

ember 4, 1919.

Canadian Churchman

Happy. I heard a
 ing in the kitchen.
 and see what it
 at burning was on
 sure I heard soft
 The clock ticked
 n't work. Twelve
 as very late com-
 y, you may know,
 its opposite to me
 felt wretched. I
 s, spies and detec-
 eaked. I sat still
 gazed across the
 oor. I could have
 I stood up on the
 ed to keep cool.
 my legs. I noticed
 n behind a photo
 ce and found five
 them for comfort.
 lemnly. Half-past
 garden gate clang-
 py rushed into the
 have you been?"
 "You know how
 makes me when
 re you are." "I've
 flock," said Happy,
 she usually speaks
 the people I look
 you're dreadfully
 am," said Happy,
 weary. And it is
 to come in and find
 mile nor a cup of
 for one. I shall
 toffee drops I've
 t!" I cried, "I've
 good reason, too,
 time." And I told
 e peeper and the
 ange noises. Tell-
 things worse. We
 g we generally for-
 went nervously up-
 ertain someone hor-
 ing up the ivy and
 face through the
 We slept but light-
 fying dreams, and
 hearts to see dawn
 roofs.
 vnstairs first. She
 morning was sunny.
 en I heard a shriek
 "Murdered!" I gasp-
 with my safety razor,
 the hall Happy
 ome at once, you
 Come and see!" I
 m, all goldy in the
 window sill lay a
 Michaelmas daisies.
 aced there the night
 r shadow who stole
 the window and took
 beautiful eyes seemed
 e came with affec-
 were afraid. We
 and you gave sus-
 a Chum!"
 said Happy. "We
 and shut out-
 es!"—V. T. Pomeroy
 monwealth.



WAS RIGHT
 e is not anything
 eet. Everything has
 ur feet.
 w two things that's
 are they, Tommy?
 rd and a three-legged
 AD FORGOTTEN.
 ted for his absent-
 t to the market town
 his business. He
 way home, however,
 sant conviction that
 something, but what
 not recall. As he
 conviction strength-
 times he stopped his
 carefully through his
 a vain endeavor to
 e had forgotten. In
 eached home and was
 ghter, who looked at
 and then exclaimed:
 where have you left

"Glory to God in the highest and on
 earth peace to the men of goodwill."

Christmas - - 1919

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Canadian Churchman

Toronto, December 11th, 1919.

A Happy Christmas to You All

Here's to Our Empire —You, Sir, You!

JESMOND DENE

"And he hadde ben some tyme in chivalrye,
In Flaundes, in Artoys, and Picardie. . . .
Embroidred was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was or flutyng al the day;
He was as fresshe as is the month of Maye. . . .
Wel cowde he sitte on hors and faire ryde,
He cowde songes make and wel endite,
Jouste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and
write. . . .
Curteous he was, lowely and servysable."

WE have seen the Prince in all kinds of occupations, attitudes, costumes, under all sorts of circumstances, and he has always been equal to them. In uniform; in "civies"; grave; merry; motoring, golfing, dancing; paying tribute to the heroic memories of Montcalm and Wolfe; decorating the men who are his own comrades; saluting the *habitant* in the name of his dead son; speaking in their own beautiful language to French audiences; standing at attention; engulfed by rejoicing crowds; making speeches; receiving degrees; determined to meet "everyone;" shaking hands with "the people who did the dirty work in the war;" happy because "doesn't the *Renown* look splendid!" entertaining children on board his ship; amused at the "intensified barrage" of the movie men; surrounded by cheering miners lighting up the darkness with their twinkling lamps; admitted as Chief Daystar by Indian rites; "anxious to meet every one of you (veterans) separately," and "intensely delighted to visit you;" "particularly touched by the greetings at small stations" along the line of travel; showing tender courtesy to the old; gay comradeship with the young; quick sympathy with the maimed and sorrowful; unselfish responsiveness to all.

Why do all sorts and conditions vie with one another in enthusiasm, from white-haired veterans of the Mutiny, to little girls with offerings of roses and red apples, and little boys acting as volunteer outriders, and sober business men, not ashamed to offer him their loving homage? He has been everywhere amongst us, and no matter what the strain, what the demand, he has always been perfectly himself, perfectly natural; and is the embodiment of all that we love most—youth, hope, courage, courtesy, kindness, modesty; and more, to each one of us, according to our condition, he is as it were, the lover of our youth, the son of our maturity, the darling of our old age.

This merry lad, so full of laughter and enjoyment, has yet a statesman's sense of his "grave yet inspiring responsibilities"; a statesman's insight into great issues, into typical or critical situations. In St. John, N.B., in voicing "the warm regard of the King, my father, for his Canadian subjects, strengthened by new and deep appreciation of their splendid services during the war," he reminds us all that "we have seen our British principles and ideals sharply outlined against the burning light of a supreme emergency, and there have learned more clearly what the unity of the Empire means, both to ourselves and to the world at large." In Quebec, after referring to his "pride that so many of us have met on active service," he makes his appeal to the unifying principle—"Now that we have won the war, we can look back to our forbears of

that time, 1759—with the pride of men who have justified their ancestry and maintained their great traditions."

Winnipeg men, after speaking of his newly acquired ranch in Alberta, and the "catching Western spirit," he reminds that they are "trustees of British institutions in the North West, with its absolutely new country in the



(From a photograph taken in France)

making, its splendid population to assimilate, and its amazing possibilities," "a great responsibility, but with your free and vigorous spirit you are fully equal to it." Again, in Montreal, referring to the need for mutual understanding, he characterized the union of the two races in Canada as "never a matter of merely political

convenience . . . but an example of the highest political wisdom, a later example of the union between England and Scotland, which brought Great Britain herself into existence as a political unit. The spirit and genius of both races," he continued, "are closely interwoven throughout the Dominion, and not only in the East but in the West, do both share the honours of early exploration and settlement. . . . The secret in Canada is the same as it is in Great Britain. It lies in freedom of speech, freedom of language and mutual respect."

Addressing the Empire and Canadian clubs in Toronto, in his perfectly natural way, he reminds us that "Canada cannot afford to be one-sided," and "hopes that Ontario will set the lead by showing that all classes may pursue their legitimate interests without forgetting the welfare of the Dominion and Empire as a whole." "The welfare of the Empire, that is the big question"; and then he passes on to discuss "our grand form of Empire, composed of many nations of different origins and different languages," giving their allegiance, not merely to a mother country, but "to a great common system of life and government, in common fealty to the King who stands for the heritage of common aims and ideals, shared equally by all parties, sections and nations within the British commonwealth." Lastly, at Halifax, gathering up the impressions of his travels and intercourse, his parting word is of "all that Canada stands for on the North American continent. You are the guardians of British institutions on this continent; your development as a nation of increasing power and influence will be one of the most potent factors in determining relations between the British Empire and the United States."

As we consider some of these wise, yet simple, utterances, we cannot forget that they are the utterances of him who, please God, will one day be our King. This simple courtesy, this unfeigned delight in things, belong to one who, though he is "comrade" is also Prince, heir of the ages, tracing his descent through Hanoverian, Stuart, Tudor, Plantagenet, back to the first adventurer chiefs who landed on the white coast of Kent and Sussex 1,500 years ago, and founded the kingdom of Wessex which was to expand into the kingdom of united England. This joyous boy is the embodiment and representative of all our mighty past; the past of struggle and achievement; the past of England and her children; prince of democrats he may be, yet it is something much deeper than any political shibboleth; he has been born and trained to the great traditions of *noblesse oblige*, of duty and service, for which our Royal House stands and which our King and Queen so wonderfully personify, as *Bartimaeus* has just reminded us in his moving tribute to "the beloved familiar figure" whom the whole Empire saluted in its Victory March.

"My husband met you at the front," a woman said as she came out of the darkness to greet the Prince at a wayside station. And in a sense we have all of us met him at the front. There, he has told us, "I found my manhood;" that disciplined beautiful manhood, which he places so freely, at the service of his countrymen, giving himself away all the time in generous self-forgetting courtesy, friendliness, sympathy; linking us all together in delighted homage; making us all one in love for him.

It lives and glows and is alive in him, the glorious past, the absorbing present, the un-

(Continued on page 793.)

THE MANGER KING

Rev. H. A. WEST, L.Th., St. Catharines, Ontario

Mr. West's stories are a feature for which our readers look in all our Special Numbers

IT was the month of Tebeth, in the year 5 B.C. The short winter day was drawing to its close. The wind from the snow-crowned mountain ridges of distant Tekoa blew cold down the Bethlehem valley, causing the belated traveler to wrap more closely his long mantle or sheepskin about him. Bilshan the shepherd, driving a small flock of sheep before him on the road, was weary. He had been on the road all day bringing his flock from beyond Hebron, to add to the Temple flocks on the Bethlehem plains, a gift from Ephraim the Hebronite. A mile or more now and he would reach his destination and join his companions and find rest and refreshment. Absorbed in these thoughts, he did not notice the rapid approach of some twenty-five horsemen till they were almost upon him. He shouted to his flock and tried to drive them to one side of the road, but too late. The next moment the horsemen galloped past, scattering the sheep in every direction and leaving several lying maimed and dead on the highway.

With a bitter curse, Bilshan started to gather together the remnant, when the horsemen stopped and one of them riding back called to him:—

"Ho, Jew, which road to the palace?"

Bilshan pointed with his staff. "Straight ahead, O Roman, till thou findest the khan; turn there and thou wilt see it in the distance."

The Roman looked ahead into the gathering dusk, then spoke again:—

"Lead on, Jew, and guide us."

"But my sheep," the shepherd cried, "they will be scattered ere I return."

The soldier raised his short whip and bringing it down across the speaker's shoulders, said with an oath:—

"Dog of a Jew, on, lest thou wouldst worse than the loss of thy cursed sheep!"

Bilshan knew resistance was impossible, to refuse was to court death, so without further pleading he ran sullenly ahead of the horsemen and led the way. When the great palace finally appeared in the distance, the Roman Captain tossed him a small coin and bade him return. The Jew stood watching the horsemen till they galloped out of sight, up the steep hill leading to the gates of Herod's magnificent fortress-palace, then, shaking his fist in that direction cried:—

"May the curse of the God of Israel light upon thee, O Roman, and upon all thy wolf-brood." All the bitter animosity of the Jew, groaning under the hated foreign dominion, gave



flame to his personal grievance as he continued:—

"When Messiah cometh, thou shalt be repaid, yea, blow for blow, blood for blood, yea and more, thou uncircumcised dog of a heathen."

He made his way back to his former place and found there his sheep. They had not scattered far. Dragging the maimed and dead left by the Romans, from the roadway, he drove the rest on, but it was dark before he reached his waiting companions.

As he sat that night by the fireside, having partaken of the frugal fare of his kind, he told his friends of the incident that had delayed him. They listened in silence till he had finished, then several added their curses to his. "When will Messiah come?" cried one. "How long, O Israel, how long shall the heathen oppress the children of Jehovah? How long shall the seed of our father Abraham bear the insults of these dogs of Rome?"

"He will come," cried another, "and then will Israel repay. Have not the holy prophets foretold that Jehovah shall avenge His chosen, yea, they who now grind us down shall serve us—and by the Temple—we will remember."

"Peace, brethren," an old man spoke quietly. "For our sins and the sins of our fathers we suffer. Messiah will come when Israel be ready. Hath not the Rabbis taught us that if Israel repent for one day He will come?"

The younger men listened impatiently and Bilshan broke in,

"Let Israel repent, yea, my brother, but have we not paid, Egyptian, Babylonian, Syrian, and now Rome? Shall there be no end to our suffering, have we not paid in full? We are the chosen of Jehovah, we have the Law, we have the Temple. Shall not Messiah the King come soon and scatter these heathen worshippers of the no-gods?"

For an hour or two the talk continued. Quiet, sturdy, simple men, much alone, they had little knowledge of the true condition of the nation; to them it was the chosen people, now groaning under an evil and all-powerful oppressor. They longed and waited for the promised Messiah, nor could they understand why so long He delayed His coming. As the night drew on, one by one they wrapped themselves up in their shepherd cloaks and lay down about the fire to sleep, till all but Bilshan and a lad who watched slumbered.

About the third watch of the morning, Bilshan arose and slowly made his way through the sleeping men, out into the plain to the edge of the hills where the sheep were scattered. As he reached it he turned to retrace his steps, but stopped suddenly; the plains had become as light as day, and, over the distant spot where his companions slept, shone a light, brighter than the sun. He saw the frightened lad rouse the men, who, starting up, huddled together looking up into the dazzling heavens. Then suddenly appeared, above the group, a glorious figure, clad in sparkling white robes. Bilshan heard a voice, but could not catch the words that were spoken. The next instant the heavens seemed to roll back like a scroll and, lo, there appeared a mighty

host, thousands upon thousands of bright beings like the first, who broke into song, such a sound as Bilshan had never heard:

"Glory to God on high, on earth peace to men of goodwill."

Bilshan stood silent in amazement long after the song had ceased and the great host had disappeared. At last he came to himself and running to his companions, cried out, "What meaneth the vision, my brethren?"

They shouted and clamored about him, pointing to the distant village:

"The Messiah, the Messiah, He hath come, He hath come!"

Bilshan gave a shout of joy. "The Messiah, where is He, where may we find Him? O woe to thee, Rome, and thee, O Herod, tool of the Roman."

"In Bethlehem, as foretold by the prophet, thus saith the angels," cried one. "Come, let us away to find Him."

"Stay," cried another. "We go not empty-handed: come, a gift for the Messiah."

His companions caught up the cry and hastily selected several lambs. These some of the shepherds swung up to their sturdy shoulders, then, shouting and exultant, started for Bethlehem, leaving a lad to stand on guard.

When they reached the village, the sound of their outcry brought a number of the villagers out who, when they heard their message, "Messiah hath come," left their houses to follow them. Bilshan tarried a little way behind. His heart was too full for utterance. At last the longed-for hour of his nation was at hand; in fancy he saw the newly come King, leading on the Armies of Israel, while Roman, Syrian, Egyptian fell before them.

The crowd had swept on down the dark street to where a lamp shone out of the khan at the other end of the village. Led by the shepherds, they crowded about the entrance until the keeper appeared, demanding what they sought. They cried to him, "Messiah, where is Messiah?"

He stared at them in amazement; then answered:—

"I know not of what ye speak, my brethren, I have not heard of Messiah coming, there is none here—save a newly born babe, who, with his parents, Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, lieth in the cave, for we had not room for them in the inn."

"'Tis He, 'tis Messiah," cried one of the shepherds and they crowded through the entrance-way into the court that led to the cave. Bilshan stopped, he would have asked what they meant, but his friends had entered the yard.

"The babe," he said, "what did it mean, was this the promised Messiah? If the promised One were such, where was the hope of Israel?" He could not understand, so followed after his companions.

As he crossed the opened courtyard in which were tethered asses and camels of those who had come to Bethlehem for the census, he saw a light shining out of the cave mouth. He walked to the entrance and slowly entered. It was strangely silent, a small lamp of earthenware smoked overhead, upon a long shelf of earth built up on one side of the cave lay a young woman, scarcely out of girlhood. She lay upon a sheepskin covering a pile of straw, and on her breast slept a babe. About the two the shepherds were grouped, some kneeling, some standing, their faces filled with joy and adoration. One of them was silently offering to a tall, bearded stranger, a man of forty years of age or more, the lambs that they had brought. Bilshan watched the group silently a few minutes, then turned and made his way back to the road. Silently he returned to the distant flocks.

So this was the Messiah, this, the babe of peasant parents, this One was the Hope of Israel, born in a manger, His best shelter a wayside khan. Bilshan thought of Rome, of Herod, of the mighty power of the hated foreigner—and then of the babe. He laughed bitterly, why it would be years before this One could do ought—and then how could He face the world's master? Power and force only availed and whence were these to come from the babe he had seen?

When his companions rejoined him, they were still filled with excitement over the event of the night. Sleep was impossible and till early morning they sat about the fire, discussing the wonderful thing that had come to pass. What did it mean? They could not tell. That His Kingdom

(Continued on page 798.)

Lieut.-Col. the Rev. Canon Scott

by STANLEY GILBEY, Toronto

The following article was sent in by Mr. Stanley Gilbey, who served for some time as a Private with the First Canadian Division, as his tribute to one of Canada's Chaplains who has made for himself a name that is loved by every man of the Division.

ON the occasion of my first meeting with "Canon Scott," our battalion was out "on rest" in a little French village called Beaufort. It was springtime, and the birds were singing in the blossom-laden orchard. The sky was blue, and war seemed very far away.

Our billet was an ancient barn roofed with red tiles; through the many cracks the sunbeams filtered, touching the cobwebs with a gleam of gold. It was a Sunday afternoon and the boys were engaged in various peaceful pursuits. Some were writing home—some were reading—some

efforts to keep two alter candles burning whilst a mischievous breeze insisted on extinguishing them.

On one grey morning, when the boys were about to "go over" the Canon appeared (as he always did, though repeatedly "ordered back") and, discovering two of us endeavouring to rest in a "funk-hole" dug into the wall of the trench, adjusted an imaginary eyeglass and drawled: "Aw—so *this* is the dug-out you were speaking of, sir."

The work of the day over he often visited us at our various "posts" and laughed and joked with a gaiety that charmed horror away. One evening he told us his "tried and proven" scheme for obtaining a meal at a "strange Officers' Mess" without a formal invitation. He always carried, he said, a tin of "bully beef" and two army biscuits in his pockets, which at meal time he solemnly carried to the nearest brigade headquarters mess. Putting them down on the table he asked politely if he might "eat them there." "It always worked," he continued. — "Put that stuff away," the Brigadier would roar.

On the eve of the Canal du Nord battle, Canon Scott was the "guest" of our company headquarters. I was on duty there. About midnight a boy was wounded outside the shack, and the stretcher bearers brought him in for attention. The Canon tenderly held him up whilst the men bandaged him. "Does it hurt much, my boy?" he asked, and the boy, not noticing the questioner, answered, "It hurts like hell." Then he recognized the Canon. "I beg pardon, sir," he said. Canon Scott smilingly replied: "Don't worry about that, my ears are automatic ones that close when anything is said that they shouldn't hear." That was all. He was always the same, always ready to prove with words and deeds that his was a religion of love.

Some time after this he was wounded rather seriously in "going over" with the boys, and we missed him more than we cared to say. Then, when the fighting was over, and our battalion returned to England, I saw him again, and it was good to see him. A friend and I were on leave in London, and were strolling down the crowded Strand. Suddenly we heard a shouted "hello," and across the street we saw "the old Canon" brandishing a walking stick (which he was compelled to use now) in an effort to attract our attention. We stopped and he hobbled across the street to us. "Recognized the old red patch a mile away," he said, and we were just as glad as he was that he had recognized it. People turned and stared, as we two Privates and a Lieutenant-Colonel exchanged animated greetings.

On the day our leave ended, when we were enconced in a third-class carriage of the train to camp, who should arrive on the platform but Canon Scott. Securing a first-class compartment next to ours on the ground that he would "sooner travel third-class with soldiers than first-class with civilians," he climbed in amongst us, and enlivened the journey with his usual wit. Dur-

REV. CANON SCOTT, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Senior Chaplain of First Division, C.E.F.

were doing their weekly "mending." A big Irishman was bemoaning the fact in very "un-Sunday-like" language that he had no cigarettes. The Canon entered unnoticed—and the unrestrained language went on. Then — "Is it only cigarettes you need, my boy?"—and Canon Scott smilingly proffered a packet of "Pall Malls" to the now greatly embarrassed Irishman. "Well, boys," said the Canon, "it's a fine afternoon. If you feel like listening I'll tell you a few yarns underneath the trees out here." The boys did not need coaxing. Canon Scott was a veritable "Pied Piper"—and was always followed by a train of eager friends. We all adjourned to the orchard, and there, under the trees, he told us of his memorable trip to Rome, when he escorted "forty wild Canadians" on a leave tour. The boys listened, applauded, laughed—and yet, I learned later, to my surprise, most of them had heard the same story before—in divers places and circumstances. Since then I too have heard it again. A something though in the telling of it makes the story ever new. The Canon's charm makes it as fresh and as welcome as the recurring rainbow.

After that well remembered day I saw him often. Our battalion (we were Machine Gunners) was without a Chaplain of its own, and Canon Scott paid us many visits. On one occasion he celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—under the glory of a summer sky—using a fallen tree trunk as an altar. Well do I remember his

ing the journey he made a startling discovery. "Do you know," he said, "it was a Machine Gunner who was the cause of my wound. I bought a pair of German binoculars from one of them for a souvenir, and it was whilst I was trying with them to decrease the distance between myself and the enemy that a shell came over and spoiled things." The boy next to me—with a face of scarlet blunted out apologetically, "I—I'm sorry, Canon—I—I guess it was me that was the cause." The Canon hesitated not a moment. Holding out his hand he said: "Well—well—glad to renew our acquaintance. I beat you on the price of those binoculars anyway"—and added triumphantly—"I've still got them, too."

It was our good fortune to have Canon Scott with us on our homeward voyage, and I shall never forget this final Church service, held on board the "Empress of Britain," and his last benediction, nor I think will any of the boys who were present. The service was a fitting close to his work amongst us. With every member of the First Canadian Division his memory will live as a hero in the truest sense. To him I, with my comrades, tender a lasting gratitude, admiration, and love.

HERE'S TO OUR EMPIRE—YOU, SIR, YOU!

(Continued from page 791.)

known, alluring future; and when he speaks of himself as "wishing to be known amongst us as a Canadian, in mind and spirit," he is voicing a real political truth. It is because he has entered so completely into sympathy with us all, with each of us; because his birth and training no less than his personality make him the Empire's representative in a way possible only for himself and for his Majesty. It is in *My King, My Prince*, that each of us is able to feel himself perfectly represented, and in none beside. And it is because our Prince possesses the interpretative sympathy of the true Englishman. Not for nothing is Mr. Great-Heart found at the Interpreter's. Our Prince has served with the Great-Hearts of the Empire; he is one of them; yet his home is at the Interpreter's House. And now in his ideally representative character he is setting himself to the task of interpreting us all to ourselves and to each other, by means of the key which is in his own possession. "Nothing can ever go wrong with the Empire if we all maintain this constant personal intercourse, and understand each other's point of view."

There is awe and mystery in all this greatness; there is pathos in the burden of these grave yet inspiring responsibilities; there is the unquenchable hope of the future which is in the hands of the young.

The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord: exceeding glad shall he be of Thy salvation.

And a new note of depth and fervour comes into our prayer—God bless the Prince of Wales! God save the King!

The Heaven of Love.

*I rose at midnight & beheld the sky
Down thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from his hand
Upon the floorways of his house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their courses by wisdom planned,
The weary waste, the gulfs no sight hath spanned,
And endless time for ever passing by.*

*Then, filled with wonder & a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head,
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.*

Frederick George Scott.

Facsimile of Canon Scott's poem from "Canadian Singers and Their Songs" (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto), which contains portraits and facsimile writings of many Canadian poets.

The Raven's Tale

ESKIMO FOLKLORE

Rev. A. L. FLEMING, L.Th., Toronto

IT was in the winter of the deep snow while on a visit to a small village situated under the shadow of a rocky headland at the extreme end of a long island that the stranger first met the "Raven." Previous to his arrival at this centre of human habitation in the arctic the hunting had been very poor as the weather conditions made it impossible for the men to secure seals.

When "he who comes from beyond the sea" arrived at the camp the "Raven," although a total stranger to him, immediately invited him to be his guest and did everything in his power to meet the stranger's wishes and needs, so that in a very short time "he who comes from beyond the sea" settled down to life in this snug, if primitive, Arctic home. The next day the "Raven" and practically all of the other hunters went off at dawn, and returned at dusk, each bringing with them one or more seals, to the intense joy and satisfaction of all. Certainly the stranger had not brought ill-luck!

After the feasting was over, and while the others were gossiping in the various dwellings, the "Raven" sat alone with his guest in his hut of snow and seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with life in general and himself in particular. No wonder! thanks to the arrival of the stranger he had had two meals of foreign food, consisting of hard tack biscuit and tea; then at the feast he had gorged himself with seal meat so that now even he considered he had had enough!

The first result of so much nourishment for the body was a visit from Morpheus, who soon had the "Raven" safely folded in the arms of "nature's soft nurse." By and by the sleeper awoke and in due time became interested in his visitor. What kind of sledges did the white man have in his country? Was it true that he had sledges which ran along without dogs to pull them? Were the seals in the white man's country the same as these here? etc. After the visitor had done his best to answer the questions and satisfy the curiosity of the "Raven," which seemed to rival his appetite for seal meat, it occurred to the visitor that if a similar interest were displayed in the Eskimo ideas of things it would not appear out of place.

Proceeding from the general to the particular it was soon apparent that the "Raven" had not only taken the stranger into his snow hut but was willing to take him into his confidence also, and for the time being at any rate was, like Solomon of old, prepared to tell his new-found friend all that was in his heart—things which the foreigner had sought to learn with so little success in other quarters.

Strange and weird tales were told that night as these two men sat alone without interruption, save when the storyteller stopped to relight his old stone pipe, which in the excitement and interest of his own narration he had allowed to go out. At such times he would inform his hearer that tobacco was a most pleasant kind of food, and that he hoped the white man had plenty more of it!

The scene was one worthy of a Rembrandt. There sat the Eskimo with his long, tangled black hair brushing his shoulders; his wrinkled old face with scraggy beard; his eyes glittering when he became roused; while the shadow on the sides of the hut caused by the light from the spluttering blubber lamp of stone (not to mention the stench of the fumes), added to the weirdness of the scene which was calculated to make an indelible impression upon the white man.

It would be impossible to record here all the interesting things which came from the lips of the "Raven" that night, or from others amongst the people at different times; mention can be made of only a few. Nor can such stories as are related be given in the words of those who spoke them, because to do so would require a feat of memory greater than even Pelmanism could make possible, and to have taken notes at the time would have destroyed any chance of a continuation of the stories.

No feature of Eskimo folklore is of greater interest than that which relates to death. To people who are so essentially primitive owing to the adverse conditions under which they are forced to live, death is looked upon with peculiar terror, and the wailing in an Eskimo encampment after a death has occurred is painful to hear.

In spite of this the Eskimo do not consider death the end of existence and that is the reason, doubtless, why these people after a time seem to forget their bereavement so completely. Their grief is due to their own sorrow for the loss of the departed one. Living as they do in such small communities the death of one of their number is a material loss to all.

When death occurs they believe that the soul remains in, or near, the body for three days and then takes its departure to either the Upper or Lower World.

According to the "Raven" and others, both of these worlds are relatively good, but the Upper World is somewhat the better place to live in, as land animals are to be found there in abundance and the weather conditions are most favourable.

In the Lower, or Under World, things are not so pleasant. This is due to the fact that the world and the bottom of the sea are supported upon the underworld by strong short pillars leaving the space between very small. There is little land and much sea, and only sea mammals can be obtained. As even these are very scarce the spirits who dwell in the Nether World have to work very hard to secure a living.

On being asked how the spirits of the departed found their way to the lower regions the answer indicated clearly that the spirits had access to the underworld by clefts in the rocks and from the bottom of the sea.

It was further explained that amongst those who dwelt in the realms above were the Kayakers who had been drowned at sea while hunting for game, men who had been frozen to death while waiting at seal breathing holes, those who had been murdered, or women who had died in childbirth. The point which strikes one in this connection is that the upper world would seem to be reserved generally for those who have died while doing their share in the maintenance of life.

When life is seen to be rapidly passing away the dying person is generally sewn up in skins and removed outside the hut, for if death should occur in the hut then the goods and chattels found therein at the time become unclean, added to which the Eskimo have a horror of touching dead bodies. As soon as death has occurred the body is taken away a short distance from the encampment and there covered over with stones so that neither the dogs nor wolves may disturb it as, owing to the rocky nature of the land, it is practically impossible even during the few weeks of summer to dig a grave. Beside the grave the relatives of the departed leave various things which had been used by the deceased. In the case of a man it is his kayak, hunting weapons, etc.; in the case of a woman, her stone lamp, stone pot, curved knife, and sewing implements; while in the case of a child, it is its playthings, and sometimes the head of a dog. By doing this it is supposed that the spirits of these things will be at hand when wanted by the spirit of the departed.

Owing to the fact that in that land no tree lifts its head towards heaven and the only wood to be found is that which is washed up by the tides from some distant shore or from some wreck on that uncharted coast, it is necessary for the Eskimo to conserve his material. A custom has developed by which the spirit rather than the letter of the law is carried out. If it is felt that the loss of the dead man's kayak (now laid beside the grave) is a serious loss to the community, then a hunter takes the kayak and uses it as his own, but before doing so he replaces it at the grave with a model of the same. In this way the spirit of the kayak would not be offended should it wish to return to the grave, at a later day, for it would be able to use the model as its resting place. Were an Eskimo to fail to provide a substitute, then he would be liable to displease the spirit of the kayak and thereby bring trouble upon himself and others. The same thing applies to stone pots, etc.

As proof of the fact that the Eskimo do not believe in annihilation it may be mentioned that

(Continued on page 799.)

John Duthie Edits the Prayers

By DAVID DONALD

"YE were askin' the young people to pray in the prayer meetin'," said the elder.

"I was that," sententiously replied the minister. "It's no sae easy for a beginner to pray i' the prayer meetin'," continued the elder.

The minister agreed.

"Ye see there's the question o' standin'. The young fowk, when they pray at hame, kneel in front o' a chair, an' in the prayer meetin' it's no convenient kneelin' in front o' a chair. They hae to stand up, and it's no sae easy to pray standin' up if ye're i' the habit o' the ither way."

The minister nodded.

"What's mair, i' the prayer meetin' ye've got to pray so as the ither fowk can hear ye; but they're used to pray so as the ither fowk canna hear, though they're only the ither side o' a lath-and-plaster wa'."

The minister smiled assent.

"An' then there's the question o' the 'Thou' and 'Thee.' Ay, that's a ticklish question. They didna teach 'Thou' and 'Thee' in the Sarpenny Reader, nor yet in the Tenpenny. Man, the 'hast' and the 'wast' are awfie confusin', an' the 'wert' an' the 'wilt be' fairly ding a body."

The minister felt the force of the argument. He had regretted the difficulty many a time, but he was still in a quandary as to what should be done.

"John Duthie doesna 'Thou' and 'Thee' when he prays," said the minister; "he just says 'You' and 'Your.'"

John Duthie was the road-mender. He lived at the toll. He had a head that was perfectly bald—if baldness admits of perfection. But what frightened the children more was that his face was bald. He made his living by breaking stones, and his character by giving one hour's thinking to one minute of talking.

"I mind a week o' Duthie's prayers," the minister went on. "The manse was being cleaned. Ma family was awa' in Edinburgh, and, as Duthie was alane at the same time, I arranged to gae doon an' bide at the toll. Duthie lit the fire an' stirred the porridge i' the mornin', an' I washed up the dishes at nicht. Duthie gaed til his bed early, and I daundered a wee bittie wi' a book. But I didna often get muckle readin' done after Duthie was in his garret. As soon as he had gotten aff wi' his jacket he was on wi' his prayers. He shut the door—that I'm no denyin'—but he couldna pray unless he prayed oot loud. In that quiet, wee hoosie I could hear ilka word. It was then that I'd hae to pit me book doon an' pray wi' him. The week passed, an' it cam' til Saturday. We went to the prayer meetin' thegither. When we had gotten hame Duthie creepit awa' up the stairs til his bed, and began his devotions as usual, and, as usual, I joined in. Then, without ony warnin', to my astonishment, he began to edit the prayer-meetin' prayers."

"What might ye mean by that?" queried the elder.

"Just bide a wee, an' ye'll see. Duthie began in this way: 'Lord, ye needna tak' the elder seriously when he says that he's a 'wounds an' bruises an' putrefyin' sores.' He's the healthiest Presbyterian i' Padan Aram, if ye dinna count the minister. If ye'll be sae kind as to overlook his leein' this time, I'll gae an' mak' him show me thae putrefyin' sores, an' then maybe he'll be mair carefu'."

The minister paused for comment.

The elder smiled and said, "I'm better noo."

"Wi' respect to Farmer Fotheringay, wha prayed, 'Bless us in oor basket an' in oor store.' He doesna need ony mair in his basket—it's fu' and scellin'—nor in his store. He canna get the door open, as it is. If ye could spare him a gratefu' heart it might be useful."

"Yon auld carl wha prayed. Ye'll mind he aye prays the same thing. Ye needna tak' special notice. It's just Jeams's weekly. The things he asked for are no the things he wants, but they're the only things he kens hoo to ask

(Continued on page 798.)

Les Québécois

Mrs. M. W. BROWN,
TORONTO

"MAIS oui, Madame. I was at the front for four years. There I learned to know Ontario and get acquainted with her splendid men. We ought to know each other better, we Ontarians and Québécois."

The speaker was a young French-Canadian doctor who had served with the Army Medical Corps. We were seated at a table in a pension in Quebec, where, unlike similar houses in Ontario, the pensionnaires were mostly men. Of course the French chivalry rose to the occasion and pronounced all Ontario women charming, but there were doubts expressed as to the men. "Ontario men are too aggressive, and they are invariably unjust to Quebec," exclaimed Le Vieillard. I discovered later that though he spoke French like a native Le Vieillard was an Irishman, so his opinions do not count.

"I lived with them for four years, and I know their good qualities," said M. Le Médecin; "there were no braver men in France or Flanders, nor more chivalrous. And the women —" A chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" drowned his speech. "We all know how la jolie garde-malade did for you, and robbed some belle Canadienne of her husband," they exclaimed.

M. Le Médecin was crimson to the roots of his hair, but he said with pride: "You could understand if you saw her courage and her gentleness as I —"

"Tiens! I suppose you will have to speak English for the rest of your life, and your children will never know their father's tongue," broke in Mme. La Blagneuse. "Ontarians are too stupid to learn any language but their own."

It was my turn to flush crimson. I felt something as Macbeth must have felt when the witches summoned the ghosts of his victims. The mangled subjunctives and genders wagged their heads and shook their gory locks at me.

"How can you say such a thing! And Madame speaks with such a beautiful accent," protested the gallants.

"All our people, at least the educated people, speak English easily and correctly," replied Mme. La Blagneuse with withering scorn, unmindful of, or perhaps enjoying my discomfiture.

"Eh bien; the Ontarians are much like ourselves," interrupted M. Le Médecin. "When I was in England I acted as interpreter for my superior officer who happened to be the professor who taught me English when I was in college. He reads and writes English perfectly, but does not speak it. I had three years' experience in the English provinces before I went overseas, which explains my position as interpreter."

"Ontarians are bigoted and unjust as well as stupid," persisted Mme. La Blagneuse. "There is Regulation Seventeen, as an example of their much boasted fair play."

I am afraid that after that I was no more polite than Mme. La Blagneuse, for much as I love Quebec I was born in Ontario, and blood will tell. M. Le Médecin again came to the rescue. "A friend of mine who was strong on bilingualism came overseas about a year after I did," he said. "And the first time we met he began talking about it. I asked him to drop the subject for a month and at the end of that time tell me what he thought. In the meantime we went to London and Paris. The month having passed I asked him what he had to say on bilingualism. 'Please don't mention it,' he said, 'One finds it too small for consideration after having come into contact with the great

sweep of world thought.' It is ignorance of each other that fosters the prejudices of the two races," he continued. "After Mlle. La Garde-Malade and I became friends I asked her one day what her Scotch-Canadian parents would say when they knew she had taken up with a French-Canadian Catholic. 'They will disown me,' she said. And that is exactly what my parents will do with me for taking up with an English Protestant."

Le Beau Garçon met me as I was going out. I felt that I needed a view of that splendid scene from Dufferin Terrace to soothe my ruffled spirits after the Regulation Seventeen skirmish.



A STATUE ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC TO THE MEMORY OF MONTCALM.

"I hope you won't get a wrong impression of our people from what was said at the table just now. There are bigots, everywhere, I suppose Mme. Blagneuse was very disagreeable, but don't think we are all as rude as that," he said. "We have some bigoted persons in Ontario too," I admitted, trying to smile and appear generous and broadminded, though I was still feeling anything but tolerant.

It was not possible to be ill-humoured long, for every inch of ground is full of historic interest. There where once stood the Church and Convent of the Recollets is the English Cathedral in which viceroys and members of the Royal family have worshipped; here rue Buade recalling the family name of the great Frontenac; then the post office with "Le chien d'or," a stone carving taken from the house where it had been originally placed as an expression of defiance to the infamous Bigot. On this spot was once the Old Fort and Chateau St. Louis erected by Champlain in 1608; here in 1775 the Americans under Montgomery attacked Canada; in the background

the Plains of Abraham, where the fate of the continent was decided, there Governor's Garden with the monument inscribed to the two heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm; behind, the frowning, grey fort over three hundred feet above the river; below, Lower Town with its narrow, tortuous streets; across the St. Lawrence a scene of unsurpassed beauty. Unpleasant discussions and differences of race were forgotten when the familiar patois of my native province brought me back to the living present:—

"Well look who's here! And from Trontuh, too."

I turned reluctantly recognizing a woman whom I had avoided at home.

"You are enjoying the inspiring view, too," I ventured.

"Yes, I've seen the 'view from the terrace' and all the other sights of this blessed place. Did you ever see such a dirty hole, anyway? Now what is that big building over there? That is some place we missed, I guess. Laval. What? Oh, yes, I've heard about that. You've been down

to Ste. Anne's, I suppose? As I told my husband, I bet you can't beat that for superstition. It's the only thing they do beat us at. Now look at those houses over there with the shutters all closed. Anybody might know people aren't right when they keep their houses shut up like that for fear people will see what they're doing."

"The owners are out of town. It is midsummer," I suggested.

"A pity they weren't off the face of the earth! I've got no use for these people gibbering their foreign language here in an English country. And as to their silly superstitions! Well, the guide on the touring car the other day asked us not to laugh at the things we saw. He said these people did not like us to laugh at them."

M. Le Médecin is right. We need to get acquainted. It is such people as Le Vieillard, Mrs. Trontuh and Mme. Blagneuse who create unpleasant impressions and emphasize differences of race and creed.

II.

"And this, Madame, is the flag of the second Battalion of the Incorporated Militia which fought at Chateauguay October 26th, 1813. The battalion was commanded by Major Pierre-René Boucher de La Bruère, the grandfather of the late superintendent of public instruction."

The speaker was M. Le Bibliothécaire, a courtly scholarly man, as we should say, a gentleman of the old school. I had gone to the Parliamentary Library in search of information regarding the families of the educated classes who remained in Canada after the Peace of Paris. With characteristic French-Canadian kindness M. Le Bibliothécaire had not only supplied me with the information, but had himself acted as guide in showing me the treasures of his library—rare old books, prints and

other precious objects. Possibly none is more interesting to the visitor from Ontario than the flag just mentioned. We are prone to forget the services rendered to Canada and the Empire in those early days. What if the French-Canadians had thrown in their lot with the enemies of the Empire?

After a morning most delightfully and instructively passed in this "city of books" it was with alacrity that I accepted Monsieur's invitation to accompany him to the Ursuline Convent.

I had never visited a cloistered monastery and this fact alone was sufficient to give piquancy to the occasion. Many times I had passed the grim grey walls of the Ursulines and read the inscription on the cornerstone, and dreamed of La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and Madame de la Peltrie, those wonderful women whose courage and devotion made the institution possible. And now I was to have the privilege of talking with their successors. It was with a little shiver of expectation

(Continued on page 800.)

The Coming of John West

By Canon BERTAL HEENEY, M.A., Winnipeg

THE servant of God who had the honour of first setting up the standard of Christ at the Red River Settlement was the Rev. John West, M.A. He was a man of medium size, clean shaven, and not very rugged looking. In fact his portrait suggests a poet or musician rather than a pioneer. He was an Englishman, and came here from Farnham in Surrey. He was a graduate of Oxford, and a man of the highest culture, he was endowed with a wonderful love for wretched humanity, the vision of a prophet, and the practical wisdom of a man of business.

Such a person was the Rev. John West, who stepped ashore on the afternoon of October 14th, 1820, at old Fort Douglas, a century ago, to preach the Gospel of the Grace of God, and to found the Church of Christ.

Mr. West had come in by way of Hudson's Bay and was four months *en route*. He sailed



REV. JOHN WEST.

from the Thames to York Factory in the Eddy-stone, a vessel of the Hudson's Bay Company, and after two weeks spent at York, proceeded on his journey by canoe to Norway House, by York boat over Lake Winnipeg, and, probably by canoe again up the Red River to Fort Douglas. He was a week crossing the lake, and once the boat "under press of sail" was driven on a rock and was all but wrecked. Finally on the morning of October 13th, when the sun was rising "in majestic splendour," he and his party entered the mouth of the Red River. They breakfasted at Netley Creek and met there the great Indian Chief, Pigewis, who afterward became a Christian, leading many of his people into the Church. He is buried at St. Peter's, Dynevor, and it is hoped that a worthy head-stone may be erected by that congregation and their friends next year to show where the first Christian Indian chieftain lies buried. This is surely due his memory and will form a nice feature of the celebration.

Another day's paddling, and a night spent at some intervening point on the river bank, brought Mr. West and his fellow travellers to the settlement. Fort Garry had not yet been erected, neither had the lower fort. The headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in this region was then Fort Douglas.

It stood on the river bank near where the Ogilvie Mills are located. There are still open

spaces in the vicinity and the river curves here and is broad and beautiful, with high banks along its western edge. Are we to allow the place to be all built up and its historical association quite forgotten? Is there not need for a small park here—a breathing space for the dwellers in the locality?

One hundred years ago this spot was the centre of the life of the region. It was the residence of the "Chargé d' Affaires" of the settlement; by it the boats drew up as they came laden with furs from the inland posts of Brandon House and Qu'Appelle, and the mail boats from Montreal found landing here. About it, too, the dog-teams lay down to rest—and the drivers smoked and vied with each other in story-telling of their achievements—and the Indians came and pitched their tents nearby, and grouped themselves in companies for simple converse. It was from the watch-tower of this forgotten fort that Governor Semple looked out through his field-glasses to see the half-breeds drawing near with murderous intent. From here he went forth to meet them, with a few faithful employees of the company, and did not come back, but met death just beyond the North Car Barns at Seven Oaks. And Fort Douglas was the first residence of the first Christian Missionary. It may also be described as the first Church—for within its walls the first regular Christian service on this side the Red River was offered to God.

Now here is the question which forces itself upon every citizen of Winnipeg: Shall we let this spot get buried beneath modern commercial structures and all its memory perish? We shall be guilty of a great crime if we do! Is the crime of destroying Fort Garry to be repeated? It will require some sacrifice to prevent it.

It is interesting to recall the condition prevailing here at the time of Mr. West's arrival. To some extent I have already suggested how things stood in the region, but something more is necessary to fill in the details of the picture. To begin with, there was another fort nearby—that of the great rival company—the North West Company. It stood near the union depot—between that station and the junction of the two rivers, and was named Fort Gibraltar. The spirit which prevailed between the servants of the two rival companies was bitter in the extreme—indeed it was murderous in every sense of the term, and had led to the death of Governor Semple. About the time of Mr. West's advent, however, better counsels began to make headway—and the great competitors amalgamated their interests the year after Mr. West came to the colony.

As to the population, it was cosmopolitan even at this date and was widely scattered; there was nothing like a village. Next to the natives, the French-Canadians seem to have formed the largest element and were everywhere about, but principally beyond the river. There were some Germans, too, settled along the Seine. Both these classes were Roman Catholic. On this side the river there were the active officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and many of their retired servants as well, and stretching from about St. John's down to Kildonan were the Scotch settlers brought out by the Earl of Selkirk. The Scotch were struggling hard to show the possibilities of the Red River for agriculture but the chief occupation of the westerners of that day centered in the fur trade. "Almost every inhabitant we passed," writes Mr. West, "bore a gun upon his shoulder, and all appeared in a wild and hunter-like state."

It is not very gratifying to observe that in all this region there was neither parsonage, nor school, nor church—though no doubt there were not a few Christian laymen who bore silent

witness to Christ. The Roman Church had begun work at what is now St. Boniface. This side the river, however, awaited the coming of John West to make the beginning of organized religious and educational effort. It reflects darkly upon the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, the Church of England in the Motherland—and the Church of Scotland, too, that such was the case. For upwards of one hundred and fifty years, the great company had been trading in Rupert's Land, and John West was the first clergyman brought out to care spiritually for the company's servants, and the wretched Indians—made more unspeakably wretched through the curse of drink which the traders brought with them. Mr. West's description of their condition is graphic and pathetic: "They presented a very wan countenance which depicted suffering without comfort, while they sink without hope. The Indians who knew not the corrupt influence and barter of spirituous liquors at the trading post were far happier than the wretched-looking groups around."

With the arrival of the missionary came the introduction of many new factors in the life of the west. He brought that knowledge of Christ which alone has power to change, to purify, and to make beautiful the lives of men. The free circulation of that matchless literature, the Bible, came with him; He and Mr. Nicholas Garry organized the first branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society in this new world, in the summer of 1821, at York Factory; and the opening of schools came with Mr. West, though feeble effort had been previously made. He brought a schoolmaster with him and, "soon after my arrival, I got a log-house repaired about three miles below the fort, among the Scotch population, where the schoolmaster took up his abode and began teaching from twenty to twenty-five children." The building of churches began with John West. (That is surely a sacred spot where the first Church of Christ was built on the prairie, by the bank of a little stream then running into the Red River just beyond St. John's Park.) The education of the Indian children in boarding schools began with him. He brought three of these little boys with him, two from York Factory and one from Norway House. They were the first of thousands to learn the first child's prayer for Indians. "Great Spirit, bless me through Jesus Christ." And two of them afterward became clergymen, the first native clergymen from among the Indians of this land.

The coming of Mr. West is thus a matter of common interest. While we of the Church of England are especially concerned, specially honoured, and deeply grateful, yet it is so much a matter of common concern and general importance, that we may with every propriety ask our fellow-Christians and fellow countrymen to join with us in marking the date, in celebrating the event, in doing honour to the memory of Mr. West and in expressing gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts in the centennial festival of the founding of the Church of England in the West.

The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist. Tennyson.

Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which now thou usest for present things.—Marcus Aurelius.



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Editorial

DO you remember how we used to look forward to a Peace Christmas? It seemed to us then that all our troubles would be small indeed when once we got rid of that oppression, the enemy. We have found that there is no magic in the word "Peace."

Christmas this year finds us distressed and bewildered. A multitude of voices are crying: Lo here! or Lo there! is the way of betterment. But the voices are generally those of class or group interest, of theorists who have no practice or opportunists who have no fundamentals.

Truly the world needs a Saviour as much as it did nineteen hundred years ago. And the world needs the same Saviour as it did then, for the human heart is ever the same. Our environment, methods, habits, may change with time and place. They are only the accidentals, the wrappings of life. The real, vital, fundamental values have not changed. There is still the same mixed good and bad in man, the same blessing and cursing, the same soaring soul and the same clod of a body.

Just as Christ came athwart His age with a message of the Love of God which challenged the best and noblest in men, so to-day He speaks a word which shows us the futility of all effort and the emptiness of success unless it be of God and His Love.

That first Christmas message is the word we are really straining our ears to catch. It holds the secret of our betterment. Peace to men and Glory to God. No lasting peace without the Glory. Glory always issuing in Peace. One of our grave mistakes to-day is that we have left God outside our world. We have an idea that we are able to manage this reconstruction ourselves. But how the best plans go awry. Our League of Nations is balked in the country of one of its chief supporters. Our Peace Treaty is threatened by the hostilities in Italy. Germany is taking advantage of our disagreement. We have learned again that the best of plans are thwarted by the selfishness of men.

Glory to God must be the fundamental. In Him men find the only basis of union. We are brothers because we have one Father. There is no magic in the word "Peace," except as human hearts are the magicians and God alone can change our hearts till they warm to the true Christmas spirit.

The Christian Year

REV. R. C. BLAGRAVE, D.D.

The Race In The World

(FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

THE RACE.

THE Collect for to-day embodies the idea of the Christian race set forth in 1 Cor. 9: 24, 25 and Heb. 12: 1. The impressive scene which the great Roman celebrations presented so impressed itself upon the mind of St. Paul that he immortalized the race as a parable of Christian effort; with the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews he conceived of the Christian life as a race run for a prize—and run in the presence of so vast a concourse of spectators as to be visualized as a cloud of witnesses.

A race is usually a contest against competitors who are seeking a single prize, in which respect the analogy breaks down; for the prize of glory is not such as can be obtained by only one. It is more analogous to a race against time in which the aim is to defeat the enemy, not the competitor. The Christian runs, not against time as an abstraction, but against rival demands which a multitude of worldly interests, in process of time, urge upon his attention.

THE WORLD.

Sin is the obstacle to success and victory—"whereas through our sins and wickedness we are sore let and hindered."

This phrase "the world" is generally used in the Church to designate all sin and wickedness. It is unfortunate that it is so because it leads to much confusion. In the New Testament there are two such words which are translated by our word "the world" ("ton kosmon" and also "ton aiona.") "The world" means two very different things in the two passages: "God so loved the world" and "love not the world." The use of "the world" as meaning everything that is bad and wicked has led, and still leads, to a fatal dualism, in which the things of the world are absolutely antithetical to the things of God; this notwithstanding the fact that God pronounced it very good. These days require not only clear thinking but clear definition of terms, especially when used in religious teaching or controversy. Multitudes of people are lost to the Church because of the attitude the Church seems to assume toward what it vaguely calls "the world." "The world" means altogether different things to different people. To some it consists in riches; to others dancing, theatres, and card-playing. Some think all kinds of amusements and vanities—the wearing of jewels and apparel—are of the world and therefore sinful. It is even possible to extend "the world" so as to include as sinful those things which are enjoyed in what is called civilized life; such as the joy of home, of a wife, to have silver on one's table, or a carpet under one's feet—or even, as has been done, to indulge in a bath. The question is, where is the line to be drawn between what is permissible, according to Christian teaching, and not permissible? People who live in the world, as we all do, and take their place as men, and are interested in the affairs of the world, are often confused and confounded by wholesale, but undefined, denunciations of the world by some exponents of Christian teaching in the Church.

THE COURT OF APPEAL.

The law of the Ten Commandments stands as a revelation of the Will of God. Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law. The preaching of the prophets made way for the Sermon on the Mount. Our Lord did not set up definite precepts but revealed a life by which many pharisaic conceptions were condemned. The enlightened and spirit-filled conscience is

(Continued on page 804.)

The Birth of Jesus

REV. CANON R. S. W. HOWARD.

THE Gospel according to St. Luke has been designated by a great hostile critic as "The most beautiful book in the world." There is no portion of it more beautiful than the opening chapters which deal with the events which surround the fact of the Incarnation. The charm and beauty of this section of the book is not lessened by the fact that it sets forth a great fundamental truth of the Christian Faith. "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary," stands as one of the articles of the Apostles' Creed and has its Scriptural support chiefly in St. Luke and St. Matthew. St. Luke's account of the Birth and Infancy of Jesus has been subjected to the severest attacks of critics as, indeed, has his whole gospel. But the conclusions of these German critics have been practically silenced by Professor Harnack, himself the leader of German Liberalism, who in his book, *The Date of the Acts and the Synoptic Gospels*, maintains that this Gospel was written in A.D. 59 or 60 and that the information contained in it was obtained from contemporary witnesses. With regard to the birth stories, Harnack says there can be "little doubt that St. Luke regarded them as proceeding from St. Mary; for his practice elsewhere as an historian proves that he could not have invented a fiction like this." Thus, the arch-critic, after the most careful and methodical investigation, throws the weight of his conclusion upon the side of the orthodox faith.

Our faith, of course, does not depend upon his conclusions, but "liberal opinions," boasting of the support of "advanced scholarship," do not get much comfort in this instance from him.

1. *The Nativity.* There is no story more familiar to Christian people than that contained in verses 1—8. It tells of the enrolment or census which made it necessary for Joseph and Mary to go up to the city of Bethlehem. There Jesus was born and, because there was no room in the inn, the Holy Family had to be content with a place among the cattle. This stable, according to an ancient tradition, was a limestone cave or grotto such as that in which St. Jerome afterwards spent so many years as a hermit, and translated the Bible into Latin.

Very simply the seventh verse states the fact of the birth of Jesus in the midst of these humble surroundings. We cannot overestimate the tremendousness of that event. "The unfathomable depths of the divine counsels were moved; the fountains of the great deep were broken up; the healing of the nations was issuing forth; but nothing was seen on the surface of human society but this slight rippling of the water."

2. *The Angelic Announcement.* That which was unknown on earth caused great movement in heaven, God sent an angel to announce to men the birth of "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The announcement was made to certain shepherds of Judæa. It was announced as "good tidings." The scope of the proclamation is shown by its being for all people. The glory of it was seen in the cloud of brightness, symbolizing the Divine Presence, which shone round about them. This glory was further manifested in the sudden coming of "a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." Moreover the purpose of the Saviour's coming was declared to be the bringing of the peace of God to men. The world and even the Church may seem to lack the gift of Peace, nevertheless the ultimate purpose of God is peace and, in the meantime, the inward gift of the Peace which passeth all understanding may be ours.

(Continued on page 798.)

The Real Objective of the Anglican Forward Movement

To share with all
The New Vision
of the Church's
opportunities to
extend Christ's
Kingdom

To Challenge
Every man and
woman, young
and old, to
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Think, then
Pray and
Serve

Only those who
pray and serve
can see the vision

The Forward Move-
ment offers every one
an opportunity for de-
finite service, knowing
that those who desire
to "Be good for Some-
thing" and have made
the great Christian
discovery that *God is
first, others are second,*
I AM THIRD, will
volunteer for service
with enthusiasm.

THE MANGER KING.

(Continued from page 792.)

was to be a spiritual kingdom they did not understand. Simple, godly men though they were, theirs was the common expectation of their people, that the coming of Messiah was to restore the former glories to Israel.

During the next few weeks Bilshan thought often of the night's happenings. To him it was without meaning, except that if this was the Messiah, not for years would Israel come into her own. Nearly six weeks later Bilshan, with several others, was chosen to take certain sheep to the Temple in Jerusalem. When he had reached the city and fulfilled his duty he made his way to the house that stood, the glory, the hope, the pride of Israel, "The Temple."

As he entered the great building and saw again its glittering marble, its gold and costliness, he thought of the babe. Even as the thought came, he saw before him the two he had seen in the khan, the woman bearing in her arms the most beautiful babe Bilshan had ever seen. He followed them at a distance, he would know more about them. He saw the woman drop her coins into the chest, saw her sacrifice of doves accepted and offered. He saw the babe taken from the mother's arms by the priest and then returned, a sign that the first-born had been given to Jehovah and redeemed. He watched as the ceremony of purification was performed, then followed the family out into the great courtyard. As they entered it, an old man, a Levite, met them; he stopped at sight of the mother and babe, and then, stepping forward, took the babe into his arms, breaking out into a hymn of joy, whose words filled Bilshan with astonishment.

What did it mean? When the little family had finally left the Temple, Bilshan turned to the old man and spoke to him, saying:—

"What meanest thou, by thy words, whom think ye yon babe to be?"

The Levite turned to him: "The Messiah, the Glory of Israel, and the hope of the Gentiles."

"But a babe, can the Hope of Judah be such?" asked Bilshan.

The old man laid his arm on the shepherd's shoulder, and leading him to a nearby seat, bade him be seated, then he answered:—

"Came our fathers from Egypt by force of arms?" Bilshan answered, "Nay."

"Were they delivered from the evil of Haman by their own might?" Again the shepherd replied, "Nay."

"Came they from the seventy years in Babylon, of their own might?" Again the question came.

Bilshan was silent.

"Know, my son, not by might, nor by power, nor by such as Rome is, cometh the Kingdom of Messiah, but in penitence, in love, in the hearts of those who love and long for His appearing."

"But, my father," said Bilshan, "Is not the promise to us of old? Can a Messiah rule in Judah while yet Rome stands? Shall the oppression of the past be forgotten and unavenged?"

The old man answered slowly:—

"His Kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. Rome shall pass even as Babylon hath passed, as Assyria passed, but the Babe thou hast seen shall rule over a Kingdom greater than Rome hath ever known."

Bilshan rose to his feet slowly; he could not understand. He was about to speak when there rang out in the distant street the trumpets of a passing Roman guard. His face darkened at the sound, but even as he listened, the great silver trumpets of the Temple, mingled with the chanting of the priests and Levites, rose triumphantly, drowning out the distant call.

Then came the awakening to Bilshan. As in a flash, his eyes opened. The world without, the spiritual within. This was the meaning. Above

the clash of warring nations, Jew or pagan, ever sounded the call of the Holy One. Not an earthly kingdom, but that which won the heart of men, pity, love, forgiveness, mercy, as symbolized by the Babe. As he realized this he turned to the old man. He was standing silently praying, and Bilshan, bowing his head, worshipped, too, with closed eyes—the Babe of Bethlehem.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

(Continued from page 797.)

3. The Shepherds. There are three principal things which we learn about these shepherds: (1) They were chosen of God to be the first hearers of the "good tidings." Other men, afterwards, heard in other ways of that which God had done, but to them was given the unique honour of hearing it directly from the lips of an angel of God. God does not cause the Gospel to be generally preached by an angel from heaven, but in the beginning of the Gospel He did thus proclaim it to the shepherds.

(2) They were obedient to the heavenly vision. They went to Bethlehem to see for themselves the Saviour to Whom the angel directed them. They added the personal experience of their own life to the heavenly message.

(3) They returned to their duty greatly blessed, glorifying and praising God.

We should greatly like to know more about them, what use they made of the truth that they had learned, and what effect their testimony had upon other men. These things are not told us, but enough is told of these shepherds to teach us three great truths:—

1. We must listen to the message of the Gospel as God's revelation to us.

2. We must have personal experience of Christ in our own life.

3. Such hearing and such knowledge brings glory and thanksgiving into our common lives.

JOHN DUTHIE.

(Continued from page 794.)

for. Ye'll ken brawly Yersel' what he needs. Thae words o' his are just like raps on the door—they dinna mean anything but just that there's a pair-body at the door wha wants help.

"Lord, ye mind yon Sabbath-skule teacher who prayed. Ye to help him wi' his class." (Duthie paused a moment to give the Lord time to remember.) "Dinna dae anything o' the kind. He's just lazy. He winna prepare his lesson. He doesna need ony help, Lord. Let him work."

"Ah, Lord! the minister was wrang a'thegither when he prayed that we micht hae understandin' hearts. What we need in oor kirk is willin' hearts. Ye micht let us hae three-quarters o' a dozen o' that kind, gin ye hae them to spare."

"Gentle God, hear a word for them that didna pray. Widow Dundas needs mair nor I hae been able to gie her this week. And if Ye could give an extra half-oor o' sunshine on the upstairs windy o' the third hoose i' the Bucklemaker Wynd, it micht help a wee lass wha's lyin' there ill."

"An' a hint to the minister to get oot o' Jeremiah as soon as he can is mair nor I dare gie, but it wadna come amiss frae You."

"Lord, I thocht ye'd like fine to ken hoo things stand. For pity's sake, bless Padan Aram, O Lord—for pity's sake!"

"So John Duthie's a freend o' us baith," said the elder, with a twinkle at the recollection of Jeremiah.

Said the minister, "A freend o' us a'."—"The Christian World."

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THE RAVEN'S TALE.

(Continued from page 794.)

it not infrequently happens that the friend of a deceased Eskimo will visit a grave and lay upon it little pieces of skin line, meat and fat; and will unburden the sorrows and joys of the heart by the side of the lonely mound of rock which covers the remains of the loved one.

That to be properly buried is of considerable importance is seen by the following story which is related of the experience of a woman belonging to a tribe of Eskimo living some 250 miles along the coast from where "the Raven" lived. This woman is reported to have died and been buried, but in placing the stones over the corpse the men were not careful to put enough of them, the result being that a hungry dog found the grave, tore away the stones and devoured the dead woman's body. Afterwards she passed into a wolf, then into a bear, fox, seal, walrus, caribou, and finally into a woman being born as her child. Here is something very much akin to the belief in the transmigration of the soul.

The wearing of amulets is one which, not unnaturally, appeals to these people. They vary according to the individuals and the tribes but are generally very simple, such as little pieces of skin line sewn into the coat, the tooth of a bear, and so on. It is believed that these contain a spirit and add to a man's strength and skill.

So far mention has been made of the "spirit" of man only, but a peculiarity of the Eskimo belief is that besides the spirit or soul there is the name. Now the name is a sort of second soul which seems to shadow the body. At death the spirit goes up, or down according to circumstances, but the name is homeless and restless until it finds an abode in some new person. Here, too, may be found something suggestive of transmigration.

It must always be remembered that the folklore of the Eskimo is all from oral tradition, which makes it very difficult to state precisely their beliefs, but the following is a brief outline of some of their ideas pertaining to the universe:—

To some the sun, moon, and stars exist, always have existed, and, as far as they know, are always likely to exist; therefore they simply take them for granted without asking any questions. Others again have their theories as, for example:—

The world is a big hill dropped down from the sky. It is surrounded by water, and is supported by pillars from the under-world.

The sky is the floor of the upper world.

The stars are holes in the floor of the upper world and they twinkle when the spirits are passing and re-passing on the floor; or, they are the eyes of the spirits who inhabit the upper world, and the twinkling is due to the winking of the eyes.

The Aurora Borealis is due to the spirits in the upper world moving about when playing a game or dancing, and it is believed by some that the conjurers can whistle and get the spirits to draw near to them when the Aurora is bright. They are also able to get the Aurora to unloosen the thong of skins that ties the conjurers' hands when in a trance.

The sun and the moon are balls of fire which go round the hill (the world). In winter they do not rise so high as in summer because the cold weighs them down. The moon is farther away than the sun, and so naturally its rays do not give out heat like the sun's rays.

Again. The sun and moon are snow huts of certain big spirits who dwell in the upper world. (One has only to arrive at an Eskimo camp in winter, to appreciate the naturalness of this explanation.) Or again, what is likely to be still more primitive in origin, the sun and moon are really an Eskimo brother and sister. The brother did his sister a very grave injustice, and when the sister found it out she snatched a lighted torch and sought to punish her brother. They chased one another up into the sky, and there they are still running after each other.

This story is very similar to others found in the mythology of the North and South American Indians, and is one of the many points which go to indicate an original primitive association, if not a common stock.

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Thunder is due to the spirits in the upper world playing at ball game with the head of a walrus.

Lightning is the sparks that come from the fire-stones of the spirits in the upper world when they are lighting their lamps.

Such is the gist of some of the tales told by "the Raven" that night in the seclusion of his dwelling. Suddenly and without warning the story-teller's tongue became silent and the stranger understood that for the present no more was to be revealed. The other members of the household and of the visitor's party now returned to the hut, and very soon the silence was broken only by the heavy breathing which came from the occupants, curled up in their fur sleeping bags.

CHRISTMAS CROWDED OUT.

"The real Christmas is that which centres in Christ and includes worship at His manger. The Bible story tells us that His parents were crowded out of the inn, and that is why He was born in a cattle cave. Those who had no room for Him were offered the privilege of entertaining the Lord of angels, but they did not know what they did or what they lost. The house was full of those who came on business and on pleasure; so no place could be given for Christ in the inn. For this reason Christ was not born there, and the glory of the blessing passed from the chief inn of the village to the lowly abode of the cattle. The world is so gay with its pleasures, and so absorbed to-day in itself, in its associations and bringing and receiving gifts of worldly friends that only too many, we fear, are crowding Christ from their hearts. Commercialism has come in, and Christ has been crowded out. Our churches even plan entertainments and introduce new features

which thrill and excite; but they crowd out the old story. They lose the golden opportunity. They make a great holiday season in which the real Christmas is crowded out. The holy days are so robbed of their real significance that they become but a mockery in their gay holiday attractions and interests. Selfish pleasure fills so large a share of our time that the Gift from God is crowded out of our minds. The old story should thrill our hearts, the old songs should burst from our lips, and we should hasten with the angels to the manger, and find room for Christ in the heart. This will make it certain that for us Christmas will not be crowded out. Instead, it will be full of richest blessings and joys which endure. If we crowd out the real Christmas spirit from our giving and our living during these festive days, we may crowd out the Christ Himself from our lives. This will be sad indeed."—"The Christian Observer."

The Girl of the New Day.

By Miss E. M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College, author of three volumes of Bible Lessons for Schools: *Genesis, Exodus, the Acts of the Apostles.* McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. (214 pp.)

To know a thousand girls and more in the intimate relationship of friend and adviser as the Principal of a Girls' College for many years, gives Miss Knox the right to speak of all problems affecting girls. The world for the Girl of the New Day is a very different place from the world her mother entered. Opportunities of varied service through her path. Miss Knox presents the claims of the most important. As a faithful friend she talks frankly of the limitations and chances of each. This is just the book which ought to be in the hands

of every girl who is making her decision for life work.

Although the world for the girl has changed, the moral and spiritual values of her world are just the same as her mother faced. There is no power in the word "to-day," which will stand in the place of the real and vital power which her mother knew. This is the splendid contribution of Miss Knox to the discussion. She brings keen analysis of an observant

mind to bear on the material and mental side of every opportunity, but she never allows her readers to forget that spiritual values give the only real meaning to life. The gems of the book are the author's closing passages in different chapters, where she brings the task to the touchstone of the Saviour's love. Such a book as this is greatly needed and it is a matter of pride that a member of our own Church has written it.

LES QUÉBÉCOIS

(Continued from page 795.)

that I stood in the outer hall and saw the little wicket high up in the wall open in response to Monsieur's ring, and heard a voice from the mysterious somewhere behind the iron grating reply to his questions. We were invited to enter the reception-room. Again doors swung open, but heavy iron bars formed a barrier, and now we were laughing and chatting with those women who are carrying on the work of La Mère Marie.

One of the treasures of the convent, which I was kindly allowed to see, is the skull of General Montcalm, which is guarded with loving care by the nuns. As I looked at it my mind was busy with those dramatic events which preceded the fall of Quebec. The colonists had risked all in their efforts to preserve Canada for France. No sacrifice was too great. Their money and their lives were freely given. Looking at the skull enshrined there in the monastery I was moved with a profound reverence for the heroes of those early days, and I was glad and proud and thankful that Canada has the heritage of the unique virtues of the French as well as those of the sturdy British. It is the blending—not in blood, perhaps, but in ideas—of the two races that

may make Canada great with a greatness unlike other nations. The French element has a contribution that can come from no other source.

In this connection it is worthy of note that after the events of 1769 the country was not depleted of the upper classes of French people, as some seem to think it was. The following statement translated from an article by Judge Baby is instructive:—

"Long and patiently we have consulted our archives, parish registers and law offices, we have searched in original deeds in family documents kindly placed at our disposal; we are prepared to-day we think, to affirm with mathematical accuracy to the Canadian public that a small minority only of the upper, educated classes left Canada at the cession without intention to return. We believe that we can show also that those of our writers who have spoken of the exodus of la noblesse of Canada are simply mistaken and have never taken the pains to examine the question seriously."

Then follow the names of over one hundred and thirty seigneurs who remained or returned to Canada after

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the material and opportunity, but readers to forget give the only gems of the pastor's closing chapters, where to the touchstone e. Such a book needed and it is written it.

LS

eat with a great- ions. The French- ution that can source.

it is worthy of vents of 1759 the eted of the upper eople, as some s. The following from an article ructive:—

iently we have rchives, parish ffices, we have l deeds in family laced at our di- pared to-day we ith mathematical Canadian public rity only of the asses left Canada hout intention to ve that we can se of our writers of the exodus of ada are simply never taken the the question seri-

ames of over one eigneurs who re- to Canada after

the session, besides many nobles, gentlemen and others who would not abandon their country and their future in order to return to France. The names of gentlemen, financiers, avocats, doctors, surgeons, in all more than four hundred families of good birth and education are named; enough, and more than enough, as the author points out, "for the intellectual and political guidance of the community." The population of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers was, at that time, 6,700, 4,000 and 1,500 persons respectively.

A lively conversation with the two nuns who received us was sufficient to dispel the idea that the cloister is a dreary place. At the request of Monsieur an attendant was sent to admit us to the visitors' chapel. The interior is simple but enriched with some valuable paintings. Montcalm's body was interred here, the tomb being an excavation in the rock made by the explosion of a shell. A tablet, erected to his memory by Lord Aylmer, bears the following inscription:—

Honour
to
Montcalm
Fate in Depriving Him
of Victory
Rewarded Him by
A Glorious Death.

On the right of the altar a huge grating reaching from floor to ceiling separates the visitors' chapel from the private chapel of the nuns. Vespers were being sung as we went in, and as I gazed down the dim cloistered aisles, saw the rows of black-robed figures and listened to the chanting, I felt as if by some magic I had slipped back through the centuries to the Middle Ages. There was something awe-inspiring in the thought of those women who have renounced all—have not even seen

the outside of the convent wall for years—for the sake of an ideal.

Often I had admired the fine architecture of the Basilica and its valuable collection of paintings, which were brought to Canada by priests after the Reign of Terror. The vestments, which are also of historic interest, are not so readily seen by the tourist; but the magic word of our guide made it possible to see that marvelous robe of cloth of gold which Louis XIV sent to the Bishop of Quebec. Then through winding passages we made our way from the sacristy to the Cardinal's palace, and in a moment were laughing and chatting with our host. Everywhere there was the same graciousness of manner that bridges over differences and puts the stranger at ease. The throne room, furnished in cardinal red, the Cardinal's private chapel; the reception hall, with its fine collection of portraits and busts, were all open for our inspection.

Not less interesting was the visit to Laval University. The art gallery is notable as containing many works of art which were brought to Canada during the French Revolution. The university is one of the oldest institutions of learning on the continent, Le Grand Seminaire being founded in 1663, and Le Petit Seminaire in 1668. Out of these grew Laval University.

It was with feelings akin to those of an exile that I left the dear, historic old city, my one consolation being that I had a fortnight to be passed in rural Quebec.

III.

Berthier-en-haut is the most charming village imaginable. It is situated on the St. Lawrence, on the old road built in the days when the country was guiltless of railways, to connect Windsor with Montreal. Along the river front is a splendid row of elm trees, and on the opposite side of the street, quaint, pretty

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houses. Three small islands are linked to the main land by primitive ferries. Beyond the islands may be seen the smoke-stacks and funnels of river boats and ocean liners on their way to and from Montreal, which, viewed from the mainland, look like the mouths of huge monsters. On the other side of the village are the neat, trim farmhouses, white-walled and red-roofed. In the background are the Laurentians, covered with pine forests and purple haze.

Mlle. Charmante gave me an especially warm welcome, for, as she said, I was a link with the past, having been there in the old days, before her dear ones had gone to their last resting place in the little Protestant cemetery. She and her sister, daughters of a Huguenot missionary, had for years conducted a French school for Protestant girls. The school is closed now; but during the summer Mademoiselle receives guests who wish to speak French and live in

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a French atmosphere. The rule, which only the very courageous would break, is that no English is to be spoken except when it is necessary to ask for the French expression. Nor is this any place for idlers. Breakfast at eight o'clock, after which we assembled in the library for prayers, alternate reading of the Scriptures, singing of canticles, and the repetition in concert of the Lord's Prayer. Then we were occupied with study and lessons till lunch at one o'clock. Tea was at four o'clock, when each member of the household was required to relate some anecdote in French. Our "recreation period" came between tea and dinner. After dinner we again assembled in the library to play games and sing French chansons, or listen to readings from some French author. Sometimes Mademoiselle exhibited her histrionic talent in scenes from Molière and other classics. Her presentations would do credit to a professional. Those who were sufficiently advanced to profit thereby took advantage of the interval between lunch and tea to converse with Mlle. Acadienne. She speaks no English, and is a typical Québécoise; her ancestors having left Acadia at the time of the expulsion and settled in Quebec. Though frail and delicate she courageously undertook the care of her sister's three orphan children. The eldest had just reached manhood when he laid down his life in Flanders.

It was in her house that I first remarked the little blue flag and asked its meaning. "It is the flag of the day before the cession," she explained. In Quebec one speaks of "the cession," not of "the conquest." "It is the white cross of St. Louis on a blue ground and the fleur de lis in each corner. We have added the sacred heart with a wreath of maple leaves, and adopted it as the flag of Quebec."

Thanks to the kindness of Mlle. L'Acadienne, I visited the various educational institutions of the community and came away with a very favourable impression of their fine, well-kept buildings, modern equipment and cultured and charming instructors. I was amazed to learn at the convent that girls could receive board and tuition for ten dollars per month, and still more amazed when I visited the clean, well-lighted, well-ventilated class-rooms, music-rooms and auditorium and saw how thoroughly modern and up-to-date everything was. Le Juvenal is a stately and impressive edifice where a classical training is received by those who are preparing for the priesthood. The College of Berthier is also a large, handsome building. The purpose of the college is to prepare young men for business. This does not mean that the course of study is confined to bookkeeping, accountancy, stenography and kindred subjects. On the contrary, the college furnishes a general education, including practical English, plus business training. The beautiful chapel, auditorium and stage are worthy of comment. Music and the drama play a worthy part in the scheme of education, and it is a pity that the value of these arts in the formation of character is not more generally recognized.

The red-letter day was when the Prince came to Berthier. The little village was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, a huge arch of evergreens had been built at the station where the reception was to take place. Somebody's best parlour carpet was converted into an object of historic interest by being spread on the platform where the Prince would alight. The Mayor was in readiness as official host. Nearby stood his pretty daughter with a huge sheaf of roses to be presented to the Prince. Next to the Mayor was the Canon of the diocese, then a visiting Anglican Canon, followed by the priests from the various churches and colleges in order of their rank. Every man, woman and child, in the village and for miles around, was present. Rows of small boys—and some that were no longer small—adorned every available inch of fences and roofs. We tried to shade our eyes with our flags from the brilliant sun getting low in the western sky. Suddenly "Voilà! voilà!" from French throats, and "God Save the King" from the half-dozen English-Canadian ones announced that the great moment had arrived. The sun was so dazzling and the train had backed in so noiselessly that it seemed as if the Prince must have stepped out of the sunset into our midst. I confess to a lack of enthusiasm for looking at celebrities; but the sight of that fair-haired lad had a marvellously compelling effect. Almost before there was time to recover from the shock of being suddenly transformed into a heroworshipper, the Mayor had made his address of welcome and the clear, fresh voice of the Prince was replying in faultless French:—

"Je vous remercie de tout mon coeur pour votre bonté et pour votre réception —." The words were simple enough, but an undefinable charm made them unforgettable. As he turned towards the train again "O Canada" rang out with lusty vigour. Everybody joined in the singing now, for this is Quebec's own song, written in the language of that province. It was all over before we were well aware what had happened, and the Prince had disappeared in the glowing sunlight.

"It was just like a dream!" exclaimed Chère Mademoiselle Charmante, the tears running down her temperamental face. "The Prince descended out of the sunset with his magic power to make people love him; and then he vanished into it again. It was like a fairy-story or a dream!"

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Gorham Press, Boston, (61 pp.; \$1.25.)

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THE GIVING STORY

THERE was once a little Prince who had everything in the world to make him happy. He had a kind father and mother who were king and queen; he had a velvet suit for every day in the week and two for Sunday; he had a little white pony and a great white dog, and so many toys that they filled several play-rooms. There were ladies-in-waiting to tell him stories, and gentlemen-in-waiting to teach him to hunt and to ride, and many little pages to teach him new games and take care of his toys and find them when he lost them.

Yet the little Prince was not happy. Sometimes he sat at his window for an hour at a time looking down at the brown winding path in the forest that lay just below the palace. Here the little children from the village played, and the Prince liked to watch them.

"The Prince must be ill," said the King. "He plays very seldom now."
"He never smiles," said the Queen. "We must call the court doctor."

So the court doctor, looking very important, came and looked at the Prince's tongue, but all the time the little Prince was looking out of the window.

"See that boy down in the forest; he is giving a little girl a ride on his sled, and they are carrying home a green hemlock tree that he cut with his hatchet. It will be their Christmas tree, won't it? I wish I could go and see their gifts when the tree is trimmed," he said.

The court doctor shook his head. "The little Prince is not in need of medicine," he said. "What he needs is a gift that will give him more pleasure than any gift ever gave him before. That will make him quite well again."

It was very near the joyous Christmas-time, so every one in the whole court put on his thinking-cap and tried to think of a more beautiful gift than any other, which he could give to the little Prince to make him happy on Christmas Day.

The King bought a train of toy cars that could run, quite alone, on a set of toy tracks, and whenever they passed the little signal stations red or blue or green lights flashed.

The Queen bought a wonderful toy circus, in which there was almost every kind of a toy animal, and clowns that would jump, and doll trapeze performers, and dolls that would walk upon a tight rope. There were other gifts, too—a ball that had a covering woven of golden thread, and a white fur cloak, and a gold watch with shining jewels set in it,

and a silver trumpet, and a box of a hundred toy soldiers with the officers in uniform like the uniform of the court, and a fairy book with gilded covers and coloured pictures.

All these most beautiful gifts the little Prince found when Christmas dawned all white and green in the castle.

He started his cars, but when the little signal lights flashed he did not see them, for he was looking out of the window and down at the ever-green trees in the forest so white with snow. He set up his circus, but when the toy clowns tumbled merrily over each other the little Prince was not watching them. He had seen some small footprints in the snow path of the forest, and he was watching them from his window. Suddenly the little Prince called for his own sleigh. He carried all his gifts down to it and packed them inside it—the train of cars that would run alone, and the circus that had jumping clowns, the golden ball, the fur cloak, the watch, the silver trumpet, the box of soldiers, and the book of fairy tales with gilded covers and coloured pictures.

No one saw the little Prince, wrapped in his old fur cloak, drive away; every one else in the palace was enjoying his own Christmas gifts. Presently no one could have seen him if he had tried, for he took the road that went through the forest, and followed the footsteps that he had seen from the castle window in the snow. He knew whose footsteps they were. On and on they led until they stopped at the door of a very small house at the edge of the village. The little Prince thought that he had never seen so small a house in all his life before, but he thought, too, that he had never heard such happy laughter as came out through the cracks in the wall and the keyhole.

When they opened at his knocking the little Prince saw the same little boy and girl that he had seen in the forest, and there was the same little green hemlock tree that the boy had cut down. It was trimmed with a few gilded nuts and a string or two of popcorn and an apple.

There were no toys, but the children were dancing about the tree as if it shone with a hundred candles and were hung with a hundred toys.

When they saw the little Prince and watched him bring in from his sleigh all his wonderful toys, they could not say a word for their surprise.

"It is the Prince!" they said. They began bowing to him, but he motioned to them to stop.

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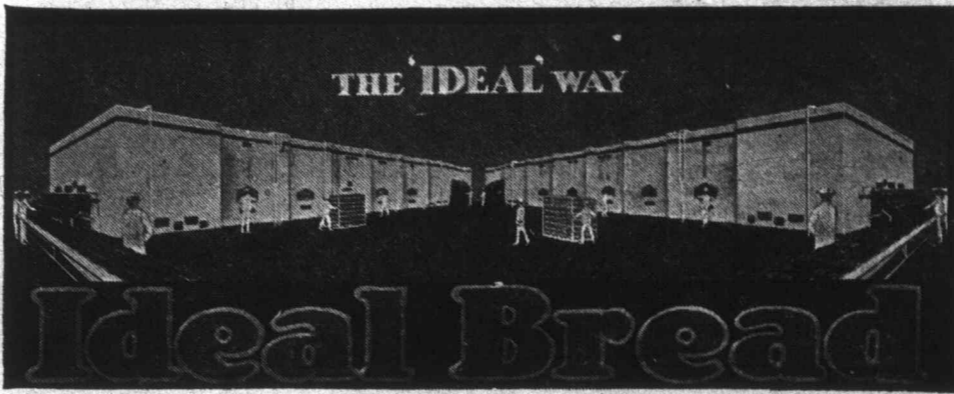
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"I am only a little boy," he said, "and I have brought you some Christmas toys. I will stay and play with you awhile if you would like to have me."

The Prince had never had so splendid a time in all his life as he had then, playing with the boy and girl in the house that was smaller than any he had ever seen in all his life before. The boy could tell him about tiny animals that lived in the woods and were more wonderful than those in the toy circus, and the little girl told him fairy tales that were not in any book. The children themselves were happier, too, than they had ever been before, playing with their new toys, and as the little Prince watched them he suddenly felt as warm and well and merry as if he were out in the sunshine of a summer day.

He still felt happy when he bade the children good-bye and went home. It was the joyous laughter of the little Prince that called the King and Queen and all the others to his playroom.

"Which gift is it that has made you well?" they cried, and then they looked around in surprise, for the Prince's Christmas gifts were not there. "Where are your gifts?" they asked.

"I gave them away," said the little Prince, "but I feel as if I had found a gift over there." He pointed to the forest. "It sings like a bird inside me."

So they understood about the little Prince. He had found on Christmas the gift that is best of all—the gift of unselfishness.—Carolyn S. Bailey, in "Kindergarten Review."

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

(Continued from page 797.)

the final court of appeal. The individual looks to public opinion, and public opinion must be shot through with the moral teachings of Christ as set forth in His living body, the Church. Let things that are not really sinful be so acknowledged by the Church, and let them be christianized. "Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand." God gave us all things abundantly to enjoy for the edification of body, mind and soul; and they ought to be thankfully received and temperately used. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

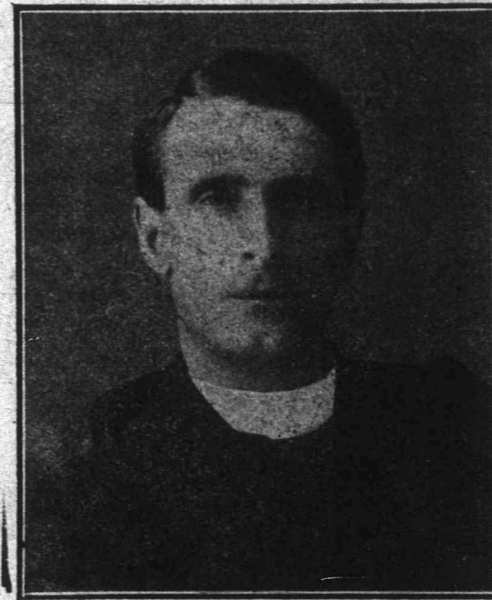
PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Every boy and girl knows what day comes this month. Of course you do, and if you could all speak at once what a beautiful chorus of "Merry Christmas" we should hear. This is the day of love and of kindness and of joy and of peace.

It has been a day of gifts, likewise, ever since the Christ-child himself came, bringing with him, as the angel told the shepherds, "peace and good-will toward men." Gold and frankincense and myrrh the wise men brought to the Babe of Bethlehem.

So it is that we think of gifts one for another on this day of days. Perhaps this moment you are planning surprises for those you love the best, and for others besides, for there are always some girls and boys who are too poor to have a "Merry Christmas," unless you help in some way to give it to them.

So while you are planning for presents for father and mother and brothers and sisters, see if you cannot think of some poor little girl or boy whose Christmas you can make happy with some little gift for Jesus' sake.—Adapted from Tidings.



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BESIDE THE CAMP FIRE

Notes on Scoutcraft

Commissioner Rev. G. W. Tebbs

TO BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES.

H.M.S. "Renown,"
Camperdown,
November 25th, 1919.

"To Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of Canada:—
"I am just leaving Canada for the Old Country, and I want to send you all my best wishes before I go. I

have thoroughly enjoyed seeing so many of you on parade during my visit, and I shall tell your Brother Scouts and Sister Guides in the Old Country that you are every bit as smart as they are.

"Value your training as Scouts and Guides, for the more you value it, the greater will be your own value as Canadians and as Britishers.

"Good luck to you all till I see you again.

"Edward P."

* * * *

The following Troop Song, composed by the Rector of Mount Forest, Ont., Rev. W. G. O. Thompson, appeared in the "Canadian Boy" for November:—

We're up on the bit, and full of pep,
And we'll always "be prepared"
For rain or snow, wherever we go,
And storms can't get us scared.
In camp, on trail, we'll never turn tail,
And we lustily sing this merry note:
Each a jolly good chum, whatever
may come,
And nothing can get our goat.

Then blow, ye winds heigh-ho!
A-scouting we will go!
We'll do no harm to anyone's farm,
But times will never be slow-ow-ow,
We'll camp, and cook, and sleep,
And swim in the briny deep;
Each a jolly old Scout, who's never
put out,
And never a grouchy peep.
The above may be sung to the
tune, "A Capital Ship."

* * * *

One Troop of Ye Ancient Mariners (Sea Scouts) have started up in the Maritime Provinces in St. John, N.B. The next is being formed in Halifax, N.S., under the wing of the Western Union Cable Co., the Canadian Naval Service, and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

* * * *

Information regarding the Boy Scout Movement or its Junior Branch, the Wolf Cub Movement, will gladly be forwarded by Mr. H. G. Hammond, Provincial Secretary, whose address is Boy Scout Headquarters for Ontario, Dominion Bank Chambers, corner of Sherbourne and Bloor Streets, Toronto. We have also the addresses of the officials in the other Provinces of the Dominion should they be required. The Miller Manufacturing Co., York Street, Toronto, have published a little booklet, "What Every Boy Scout Should Know," which is free for the asking.

The Burlington Scouts are installing a wireless outfit, and would be glad to receive the addresses of other Troops in the Dominion who have wireless equipment in connection with their troops, with particulars of their outfit, etc.

One of the rules of the Boy Scout organization forbids their collecting money for any object whatsoever, and they must not appear on the stage of any theatre in any entertainment (other than their own) in the official uniform of the movement.

The Welland Boy Scouts are in splendid shape, and are hoping soon to have the services of a leader who will devote all his time to the movement in that progressive city. The writer noticed with great satisfaction last week that the Welland Scouts were made use of at the Conference of the C.S.E.T. Leaders in conducting the delegates to their respective billets.

Lieut. F. Shrive, of the Imperial Flying Corps, and before his enlistment, Assistant Scoutmaster of St. James' (7th) Troop, Hamilton, has just returned from Siberia and Russia. He is delighting the Scouts of his home city and district with some of his overseas experiences.

In his recent visit to Canada, Sir Robert Baden-Powell urged the formation of Patrols of Sea Scouts in the towns bordering on the lake and sea fronts of the Dominion.

* * *

HER CHURCH WAS DIFFERENT.

The sexton of a suburban church has many stories to tell of the comments he overhears visitors make.

On one occasion when the church was decorated with evergreens and flowers an old lady walked up the aisle to the chancel and stood sniffing the air after everyone else had left the church.

"Don't it smell solemn?" she said at last, as she turned away with evident reluctance. "I don't know as I ever realized just what the 'odour of sanctity' meant before to-day. We don't have any such trimmings in the church I attend up north."

* * *

Disraeli was much troubled by literary aspirants sending him their books to read. The formula he adopted in acknowledging was: "Dear Sir, or Madam, I am much obliged for your book which I will lose no time in reading."



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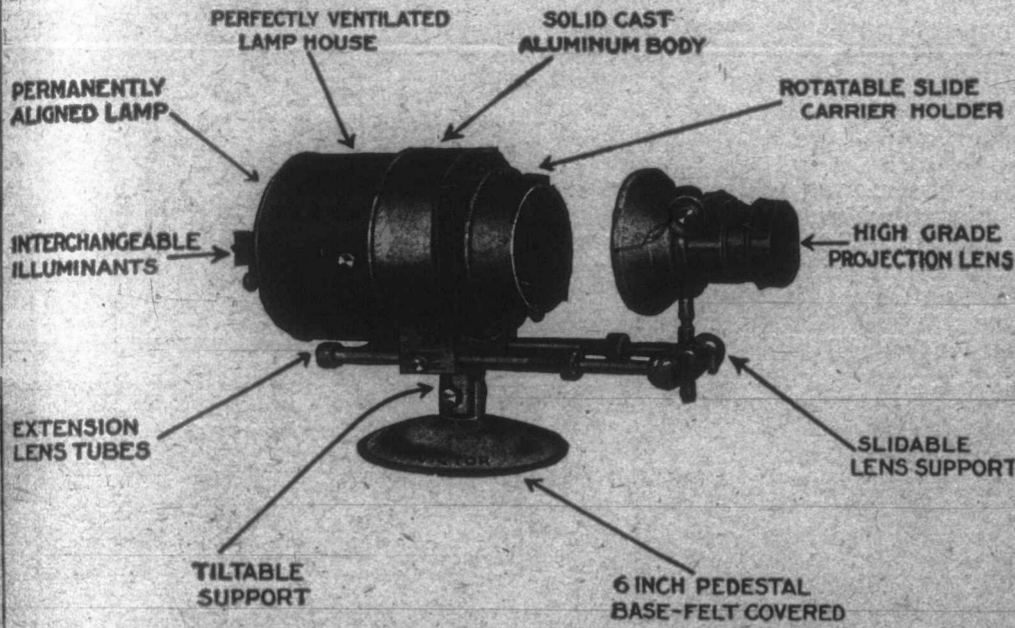
"That is something I did not think about."

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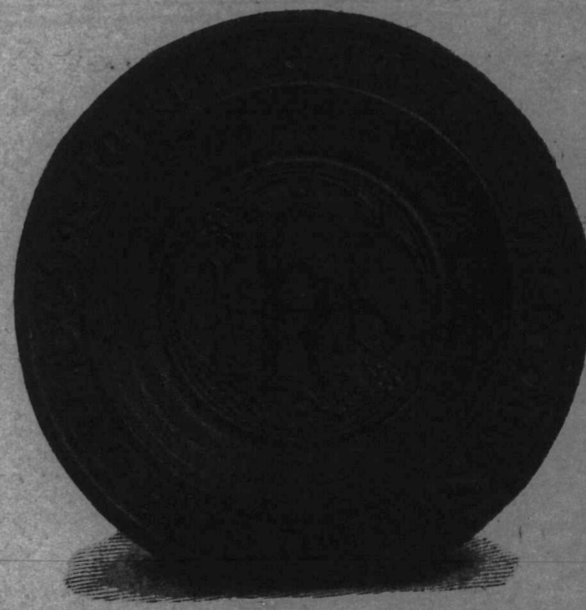
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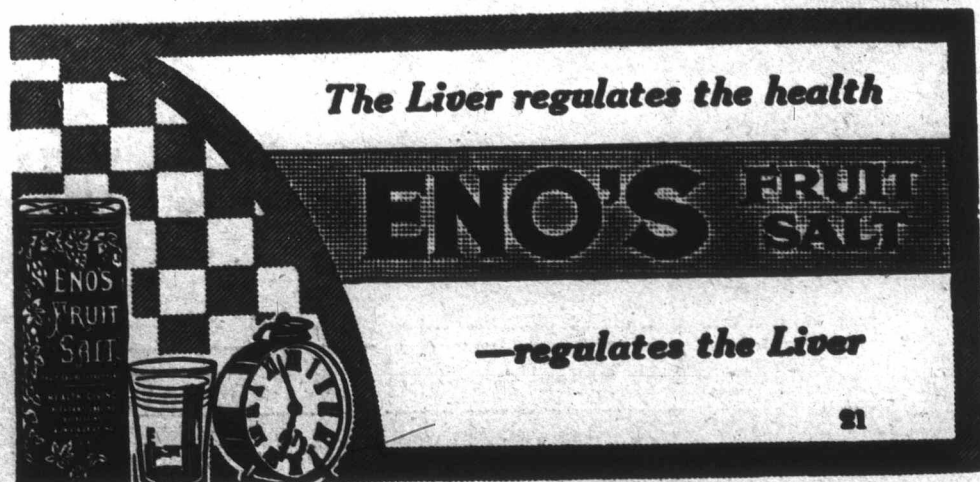
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CHRISTMAS SEASON IN THE PHILIPPINES

CHARLES O. FORD
For illustrations of this story we are indebted to The Michigan Churchman

MANILA presents a pretty sight viewed from the ship's deck. The spires of the many churches, and Manila is really a city of churches, particularly in the old Spanish walled city, the three great buildings housing the Elks and Army and Navy Clubs and the Manila hotel, the beautiful Luneta or public park, with its great shade trees of acacia and palms, make a most pleasing combination. And on the pier were

hundreds of white-clad figures with straw hats or the white tropical helmet much used here. Manila is a rather strange combination of the Orient and Occident, of the ancient and modern. Some of the buildings are modern and up-to-date, others are of the old, massive Spanish type, while in the native sections of the city you find hundreds of Nipa huts. And a Nipa hut is a scientifically built structure. Using Nipa or bamboo for the sides, bamboo strips to hold the Nipa together, and Nipa or long grass for the thatched roof, with bamboo for the floor, all the material is put together without a nail or bit of hardware. In many cases long bamboo poles are used to brace the house so that it may with-

stand the occasional typhoons which are common to this part of the world. In a way Manila is not so indicative of the tropics as I had thought it would be. The hot sun and continued heat is up to standard, but much of the tropical foliage is not in evidence—one has to get outside the city a few miles before he sees the coconut palms, bamboos, banana trees and luxuriant foliage he has always associated with Manila and the Philippines. One can spend a whole day roaming through the old walled city with its Spanish houses with their overhanging balconies, the narrow sidewalks, the great old churches which carry one back in memory two or three centuries to the time when Spanish rule was in its infancy. There are some very old and extremely interesting churches outside the walled city, but the St. Augustinian Church, Recoletas, the Cathedral and the Jesuit Church in the walled city are to me the most interesting. I roamed through the Augustinian monastery, to spend hours looking at



the old, time-worn and stained pictures on the walls of the dimly lighted corridors portraying the life of the good St. Augustine, and in the church where there is some of the most beautiful wood carving one can find anywhere.

Further on in the walled city is the old and famous Santiago Fort with its underground dungeons which could tell harrowing tales of Spanish cruelty in the early days. The fort runs back to the Pasig River and affords a good view of the bay.

What seems to me to best typify the easy-going, never-hurrying spirit of the native of the tropics is the carabao (water buffalo) which is so much in use to transport heavy loads on great two-wheeled carts. This great beast, with his plodding gait, the head with its great horns slowly swinging from side to side, a contemplative tongue shooting out every second or two to lick its nostrils, and his need for a mud bath every two hours if he is to be persuaded to work at all, sums up the sluggishness of native life in the Philippines. But who can blame a native for being lazy and carefree. A little rice and a bit of fish will make him a good meal; bananas are cheap, there is no



coal to be bought and no hard winter to look forward to; nature has been kind to him, why should he not work only enough to feed himself and family? His scanty raiment is not costly—a camisa and a pair of white trousers, for the children usually a very short shirt and a smile—and smiles are very cheap in the tropics. One notices that the white man in

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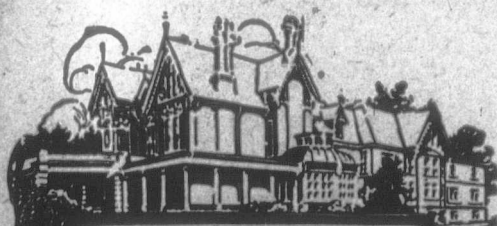
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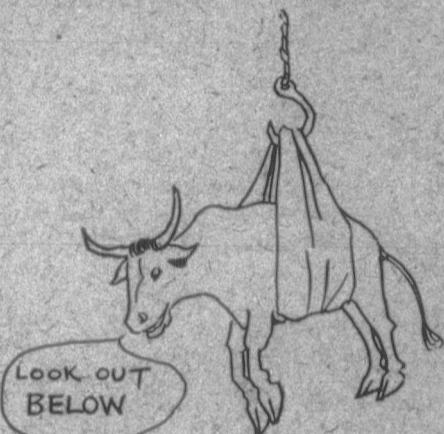
Toronto, 1919.

Manila works less and rests more than he does in the north.

December 12th we took the inter-island steamer Romulus and sailed through the South Seas as far as Jolo, 6 degrees above the equator and in the centre of the Moro population of the islands. This trip was extremely interesting from the moment we stepped on the boat until our return on December 23rd. If one does not like cockroaches, carabao, copra and vegetable odours, sleeping on deck and Spanish "chow" three times a day, he had best stay in Manila and let an old campaigner do the travelling to Jolo. The cockroaches were about three inches long and whenever you felt in the need of exercise or wearied of the monotony of ship life, you could have a five-minute race about your cabin with one of these lively gentlemen and you were soon feeling tip-top again.

One night while I was peacefully sleeping a playful wavelet climbed the side of the boat and dropped, moist and affectionate in my lap. I moved.

At Dumaguete there is no pier and when the sea is running well there is plenty of excitement in getting ashore. We arrived about six a.m. on a Sunday, and the first thing the ship's crew did was to put ashore some forty carabao we had on board. A band of straw matting is fastened about the beast's belly and the steam winch hoists him up and gently drops him into the water alongside the boat. Usually there is much kicking and threshing of front and hind legs while the carabao is in the air. A boy



LOOK OUT BELOW



in the ship's boat alongside catches hold of a short rope through the animal's nostrils and ties him up to the side; then when they have eight or ten the power launch tows the whole outfit ashore. On several occasions the animals broke loose and tried to swim out to sea. Usually a boy would go overboard, board the animal's back and steer him back to the ship's boat.

We went ashore in the ship's boat. It's a great life, if you don't weaken.

In the first place you are dressed in clean white linen. In the second place the ship's boat, used mostly to carry freight to and from the shore, isn't any too clean. And in the third place when there is a sea rolling, as there was when we went ashore, one does some acrobatics trying to transfer himself from the companionway to the ship's boat. And the ocean at Dumaguete is very wet. Then when you get about fifty yards from shore, you encounter breakers. The ship's boat can't take you through and you have to transfer to wooden platforms carried by naked native boys. If you survive the ordeal they finally place you on the beach. We survived. Dumaguete is quite a shipping point for hemp and particularly coconuts and copra. They have been using the coconut shells in the past in the manufacture of gas masks. The copra is used, of course, in the manufacture of oil. And a load of copra smells to heaven, believe me. Here you get the tropical views and the real tropical surroundings. As you approach Dumaguete you see the white sandy beach with the rolling breakers and behind the tall coconut palms which the artist so dearly loves to portray.

Towards evening of the next day we drew into the pier at Zamboanga at the farthest point of the great island of Mindanao, along which we had been sailing all the afternoon. Here one finds the Mohammedan Moros predominating, and they are a pretty fierce-looking and primitive people. Having come into contact with civilization somewhat they do wear a few more clothes than they do in the interior of the island of Jolo, but they would never be accused of over-dressing. The men wear wide flaring and gorgeously coloured trousers, a short jacket which comes about half way to the waist and does not meet in front by some three inches, the little fez cap of the Turk and, of course, no shoes.

Kawakawa is built out over the water, as are most of the Moro houses. To reach them one travels along a narrow platform of boards that tip and tilt perilously as you

walk upon them. The houses are plain, to say the least. There is usually more dirt than anything else in them. We visited one of the better sort. In one corner two girls were weaving cloth. An old woman was mixing something in a bowl, and in the other room on a bare roof table a girl was sitting eating rice with her hands out of a bowl. The Moros are still pretty suspicious of the motives of foreigners and even now do not come to the hospital as we had hoped they would. And any



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definite religious work is at present out of the question.

It was interesting to visit old Fort Pilar, erected in 1531, which has withstood the assaults of Moros and even a British fleet and has safely passed through many vicissitudes. The famous shrine of Our Lady of Pilar, supposed to be by the natives the patron saint of the fort, is the main attraction now to the Filipinos. The shrine is nothing but a gaudily painted picture of the Virgin on the wall of the fort away from the bay. In front of it is a low iron railing, about 20 feet long and 12 feet wide, with metal holders where the natives

anywhere in the neighbourhood. It made one shudder a bit to think what would have happened to him five years ago if he had the temerity to make the trip we were taking that morning.

Christmas was a trying time for me. To a person accustomed to snow, cold winds and low temperature on and about December 25th, a Christmas day with the flowers in full bloom, the leaves green, the thermometer at 85 and a ball game in full progress, seemed rather out of season. The Christmas Carol service in the cathedral on Christmas Eve, followed by the ceremony of trimming the tree for the Sunday School party the next



Houses at Kawakawa, Philippines.

place their candles when they gather at the shrine on Saturday afternoons. Leaving Zamboanga at 8.00 p.m. we arrived off Jolo, on the island of Jolo, early the next morning. Jolo has the distinction of having the smallest walled city in the world, not more than half a mile square, if that. Before 1914 it was unsafe for any white man to go outside the walls without a strong military escort. To-

afternoon, and the services on December 25th helped somewhat to persuade us that it really was Christmas Day, but even then it was an unsatisfactory sort of day.

From the islands of the south sea to the mountains of northern Luzon is a long trip and entails considerable change in location and climate. We left for the north where live the Igorots, Ilocanos and Ifugawans on December 28th. The first fifty miles one travels by train, one of the dustiest and most uncomfortable rides I ever experienced, but interesting nevertheless. You get a good idea of the customs and mode of life of the poorer class of Filipinos on this trip, passing as you do through much of the cultivated land and through many villages of greater or less extent and population. The Filipino does not work much more than he has to to exist, but when you go through these villages on this train you are positive that none of them ever work; certainly most of the village seems to be out to meet the train, even to the roosters and pigs. Speaking of roosters, the national bird of the islands is the chicken, especially the male of the species. Every family has its chickens and every man has his fighting cocks



day, however, one is practically safe as long as he travels in the daytime and keeps to the straight and narrow path. I doubt if any danger is to be encountered now from the Moros except from robbery. However, the Moros are still far from being civilized and robbery is usually accompanied by some rather unpleasant work with a bolo or barong. The Moro does not believe in working harder than is necessary for his living, and as his wants are few, in the main he does little cultivation. On our way we met a great many Moro men, women and children on foot, on horseback, in bull carts and on the backs of carabao, in various stages of undress. The average Moro is pretty low-grade material, particularly repulsive because of his disgusting habit of chewing betel nut which disfigures the mouth and teeth. It made one feel that the task of civilizing and educating these people, even in a very elementary degree, was practically hopeless, at least one felt that way until he reached the school and saw the 75 boys who have been there for a year or two. There is an auto line from Jolo to Indanan and it was amusing and a bit startling to see a modern auto bus whiz along crowded with savage and partially undressed Moros. Some of them would look up at us and wave an apparently friendly hand; others would stalk majestically past as though we were not



which he loves next to, if not more, than his family. Even on the boat going south many of the natives had their roosters with them and it was amusing, though rather annoying at times, to be awakened on a boat in the middle of the South Seas by the crowing of fifteen or twenty roosters. One felt that he was on a farm rather than on a boat.

To me two of the most delightful sights in this country are the groves of great coconut palms and the clumps of bamboo trees. I have seen enough bananas to feed the whole army and enough hemp to reach from Chicago to New York after it was made into rope.—"The Michigan Churchman."

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