. Old H. inoculates us for most anything. His latest is for septic sores, which has long been a scourge with us out here, and it is very effective. I am hardened to most inoculations, and I have not had a day's sickness for months, but this T.A.B. business knocked me out completely, and I am glad of this free day in which to recover. I crept to bed last night a sorry wreck. As I lay in the darkness, unable to sleep, and nursing a splitting head, the guns of all the batteries around suddenly opened up a furious fire upon the enemy. In our present camp we beat the Light Brigade, for we have cannons behind us as well as in front, and, on both sides of us, from great seige guns to wide-mouthed howitzers and bellowing sixty-pounders. A heavy bombardment by night is a wonderful and awesome thing. The air was alight with fierce flashes of fire like leaping tongues of flame, the crash of discharge and explosion blended in one continuous roar, and my bed—which was Palestine—shook beneath me. I must have fallen half asleep during that hideous lullaby, for I vaguely remember that it got into my aching muddled head that the racket was caused by Turkish shells bursting all around me, and so I rolled over into the grave-like trench we have all dug by our beds for just such emergencies. There I must have fallen asleep in earnest while the unearthly music died away and the quiet of the clear eastern night brooded mother-like over the war-cursed land. I awoke there startled by a very different sound, unfamiliar yet well-remembered, the patter of rain drops on my bivouac roof, the first we have had for seven months. When we came here many months ago this was a goodly land, green fields of barley and wheat rippled to each gentle breeze; sweet flowers, such flowers as must grow by Nazareth, were fragrant underfoot, and the crested larks of Palestine poured out their praises to the azure heavens. The blazing sun, the blasting guns, the down-treading foot of man have spoilt all that and obliterated every trace of it. No blade of green remains, the flowers and the birds are gone; and as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but dust and desolation; as though the world had died and returned to dust again. It is a white and ghostly world, more dreadful than the desert, a world that has died of thirst. And now the time of the rain is come, and the gentle shower in the night was but the prelude of the deluge that shall cleanse and revive and renew the land again. It was as though, in gathering the waters up above for the great outpouring at the appointed time, someone had spilt a little over what Browning calls "the cloud-cup's brim." I climbed onto my earthen bed again grateful for the refreshing sound of rain, yet dreading what its full outpouring will mean to us unsheltered folk.

This morning I am feeling much better, though I am glad I have nothing more strenuous in hand than letter-writing. The trouble with writing letters on active service is that all the really interesting things are just the things one is forbidden to write about, and one is reduced to the trivial and the common place. I notice, through much censoring, that many of the men get into a kind of formula. The following is an example not much exaggerated:—

Dear Mother,—

Just a few lines to let you know I am in the pink hoping you are the same and Uncle and Jimmy and Baby and the rest. It is very hot here. It is a long time since I had a parcel. Cigs. are very scarce out here. I have no more news so I will draw to a close. Love to Uncle and Jimmy and Baby and the rest.

Yours, etc.

But though we find little to say that does not mean that we are not doing much. Ever since the last big battle here, when this Battalion lost very heavily, we have spent long periods in the trenches, busy with raids, with patrols, and with constant digging; and shorter periods just behind busy pulling up and getting ready for the next scrap. The long delay here is no blame of ours; but the summer has been hot beyond words, and we have had to fight enemies more pitiless than the Turks, the scorching sun, the myriad flies, and all the plagues and diseases of the east.

Howitt had a short spell in hospital some little time ago, but both of us are seasoned veterans now, and have stood things well.

It is a long monotonous story with little in it that one can single out as worth the telling, except those things one is not allowed to tell. We play our little part in this mighty drama that has swept us all as puppets on its stage; and, like the rest, we fight for victory; and, like the rest, we pray for peace.

We are content that the justice of our cause is overwhelming, and that it is a cause we need not be ashamed or afraid to die for.

One thinks of Palestine as a flowery land, with smiling valleys, and sun-kissed lakes—or at least in my ignorance I pictured it thus. And now the thought comes that He Who had not where to lay His head must have known this awful heat, these constant dust storms, the fever-laden nights, the torturing flies, and all the ills we suffer, and that He bore these, too, without murmuring, and bore these, too, for me.

We can see from here the hills of Judah, dimly blue in the hazy distance. On a clear day we can see the hills that gird Jerusalem, and, it may be, the Mount of Olives itself. Behind us on the right are the hills beyond Beersheba. But—well, you know:

On alien ground, breathing an alien air,
A Roman stood, far from his ancient home,
And gazing, murmured, "Ah, the hills are fair.
But not the hills of Rome!"

Someone in Scotland sent me heather, and to us long-exiled Scots you know what that must mean. The first instinct of all who see it is to plunge their noses into it and drink in its beloved and remembered fragrance, and then lift up their heads with eyes a-dream.

In God's own good time—

So, till we meet again in happier days, I would
subscribe myself as ever,
Your very affectionate and grateful friend.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE

There's an underflow of music
'Neath the daily din of life,
Notes of unexpected sweetness,
Harmonies to soothe our strife.
Courage, patience, faith and gladness,
Every kindly gift and grace,
Freighting that soft-flowing current,
Beautify the commonplace.

Have you heard the magic music,
Drifted on its crystal tide,
Felt the gladdening benediction
Of a spirit purified?
Pause and listen to the joy-bells,
Pealing sweet in rhythmic chime.
Let the hours march on forever
To that melody sublime.

Would you hear the magic music?
Would you bear a blessed part
In the beautiful evangel,
Echoing from heart to heart,
Changing all the grey days dreary
Into madrigals of June,
Turning sighs to lilting laughter?—
You must keep your soul in tune.

Clearly, strongly strike the key-note—
Love to God and love to man,
Love of all things pure and lovely
Compassed in this mortal span;
Love that flows and flows forever
In a deep unswerving tide,
Melting mourning into music,
Life by love is glorified.

Not a note of music ceases,
Not a whisper faints and dies.
On forever and forever
Roll the echoes to the skies.
When, beyond the strife and tempest,
Toil-worn pilgrims cease to roam,
Mingling in a mighty chorus,
They shall ring your "Welcome home!"
—Lilian Leveridge.

A brilliant writer has said that our chief need in life is "some one to make us do what we can." What sovereign power can be more tender or stronger than the love of Christ?—Bishop Westcott.

THE BEST GIFT

(To the Mothers of Soldier Sons)

I had a dream. And yet, as one who sits
Weary, with closed eyes and seems to see
Lands, peoples, far off happenings;
So was my dream, so real it seemed to be.

I stood within a city in whose midst
Rose up a stately temple, wondrous fair,
Marble and golden, columned, buttressed, all
Man's noblest handiwork and craft was there.
And in the great white temple courtyard stood
An altar round which white robed priests,
With golden bells and costly jewels, bowed.

And from the north, south, west and east there
came
Earth's multitudes, all colours, ranks and tongues,
Bearing their gifts—gold, silver, precious stones,
Art, science, learnings, treasures—aged and young,
The fruits of earth, the treasures of the mine,
The firstlings of the flock, trophies of war,
Their gifts brought in with song.
And as I entered in the noble court, where thou-
sands

Seemed but few; I saw the Heavens o'erhead
Through the unvaulted roof stretch black and low—
As though the sun and all its rays were dead.
Then on the multitudes deep silence fell,
As from the priests, came one, up to the highest
altar step
And stood with out-stretched hand,—as long ago
Some prophet of the Lord, whom Scriptures tell,
Spake in the world—"Thus saith the Lord!"
Awhile he stood in silence; then He spake
In that Great stillness. "Bring your gifts each one
Unto the priests, and they to me; and I will lay
Each on the altar whence the fire shall fall
From Heaven; and God thus show He takes what
here ye bring.

Then came the great of earth—its princes, kings,
Unto the priest and gave their costly gifts,—
ransoms of nations,
Costly stones and gold, until the altar blazed with
untold
Wealth. And yet the fire came not; nor passed
the cloud.

Again the silence fell, as low the priests bowed
themselves down
While he, who first spake, bowed, too, and cried—
"What lack we yet; what gift do we withhold?"
Again, I saw new gifts brought, to be laid with
those upon the altar
There—sculpture and paintings, treasures of man's
mind and hand.

Again the priest bowed low—yet came no fire.
And deep the darkness hung across the land;
And prostrate at the altar steps the great high
priest
Cried, "Lord, what lack we yet?" Then rising,
said, "More gifts,
Not yet enough, oh peoples. Still no answer comes!
Bring ye your gifts—fruits, minerals, crafts and
beasts."
And once again new gifts were brought, till weary
grew the eye
At all the wealth, and deep the murmur grew and
wonder—as still yet
The Heavens were black o'erhead, nor came the
light—
The fire to burn—in answer to the cry,—
"What
lack we yet?"

And as I gazed and wondered—came one in—a
woman, aged and feeble,
Poorly clad, alone; who in her hand a few fresh
flowers brought
And stood, afraid to come midst all the throng,
with gift so poor,
Plucked from her garden, by her labour wrought,—
while smiled the
Priests and turned away,—till one, more kindly or
more noble came
And took the poor small gift and laid it there
upon the costly
Treasures, gifts of kings and peoples. And be-
hold the flame
Fell even as his hand reached out! The clouds
were riven and
The altar smoked, as fiercely burned the fire the
gifts thereon.

Then rang a voice through the great temple hall—
"The gift of love hath sanctified them all."

A thing done for oneself is done for time but
a thing done for another is laid up in eternity.—
Selected.

The Second Number (Founded on fact)
ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE

THE Christmas parcel lay on the table ready for its long journey overseas to the Canadian Contingent in France, and the soldier's mother stood gazing at the result of her labours.

It had not been easy to decide just what to send—there were so many circumstances to be considered in making a choice. First of all, Dick's little preferences must be consulted. The tobacco must be of his favourite brand, and the chocolates must have nuts in the centre and not sticky cream. Dick never did like "soft" candies. He used to say that his taste in candies was like his taste in drinks—he had "no use for anything that wasn't hard." Taffy he liked; but then taffy was a poor traveller, apt to spread itself over the contents of the parcel and cement them into anything but a friendly alliance, so taffy was excluded. Socks, of course, had gone in, with his school colours knitted into the "cuff;" and a pipe, and a book and an indelible pencil and some stationery, for Dick's last letter had been written right in the trenches on a leaf torn out of his diary. It was quite a costly parcel and it contained within it all the Christmas gifts of the family, for there was very little money to spare in the parson's household, and Margaret, too, had begged that her share might go to Dick along with the mother's and father's.

The little mother had consented, with a mental reservation as to a certain little parcel containing gloves and handkerchiefs bought months ago on the occasion of a visit to the nearest town. Margaret was always unselfish; and now she was working hard, trying to qualify for a business position while she was still only a child. But Margaret had always shared her mother's cares, and knew just how hard had been the struggle to pay their way and give Dick his high school course in town when her father's salary was so meagre and his health so uncertain.

And now Dick had gone overseas, and it seemed as if only the husk of the home life were left. Dick had always been the source of fun and laughter in the house, never such a good student as Margaret, and yet always managing to "get there somehow," as he expressed it himself, in a way that was somewhat disconcerting to his teachers.

As her mother stood by the table in the sitting-room in the growing darkness, Margaret dashed in. Margaret always seemed to have a little more energy of mind and body than was absolutely necessary. Her tall strong body, her thick unruly crop of black hair, her rosy cheeks and shining eyes matched well with her quick, almost abrupt movements, and ringing voice.

"Why, motherkin, what are you doing, all alone in the dark? Is that Dick's parcel? I'd better carry it to the post-office before I take off my coat. It's beginning to snow, and the wind is cutting, but I love a wind. It makes me want to shout and throw my arms about and behave generally unlike a parson's daughter." The end of the sentence was marked by a hug which enveloped the slender mother and threatened to sweep her off her feet.

When she was released and Margaret had patted down her collar, and smoothed her hair, she took up the parcel and looked at it doubtfully.

"I think I'll take it myself, Margaret," she said. "I'm not quite sure that it is under the maximum weight, and I want to get a label for the address at the store."

"Oh no! motherkin," began Margaret impetuously, "I can't let you go out in the cold; and, besides, it's getting dark. I might just as well go now, I'm already dressed."

"No, darling, I have made up my mind to take it myself. But you might ring up the post-office and find out whether it should be mailed to-night, or if to-morrow morning would be time enough." A brisk conversation over the telephone ensued.

The postmaster was old and deaf and liked to keep himself informed as far as possible with regard to all the village affairs. His slowness of apprehension always exasperated Margaret; and soon her explanations were audible all over the little house.

"A parcel—not a parson—a parcel—p-a-r-c-e-l. Yes a parcel. No! I don't think packet is a better word. You don't talk of 'packet'-post, do you? A parcel for Dick—no, 'Dick,' not 'sick'—Dick. Yes, that's right—His Christmas parcel—I want to know about the mail—when does the mail close? No—nothing to do with female clothes—to-night? In half-an-hour? Well—you positively must hold it for Dick's parcel. You can't promise—well, don't promise, just hold that mail till mother gets to the office."

Within five minutes, the mother was hurrying down the village street, hugging the heavy parcel closely to her breast as if it were a substitute for Dick himself. Breathless, at last, she stood at the post-office desk, to write the label and fill out the customs declaration.

It seemed to take a long time, for her fingers were chilled and her hand trembled; but at last



Prosperity.

it was all done, and she handed the precious parcel to the postmaster.

He took the parcel, weighed it, and handed it back with the necessary stamps; then scanned the address critically as he received it again.

"Isn't it all right?" asked the mother. The postmaster hesitated a moment; then said gruffly, "You've forgotten the second number."

"The second number?" repeated the mother. "What do you mean? I didn't know the boys had more than one number, and I've put Dick's on the label."

"But the post-office asks for two numbers on each parcel now," explained the old man. "You see they can't be sure of finding the man it's addressed to."

"Not find the man it's addressed to! Not find Dick. Why, of course; they'll find Dick if the parcel is addressed correctly. Why, shouldn't they?"

The mother paused for a reply, but the old postmaster only looked at her in silence; then the colour ebbed slowly from her face.

"I understand," she said, "but I shan't put any other man's number on Dick's parcel—I don't know what number to put, anyhow."

The postmaster took off his spectacles and pointed over her shoulder to some one standing behind her.

"There's her son," he said. "He's not getting much of a Christmas Box." In his deafness, he spoke more loudly than he intended.

The parson's wife turned quickly. Behind her stood Will Jackson's mother, holding an untidy little package in her hand, evidently awaiting her turn to receive the postmaster's attention.

Will Jackson! The boy whom she had always distrusted and whose influence upon Dick she had always feared. How sorry she had been that he had enlisted at the same time as Dick, and she had hoped that the chances of war would separate them. And now it was suggested that she should write Will's number on Dick's Christmas parcel in case—they could not find Dick. Impossible! Better let those little tenderly chosen gifts go to a perfect stranger than to Will. Mrs. Jackson stepped forward. She had heard the suggestion and seen the involuntary gesture of refusal with which it was received.

"Don't you trouble about my boy," she said, bitterly. "We'll look after our own, even if we can't do so much as other people. And what's more," she added, taking a pen from the desk, "I'll be a better Christian than you, although you're a minister's wife, for I'm going to write your Dick's name on my Will's parcel."

It was lucky that Dick's mother had a sense of humour though it sometimes betrayed her at awkward moments. With a laugh of genuine amusement, she in turn took up the pen and wrote Will's name and number clearly on Dick's parcel.

"Now let us shake hands over it, Mrs. Jackson," she said. "Our boys are probably facing the same dangers to-night, and you and I ought to help one another to be as brave as they are."

"Christmas won't mean much to us, this year," said Mrs. Jackson. "Will away and little Mary in her grave, and the old man so hard put to it to get the work on the farm done, even though I help all I can." She held out her hand as she spoke and the parson's wife shook it warmly. The Jacksons did not belong to her husband's church; indeed, they had been actively opposed to their work, but the sense of fellowship in distress and a breath of the Christmas spirit of goodwill overpowered all other feelings.

"Suppose you and Mr. Jackson come over and eat your Christmas dinner with us," said the parson's wife. "It will be easier for all of us if we don't have empty chairs round the table."

"After all we've said against the parson and you," began Mrs. Jackson, nervously. "You'll be all the more welcome," said the parson's wife.

The men of the 500th Battalion of the C.E.F. had just been relieved after a grilling time in the trenches. They had taken the hill which was their objective, and had held it against counter-attack; and, now, covered with blood and mud and glory, they were taking their well-earned ease in rest billets. They had suffered severely; and the ambulances had gone down heavily laden, but the Battalion was thinking more of its gains than its losses. It was something to know that there was a chance of a wash and sleep in comparatively safe and comfortable quarters with some sort of a Christmas dinner to follow. But to more than one, the sweetest thought of all was the probability of a mail from home.

And a big mail there was, in truth. Sacks of it, and the sergeant in charge was throwing parcels and letters to the men gathering round him.

"Here's one for you, Bill," he called, throwing to him Mrs. Jackson's parcel, now more untidy than ever, and bearing evidences of having been patched up with fresh cord on its way from Canada.

"Haven't you got one, Sergeant?" asked Bill, as he caught the flying parcel. "Too bad. I guess yours has got left behind somehow. I don't suppose there's much in mine, mother hasn't much to send, but it's good to get something from home at Christmas."

"Sure!" replied the Sergeant briefly. As he spoke, he stooped to pick up the paper Bill had dropped. "Why, Bill, look here. There's my name on the parcel as well as yours. What under the sun made your mother think of me?"

"Don't ask me," replied Bill. "Anyhow, she's done it, so I guess we'll have to share up. She didn't know you'd got your sergeant's stripes, I see."

(Continued on page 808.)

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

THE Navy League of Canada is making a Dominion-wide appeal for funds. From every point of authority our people are called upon to practise economy, so that the utmost resources of the country may be available for war purposes. In our benevolences, as in our food and clothing and all else, the spirit of the time is to make every penny accomplish the greatest possible service. Anything that suggests help for the men of the merchant marine, or for the families of the men who have given their lives in this magnificent arm of war service appeals very strongly, indeed, to every true Canadian. When an appeal for this league is set forth under the patronage of the Governor-General of Canada and other distinguished men it cannot but receive most sympathetic attention from the Canadian people.

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There are one or two things that "Spectator" would like to call attention to, and he is sure that those in authority will be glad to give the public the necessary information. Nothing helps a worthy cause more effectively than a willing and cheerful answer to every legitimate enquiry concerning an organization that looks to the public for voluntary support.

The first question is, What is the relationship between "The Navy League of Canada" and "The Canadian Branch of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society"? The writer notes that some of the officers of the Navy League are officers of the Sailors' Society. Do these two organizations still hold a separate existence? A few months ago the Sailors' Society was making an appeal to the public in certain parts of Canada for funds, and a special point of its appeal was its aid on behalf of the widows and orphans of the men who had lost their lives in the discharge of their duties on the mercantile marine. Now, the point is this: Are there two organizations, both with headquarters in Toronto, and both having directors in common, that are appealing to the same public for practically the same purpose? In the literature sent to "Spectator" by the Navy League there is no reference to any amalgamation, and yet it is surely impossible that it can be otherwise. The British Sailors' Relief Fund, with headquarters in Montreal, has, we understand, been merged with the Navy League. It would be reassuring to the public to know that the British and Foreign Sailors' Society has been absorbed with a view to unity, economy and efficiency.

* * * *

A second enquiry is this: Does the programme of service laid down by the Navy League of Canada concentrate upon the most pressing needs of the navy in these strenuous days of life-and-death warfare? The first objective is "a thoroughly organized educational campaign in matters pertaining to the navy and the mercantile marine: (a) By lectures. (b) By circulation of literature. (c) By placing readers in public schools." It would appear to "Spectator" that this part of the programme must have been drafted before the 4th August, 1914. On that day, it would seem to the writer, that the education of the British Empire in regard to the importance of the navy was pretty nearly made perfect. It has needed no staff of lecturers, public school readers nor bureau of literature to convince Canadians, at all events, that the Royal Navy is the kingpin of the Empire in time of war. At some future date, when a new generation has arisen, "a thoroughly organized educational campaign" may be needed, but, in our judgment, that is not the use to which Canadian money should be diverted, when every available dollar should be used in prosecuting the war.

The second objective is, in our judgment, the only pressing requirement set forth in the programme. It is the relief of sailors and their dependants. The co-operation of the Government presumably will be sought in the administration of such a fund, for the requisite information concerning the men of both branches of the navy could only be so obtained.

* * * *

The third objective, namely, naval recruiting and instruction, should, in "Spectator's" opinion, be entirely a governmental responsibility. The United States has its Naval Academy, which in no way depends upon the fitful generosity of the public; neither should the Canadian effort be built on so uncertain a foundation. Naval education ought to be a definite part of the naval policy of the Canadian Government, whether it be carried on according to a permanent or interim

scheme. "Spectator" trusts that the officers of the Navy League of Canada, to whom copies of this issue will be sent, will accept these comments as the expression of one friendly mind upon their proposed work. What strikes one man will, in all probability, affect thousands of others in the same way, and it would be interesting and useful to the readers of the "Churchman" to have a fuller account of the purposes and methods of this benevolent organization.

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The horror of the Halifax calamity is beyond belief. That one-half of a city should be laid in ruins and the other half almost so, recalls only the most lamentable disasters of history. Nature filled the cup of suffering to overflowing by supplying a blizzard after every house had its windows broken and there was no adequate means of repairing them. Thus both wounded and unwounded have no sufficient protection from the elements, while those engaged in the heart-breaking work of rescue and restoration are seriously hindered. No wonder the heart of the civilized world should go out to such sufferers, and that help should be rushed forward in unlimited generosity. It is to be hoped that the investigation of the cause of the disaster will reveal all that can be revealed. This is no time to mince matters, and if there were traitors or enemies on board either the munition ship or the relief ship it should be known. Last week was probably the most depressing week for Britain since the war began. It could hardly be worse. This is a time not for despair, but for faith, for renewed determination, for a vindication of the type of manhood of which we boast. The cause is the same cause as from the beginning. Disaster does not alter its essential righteousness. The safety of civilization is still in the keeping of the Allies, and we must fight and suffer and die until that end is secured.

"Lift up your hearts—
We lift them up unto the Lord."

* * * *

The significance of the coming election has been discussed from possibly every angle, and, therefore, "Spectator" need say nothing further except this: The magnitude of the majority cast for the Union Government will have an important bearing upon the peace and unity of Canada. A bare majority, a mere working majority, an indecisive majority, will set agitators to work anew, with unfortunate results. What is needed now, to unite the different races and provinces, is a clear, definite and overwhelming declaration by the Canadian people as to what they desire in this war. There should be no mistaking our will. The measure of the majority will be the measure of the peace and goodfellowship in Canada in the future.

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With a view to informing the laity as to the burden laid upon the clergy by way of requests to preach on various topics, "Spectator" will name these subjects from time to time. Two weeks ago four subjects were assigned to the pulpits of Canada. Last week the clergy were asked to preach on farm production, with special emphasis on the hog! This week we are asked to preach in favour of Union Government, and from another source material is furnished for sermons maintaining the war spirit!

Spectator.

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IN MEMORIAM.

The hand of death has removed from our midst another of those noble mothers. Those who were privileged to know the late Mrs. Kirwin Martin, of Hamilton, can readily realize the loss her death means to her husband and children. Her life was a splendid example of true motherhood. Early in the war she bade farewell to two of her boys, and the anxious months that followed their departure for overseas weighed heavily upon her. During the past year the precarious state of her health caused much anxiety, but she was able to preside at the recent annual meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society, of which she was president. The deep sympathy of a large circle of friends goes out to her father, Archbishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, and to her husband and children. Mr. Martin is Chancellor of the Diocese of Niagara, and his only daughter, Miss Vera Martin, is an active worker in many church organizations.

* * *

There is always some one to smile at, somebody to give your chair to, somebody to whom a book, a flower, or a kind word would be a comfort. . . . A quiet, sympathetic look or smile many a time unbars a heart that needs help which you can give.—Josephine Pollard.

THE BIBLE LESSON

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

Fourth Sunday in Advent, December 23rd, 1917.

Subject: Christ Foretold. Isaiah 9: 2-7

THIS Sunday School Lesson is part of the first morning lesson for Christmas Day. The prophet Isaiah had come to despair of Israel. The dark cloud of war and the shadow of captivity had come upon them. Isaiah felt that there was but little in the courage or spirit of the people to give him hope concerning that generation. He pitied them, and as he thought of pity his heart turned to the future with hope. After the manner of the prophets, he spoke of the future as though it were the present. In glowing words he described the great glory of a future age.

1. **Light in the Darkness.**—How truly these words describe the coming of Christ—"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." When Jesus came He announced Himself as "The Light of the World." It would make an interesting study to find in the Gospels all the passages which speak of Him as the Light. We still use the same figure to show how He enlightens the individual, as illustrated by Holman Hunt's great painting "The Light of the World." We, also, use it to indicate the enlightenment that is brought to the heathen peoples of the world by the Gospel of Christ. (See Collect for the Conversion of St. Paul.) The practical missionary work of the Church is the bringing of this Light to those who "dwell in the land of the shadow of death."

2. **The Coming of Christ also brings joy.**—Isaiah sees the prospect of a multiplied and happy people. The reading in the Revised Version is to be preferred to that given in the Authorized Version. We should read, "Thou hast multiplied the nation, Thou hast increased their joy." This joy is likened to that of harvest rejoicing—a thanksgiving for God's great Gift. We find the Christmas season one of rejoicing in all Christian lands. There are happy reunions, the giving of gifts and the exchange of good wishes. We, perhaps, forget that the ground of all this rejoicing is the fact that God has given to us the great gift of His Son. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift."

3. **The Coming of Christ assures Liberty and Peace.**—Never has it been possible for us to understand so fully the value of these things as it is to-day. In the world-struggle for a larger liberty and the deep yearning for a lasting peace we may appreciate two elements of the Saviour's mission—Liberty and Peace. Much has been accomplished in this Christian era, but much still remains to be done. We have the assurance that Liberty and Peace shall yet prevail. Politically, it can only be when the Christian nations recognize the Spirit of Christ as a practical power and a possible ideal in their affairs. Personally, we may have Liberty and Peace in ourselves. Christ has made us free. His Peace is ours (St. John 16: 33). It must not be forgotten that liberty and peace are not to be attained without effort. God has ordained it that human co-operation is required to reach the heights to which God calls us. War, temptation and the mystery of pain are part of the great, human struggle by which God brings men to better things. In the midst of the present horrors of the world the message of this lesson is full of cheer. Light, Joy, Liberty and Peace are God's ideal for a weary, war-stricken world.

4. **God's Gift of His Son.**—The Messianic hope was clear to the Prophet, but what it involved he, possibly, never knew. We, who live in the clearer light, have no difficulty in understanding what God has done. "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," means to us the great mystery of the Incarnation. The Prince of the fourfold name we recognize. Wonderful-Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, these describe for us the character and life of the Son of God.

5. **Our Duty.**—"Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." It is our privilege to extend, as well as to strengthen, His Kingdom. God has set us in the Church for that very purpose. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts is to be shown in our zeal in the work of Christ's Kingdom. The Prophet Isaiah has shown us a glorious prospect, and Jesus has told us how it is to be fulfilled, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations." With the command to make disciples and to baptize there is, also, the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age." The zeal of God is interpreted to men by Christian enterprise and Christian effort.

Peace on Earth

The Last of Wars

WITH deep yearning we welcomed the words of the prophets last Christmaside that the war would be over before again we sang the angels' song, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." We had hoped that this year's snow would be a soft, white pall over the graves in the land where our men have fought. The snow has come, but it is dyed with blood. War-weary and heart-broken, we struggle on to win that victory to which our brave dead have consecrated us for their loved ones and for ours.

If this year cannot be the last of the war, we must fight on in the hope that this war will be the last of wars. That seems to be the recurring theme which gives some triumphant passages in the prelude to our victory-song. And in the sad joy of that victory-song when it comes, the same theme will give the noblest parts. Peace we desire, not only for ourselves and our children, but for our children's children and the generations yet unborn.

How can this be the last of wars? "Because the whole world is in arms," some say. But the magnitude of the struggle is no guarantee of its finality. The ancient war shook all the nations of the world. It made no difference whether the battlefield was in the Euphrates valley or in the Nile valley. There was the shock of systems. There was the invader and the invaded. There was might and the weaker right.

"But the destructive agencies are unparalleled." Relatively, they are not. Each age has seen some new weapon which was frightful in its day: the sling, long bow, cross-bow, gunpowder and cannon, gatling gun, mine, torpedo. Imagine the shout of dismay that greeted the first appearance of the bowman, who, by a distant bolt, avoided the trial of strength. That man would be counted a coward who first trusted to the keen-edged knife instead of the blow of an honest bludgeon. What terror hailed the battering-ram which assaulted the secure defences of those who had toiled night and day! How unfair was the use of cannon and gun! We read of "the murderous power of the chassepot, which killed at a thousand yards, and of the infernal mitrailleuse, which was a masterpiece of death and carnage." No wars will ever cease because of the terrible weapons employed.

"But the devastation was never so appalling." In extent, no doubt, but not in intensity. Even the complete extermination of tribes was not unknown in the ruthlessness of olden times.

"But our increased humaneness and pity will not countenance another war." All the other reasons head up into this. It is true that our Red Cross and relief work has been more thoroughly organized than ever before. But our generation is not the first to feel the poignancy of pity for the unfortunates of war. The spectacle of brave, good men killed or maimed, the suffering of the wounded, the anguish of the widow and the unknowing sorrow of the orphan has wrung pity from men's hearts from the very first of time. The violence and lust of men against the womenfolk of the enemy and the slimy trail of the camp-follower have always been revolting to the best of citizens.

We are not so modern as we imagine. In a book published after the Franco-Prussian war we read: "Is it not a burning shame that in this Christian era of universal brotherhood rulers should be allowed to plunge their subjects into war and involve defenceless women and children in utter ruin and woe. In the name of the murdered millions, in the name of the unnumbered throng of widows and orphans, in the name of our common Christianity, this thing must cease."

"But the motives of war have never been so high as ours are in this present struggle." Does not the following express our thoughts: "Under the circumstances of this wanton and unprovoked aggression, His Majesty has taken the necessary steps to maintain the honour of his crown and to vindicate the rights of his people; and His Majesty relies with confidence on the firm and

effectual support of the House of Commons and the zealous exertions of a brave and loyal people in prosecuting a just and necessary war, and in endeavouring, under the blessing of Providence, to oppose an effectual barrier to the farther progress of a system which strikes at the security and peace of all independent nations, and is pursued in an open defiance of every principle of moderation, good faith, humanity and justice." Those are exactly our sentiments. But these words are from a declaration of war one hundred years ago. Human nature has not changed very much.

Our forecasts of what will happen after this war are baseless. Read what a shrewd man said after the Franco-Prussian war, when the possibility of just such a war as we are engaged in was foreseen: "It is simply a work of time; for eventually, however strong the passion for Prussian supremacy, Germany must, sooner or later, sway the destiny and direct the policy of the Empire, and when that is the case we need not fear Bismarckian intrigue and ambition. Moreover, when the warrior-king and Moltke and Bismarck have passed off the stage and their mantles laid with them in the dust, there will be hope, for the heir-



Happy as a Lark.

apparent has declared that if he lived to reign and rule this war would be the last." This heir-apparent is the monster of this war.

"The last enemy of peace will be destroyed when Germany is defeated." Do you believe that? The real enemy of peace is not Germany, but selfishness. Militarism is but selfishness rampant. In Great Britain selfishness has been couchant at the best. The inevitable happened. And such an inevitable will happen to the end of time. It makes no difference in what nation and champion militarism bodies forth. It may be France and Napoleon, or Prussia and Wilhelm the Great, or Germany and the Kaiser. Hereafter it may be Japan and the Emperor. Not until man's nature is changed shall we be rid of war. Mankind must be exterminated or regenerated if this is to be the last of wars.

What can change man's nature? Only One has claimed that persuasion and power, even God through His Holy Spirit. Here is where the Church's task is fundamental and singular. She must spread the knowledge of His Truth and Power.

So with sad voices we may sing. But let us sing. With eyes that are filled with the sorrowful past let us strain to catch the vision of the future, the Son of Man as the King of all mankind. And let us know that in our singing and our vision we have the only Message which can change this weary world into a place of Peace.

MARCUS MANN.

The Mother Church

An Impression

By J. E. WARD, M.A. (Oxon.)

ANY attempt to write an impression of the present condition of life and thought in the Church in England must inevitably be coloured by one's personal experience. Yet if eight years of the most varied service within her fold can have left their mark on one's life, it may be that one's feeling towards her, passed on in a land where she is all too little known or understood, may not be lacking in some value to those who love her, and who would fain draw the bands closer which bind our life to hers.

Too often the impressions given across the seas of that life of hers are cast in a mould shaped by the insistent clamour of a small band of extremists, whose one aim is to gain their narrow ends. It matters not whether their views be characteristic of those held by the extreme right or left, the impression given by their writings, or by their lives, is one from which their great spiritual Mother can have little to gain and much to lose in any estimate formed of her character.

The English Church, like the land of which she is native, is not easy to know. Her life cannot be gauged by any superficial survey nor by any merely critical analysis of her outward activities. Her life must be felt from within. She must be loved and served in no unreal service ere one can hope to win the secret of her great heart.

Her history has been a varied one. She inherits tendencies from many a conflicting source. She must work out problems bequeathed to her often through agencies not of her own choosing. Her very strength full often lies in the threatening weakness of the middle course she must pursue in the destiny given her, one must surely feel, by the great Father God Whom she strives to serve.

True, she has her unprofitable servants, her dead churches, her listless pulpits. Such are not unknown in other lands or less known in other communions of her own land. True, she has her servants who would wreck her very life by over-zeal in an insistent emphasis on what can never be more than part of that life. Hers is not the first or only instance in history where enemies have been found within the fold. Yet, a study of such passing phases of a great activity cannot alone give any true conception of the depth and ever-widening breadth of that activity. And men in a distant land would do well to pause ere they are tempted to belittle their own birthright by any such attitude of apology as is so often found among those who have never had the privilege of a near vision of her greatness from whom they claim their name.

The Mother Church, through her leaders, has not been slow to acknowledge her failures in the past. That very acknowledgment is not a weakly thing, and no one who has lived within her borders for some years past would be very quick to agree with her critics in their statement that she is "dead."

Far to the contrary, there has never been a time, perhaps, in the whole course of her varied life when she was more alive than she is at the present day. To many that is not saying very much. The great effort put forth not long ago in the National Mission seemed to bear so little fruit. In many quarters it was but a nine days' wonder, and not a very spiritual one, and on the tenth day cleric and lay alike went on their even way. Those who were looking for a great spiritual revival have still to look for any wide fulfilling of their hope. Yet to any who had studied the Church's life before the war, that Mission has seemed to bear a fruit real, even though not looked for by those most enthusiastic on its behalf. The great cry consequent upon the tremendous increase of the army forced the National Church to shake herself and look around for some visible expression of life that should justify her existence as a State Church. The National Mission, carried into well-nigh all of her thousands of parishes, was the outcome of that awakening. Few could say that it greatly deepened her spiritual life, but it was, so to speak,

the unconscious means of stripping her bare than she had ever been stripped for many a year and showing herself to herself naked and ashamed.

Thus one finds to-day that, at times almost in helpless pity, at times seemingly unconscious of the irony of it all, the great Spiritual Mother, for great she surely is in spite of many calumnies, has shifted her position and thought from the old time, often self-complacent certainty that her children must take, or leave, what she had to give, and in the form she wished to give it, for a position far more earnest and far more savouring of life which cries out to them to tell her what they want.

She has sent millions of her sons to face death little prepared for the company of death. It is too late to prepare them now and she knows full well the meaning of remorse, but she is trying here officially, there unofficially and even secretly, to make amends in some way in the future. It is not without deep sadness that any one who knows and loves her must see her groping in the darkness, stretching out in a wistful hope that she may grasp the dawn. It is this groping that is her present life.

War, so often a curse in itself, has brought in its train many a blessing to those stricken lands and this one not the least of them that England's Church has learned at last her failure, and wants, even so uncertainly, to be shown, under God's great guidance, the way to service for her sons.

She is not a little blest in having in her midst a band of young and vigorously capable men who will not count the cost or the days until they have seen her well on the way to life and liberty. She has a long way to go and the road is hard and mayhap oft humiliating, but she has started on the way, even she who a few years since would fain have slept.

Yes, one is glad to bear witness to a growing life which must inevitably be strengthened by the return of a thousand odd priests from their privilege of service at the front.

And, along with that growth of life one cannot but feel, looking back over the years, that there is at work, consciously or unconsciously, a Spirit of Tolerance and Unity within her bounds. Men have their views as of old, and are not unfond of airing them, but at last they have come to that position which is full of hope in which they are no longer so devoid of a sense of ecclesiastical humour that they find themselves unable to exchange the kindly courtesies of life across the same board either at meal or conference. They are, for the most part, willing to admit the right of another to possess even a very moiety of the truth and they are gaining a firmer hold, in mutual respect, of those great verities of the Spirit's life which they hold in common. Would God that one might feel so much of the life of the daughter churches o'er the seas. She has not seen fit to bind her ministers to any set expression of their views, but for the great mass of her clergy there is a normal rite shaped upon the basis of a staunch but liberal churchmanship which argues future unity and strength. She is no longer ashamed to enter into conference with those who have left her fold. Her press, even in its extremes, has lost much of the bitter sting of the expression of ten or fifteen years ago.

So we leave her, grateful for the guidance she has so often given to a stranger in a strange land, grateful for the lessons learned, even from her inconsistencies, glad above all for the conviction that one may leave her in the firm trust and hope that she will in the end come into her great, rich own.

Prayer Book Studies

By
Dyson Hague.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE HOLY COMMUNION
(Continued)

IT is impossible for the student to comprehend the meaning of the Church of England Communion Service without a glance at a thousand years of history, and a grasp, more especially of the historical situation in the middle of the 16th century. Broadly speaking, the Holy Communion in the course of its evolution passed through three great stages.

- (1) The Institution, A.D. 32.
- (2) The Substitution, A.D. 350-1500.
- (3) The Restitution, A.D. 1549-1552.

As we said in our last study the quest of the compilers of our Prayer Book was the long-lost, long-buried, communion ideal. "I have read the New Testament over seven times," said one of the great Bishops, "and I cannot find the Mass in it." For as they searched the New Testament they found that not only the name by which it was pre-eminently called, the Lord's Supper, 1 Cor. 11:20, and its chief characteristic, commemorative—communion, 1 Cor. 10:16, (1 Cor. 11:24-25), but even the very idea of its primary purpose and intention had vanished or was obscured.

They found that the essential ideas of the Holy Communion as seen in the New Testament were those of a believers' feast; the name the Lord's Supper, 1 Cor.

11:20; the object, memorial, anamnesis, 1 Cor. 10:16, 11:24; the material figure the Lord's Table, 1 Cor. 10:21; the elements, two and only two, bread and wine; taken, blessed, broken, poured, eaten, drunk, and distributed with thanksgiving. That the distinctive features on the part of the Lord were thanksgiving, instruction, and distribution; and on the part of the disciples, humble participation and grateful proclamation. Nor did they discover in the New Testament any trace of an altar, an altar sacrifice, altar vestments, altar ritual, or of ceremonial fasting. The centre was the commemorative memorial, or the memorial commemoration, of Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. His meritorious death and passion, the Lord's Death, to be continually remembered at the Lord's Table until He come. As they passed through the jungle of medievalism, and broke out into the era of sub-apostolic and apostolic church, and saw side by side the Supper which the Lord Jesus instituted and the Mass which the Pope and the Cardinal princes and the priests were celebrating, the contrast came as a revelation of astonishment. They went down the pathway of history. They saw how the Church had departed step by step from the original institution. They doubtless marvelled in the spirit of the great Apostle that men had so soon departed from the grace of Christ unto another gospel, to another communion, which was really not another, but a perversion of the Gospel of Christ.

They saw that the secret cause and the beginning of the departure from the simplicity of Christ was the fatal error of supposing that the Jewish system of priest and sacrifice was to furnish the pattern for the Christian Church to follow, and the equally fatal mistake of imagining that the bread of the communion was bread plus some undefinable mysterious something which in some way converted or transmuted its substance. By the 4th century the altar had taken the place of the table, the sacrificing priest had taken the place of the presbyter-minister, and the

bread by a miracle-mystery brought about by the invocation of the Holy Ghost had almost ceased to be bread. Then with an incredible rapidity the idea of mystery attached to the service was magnified to the highest possible degree of oriental imagination, and the gifts of the people offered to the priest for the Lord's Supper were gradually supposed to be offered by the priest for the people. In the sacrifice of the Mass the oriental love for ceremonial display, and the seductive glamour of pagan splendour came little by little to invest the Eucharist with every possible element of ritual magnificence, and the excellent habit of commemorating thankfully the dead passed into praying for the dead, and then into intercession of the dead culminating in the extraordinary belief that the altar sacrifice prevailed for the curtailment of the sufferings of those in purgatory and for the atonement of their sins. Finally there grew up as a universal belief, that it was sufficient for the sacrifice for the priest alone to communicate, and that the sacrifice he offered on the altar would forgive the sins of the living and the dead. In the meantime the unphilosophic doctrine of transubstantiation had taken universal possession of the Christian mind that in the most blessed sacrament of the altar is present really, under the form of bread and wine, the natural body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ, as conceived of the Virgin Mary; and after the consecration there remains no substance of bread or wine, or any other substance, but the substance of Christ, God and man. The offering of the transubstantiated body of God in the Mass Service was the only service attended on Sunday by the great body of Church people in England for 800 years. In a word, these great Churchmen saw that the substance of the Lord's Supper was changed, and the trans-substantiation was complete. A simple supper, the Lord's Supper, had become a spectacular ceremony; a communion feast, had become a rite of magnificence; the remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ had become the repetition of the offering of His Body. In the primitive liturgies and in the Sarum pre-reformation missals, the Mass Service, a cumbersome ritual structure, Jewish in origin, sacerdotal in substance, ceremonial in expression, was built up around a central idea of representing with auricular confession, invocation of saints, crossings, genuflections, candles, incense, the offering of the host, or the elevation upon the material altar of the actual body of Christ for the actual remission of the sins of the living and of the dead, and also for the purpose of giving to the recipient objectively the actual body of Christ, through the corporal presence of Christ's flesh and blood in the consecrated wafer.

As these great Churchmen looked at those things then and studied them (for it was their life study—they had been immersed in it from childhood), they determined by the grace of God that they as God's leaders would restore the Lord's Supper which had been lost, and bring back to the Church of England the Holy Communion, as seen in the teachings of the New Testament and instituted by our blessed Saviour. Their standard was not the Mass service of the primitive liturgies. They looked centuries further back than that. Back to Christ! Back to the New Testament! This was their ideal and resolve. They determined to study the originals. Nor was their standard of imitation the Lutheran mass with its curious teaching not of trans-elementation or transubstantiation, but consubstantiation, the mysterious doctrine of impanation. With eyes on the New Testament and the Church in its early apostolic epoch they worked to restore to its true central and conspicuous

position the original Communion Service.

There is a significant story told by Strype in his "Life of Cranmer." It is said that when King Henry VIII was dying, he sent for the Archbishop as Primate of the Church of England, and with his dying breath commanded the Archbishop to turn the Mass into the Communion. The story is doubtless true. And if it was so, it was a significant and prophetic event. During the complex reign of Henry VIII, the foundations of the Mass were slowly but surely crumbling. But to the end of that reign the services witnessed by the worshippers in St. Pauls' and Westminster Abbey were identical in doctrine with the service witnessed by the Italians in St. Peter's at Rome. A few years passed. Only a few years, wonderful epoch-marking, epoch-making years, and in every church in England there is to be seen the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper or the Holy Communion. The service is all in English. It is all so clear and pure and true, that one may indeed come into the very presence of God and see the Saviour face to face, and to feed upon Him in the heart by faith with Eucharistic gratitude, for the exceeding great love of our Master, and only Saviour Jesus Christ thus dying for us.

Scripture Gift Mission

Soldiers as Soul-Winners.

The question often comes from some breaking heart in these days of darkness and sorrow: Why was this terrible war permitted to devastate half the world? The answer will only be fully answered, when eternity reveals all that is hidden from us now, but there are many indications that in a wonderful way God is over-ruling the wrath of man, to the fulfilling of His own purposes concerning His Word. Letters continually reach the Secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission, not only from Chaplains and Scripture Readers, but from Christian soldiers themselves, proving that these men are doing a real missionary work among their comrades in trench and hut and billet,—asking for Active Service Testaments and Gospels, not only for other British Soldiers, but for copies in French and Flemish—or any other language spoken by men with whom they come in contact.

A private with a Field Ambulance in France says:—

"You kindly sent me 100 Gospels during April or May last. I was pleased to be able to distribute the Gospels soon after they arrived, and my prayer is that the Word fall on good ground and brought forth fruit to the glory of God. If you could send me a small parcel of Belgian leaflets or Gospels I should be pleased to distribute, while in this district. A few words as to the continuance of our work for God out here, will doubtless interest you. Several doors have been opened to us during the past month, for open-air and "inside" Gospel meetings. We have sought to uphold the truth of God's Word as to Christ, the only means of salvation; and to denounce such teachings as hero sacrifice. In addition to the above meetings we have held Bible readings almost nightly, and these have proved a source of real help and strength. The Lord has indeed been good to us in these days of stress and strife, and He is our future Hope! We expect another busy time now among the wounded, so our meetings will be temporarily suspended."

Any gifts for the furtherance of this work may be sent to the editor, or to Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., or Miss Dickson, 850 College Street, Toronto.

Canadian Churchman

(Established 1871.)

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CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, LTD.,
613 Continental Life Building, Toronto.
CORNER OF BAY AND RICHMOND STS.
R. W. ALLIN, M.A.,
Managing Editor
Phone: Main 5239.

Correspondence

[N.B.—Several letters have been received on the subject of the Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests, which will appear next week.—Editor.]

PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.

Sir,—Dr. Abbott-Smith, clerical secretary of the Provincial Synod of Canada, points out that that Synod memorialized the General Synod to authorize two prayers on this subject. While the accurate wording of the memorial is, of course, important, the chief thing to remember is that the action taken was only a memorial and nothing more. Whether the General Synod will be asked to authorize the new Prayer Book *plus* the prayers referred to, or to authorize the new book *including* these prayers, is a comparatively minor matter. One purpose of the new Prayer Book was to gather up separate authorized forms into one collection, but if this memorial were to be granted, it would add two more separate prayers.

London. T. G. A. Wright.

Sir,—In reference to the correspondence regarding Prayers for the Departed, while firmly holding our own opinion on this subject, we must avoid overlooking the fact that a very heavy responsibility rests upon all, of respecting, in the fullest way possible, the opinions of others, especially when those who differ from us are the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church. This is so obvious a duty that it hardly seems necessary to call attention to it. A correspondent in your issue of November 15th has, however, referred to the action of the Archbishop, Bishops and delegates of the Provincial Synod of Canada in favouring prayers for the departed, as an attempt "to lead the people to accept without question such erroneous doctrine."

Let us examine the facts. In England, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and thirty-one out of the thirty-eight other Bishops have authorized prayers with these words: "We commend into Thy hands, most merciful Father, the soul of our brother now departed . . . beseeching that this our brother and we may be found acceptable . . . and have our perfect consummation . . . in Thy glory."

Furthermore, both the Houses of Canterbury Convocation at their last

sessions recommended identical petitions to be inserted in the Burial Office of the Prayer Book.

In Scotland, by the corporate action of the Scottish Episcopal Church, the Prayer for the Departed passed by the Province of Canada last October, is included in the Burial Service of the Scottish Prayer Book.

In the American Church, a Form of Prayer in time of War—authorized by fifteen Bishops of the dioceses of New York, Washington and surrounding districts—contains these words: "Let us pray for the Dead in Christ. May the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen. Eternal rest, grant unto them O Lord. And let light perpetual shine upon them." Then follows the Commemorative Prayer for the cleansing of their souls from sin, and also the prayer: "In thy mercy forgive the sins of all, both living and departed." The American Church in its corporate capacity at the recent General Convention approved of prayers for the departed. I have not the exact report of what took place at hand, and must speak, therefore, subject to correction.

In view, therefore, of these facts, whatever our individual opinion may be, we are under a very special obligation to give a respectful hearing to the judgment of the Archbishops, Bishops and legislative bodies of the Church when they pronounce, after deliberation, on the subject of Prayer for the Departed.

A. R. Kelley.
St. Matthew's Rectory, Quebec.

THE CHURCH AND THE VICTORY LOAN.

Sir,—Money is absolutely necessary for the carrying on of the war. The only way the authorities can get sufficient for present needs is to borrow it by some such scheme as the Victory Loan. It is certainly best for the country to borrow money from its own people and from as many of them as possible. On the other side it is certainly the duty of the citizen to stand behind the Government in a righteous cause and to lend the Government according to his ability, in order to finance such cause. But there is one thing in the Victory Loan campaign I cannot help protesting against, as it hurt me to the very bottom of my soul. I cannot understand any clergyman turning his church into a broker's office for the purpose of advertising any financial scheme, no matter how good or righteous it may be. I cannot understand a Christian people allowing the Lord's Day to be used for the holding of public meetings to further purely financial schemes.

The sellers in the Temple were there to supply things absolutely necessary to the worship of the Temple, and they were driven out, not merely because they were making undue profits, but because they were making God's House of Prayer a house of merchandise. The besetting sin of Canada for the last twenty years has been the worship of the Almighty Dollar, called in our Bible the "root of all evil." These Sunday happenings will hardly tend to restore the worship of God. We profess to believe that God is the "Giver of all Victory." We profess to believe that prayer is more powerful than any man-made scheme. Let us live up to it. Let us do all we can in our places of business to further the material interests of our country and our Allies, but let us keep our churches for that which is more powerful. Let them be houses of prayer. Let us work for the material things on the six days, but let us rest from them on the seventh, that we have more time to avail of the Giver of all Victory.

W. J. Creighton.

"BLOOD BROTHERS."

Sir,—I was glad the Rev. J. J. Callan replied to his critics. I am sure most readers enjoyed "Blood Brothers," and probably most saw in it the danger Dr. Carpenter pointed out. But if the Chaplain believed that the sacrifice of a soldier is his salvation, why did he trouble to bring the soldier lad to Jesus? One wishes that all "converted" people and those who have no consciousness of conversion, had the faith the soldier lad showed—a secret love for Him who was "so different," as not to be mentioned with the Saints. Possibly there was the same real faith in his dying nod of affection, of trust in the "Chief of the Gang," as there was in the eyes of the woman whose many sins were forgiven, or in the cry of the dying thief. Tom saw Jesus as the Friend who died for him, as the One Who was all that he too longed to be, the perfection of goodness, and purity, and love. He loved Him and wanted to be like Him. Is that not faith? The Chaplain used the self-sacrifice of the boy as the point of contact. He drew out all that was best in the boy and showed him its perfection in the Saviour. The boy was taught the love of God and responded to that love. Is that not faith? We are jealous for the "full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice" of the only Saviour of the world; we are jealous for the holiness of God, but when no irreverence was meant, when there was real love for the Saviour, shall we say there was no real faith? "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is—love."

J. B. Bunting.
Forest Hall P.O., Sask.

DAY OF SPECIAL PRAYER.

Sir,—In view of the King's proclamation, that the 6th of January, 1918, should be set apart as a day of special prayer and supplication to Almighty God, it is to be hoped that the Bishops will unite in giving some definite directions to their respective dioceses. My idea is that every diocese in the Dominion of Canada should use the same prayers, morning and evening, on the 6th of January. Surely the Church can be united on an occasion of such vital importance, so that we "may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Dec. 3rd, 1917. Hopeful.

THE FORUM MOVEMENT.

Sir,—I should be glad if you would give some of us laymen a word of advice in regard to this Forum Movement now spreading in Canadian cities, and long since in full swing in the United States. To the uninitiated it may be explained that this organization exists to spread knowledge by securing speakers to address meetings held in theatres and public halls on Sunday evenings, at present, in Canada, after the close of the regular church service. For the most part the clergy of different denominations in this city have opposed these meetings, but prominent laymen of practically all the churches have appeared on the platform and discussed all sorts of public questions. I have never attended one of these meetings, and it would give me a bad wrench if I were to do so. Yet the subject is by no means closed. For one reason these organizations have brought to this city men whom we have no opportunity of hearing elsewhere. Even eminent clergymen, none so far of our own Church, have spoken at these meetings before large crowds. So far as

I know the only time Mr. Raymond Robbins spoke in this city was in one of these Sunday evening meetings. But the reason that impels me to consider this matter as not decided and settled in the negative is, that with the protest being made in all directions about the woodenness of our evening service, to neglect these meetings altogether, may be to make the Forum Movement anti-Christian, or to give it into anti-Christian hands, and by refusing to see the willingness of people to attend meetings for information, to allow our own evening service to become even less inspiring than it now is. Will not you, sir, or some of your contributors give us a lead on this subject.

Undecided.

NATIONAL PRAYER.

Sir,—Is there not a need for frequent calls to National Prayer, and would not such calls have a tendency to seriously remind the people of the serious conditions. Do we not believe that if more earnest prayer went forth, this war of desolation and destruction would the sooner be brought to a victorious conclusion for the righteous cause. Again, do we not need to pray that the people of Great Britain may be led to free themselves from the drink traffic. Is it not strange that Great Britain still holds to the "damnable" traffic. Any Christian worker who has lived in England must confess that England has been almost "England drunk," and the outsider would surmise it when studying the enormous, shameful annual drink bills for a comparatively small number of people.

Personally, I believe that God has heard the cry from the drunkard's grave and home. "He has seen their sorrows and has come down to deliver." Great efforts were made in past years by peaceable methods, but practically without results. God is using sterner measures everywhere, and can we ever estimate the marvelous results. But, oh, too sad to relate, that Christian Great Britain still clings to the detestable thing which has done more harm to her people than this war can ever do. I like to believe that if Great Britain would only do as others have done, then, perhaps, God's purpose would be fulfilled, and our frequent National, earnest prayers would avail. Is it not pitiful that when there is such a need for bread, so many there cry for "drink"?

Rector.

PRAYER BOOK REVISION.

Sir,—The continuous discussion going on in the columns of your highly valued paper, has much interested me, as well as other subjects therein dealt with—sometimes ably, sometimes, it seems to me, captiously. However, at the moment, I am only concerned with the Prayer Book and premise that had many of the clergy thoroughly studied and made themselves masters of the original, they would have found therein ample material for any and every service; and with the permission which seems generally granted them, could have used just what, in their own discretion, seemed good.

In trying to understand about it I find a difficulty right at the beginning of the Morning Prayer and should be glad of an explanation from some learned and wise man. Why are the Prefatory Sentences, which I am told are to draw our attention to the need of repentance, read usually rapidly and sotto voce? Why is the Exhortation, presumably intended to enforce the teaching of these texts of Holy Scripture, frequently cut short and usually hurriedly said; and if the General

Confession is to be a confession following the minister both in word and spirit, why is it not said by the minister in such a manner as to lead the followers to a real confession? If, and as, these are preliminaries, it appears to me, that if they are to be of any use, the leader should use them as he says the others should, so as to lead to a reasonable conclusion.
Interested Layman.

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR OUR BOYS?

Sir,—This question was asked in a recent issue of your paper. In reply I should like to tell you about our splendid company of Boy Scouts, which, for some time, headed by the Rector as Scoutmaster, have had in St. Alban's Parish, Oak Lake. Regular drills and parades were held, all wearing full uniform, each having such a resolute, purposeful, "Win the War" expression on his face, a happier lot of boys would have been hard to find. There was Church Parade, too, and the Rector said daily morning prayers, while they were in camp at Oak Lake.

At the annual meeting of the Rupert's Land W.A., held in Winnipeg, of which the report appeared in the August "Leaflet," all parishes were urged to have a Boys' Branch of the W.A. A splendid idea, surely: a Woman's, Girls', Juniors', Babies' and Boys' Branch; we should indeed be a power for Missions! "Since the war," and the consequent broadening of our horizon, it seems so natural for all to be interested in Missions, and the need of a missionary organization for boys has been much felt. Will some one who knows kindly write to the "Churchman" and explain the modus operandi of a successful Boys' Branch of the W.A.?

Enquirer.

THE QUALITY OF SERMONS.

Sir,—I have appreciated the letter of N. C. Smith on this subject in your issue of November 15th; I hope others may be induced to give hints as to the way sermons may be improved.

The original letter on the subject complained, if I remember rightly, of the apparent want of thought and care in the preparation of certain sermons which the writer had been compelled to listen to. In that connection I would like to ask some questions: (1) What amount were the clergy receiving to live upon? (2) How much could they be expected to be able to lay out on new books? (3) How many services and sermons had they to prepare for in the week? (4) What distances had they to cover to take those services and to make pastoral calls? (5) How much of their time was taken up in attending to horse and other outside household duties?

If the writer of the original letter on this subject had received answers to these questions, that letter might have had a different character. It might have pleaded with the Church at large to pay its Mission clergy a living wage and then expect them to give their time to prayer and the ministry of the Word. Aside from this, I think interest in the sermon would be increased, if the members of the congregation were invited to suggest subjects on which they wished to hear sermons, and if they would do so.

Fred. W. Poland.

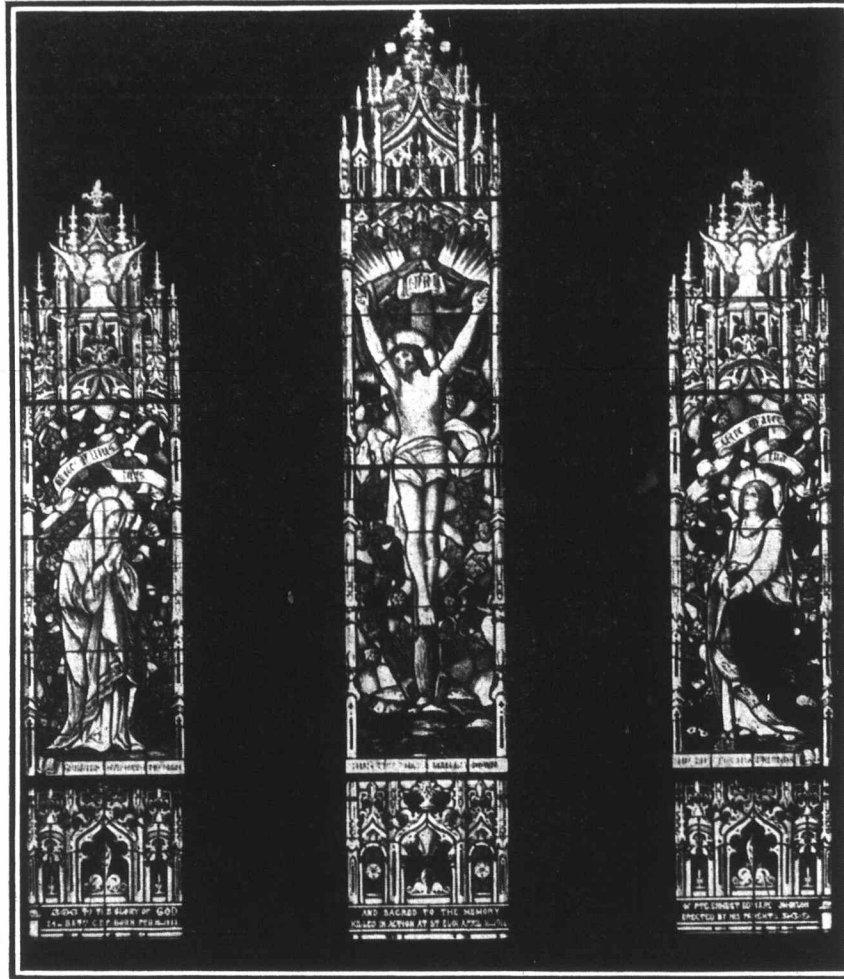
The Ven. Archdeacon Whittaker addressed a meeting under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary and the Daughters of the King, in All Saints' schoolhouse, Hamilton, on December 4th.

The Churchwoman

Toronto Diocesan W.A.

This month's Board meeting was held at St. Clement's, Riverdale, on December 6. The president was in the chair, and the Bishop of the diocese gave an address on "the woman of Samaria," referring to (1) the place of women in the Bible, and (2)

the literature department were remarkably instructive and well-attended. The E.C.D.F. (\$265.16) was divided between an electric light plant at St. George's Hospital, Alert Bay, and a boat for the McKay School at Le Pas, Saskatchewan. The financial receipts were: the treasurer, \$1,406.10; Dorcas, \$206.40; Juniors, \$20; Babies' Branch, \$341.70; literature, \$154.26; "Leaflet," \$394.43.



New East Window, St. Paul's Church, Stratford.

the individual nature of Christ's teaching. Miss Austin described the "Big Sister" movement, its encouragements, and its lack of workers. Miss Hague spoke sympathetically of the loyalty and the needs of India, especially of its women and children; of the hopelessness of many funerals there, of the difficulty, and the joy of teaching the true meanings of sin and of God. Mr. Vale cheered his audience with hopeful views of the Indian school children of Hay River, who are trained to go back to a normal Indian

Church News

Memorial Window Unveiled

A beautiful memorial window was recently unveiled in the east end of the chancel of St. Paul's Church, Stratford, Ont., in memory of Pte. Ernest Edward Johnson, of the 24th Battalion, C.E.F., who gave his life at the battle of St. Eloi on April 6, 1916. The window is the gift of his parents, and was dedicated by the

From a letter sent by the Bishop of Huron to his Clergy

I believe it to be the duty of everyone at this time to do his utmost to uphold what is the only honourable course for this country to pursue, and especially for us who are members of the Anglican Church, 200,000 of whose children from this Dominion have gone overseas to fight for our life and liberty, with the assurance from us that we would support them to the utmost of our power both in men and resources. It is unthinkable for us to withdraw now, and so desert not only the high cause which we championed so warmly at the first, but also our own flesh and blood, who have fought so valiantly in our stead. Loyalty to our brave fellow-Churchmen, as well as loyalty to the British Empire and Christian civilization in this great crisis, leaves no option but to support the Union Government.

life, with a new ideal, and who often become leaders amongst their people. During the month there has been an addition of three senior, two junior branches, and one new life member. By the way, last month, the making of Lindsay's last new life-member was credited to the Girls' Branch instead of the Juniors; The Babies' Branch is increasing rapidly, having 118 new members; and the "Leaflet" report shows an increase of 52, making 4,374 diocesan subscribers. The Mission study lectures carried on recently by

Ven. Archdeacon Davidson, of Guelph. The Archdeacon was assisted by the Rector, Rev. S. A. Macdonell, the former Rector, Rev. J. W. Hodgins, and Rev. Hubert J. Johnson, Rector of Port Dover and Rural Dean of Norfolk, brother of the departed hero. Pte. Johnson was a former choir boy in St. Paul's and subsequently a member of the adult choir. The subject of the memorial window is that of the Crucifixion and is treated in a three-light window. On the left in deep blue stands the grief-

stricken Virgin Mary, and on the right in deep crimson robes the Beloved Apostle with eyes uplifted to the cross in meditation. Over the top of the cross, upon which the Saviour with outstretched arms is giving His life for the sins of the world, is draped a robe of royal purple upon which rests a crown of gold. In the background is most artistically woven in subdued tones the passion flower and the vine with clusters of ripe grapes; and closer study reveals other symbols of the Christian faith and the sacrament. Bursting forth from above the central figure are the rays of the rising sun, beautifully and emblematic of the rising of the sun of righteousness and the hope of the resurrection. The window is from the studio of the N. T. Lyon Glass Co., Toronto, and reflects great credit on the artists.

Advocates Dominion-Wide Prohibition.

A very interesting lecture on National Service was delivered November 8th in the Holy Trinity Church Hall, Ottawa, by Sergt. B. Turner. The address was given under the auspices of the Parish Guild, and there was a large attendance of both members and friends. Sergt. Turner, in speaking on National Service, dwelt on a most special branch of the subject, temperance. In advocating Dominion-wide prohibition, the speaker showed that he had a clear idea of this particular subject. He also dwelt upon the fact that the Anglican Church of Canada was in favour of this movement, and urged upon his hearers to do all in their power to destroy the evil, which makes for inefficiency. Col. Chas. F. Winter occupied the chair.

Rectory Renovated.

The house adjoining St. Paul's Church, Wingham, Ont. (diocese of Huron) has been secured as a rectory, and has been thoroughly renovated, both inside and out. This together with the Mills Memorial Hall and the church make a very desirable property.

New Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Montreal.

The Rev. Justus J. S. Seaman, M.A., Bishop's Missionary in Church Extension Work on the Island of Montreal, has been elected Rector of St. Thomas' Church, in succession to the late Canon Renaud, and will enter upon his new duties at the beginning of the year. He is the son of the late Rev. John Seaman, a pioneer missionary of the diocese of Quebec, who worked for 18 years up the Gatineau, removing thence to Ontario in 1879, where he laboured for 20 years more in the diocese of Niagara. Mr. Seaman was educated at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, graduating in arts in 1903. He took his M.A. in 1907, was ordained deacon in 1903 and priest in 1904, and licensed as missionary at Grand Mere and travelling missionary of the Lake St. John and Upper St. Maurice district. He left here in 1906 to become Rector of North Hatley, where his work was attended by signal success. In 1911 he became Rector of Clarendon and was appointed Rural Dean in the following year. He came to Montreal to undertake his present work in 1912. In addition to parish duties, Mr. Seaman has filled many positions which evidences a wider interest than those within parish bounds. A short time ago it was learned that Bishop Dunn, of the diocese of British Honduras, had offered Mr. Seaman an archdeaconry in his new diocese. Happily, however, he has elected to remain in Montreal. His friends unite in wishing him many happy and fruitful years of work in the large and important east-end par-

ish to which he has been called. St. Thomas' Church has the unique distinction of being the only church in the diocese that has a lay patron. Mr. F. W. Molson kindly left the nomination to the congregation, and Mr. Seaman obtained an unanimous vote.

Montreal Notes.

A beautiful hand-illuminated honour roll, containing the names of men from All Saints' Church, Montreal, was unveiled by Lieut.-Col. I. P. Rexford on All Saints' Day. There are 102 names on the roll.

An honour roll, brass memorial tablets for two young men who have fallen at the front and a handsome brass memorial chancel rail, were recently dedicated by the Bishop of Montreal at Aylmer East. A beautiful silk memorial Union Jack has also been presented to the church.

The Rev. R. G. Ascah, B.A., was inducted as Rector of Farnham, on Thursday, November 15th. The acts of induction were performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Longhurst, and the

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Ellse, 46 Davidson street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Paterson Smyth.

Chaplains at the Front.

Referring to the work of the Canadian Chaplains at the taking of Passchendaele, General Currie says in a letter to Colonel Almond: "In looking over the casualty lists I see that three or four of your splendid Chaplains have been wounded. I have heard nothing but words of the very highest praise concerning their work in this operation. I hope they will be remembered when recommendations for immediate awards are put in."

Athabasca Notes.

The Bishop of Athabasca has just returned from several weeks' absence in the East, where he acted on the Deputation with other Western Bishops, preaching and addressing meetings in a number of places in the East. Before returning to headquarters at Peace River, the Bishop paid a short visit to the Athabasca district, where he conducted several confirmation services. He reports the work there, which is now under the sole charge of the Rev. S. B. Baron, where two years ago there were three clergymen working in this fast settling neighbourhood, to be progressing very favourably. A local paper says that the Bishop had a more strenuous time than usual. The Bishop hopes to spend the next few weeks at home, being occupied with diocesan clerical work.

The clergy of Athabasca are taking an interest in social work and always use their influence in prohibition work.

A successful sale of work has just been held by the workers of the St. James' Church, Peace River, W.A., when \$60 was raised. St. James' also possesses a healthy junior branch who have been working to provide clothing for a little Indian girl in our Mission school at Wabasca, which is in charge of the Ven. Archdeacon White.

A.Y.P.A. Entertains Returned Soldiers.

The members of the Anglican Young People's Association of the various churches throughout the city of Hamilton showed their admiration and appreciation of the services of the returned soldiers of that city at a reception held in Christ Church Cathedral school house, on Thursday evening of last week. No organization of the Anglican Church has become more depleted than the A.Y.P.A., owing to so many of its members having volunteered for active service, and they boast that not one eligible young man is at present to be found remaining at home, and that they are justly proud of their record. In spite of the loss they have sustained, those who are of necessity left behind, together with the assistance of the young ladies, are working to "keep the home fires burning till the boys come home."

The Spirit of Frivolity.

In the course of a sermon in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, on Sunday morning, December 2nd, on the "Dignity of Manhood," the Bishop of Ottawa drew attention, incidentally, to the contrast between the gravity of the situation everywhere at the front—in the indomitable cheerfulness and heroism of our men, with the spirit of frivolity that apparently prevails in some quarters at home. He said that "The time has come to utter an emphatic protest against the tone of mind that seeks to raise money for war needs by an entertainment which includes pyjama dances on its programme. Incidents of this character occur from time to time in our city.

These things ought not to be. They lead to harm and bitter harm, in ways and places which those who promote them do not dream of."

True to Our Trust.

The largest confirmation class in the history of the church at Port Dover, Ont., was held on Sunday, the 2nd inst., when 25 candidates were received by the Bishop of Huron. His Lordship delivered a strong sermon on the subject of truth. Because she was true, Britain had kept faith in accordance with her treaties. Throughout the entire world Britain had a record for integrity. The Canadian boys in the trenches were true to their trust and Canada would be true to the boys and the empire and return the Union Government with a true vote on December 17.

Enthusiastic Laymen's Meeting in Montreal.

In St. Stephen's Hall, Montreal, on Tuesday evening, November 27th, Anglican churchmen of the city had a comprehensive survey of the world situation given them by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Taylor, recently appointed secretary of the Anglican Laymen's Missionary Movement, and an enthusiastic, vivid portrayal of life and possibilities in the Northern Canadian wilds which extend from Edmonton to well within the Arctic Circle, by the Rev. Canon Gould, General Secretary of the M.S.C.C. Both men spoke of what they knew, because the Rev. Canon Gould has but lately returned from a trip far north on the Mackenzie River, and the Rev. Dr. Taylor was national secretary for China of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. for some years, and knows well the work in Japan and India. The Rev. Dr. Taylor said that the present situation in Japan is that the country has turned its back on Buddhism, and that thoughtful laymen are to-day prospecting for a religion. It would have to be either Christianity or nothing. In India the speaker found a series of mass movements towards rather than into the Christian Church, especially among the 60,000,000 men of

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the depressed classes. One Christian denomination reported that 30,000 had been admitted into their church in one year and 150,000 had been refused because of lack of leaders trained to take care of them. One single church had a waiting list of 1,000 members. It sounded like a club. Politically, the

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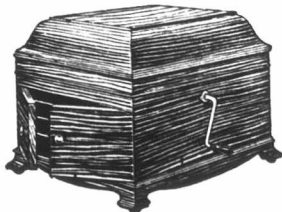
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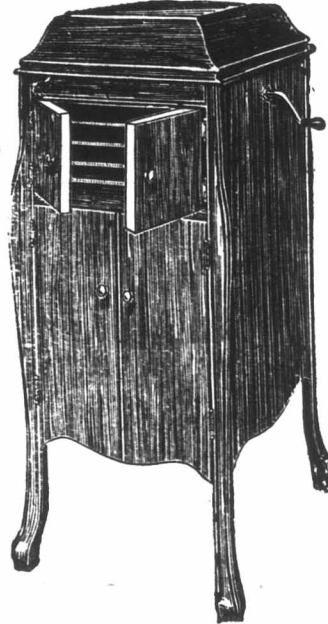
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The Rev. Canon Gould told of the enthusiasm shown at the Field Day of St. Andrew's College in the province of Honan, China. The populace gathered outside the barbed wires seven hours before the sports began, their enthusiasm being so great that in the afternoon they carried away barbed wire, police inside and a military force as well and swarmed out on the field. He told of the provisions made at Victoria, B.C., quarantine station to handle 10,000 coolies at one time during the coming winter. There were 4,400 when he was at Victoria recently and 2,200 went in the next day. He spoke glowingly of the possibilities in the country north of Edmonton, pointing out that the northern boundary of Alberta is in the same latitude as Petrograd and that there is a country of magnificent possibilities north of it. Mr. J. G. Brock moved, seconded by Mr. E. G. Parker, that an organized effort should be made to secure an increase in collections and subscriptions for funds of the Missionary Society. This was carried with applause. Professor Henry F. Armstrong presided, and Bishop Farthing closed the meeting with prayer.



New Rector of New St. Paul's, Woodstock.

On Sunday, December 2nd, the announcement was made that the Bishop of Huron had appointed Rev. (Capt.) E. Appleyard, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Church, London, to the vacant rectorship of New St. Paul's Church, Woodstock, Ont. Capt. Appleyard is at present serving as a Chaplain overseas, and was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in action at Vimy Ridge. No indication has been given as to when he will return to Canada to assume his new pastoral duties at Woodstock. Capt. Appleyard's record for good work in the Huron diocese is well known. In his first parish he established a new congregation and placed a church in it. In his London charge he added a new rectory. He was for years Rural Dean of East Middlesex, and is a member of the Dominion Council of the A.Y.P.A. A brother, Rev. Benjamin Appleyard, holds an important position in England as secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. His sister has been engaged for some time in mission work in Carcross, Yukon Territory. Mrs. Appleyard is a sister of the Rev. Herbert Gaviller, of Buffalo, N.Y. She is a relative of Rev. Cunningham Geikie, author of the "Life of Christ" and other well-known books, and her uncle, Dr. Geikie, was for many years Dean of Trinity Medical College, Toronto. A son of Mr. Appleyard joined the Navy when his father was appointed a Chaplain.



Dr. and Mrs. Rexford Made Life Members.

Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Rexford, Montreal, who have always been active and enthusiastic Sunday School workers, have recently received a certificate of life membership in the International Sunday School Association through the generosity of a friend, who donated the \$1,000 subscription fee which is the qualification for a life membership. Dr. Rexford was appointed chairman of the International Lesson Committee, at its last meeting at Cleveland, Ohio. Both Dr.

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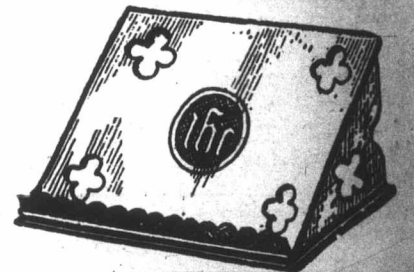
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and Mrs. Rexford attended the last meeting of the committee, which was held at Philadelphia the first week in December.

From a Chaplain's Letter.

"We had a Confirmation service on Thursday by the Bishop of New Westminster at Division H.Q., in the little 'St. George's Church,' built recently by Canon Scott. Our first service today was in my reading room in a ruined village—once a stable of brick and stone—last year a bath house—this morning a chapel. Lieut. Hemming remarked afterwards: 'I was thinking how near we were to the first Christmas, in a lowly stable, with the altar six feet from the manger, and worshippers from the ends of the earth, kneeling in adoration on the brick floor.' We salvaged three walls when we came here and half a corrugated iron roof and now have quite a neat room, much patronized. Second service at 9.30, followed by Holy Communion, attendance about 150 from many odd units. But for the voluntary service this evening, the cinema hut was barely large enough and 57 communicants remained. How the men do sing the familiar hymns! Six of them, chosen by themselves before the service. A Canadian Highlanders band accompanied, and Hon. Capt. F. L. Stephenson, C.F., from B.C., gave a fine address."

Activities of the Deaconess House.

The following items are gleaned from recent reports of the Principal of the Church of England Deaconess and Missionary Training House, Toronto. Eleven new students are in attendance this year. Of the graduates, Miss Rabajatti is at the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Mass.; Miss Jones is working in St. Peter's parish, and taking post graduate work at Wycliffe College; Miss Masters and Miss Peters have gone to China, and Miss Gandier to Western Canada; Miss Gibson, Miss Macrae and Miss Watts have joined the staff of the house. Miss Grant has taken up work in 'All Saints' parish, Windsor, Ont. During last summer a considerable extent of fresh air work was carried on, eighty-one persons having been given an outing at Allandale and other points. Mothers' meetings also were held at Centre Island. Among the visitors to the house have been the Bishops of Edmonton and Athabasca, Miss Elevelin, a C.M.S. missionary from China, Miss Sener, of the Z.B.M., Miss Hitchcox, Miss Shaw, Miss Martin, Mrs. Vale, Mrs. Trivett, and Miss Evelyn Roberts. Since September, 54 classes have been held in the Mission building with an aggregate attendance of 1,331. This does not include 99 S.S. classes taught, or the Saturday morning clinics. Addresses have been given by the Bishops mentioned above, by the Rev. Dyson Hague, and the Ven. Archdeacon Ingles. Students are working in the following Toronto parishes: All Saints', St. Cuthbert's, Ascension, St. John's, Norway Messiah, St. Peter's, Trinity East, Church of the Resurrection, and the Nathanael Institute.

Dedication of New Bell, St. John the Evangelist, London.

A very interesting ceremony took place at St. John the Evangelist Church, London, Ont., on Sunday morning, December 2, when a church bell, presented by the family of the late Judge Edward Elliott was dedicated by the Rector, in the absence of the Bishop. The following address was read by Canon Craig: "Dearly beloved in the Lord, forasmuch as devout holy men as well under the law,

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as under the Gospel, moved either by direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit, or by express command of God, or by their own reason and sense of the order and decency of things, have made gifts for the use and adornment of God's sanctuary; which pious works have been approved and graciously accepted by our Heavenly Father; let us not doubt that He will graciously approve our godly purpose of setting apart their present gift in a solemn manner to the purpose for which it has been given, and let us faithfully and devotedly beg His blessing on this our undertaking." After the address, prayers and supplications were made, and then, while all the congregation stood, Canon Craig said: "In the faith of Jesus Christ we dedicate this bell to the glory of God, and in loving memory of Edward Elliott and his widow, Harriet Rudd. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." A short peal was then rung. The bell has a sweet, as well as sonorous tone, which makes the gift acceptable and attractive. Gratitude is freely expressed by the congregation to the donors for their generous present, which is felt to be a great addition to the parish.

The Deep, Deep Snow

LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"REALLY, I think our President must be moonstruck." That was the general verdict of the dozen members of the Girls' Story Book Club, as with whisk and broom they vigorously brushed little drifts of snow from their clothing.

"To call us out in the wake of a three-days' snowstorm is outrageous," declared Jeannie Palmer.

"And on Christmas Eve—it's the limit!" added Grace Winters.

"I'm consumed with curiosity to know what Lorna's 'urgent business' is," remarked Flossie Payne.

Lorna Dennis, the President, was the last to arrive at the meeting she had so hastily called. "Girls," she began at once with characteristic vivacity, "I have such a piece of news. You know that the train is blocked up about a quarter of a mile below the station, and all the passengers will have to stay in Deepdale over Christmas. Well, you'd never guess—one of those snowbound travellers is Evelyn Fielding."

"Evelyn Fielding!" "Never!" "Not the author of 'Pure Gold' and 'Heart's Delight'?"

"The very same!" Lorna glowed at the evidences of the sensation her news had afforded. "When I heard she was there," she went on, "I didn't wait to find out anything more. For girls, the loveliest plan came into my head, and there wasn't a minute to spare. It's just this way. She was, no doubt, on her way to spend Christmas with friends, and just think how dreadful it must seem to her to be side-tracked in this little out-of-the-way place! Now, what I propose is that we all unite and help her to have a merry Christmas."

"Very good! But how can we?"

"I've thought it all out. We'll each get up the nicest present we can under the circumstances, and to-morrow morning early we'll go in a body to the White House, where she is staying, and present our gifts. She, perhaps won't value them for their actual worth, but when she understands they are a sort of votive offering at her shrine, maybe she'll be pleased."

The suggestion was unanimously adopted, and for an hour a dozen ardent brains and busy tongues were employed in perfecting the scheme. It was agreed that since the famous authoress had probably read every-

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thing they could lay their hands on, something "dainty and feminine" would be the safest kind of gift.

Having dismissed the Club and gone home to the little white cottage under the snowy hill, where the silver-haired little mother sat knitting in the glow of the firelight, Lorna centered her thoughts upon her own offering. What could she give? It was a difficult problem. Nothing within reach seemed an adequate expression of her ardent love and admiration of the unknown story-teller.

At length her despairing eyes fell upon a flourishing little monthly rose in the window. Roses! What could be sweeter, what more delicately expressive? The idea was an inspiration. "Mother," she cried eagerly, "I'd love to give a little bunch of those roses to Evelyn Fielding. Can we spare a few?"

"Surely, dearie," was her mother's ready answer. "It would be a lovely gift, and quite suitable. It must be for that very purpose the bush is blooming so luxuriantly. Take all you want."

At 9.30 Christmas morning the girls, all aquiver with excitement, presented themselves at the White House and enquired for Evelyn Fielding. "She is the real authoress, isn't she?" Lorna asked, "And please, is she 'Mrs.' or 'Miss.'?"

"Evelyn Fielding is single, and it's the genuine article all right," replied the hotel clerk flippantly and with an odd little smile. "The author—yes, we consider it quite an honour—went out half an hour ago. Oh yes, I'll be most happy to deliver the parcels. Good morning!"

Not a little disappointed, the delegation returned homeward. "Well, never mind," said Jeannie, the optimist, as they turned to go. "Our heroine will be almost sure to attend the Christmas service in the church this afternoon. We'll surely make her acquaintance then. Cheer up!"

Upon comparing notes the girls found that the offerings to their idol represented half a dozen lace-edged handkerchiefs, two bottles of perfume, two embroidered and lace-be-frilled tea aprons, a chiffon collar, some dainty lingerie, two jewelled side combs, a silver thimble and a box of flowers.

They were early at Church in the afternoon. There was no stiffness and little ceremony in this out-of-the-world little village, and friends, according to ancient custom, conversed freely when they met.

Suddenly Lorna, up in the choir, clutched wildly at Jeannie's arm. "That's Evelyn Fielding," she gasped, pointing to a tall, handsome stranger with a rose in his button-hole, "and she's a man!"

"Lorna! Impossible! How do you know?"

"Oh, I know! Listen!"

At that very moment the girls, tensely and painfully alert, heard the man addressed as "Mr. Fielding," and with chill sensations of horror, realized their ghastly mistake.

Jeannie of the side combs and Flossie of the aprons fell to giggling hysterically; Ruth of the baby-pink-ribbon-run lingerie began to cry softly from sheer embarrassment. But Lorna of the roses thought of a little note hidden in that box of sweetness, and her face took on a hue that made the rose at her throat look pale. This was the note:—

"Dear Evelyn Fielding,—These roses mean that I just love you for the sweet, good stories you have written. With all my heart I wish you a happy, happy Christmas.

"Lovingly yours,
"Lorna Dennis.

"P.S.—Won't you please wear one of these at church? Then I'll know you. I'm going to wear one, too. You'll see me in the choir. L.D."



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Lorna's hand made an impetuous movement to tear away the tell-tale blossom from her throat, but it was too late. The wearer of its twin sister at that very moment gave her a little smile of recognition.

At the close of the service eleven girls made a bee line for the door. The twelfth tried desperately, but ineffectually, to escape. Her way was barred by the man she was most desirous of avoiding, and before she quite knew how it happened, she had given him permission to "see her home."

Oh, that was a wonderful Christmas evening after all to Lorna of Deepdale, and to the little mother with silver hair. A host of brilliant stars kept watch above the snow-wreathed valley when Mr. Evelyn Fielding reluctantly left the glowing hearth fires behind.

"Don't imagine this is the end of the story—Lorna," he said as his hand closed warmly over hers.

It wasn't either. It was only the beginning.

WHEN TOMMY GOES TO SCHOOL.

When Tommy goes to school it takes Mamma and Kate and me To start him off, because he makes Quite work enough for three. Katie must find his coat and cap; I try to hear his rule. It's always an exciting time When Tommy goes to school.

Mamma must cut his sandwiches And lay in quite a stock, While Katie warms his rubbers well And I must watch the clock. He eats his breakfast first of all, While ours is getting cool. It's always an exciting time When Tommy goes to school.

Next Katie brings his handkerchief; I tell him he'll be late; Mamma then kisses him good-bye Just as it's half-past eight. And Katie, buttoning up his coat, Says, "He's naebody's fool!" It's always an exciting time When Tommy goes to school. —Our Little Ones.

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Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

I have been imagining you all week busy with your Christmas trees and wondering how you are getting on with them. I am expecting some rather good ones, too. It feels very like Christmas, too, to-day, for the snow is so deep and the trees so laden down that one only hopes all the beauty won't be gone by December 25th. I heard sleigh bells for the first time this winter, this morning, and I suppose that we shall keep on hearing them for a few months now. All this snow and these icicles—I have a long fringe of them on my window-sash—are very beautiful to look at, but they mean that it is very cold weather, and that means that somebody somewhere has not enough food or fire to keep warm; then that makes us wonder what we can do to help, and if we begin to wonder in earnest, it won't be long before we can find out somebody who needs our love and practical sympathy, shown by gifts of warm clothes or toys. Have you ever tried making yourself into a Santa Claus? My sister and I used to do that on Christmas Eve, and I remember even now how excited we used to be, how determined to disguise ourselves with cloaks and caps, as we rushed off with arms full of parcels to some very poor people whom we knew about. We were shy, too, about going ourselves, and at first wanted to send things, but we had a very wise mother who knows about a great many things and she said, "Go yourselves; they'll like it ever so much better if they think you've taken the trouble to go out yourselves," and she was right; they did.

I have to stop now, but I wonder how many little mysterious Santa Clauses will be planning surprises for this Christmas? I just wonder!

Your affectionate Cousin,
Mike.

THE SECOND NUMBER.

(Continued from page 797.)

"Well, my own mother doesn't know that yet," replied Dick. "It's not a week since they dropped on me from the skies. Now then, let's share up." And sure they did, and equally in spite of the Sergeant's remonstrances, breaking in half bars of chocolate, and even drawing lots between a handkerchief and a pair of bootlaces. (And when Dick's parcel arrived in time for the New Year, they shared alike again.)

"It was lucky for me your mother wrote my name on your parcel, Bill," said Dick, as they sat together smoking some Canadian tobacco after an excellent Christmas dinner. "I shouldn't have had a bit of 'Christmas' from home if it hadn't been for her, but I'm blown if I can think what made her do it; I can't make it out."

"No more can I," confessed Bill candidly, "but it's surprising how friendly people seem to be getting at home. I suppose it's the war."

"And Christmas," added Sergeant Dick.

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"Is a United Quebec to Rule All Canada?"

To-day, in our national crisis, Quebec alone among all the provinces stands more united than ever before. She knows what she wants:

- (1) Withdrawal from the war.
- (2) Bilingual schools everywhere.
- (3) Weakening of the ties of British connection.
- (4) Political control of Canada.

From the Ottawa River to Labrador and the Gulf, a common purpose actuates Quebec in her determination to profit by the factional divisions of Canada and to impose her will upon all the people of Canada.

Within the last few weeks, Quebec has mobilized all her forces to dominate Canada under the unified leadership of Bourassa and Laurier. Canada knows that these two men in their earlier days were personal friends and political associates. Canada knows how in recent times they gradually drew apart—until in 1911 Bourassa opposed Laurier and helped to bring about his defeat, at the polls. Canada knows that from that time forward, until a few weeks ago, the breach between them steadily widened until envy and hatred each toward the other became the possession of both. Bourassa and his followers were anathema to Laurier.

Should not the people of Canada ask themselves, before it is too late, why these two men have suddenly agreed to bury the past, why this sudden embrace each of the other? If we will but let the scales drop from our eyes the answer is obvious. The all-compelling influences of Quebec have combined to force the union of Laurier and Bourassa in the common purpose of French-Canadian domination.

We concede the right of French-Canadians to make common cause of anything they think it is in their interests so to do. This is a free country. But as the French-Canadians have already combined to assert their views, it is the duty of the hour that we English-speaking Canadians get together and present to Quebec a united front in the defence of our rights. This is imperative.

With sixty solid seats Quebec is about to accomplish her designs. Bourassa, the real master and idol of Quebec, is in sight of his goal.

To attain her purpose, Quebec has not scrupled to ignore British traditions and to suppress freedom of speech. So thoroughly organized is her campaign to prevent even the discussion

of the war that Unionist candidates are prevented from holding public meetings throughout that Province. The Unionist minority in Quebec are the victims of organized obstruction.

To be successful in her determination to rule all Canada, Quebec has but to secure a few seats in each of the other Provinces. Quebec leaders now seek to divide the rest of Canada into factions by insidiously bringing into political discussion old-time party questions, to divert the public mind from Quebec, her purpose and her ambitions.

United in her determination to quit the war, Quebec would compel a divided Canada to do likewise. By union only can the English-speaking people prevent this calamity.

However well-meaning Laurier candidates in Ontario may be, they will be helpless against a united Quebec.

Apart from the splendid work of the small English-speaking population, Quebec has failed the Red Cross, has failed the Patriotic Fund, has failed in recruiting and has failed in the Victory Loan. Dare we trust our soldiers, their wives, their children, their pensions and their allowances to Quebec, that will neither give, enlist nor invest, and which will resist taxation for the support of our men and their dependents?

Canada must decide whether she will become a deserter and quit with Russia, or fight to the end for liberty with Belgium. This decision must not be dictated by the only Province which has shirked its obligations throughout the war.

All Canada knows that Germany has been working through agents, spies and bribes in every country in the world. The latest evidences are the revelations recently made to the world by President Wilson. Do we Canadians think the Kaiser has overlooked Canada? If we do, what a fool's paradise!

Germany benefits by division among her enemies. Upon whom would she look in Canada as furthering her designs? Not Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Rowell and their colleagues in the Union Government. That is certain. But can the same be said with respect to the leaders in the Province of Quebec whose attitude in this war is against Canada's continuation in the war. We regret to be compelled to say these things, but we must not shut our eyes to facts.

The Citizens' Union Committee, anxious for the maintenance of British ideals and traditions, views with alarm the menace of French-Canadian domination with its inevitable influence upon the home, the school and the state.

We, therefore, call upon all English-speaking men and women to realize that—Canada, divided by political factions and old-time party questions, is at the mercy of a united Quebec. Union Government alone can save Canada from the menace of French-Canadian domination.

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