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Personal & General

Archdeacon Davidson has returned to Guelph from Vancouver.

* * * *

The Rev. Dr. Seager and Mrs. Seager, of Vancouver, spent a few days in Toronto last week.

* * * *

Sir Richard McBride, ex-Premier of British Columbia, died in London, England, on August 6th from Bright's disease.

* * * *

The Rev. R. J. Moore, Rector of St. George's, Toronto, has gone to the seaside near Boston, Mass., for a period of rest and change.

* * * *

The death of the Rev. B. Baring Gould, secretary of the C.M.S., from 1888 to 1913, took place at his home at Blackheath, London, lately.

* * * *

The Rev. J. B. Fotheringham, the Rector of Grace Church, Brantford, and Mrs. Fotheringham, are spending the month of August at Goderich.

* * * *

Mrs. Harris, the widow of the late Rural Dean Harris, was recently stricken with illness whilst summering at Orford Lake, and she has been removed to a hospital in Montreal.

* * * *

Mr. R. W. Allin, the Editor of this paper, is devoting his holidays during August to farm work near Newcastle, Ontario. During his absence, Rev. Dr. Hallam is taking charge of the paper.

* * * *

In memory of fallen soldiers a cross seventeen feet high, the work of Mr. Arthur Walker, sculptor of the Florence Nightingale memorial in Waterloo Place, London, was dedicated recently by the Bishop of Stepney at St. Silas' Church, Pentonville.

* * * *

British casualties in all theatres of military operations published in the newspapers during the month of July total 71,832 officers and men. The officers killed, wounded or missing total 2,503, while the men number 69,329.

* * * *

In observance of the third anniversary of the declaration of war a service of a special character was held at Camp Borden on August 5th. This service was conducted by Capt. the Rev. J. E. Jeakins, the senior Chaplain, who served for some time at the front.

* * * *

An incident, unique in the ecclesiastical history of Belfast, took place the other day when the Rev. Professor Cooper, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, preached in the Cathedral church by permission of the Bishop of the diocese.

* * * *

Speaking recently at a large gathering of young people at Manchester, the Rev. J. Glass, the Vicar of St. Paul's, Leamington, said that the two chief things in a boy's life should be "to say his prayers and to wash the back of his neck. The one would remind him that he had a soul to save and the other of the reality of the unseen."

* * * *

Dr. Albert Ham, Organist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and President of the Canadian Guild of Organists, received a telegram on Saturday, the 4th August, from Mr. A. S. Brooke, the President of the American Guild of Organists, which is in convention at Springfield, Ohio, conveying cordial greetings and giving the assurance that the United States is heart and soul with Canada in the war.

The King, in writing to the Lord Mayor of London thanking him for his expressions of loyalty and confidence in the efficiency of the fighting forces, says: "Three years of war, with all they have meant to every home in the British Empire, have served to weld more closely than ever the bonds of unity and steel the hearts of the whole nation in the firm resolve to secure the sacred principles of justice, freedom and humanity. It is for these we fight, and by God's help we mean to triumph."

* * * *

Lieut. J. K. Gillespie has been awarded the Military Cross. The Official Gazette, London, says:—"Lieut. John Krause Gillespie, when the both of his guns were destroyed and a number of the men in their crews had become casualties, he rallied the remainder and pushed forward, killing a number of the enemy." Lieut. Gillespie is the youngest son of the late Rev. John Gillespie, first Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, during whose rectorship the present edifice was built.

* * * *

Mr. H. A. Fricker, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., M.A., the new Director of the Mendelssohn Choir, arrived on the 5th August in Toronto, from England. Mr. Fricker is a native of Canterbury, in Kent, and as a boy he was a member of the Cathedral choir and later on he acted as assistant organist to the late Dr. Longhurst at the Cathedral. For the past 20 years he has been city organist at Leeds in Yorkshire. He has the reputation of being one of England's greatest organists. He is also a well-known composer and choral leader.

* * * *

On Sunday evening, August 5th, a number of the Army and Navy Veterans attended Divine service at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Toronto, when the sermon was preached by the Rector, the Rev. J. Russell McLean, who is also Chaplain of the Toronto Garrison. The service throughout was fittingly military, the church being decorated with Union Jacks, and the music being specially selected for the occasion. At the close the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played, followed by the National Anthem.

* * * *

Lieutenant Aidan Chavasse, Liverpool Regiment, youngest son of the Bishop of Liverpool, has been reported "wounded and missing." He joined the Army during the first month of war. He was on patrol duty when wounded; his companions were unable to bring him in, and the officer in charge, in attempting to go for a stretcher, was killed. The Lieutenant's brother, Captain F. B. Chavasse, R.A.M.C., attached to the same battalion, went out in search five times without finding his brother. The Bishop has four sons serving—one, Captain N. G. Chavasse, M.C., R.A.M.C., having gained the Victoria Cross.

* * * *

A most impressive intercessional service, to mark the beginning of the fourth year in the war was held on Sunday, August 5th, in Westminster Abbey. The King attended the service as an ordinary private worshipper. He was accompanied by many members of his family and household, including Prince John and the Princesses Victoria and Mary. The Premier and Sir John Jellicoe, as well as numerous other prominent men, attended the service, whilst a special block of seats in the centre of the nave, were occupied by a large party of wounded soldiers. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who chose for his text the words: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

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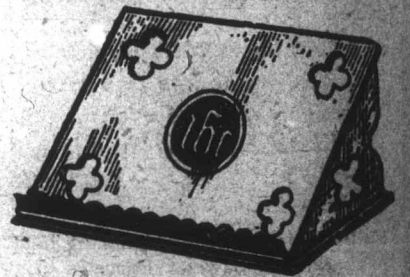
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Canadian Churchman

Toronto, August 9, 1917.

Editorial

The Returned Soldier

HIS RELIGION.

"He hasn't any," say some. "He has the only kind that counts," say others. This disagreement shows up the fallacy of the expression. We speak of the Returned Soldier as a class and a unit. There is no such class. The unit breaks up automatically. From a variety of motives men enlisted to serve King and country. They have lived together, fought together and suffered together. But on their discharge, differences of education, vocation and inclination break up the group. The tie is only one of sentiment, powerful to bind against common injustice, but powerless to dominate the opinions of the individual. So when we use the expression "Returned Soldier," we must remember that it represents not men who are of a particular type, but men who have shared a common experience.

Don't imagine that a man is automatically made religious because he has had to live under the uncertainty of shell-fire or to charge against a withering fire. You can't shoot religion into a man at the front any more than you can starve a man into religion at home. The fear of death may be a strong motive, but we can be thankful that it is not the strongest one. Some men have found God in the trenches. Just as many have lost Him. Numbers of men never thought of Him, in or out. Some got their first contact with religion when the Padre carried them in. They realized for the first time that Christianity stood for something. They came back prejudiced in favour of the Church. What did they find when they got back? The same old thing which they dodged before going overseas. A service and a sermon in a strange language! An organization that boasted of a connection with Almighty power and showed none! A community that has talked of eternal life and was half dead! A society that prated of Love and did not know the meaning of Brotherhood!

Action is the first thing the Returned Soldier demands of the Church. They have come from a realm where men do things. The Church must act on its environment. It is not sufficient to declaim against the wickedness of big interests or individuals who have stolen God's sunshine and fresh air from one-tenth of our population—men, women, and children. What is the Church going to do about it? She has an inexhaustible supply of grenades and bombs. The explosive and expulsive power of the principles of Jesus she has never tried. Why? Because she is afraid of getting blown up herself. If she were to throw some grenades from the Sermon on the Mount with the safety-pin of "ifs and ans" taken out she might lose her reputation for impartial viewpoint, sanity and conservatism. She would lose her grip on the moneyed people (and loosen their grip on her). She might lose her bread and butter.

The man from the front has risked death to gain his point. He has a right to demand that the Church take her life in her hands, too. Nobody and no Church has a right to say that their life is the most valuable thing in the world. That was not the Master's way. The Resurrection to a new life can come only to a Church that is willing to die. The

Church's evangel is worth more than her organization. The Resurrection of the Church would mean more than her respectable senility. Action is wanted, not pious sighing or folded hands.

Sympathy the Church of the Returned Man must have. Out there the men shared their choice bits and last crusts. They shared the last drop in the water-bottle. They did better—they gave it. Need meant relief. The relief was spontaneous and instant. But some say, "Is not charity a feature of the Church?" Yes, and often charity is twice cursed. It curses him that gives and him that takes. Charity is not sympathy. Too long the Church has handed out her doles to the poor relation whose presence is so inconvenient. Sympathy would mean that she take up the cause of all who need help, not as a hired advocate, but as making that cause her own. Sympathy will mean, too, that we develop the *esprit de corps* of our Churches as social units. The polite reserve which regards a fellow-worshipper with mild curiosity has excellent cooling qualities, but a Church is not really supposed to be a refrigerator. That atmosphere is not what the Returned Soldier has been used to, and he is not compelled to endure it.

Reality is the ultimate test of value. Out there most unlikely men proved themselves white clear through. A man who has been willing to risk life itself for the sake of others does not need any testimonial to certify to the good in him, even if it does come to the surface only at times. Such Reality is a true criterion, more infallible than church-going and psalm-singing. To use the Thirty-nine Articles as a test of a man's work and position in the Kingdom of God is arbitrary, to say the least. They are good milestones, but some people come near to making them tombstones by using theory to test practice instead of the reverse.

Action, sympathy, reality the Church must have if she is to keep the Returned Soldier. Before she complains of his negligence she must show herself to be truly possessed of her Master's spirit, willing to risk all, to give all for the sake of others.

IN HIS STEPS.

Feet that would climb up into heaven must bend their way thither by treading in Christ's footsteps. Now, to walk in His incomparable steps is both easy and difficult. The easiness lies in our surroundings, the difficulty in ourselves. Flesh is weak, and spirit is too often unwilling; otherwise any neighbourhood might become to us as holy as Palestine. There waits in every direction abundant good to be done if only we have the will patiently to do it, first counting the cost. For though no literal mountain obstructs our path, mountainous opposition may confront us; and if it please not God to remove it, then in His strength we may surmount it, "looking unto Jesus."—C. G. Rossetti.

Church music, while its artistic qualities ought not to be made the chief thing, ought to be good music, even the best. There is no more virtue in poor singing than in poor preaching. The singing should be congregational. We cannot praise the Lord by proxy.—Presbyterian Banner.

The Christian Year

The 11th Sunday After Trinity, Aug. 19, 1917.

THE POWERFUL PITY OF GOD.

The Collect has in it a surprising expression: "God, Who declarest Thy almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity." Who would think of associating mercy and pity with power? And yet that is what the Collect does, for it declares that God shows His power by exercising mercy and pity. The mercy of God is practical. It is not merely an emotion, but it has passed into action. It goes out to the weak and sinful. It is a mercy which cleanses and strengthens. The God revealed to us by our religion is not only a God Who sits on the throne being sorry for us in our poor state, but the God we know and worship is the God Who came down here and in His powerful mercy and pity has lifted us up and embued us with His Strength. When we come under the mercy and pity of God we come into contact with power.

The Epistle gives us an illustration of this *Powerful Pity*. St. Paul tells of its mighty operation in his own life. The mercy of God had been extended to him. It had sought him out and lifted him up. "And last of all, He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." His life had been touched by that *Powerful Pity*. To him, the persecutor, it had come, and his life had been filled with its power. It is the secret of his successful work. "For I am the least of the Apostles, that am not meet to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

And in the Gospel we have another illustration of God's *Powerful Pity*. It is extended to the outcast Publican. The Lord Jesus shows us God looking down in pitying love upon the man who "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" And the mercy of God in all its power enfolds him. The Hand of Mercy, which is the Hand of Power, touched him, and he "went down to his house justified." We are shown what it is that lets loose this powerful mercy and pity. It is the humble cry for mercy, "God be merciful to me a sinner"; then at once the mercy and pity are in action in our hearts, and we come under the influence of their power.

It gives new meaning to the Collect to offer it in the light that comes from the Epistle and Gospel for the day. As we remember St. Paul and God's mercy to him, and the Publican who had nothing to offer but simply cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," this little prayer has a new significance. "O God, Who declarest Thy almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity; Mercifully grant unto us such a measure of Thy grace, that we, running the way of Thy commandments, may obtain Thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of Thy heavenly treasure."

To love abundantly is to live abundantly.—Drummond.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The foolish ones who "kill time" really kill life; for time is the stuff of which life is made.

* * * * *

Time is the precious casket which contains all other jewels. To dedicate time to the highest uses is to dedicate everything.

* * * * *

The Christian life must be in its own degree something like the Master's own life, luminous with His hope, and surrounded by a bracing atmosphere which uplifts all who even touch its outer fringe.

* * * * *

I bow before the noble mind

That freely some great wrong forgives,
Yet nobler is the one forgiven

Who bears the burden well and lives.

—A. A. Proctor.

* * * * *

In the nature of man, and in the divine law, it is clearly written that a part of every life's time should be set aside for sacred uses. The Sabbath is God's peculiar shore of life. That day is dedicated to rest and uplook. It is the particular section of time that wears the flavour of eternity. To preserve it rigidly, for noblest uses, as a portion of life peculiarly consecrated to God, is to stand by the divine programme for a human life.

* * * * *

Many persons have become truly educated merely by the wise use of odd fragments of time. A bit of poetry or a verse of Scripture learned while dressing in the morning; a few foreign words or phrases conned on the way to work, or between tasks; a great book read in snatches while waiting for meals; a dip into noble literature at bed time; a studious effort to secure contact with some nobler person than one's self every day—by such simple plans as these life is enriched and made powerful.

* * * * *

Many business men are coming to the conclusion that they would accomplish more if they attempted less. Life is becoming overcrowded. A succession of little things fills the time that could more wisely be used for the contemplation of great tasks and the contemplation of lofty purposes. To simplify is to strengthen. Life is more than a mere round of engagements; it is a conscious enjoyment and employment of the spirit's highest capacities.

* * * * *

When life is realized as a mission, time becomes sacred. The sense that we are God's servants bent on His business, contents us in the hard times, as well as in the easy; in the dark days, as well as in the bright. Annie Johnson Flint has put this thought of purpose into a pretty little poem:—

"His lamp am I,
To shine where He shall say;
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day,
But for dark places of the earth
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth.
Or for the murky twilight gray
Where wandering sheep have gone astray,
Or where the light of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find
Clear-shining through the night
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light.
So may I shine—His life the flame—
That men may glorify His name."

God's Dominion Will Christians Co-operate to Make it Such?

A sermon preached in the Church of All Saints, Vernon, B.C., July 1st, 1917, by the Bishop of Kootenay.

"His Dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other: and from the flood unto the world's end."—PSALM lxxii, 8.

WE are told that when the fathers of Confederation were debating the question of the most fitting name for the proposed federation of Provinces in British North America that many suggestions were placed before them. Some favoured the term "Commonwealth of Canada," others "the United Provinces of Canada," one had this suggestion, another that; until an honoured member spake, and told how in the course of his Scriptural reading he had been struck by the 8th verse of Psalm lxxii., "His Dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other; and from the flood unto the world's end," and forthwith they all agreed and "the Dominion of Canada" became the accepted designation, God's Dominion from Sea to Sea.

Fifty years have passed since Confederation became an accomplished fact, and to-day we are called upon to give thanks to God for His many mercies and blessings showered upon our land, and for the wonderful record of progress and prosperity which the past half century is able to show. From a material viewpoint it is very imposing, and we can lift up our hearts in praise and thanksgiving to God from Whom alone cometh every good gift, and to Whose love and bounty we owe those many blessings which have placed us in the forefront of the most favoured nations of the earth.

But it is not on such matters that I propose to dwell to-day, rather I ask you to consider Canada's position at the present moment from God's standpoint, to ask with me how far we can honestly say that she has remained true to her dedication as God's Dominion from the one Sea to the other?

That there has been progress in things spiritual as well as in things material is but natural, and in common with all the other Christian Communions in Canada we as Anglicans can lift up our hearts in thanksgiving to Him Whose good hand has been ever upon us.

The number of Bishops in B.N.A. has increased from 10 to 26, the number of clergy in proportion, whilst the whole Canadian Church has been consolidated into one body speaking and acting through its General Synod, united under the leadership of one Primate. That office is held at present by the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, whose See City of Winnipeg, with a population of 200,000, was not even in existence when the Dominion was formed.

One might go on in this strain contrasting the condition of our Communion to-day with its condition 50 years ago, and find everywhere signs of progress, causes for gratitude and thanksgiving.

But I doubt if it would be the most profitable use of our time, for we meet not so much to congratulate ourselves as we do to take stock, to note not only our progress but our failures, and to brace ourselves like men for the task of reformation and amendment. We meet not to think of the progress of any section of the community in things spiritual, but of the progress, or failure of progress, in and of the whole Dominion. Has she, then, been true to her dedication, "God's Dominion"?

To ask the question is to receive an immediate answer in the negative.

If we are to be quite honest and truthful, we must confess that Canada has failed to be what she might have been, and that her failure has been most patent in three outstanding aspects.

(1) In her national life God has received no recognition. Doubtless this is due, in part, to the many conflicting creeds which are represented in and through the many races and peoples who combine to form the population of our country, a diversity of creed and belief so accentuated "that organized religion, because of these serious differences, is excluded from many public undertakings on the ground that it is a dividing and not a unifying factor." (V. Bishop of Ottawa's Charge, June 5th, 1917.)

But the real reason is to be sought for deeper down, and is to be found, I believe, in the fact that our very material prosperity and progress has driven God almost entirely out of the life and thought of a majority, and a most influential majority, of our people.

Canada has been so prosperous that, failing to recognize God as the giver of prosperity, she has simply forgotten Him, and concluded that she could get on very well without Him.

(2) The inevitable result of this is to be seen in her educational system. God is simply left out. Having no national recognition of God, she has no national education of her children for God. It is true that in some provinces a nominal recognition of religion is to be found in the public school system, but it is purely nominal, and is never followed up in a serious manner when and if the pupil passes from the school to the university.

In other provinces, such as the province of British Columbia, even this nominal recognition has disappeared, and our children are actually receiving less instruction regarding God than the children of Japan or Turkey who are, I believe, instructed in the principles of Buddhism or of Islamism.

(3) It is not surprising, therefore, to find that with no national recognition of God, no national education for God, there should also be no national obedience to God.

The Dominion, as the Dominion, has forgotten the Commandments of God, forgotten or treated with disdain the Voice of Him Who spake these words and said, "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have none other gods but Me." Law, or at least the practical enforcement of law, has been based upon the principle of expediency not of moral right. The cruel, devilish evils of the white slave traffic have been allowed to grow, and little effort put forth to check or punish the principal wrongdoers; the evils of intemperance have been too long sustained because of the power of the liquor interests; gambling, betting, raffling and such like suffered, albeit forbidden by statute; a growing disregard for the sacredness of the Lord's Day has been a marked feature of the period corresponding with our Confederated life; social and economic conditions have arisen which could have been restrained had we been governed by Christian statesmen instead of self-seeking politicians; whilst a code of political morality has grown up which is at once utterly degrading to the national welfare, and attended in days of national peril by consequences which may result in the most acute sufferings to the vast majority of our population.

Alas! we cannot on this our jubilee honestly confess that we have been true to the Lord our God, or that our Dominion throughout its early days of national life has in any true sense been God's Dominion.

But the year of Jubilee was, to God's ancient people, a year of return, a year of restoration, a year of reform, a year of a fresh start. It is in connection with the rules for its observance that we read, "Wherefore ye shall do my statutes, and keep my judgments and do them; and ye shall dwell in the land in safety. And the land shall yield her fruit, and ye shall eat your fill, and dwell therein in safety."

Our Jubilee must be our time of national return to the Living God. Only it is essential that in this God-ward movement the nation be led by the forces of Christ, and so there rings out a trumpet blast to the various Christian Communions to set their own house in order, and help, not hinder, the Dominion as it strives, as please God it shall strive, to be God's dominion.

If there be no national recognition of God, if there be no national education for God, if there be no national obedience to God, it is because Christians have been and are so divided, so jealous and suspicious of one another, so bent on party or sectarian triumphs, "that organized religion is excluded from many public undertakings on the ground that it is a dividing and not a unifying factor."

The time may not have come yet for any corporate reunion of the divided Christian communions in Canada, but the time has come when for the honour of our Common Lord and Master and for the welfare of our Dominion we must cooperate together, sink differences, make the utmost of our points of agreement, create an atmosphere where unity can grow, thus rolling away the reproach that organized religion is a dividing rather than a unifying force.

After all, the non-Christian element in our population is comparatively small, and in the direction of national recognition of God, national education for God, national obedience to God, the Christian Communions of Canada can accomplish almost everything they desire, if only they will get together and work for the good of the whole estate of Christ's Church militant here on earth, free from sectarian jealousy and suspicion, mindful that in the Body of Christ the true welfare of each part depends absolutely upon the welfare of the whole. Christian union may be a question of academic interest at least for the present, but Christian unity, Christian co-operation is a matter of most vital and practical concern, not only to the welfare of the Canadian Dominion, but to the welfare of Christianity itself.

Christianity is on its trial to-day and will be judged, as it is able to prove itself a unifying or a dividing factor in the life of this growing, progressive Dominion.

Will the Churches hear and heed this call, will the warning be taken seriously to heart by Canadian Christians? One almost despairs! God grant, however, that it may be heard, for it is urgent, it is folly to fiddle whilst the city burns, it is more than folly, it is criminal, to dishonour Christ, and imperil our national life when Christ and Canada alike call for that which can only be achieved by the united forces of Canadian Christianity. For others we cannot speak, for ourselves we can, let us therefore, who belong to that historic portion of God's Church, which has been the spiritual Mother of many generations of Britain's sons and daughters, let us resolve that we will, at all events, lead the way, that we will, for the sake of unity, surrender all save truth, that we will give up our dearest possessions if thereby God in Christ be glorified, that we will lose our very life if need be, pass out of existence, should such be required, in order that Christ may triumph and Canada become in very deed and truth, as well as in name, His dominion from the one sea to the other; and from the flood unto the world's end.

SOURCE OF SPIRITUAL POWER.

One of the comparatively recent inventions for lightening the labours of the busy housewife is the electric flat-iron. By means of an insulated wire it may be connected with the electric wire of the house. The iron is thus heated by electricity and kept at a uniform heat while in operation. It is a valuable improvement over the old-fashioned iron which must be constantly reheated over a flame as fast as it becomes too cold for use.

Christians are sometimes like the old-fashioned iron, continually becoming luke-warm or cold and needing a new contact with the Divine fire. Much better would it be if they were like the electric iron, always connected with the source of power and thus kept constantly at a working heat.—Exchange.

Canada's Divinity Students

By Captain John McNab, 2nd Divisional Artillery, Queen's Divinity Student.

"DIVINITY, Divinity, Divinity, Faith Hope and Charity. Long-tailed coats and poverty.—Amen." It is a college yell of one of our big Divinity Schools, given more in jest than earnest, yet the yellers realize that the profession they have chosen is not highly lucrative. And while the real joys of life are not to be bought with money, many of life's comforts are—so with a cheerful willingness, these students face the prospect of small remuneration, and whatever hardships may be incident to a position where little is given and much is expected from them.

When war was declared, and men's spirit of loyalty and sacrifice was challenged, many of these students volunteered. War did not come naturally to them, but by training they were fitted for it. As home missionaries, during their vacations, they had lived the life of pioneers. Few of them had not been frontiersmen. They had ridden the vast stretches of the prairies, and organized churches amid the chaos of new settlements; they had broken trails in the North Country to carry the Gospel to the lumbermen and miners; or they had roughed it among the men of the foothills as witnesses of the Christ. When the call came to serve their country they were prepared. For the "Sky Pilots," whom Ralph Connor loves, are inherent warriors.

One is surprised at their selection of units. Every branch of the service has received them. Some became sappers, others became gunners or drivers, some signallers, others despatch riders, many are with the University companies of the "Pats," and others joined field ambulances, or the Y.M.C.A.

There they are, students from Pinehill, students from the United College at Montreal, students from Queen's, students from Wycliffe, Trinity, Victoria, Knox, McMaster and students from the new Theological Schools in the West, where they seem to have enlisted en masse. All doing their "bit" in France, for the triumph of righteousness!

What a training they are receiving! Some of them ohly slipped into the army through University units, where brains were as much valued as brawn, and physical defects were not paraded. But all are stronger in body, because of the outdoor life and the physical training. Yet this is the pearl of least price. Those men have been living with men as men, have grown to understand the longings and the temptations and the spirit of the average man. They have lain in the training camps, and unburdened their souls to each other. What discussions they have had in the dug-outs on religion, when men's souls, stripped of the veneer of civilization, lay naked and unbarred. What philosophies of life they have found, as they stood in their lonely vigil, on the firing step, looking out into "No Man's Land," face to face with death. Some of them will come back, some will not, but yet both will share in their contribution to the period of reconstruction, for the dead have many disciples.

Some of the brightest and sweetest have fallen. To mention some whom I have personally known. Jack Lumsden enlisted from Victoria College in the first winter of the war. Crossing to France with the 5th Field Ambulance, he performed meritorious service at the dressing station. He was tender as a woman with the wounded, and by his words of cheer and comfort brought solace to many a dying comrade. Transferring to the Y.M.C.A., he became the secretary for the 4th Canadian Field Artillery. For a time he served the men from the ammunition column, but he found that he could do more effective work if he moved his headquarters farther forward. He sought a suitable centre in a ruined village of the dreaded Ypres salient. There is scarcely a whole wall in the village, but the Camp Commandant willingly gave him a battered house. He toiled all day of May 9th, 1916, gathering new stock and equipment. As evening fell, he took the load into the village and having deposited it, started to prepare a "Shake-down" for the night. The enemy started their evening hymn of hate, and the third shell went clean through the torn roof of the Y.M.C.A. There was no pain for Jack, as death was instantaneous. Thus passed one of our Divinity Students, who could have, if he cared to do so, stayed back in comparative safety, but he chose to go forward.

There were two of Queen's most lovable Divinity Students killed by the same shell in the same dug-out. Ed. Corkill, laughing Ed., who, by his winsomeness, had won the hearts of miners in the North Country and ranchers in the west. And Percy Caverhill, quieter than Ed., but one of the finest classical men in the University. Both went to France with the Queen's Battery, and displayed great devotion to their King, with an utter disregard of their own safety. In the Somme offensive, they moved the guns forward, and the new covering was very inadequate. The Germans were searching for their battery, and a well-placed shell destroyed the dug-out where Ed. and Percy were loading. They died together.

Or does one know of a finer life story than that of Harold Owen, who was studying at Wycliffe with the intention of going to the foreign field as a medical missionary? He went to Valcartier with the First Contingent as a Lieutenant in the 7th Battalion. When the contingent was going overseas he found that as a supernumerary officer he would be left behind, so he relinquished his commission and went over as a private in the 3rd Field Ambulance. After Festubert, when the 7th had lost most of its original officers, they desired him to retake his commission, which he did. Soon his daring and skill in reconnaissance came to the notice of his commander. He planned and executed with a party of men, the first "Trench Raid" that had ever taken place. After several months' splendid work as a scout officer, his party fell in with a German party many times their number while reconnoitering in "No Man's Land." Harold covered his men while they retired, but he fell a victim to the enemy fire. For his valor displayed on several occasions, he was recommended both for the V.C. and D.S.O., and we believe his father, Major Owen, who has been serving as a Chaplain in France for the past two years, received some posthumous decoration.

Few stones can be thrown at the conduct of Theological students in Protestant seminaries. Enlistments have been so numerous that hundreds of the church's outposts at home have had to be withdrawn. Figures are hard to obtain, as I write for the whole Dominion, but over two hundred and fifty have enlisted from Toronto Theological Schools alone. Although the Church is temporarily weakened through their absence, it will obtain the benefit of their experiences in the period of reconstruction. The lives of self-sacrifice and heroism those have lived who may return to minister, will be a precious example to their flock and we believe even "the blood of the martyrs will be the seed of the Church."

PRAYER FOR CANADA.

Issued several years ago by Archbishop Hamilton, Ottawa:—

"O Almighty and eternal God, Who dost from Thy throne behold all the nations upon earth, we humbly beseech Thee to regard with Thy favour the people of this Dominion of Canada. Grant us grace to walk in uprightness before Thee, and to train our children in the fear and love of Thy holy name. Keep our rulers and statesmen in the ways of truth and integrity, and dispose all to subdue and replenish the land, to Thy glory and the benefit of vast multitudes; through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

A Japanese senator recently got hold of a copy of an exposition of part of the Bible. Reading it attentively he pronounced Christianity a fine thing in theory, but the question was, would it work practically? Thinking about it he became dissatisfied with his life, and while in the state took a trip from Okayama to Ozaka. On the same steamer was Miss Barrows, and he heard she was a Christian and so watched her. Her deportment so impressed him that, though not a word passed between them, he was convinced that Christianity was right in practice as well as good in theory, and on returning home he hunted up a missionary and made public profession of faith, and has since been active in persuading others. Miss Barrows did not know she was watched, or that anything specially depended on her deportment. Had she behaved as many Church members behave, especially away from home, this Japanese senator would have been repelled, and would have probably reached the conclusion that however fair Christianity might be in theory, it was a failure in practice. We never know what eyes are upon us. "Let your light shine."—Anonymous.

NEW BOOKS

The Jesus of History.

By Dr. T. R. Glover, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Association Press, Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto. (225 pp.; \$1.00 net.)

Dr. Glover has made himself a specialist on the first centuries of Christianity. Every serious-minded student eventually will read his book, "The Conflict of Religions in the Roman Empire." In it he places Christianity in its environment and the admirable feature of the book is that he does not make general statements about the Roman, Jewish or Greek morals and religion, but he quotes the writers of the period. Dr. Glover knows the literature, classical and patristic, as few men do.

In this present volume he has given the benefit of his exact scholarship in a study of our Lord as placed in the environment of the land and time of His Incarnation. It is well done. It is the outgrowth of the lectures which Dr. Glover gave to the students of India last year at the request of the Y.M.C.A. The apologetic value of Dr. Glover's work has been realized for some time by the Y.M.C.A. He has addressed their largest student conventions all over the world. He gets his point by the total impression of reality which his detailed study of Christ's life gives. He has the happy faculty of under-stating his points. There are few writers we know of who are so faithful to the Biblical text. Dr. Glover put the apocalyptic theory in its right place when he says: "There are those who would have us believe that his mind was obsessed with the fixed idea of his own speedy return on the clouds, and that he hurried on death to precipitate this and the new age that it was to bring. Those who hold this view fail to relate the texts they emphasize with his of a deeper significance and they ignore the grandeur, and penetration and depth of the man whom they made out such a dreamer. He never suggests that his death is to face the hand of God." He says a good word regarding theories of the Atonement: "There is a condition antecedent to understanding the cross. If we do not see why we should bear the cross for others, how can Jesus be intelligible to us." To understand Him and His choice of death we must really love people as Jesus does. This is an excellent book for the man who has the growing pains of doubt. It is refreshing to read such a clear statement of Christ's uniqueness.

The Federation of Canada.

By George M. Wrong, Sir John Willison, Z. A. Lash and R. A. Falconer. Oxford University Press, Toronto. (144 pp.; 50 cents.)

This volume is made up of the addresses which were delivered last March at the University of Toronto. It will be remembered that the first lecture by Professor Wrong was announced to be held in the Physics Building. That auditorium was filled and so great a crowd waiting outside that adjournment was made to the Convocation Hall of the University. Prof. Wrong spoke in masterly fashion on the creation of the Federal system in Canada. The following week Sir John Willison gave an admirable characterization of some of the Political Leaders in the Federation. Mr. Z. A. Lash gave an address on the Waking of the Federal Institutions of Canada, in which his experience as Deputy-Minister of Justice peculiarly qualified him. The President of the University concluded the series by an address on "The Quality of Canadian Life," dealing with education, religion, racial differences and the intangible Canadian "spirit." It is a series significant in subjects and writers.

GOD'S INSTRUMENTS.

The great sterling duties, the exact truth, the resolute refusal to countenance wrong, the command of temper, the mastery of indolence, the unstained purity—these and such as these form the character and fashion our souls into instruments in God's hands for high and heavenly purposes in His providence. But the carefulness over details, the watchfulness against faults which we know to be faults, but which, notwithstanding, seem venial, the devout regularity and attention in our private prayers, the invariable good humour of our manners, the seeking for occasions of kindness and unselfishness, the avoidance of little temptations, the care not to cause little annoyances and little troubles—to attend to all this for the sake of Christ our Master is the natural and fitting expression of a loving heart.—Frederick Temple.

The Bible Lesson

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

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, August 19th, 1917.

Subject: Daniel's Abstinence. Daniel, 1: 8-20.

THE Book of Daniel naturally divides into two parts. Chapters 1 to 6 deal with the personal life of Daniel. The remainder of the book consists of visions and interpretations which indicate the splendid conception of God which is so characteristic of Daniel.

Daniel was a young prince or a map of noble birth, who was taken to Babylon in the reign of Jehoiakim. There were many captives, but among them Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah are prominently mentioned. These three who were associated with Daniel have their names enshrined in the praises of the Church in the Benedicite. There the names appear as Ananias, Azarias and Misael.

The Babylonian King desired that these men, in addition to the education they had received in their own land, should be instructed in the Chaldean language and other branches of learning in order that they might grace his court and act as his advisers if called upon to do so.

1. Daniel's purpose of heart.—Our lesson opens with a statement of the resolute attitude of Daniel in matters of conscience. We are not told why he objected to eating the King's meat, but it is perfectly clear that it was because of some religious scruple. Perhaps the meats had been offered to an idol, or perhaps they were such that a Jew was forbidden to use them. The principal thing to remember is that Daniel and his companions were firmly resolved to do nothing against their conscience. This is a wise and necessary stand to take if one would live a right life.

2. Daniel's purpose involved abstinence.—The refusal of meat and wine and the choosing of a simple diet was probably a great self-denial. It is not indicated in the narrative that this choice was a matter of taste but of conscience. Self-denial in regard to food and drink is undoubtedly of great value to many people. The Church appoints special days of abstinence, and Lent is particularly a season of fasting. The appointment of such periods of abstinence teaches the value of that self-control which is true temperance. Every one should be the lord of his own life and not a slave to any appetite. The practice of abstinence gives one the habit of self-control. Abstinence has three reasons that commend it to us. (1) That one may be lord of himself, (2) That health may be benefited, and (3) that conscience may not be outraged by excess.

It ought, perhaps, to be added, that persons of frail and delicate constitution who need all the nourishment they can take should not imagine that they ought to give up the use of strengthening food.

3. Daniel was conciliatory.—He was a man of sincere conviction and strong purpose, yet of gentle and persuasive manner. He had won the confidence and affectionate regard of those who were placed in charge over him. This helped him to succeed in obtaining permission for himself and his three companions to prescribe their own food and drink.

There is a temptation for those who have strong convictions to use arbitrary if not offensive means of carrying out their purpose. May we not learn from Daniel a lesson of conciliation and further that the influence we have with men is the measure of their esteem and love towards us.

4. God was with him.—No greater thing can be said of anyone than that God is with him. God's direct blessing was bestowed upon these young men who were so zealous for God's honour. They were diligent in their studies, and God gave them wisdom. Their abstemious life helped them in the attainment of learning. They definitely lived for God and they were conscious of the power of God in their life.

These are good and useful lessons for the young manhood and womanhood of to-day. Be true to conscience, put God and Duty first in life, be diligent and abstemious and fulfil a good purpose of heart in the same kind of humility and gentleness of spirit that is portrayed in the character of these young Hebrews.

5. All excellences point to Christ.—It is very wonderful how the Old Testament characters all seem to point to Christ. These men of old who were godly had various excellences of character and life. Abraham, David, Daniel and others each shows some outstanding characteristics. Christ sums up all perfections. He is not only our Saviour, but the true example of life for men.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

In the electoral campaign that is certainly approaching it would be well if the leaders of Ontario would give attention to the presentation of the case of Conscription, with due regard to convincing argument. Lord Morley, speaking at Convocation in McGill University some years ago, gave it as his opinion that one of the supreme tests of education was to know when a thesis is proven. Much that passes for education and learning is so loose-jointed that few are capable of finally determining whether a proposition is proven or not. The French-Canadian mind is subtle, nimble, and possessed to a wonderful degree of the power of argument. French fiction, we know, bristles with a light and yet profound philosophy of life that seems to be almost wholly missing from English novels. This seems to mark two distinct types of mind. The English are not enquiring too diligently as to the reason of things, but are looking for results. The French will sit and argue a matter out on logical lines till he grows weary without worrying perceptibly regarding the issue. The Englishman seems to think he is wasting valuable time giving a reasoned justification of his actions or beliefs. He arrives at them by a sort of instinct, and he cannot see why others should require a lengthy process of reasoning to get to the point that he has reached so easily. It is otherwise with the French mind. He may not be always bound by sound logic, but logic of some sort he must have. He cannot assent to this or that proposition, for it is inconsistent with what went before and unjust in relation to what follows. He will hold up a most important procedure until he is convinced that argument can do no more. He finds his most congenial place at the bar and in politics. With the Englishman it is different. A certain objective is his ambition, and the objective is the one important thing. The mental processes are of no consequence. The result of all this is that our English-speaking Canadian thinks his French-Canadian neighbour is unprogressive, and the French-Canadian in the back of his mind thinks the English are stupid. The average man from Quebec not only thinks that Ontario is a nest of Orangemen, but that the Ontario citizen is unable to appreciate an argument based upon logic. The mental processes upon which life is fashioned are more or less haphazard. There is too much bald assertion and then letting it go at that. If the English learned more from the French and the French more from the English our public life would be broader. What the writer wishes to point out is that in a crisis such as is upon us assertion of truths is not sufficient. There must be reasoning, persuasion, revealing of fallacies, probing to the bottom of things. We must cultivate patience. We should meet them on their own intellectual grounds and subdue them with argument—convince them that winning the war is the great consideration just now, and that conscription is a necessary step to that end.

* * * *

It is extremely difficult to discuss Prayer Book Revision or almost any other subject at a time like this, when war and the fate of nations are in the balance. The words of Judge Savary on the Athanasian Creed ought to bear fruit in the final revision of our Liturgy. "Spectator" has, over and over again, presented his views upon the subject, and he is delighted when an influential layman expresses disapproval of that symbol that is, in form and intent, dead against the whole spirit of the Church to-day. He has heard that creed recited by men of the scholastic temperament who made no pretence at disguising their pleasure at being able to pronounce, in the name of the Church, the damnatory penalties in the hearing of recalcitrant parishioners, but he cannot recall a single instance of a clergyman rejoicing in its recital as an act of devotion or a means of edification. Those who used it at all did so not out of any hope of spiritual strength, but out of a sense of duty imposed by authority that they felt they had no right to disobey. When the duty was performed they turned from it with relief. Surely the wisdom of Synod will relieve the Church from the necessity of reciting this creed. "Spectator" would like to draw attention to the office for the visitation of the sick. Some relief has been given in the revised form that has been set forth, but it does not yet seem to the writer to go far enough.

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There is probably no office that could be made more useful to the clergy than this, and yet one is conscious that the cases in mind are those that, if not facing death, are yet assumed to be in a more or less serious condition. "We beseech Thee to hear our prayers for this Thy servant, for whom we implore Thy mercy," etc. "A prayer for the use of means," "Persons troubled in mind and body," "At the point of departure," "When there appeareth small hope of recovery," and a number of Collects recommended. All these are excellent, but "Spectator" would submit that the Church ought to provide prayers for the use of clergy in cases that come under the visitation of the sick, but having in mind those who, while confined to bed or the house, can in no sense be classed as serious. There are those who from age or infirmity are unable to leave the house, cases where slight accident or a passing illness, which invite prayer. The prayers in the "Visitation" seem to be unsuitable, and the Collects too general. We have in mind a prayer acknowledging Divine authorship of life and well-being, the source of comfort in loneliness, of forgiveness in error, of inspiration in depression; the recognition of a Deity that expects our service in health, our patience in weakness and Who gives us His love at all times. Perhaps enough has been said to indicate what is in mind. It is something to give devotional consummation to a pastoral visit and not merely a supplication for one in distress. "Spectator" earnestly commends this point to the consideration of the sub-committee in charge of this department of Revision. "Spectator."

ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST.

Asked if he liked his work in Africa, a missionary replied: "No my wife and I do not like dirt. We have reasonably refined sensibilities. We do not like crawling into vile huts through goat refuse. We do not like association with ignorant, filthy, brutish people. But is a man to do nothing for Christ he does not like? God pity him, if not. Liking or disliking has nothing to do with it. We have orders to 'go,' and we go. Love constrains us."

Such a love begets the strength to do the "all things."—Selected in "East and West."

WHY THE LION ROARS AND THE CAT PURRS.

The eminent English naturalist, Sir Richard Owen, made the interesting discovery that the lion roars simply because the hyoid bone in his throat is loose. In the cat, this bone is stationary, and therefore the cat purrs, and cannot roar; but in the lion and tiger the hyoid is loose, and, even when calling to their mates, the larger members of the cat family, including the leopard and the jaguar, roar. The roars of the jaguar and leopard are "like hoarse, barking coughs; an interval of about one second separates the expiratory efforts," says Sir Richard. The cheetah and the puma are like the domestic cat, their hyoid bones are firmly set in place, and they can purr.

THE END OF HIS ROPE.

It is by no means an unusual thing for a human being to come, as we say, "to the end of his rope." He can go no farther along the wanderer's path. He has come to the brink of the gulf. What will he do? There confronts him a choice between two things—despair or Divine help. Despair will speedily make an end of him, engulfing and destroying all that he has been or has hoped to be. Divine help will save him, and restore to him all, and more, of life's good than he has hitherto attained or hoped for. What a contrast between the two alternatives! They are wide apart as heaven and hell. How can any soul in extremity hesitate as to which it will take? Over and over, thousands upon thousands of times, the soul's extremity has been its deliverance. It has been God's way of recalling the wanderer. The darkest hour in personal history has come just before the blessed dawn. Is there anyone to-day who has come to the end of his resources, who stands on the brink where the wanderer's path ends? Let him turn from the dark gulf of despair and cast himself into the Divine arms. There he will find rest from all his sins and the unspeakable gift of life eternal, through Christ Jesus our Lord.—Zion's Herald.

Blood-Brothers*
The Manifestation of the Sons of God.
By the Rev. John J. Callan, C.F., Canadians.
(By order of the Deputy Chaplain General, the following article is being distributed, in booklet form, throughout the army in France. Copies may be obtained from the S.P.C.K., London.)

I DO not suppose his age was more than twenty-two—he looked even younger.

The men of his platoon told me what he had done, for scarcely a word about it could be extracted from his own lips. It was a common story, common enough in this great day, when we see, in so many strange disguises, the manifestation of the sons of God.

They were in a dug-out, six of them, and the water supply ran low. This boy elected to go to the cart for some, took the water-can, and left. A slight strafe was in progress, shells were falling. He obtained the water and returned to find that in his absence a big shell had landed on the parapet, smashed the roof and buried the five. They might be living, so he ran up the trench for a shovel, darted back and began to dig.

The strafing went on. He dug. The big guns began again. A long hiss; a thud; the scattered earth; the deep hole. He stayed. He dug. And then—the inevitable. He was brought to us at the Casualty Clearing Station, both hands wounded; the left, badly; the right thigh shot almost away; the left foot ripped by a fragment of shell; the left shoulder torn by the jagged iron.

He was brought in on a stretcher, and as I looked at the pallid features, and saw the nature of his wounds, I wondered if he would see the morning's light. He did, and several more.

To operate seemed hopeless, but it gave him his only chance. The cruel metal was taken out, the wounds, cleansed, drained and dressed.

The next morning I saw him. He was propped up in bed, and smiled as I greeted him, and sat beside him.

"Is your chest hurt?"

"No, Sir, it's about the only part that ain't."

"You can smoke, then," and I offered my cigarette case.

He puffed away. "Fine cigarettes, these, Sir. What do you call 'em?"

He read the inscription "The Turf."

"It's a long time since I smoked anything like that. They're different to those ration fags."

He closed his eyes in sheer ecstasy of enjoyment, and smoked away.

I left him four or five of the esteemed "fags"—at which his eyes gleamed in keenest gratitude—and began to talk about writing home.

"I wish you'd write to my old woman. She's got two of us out here, and she worries her heart out about us."

His "old woman," I discovered, was his Mother. He dictated the letter, and I wrote:—

"Dear Mother,—The Chaplain is writing this for me as I have had a slight accident, and hurt my hand, so that I cannot write. I am in hospital, but there is nothing to worry about, and I may be in Blighty soon. We had a little strafe last Friday, and I got mine when I was outside the dug-out. It is still raining, but very nice inside here. I am in bed, and between sheets, and it feels all right, but it is hard luck for the fellows in the trenches in the rain. Give my love to Bob and Kate, and don't get downhearted.

"Your loving Son,
"Tom."

I added a foot-note, saying that the boy was hurt more seriously than his light-hearted description of a "slight accident" would convey, and took the letter to the post.

That afternoon I returned to the ward, and stopped for a passing word. The man in the next bed turned to me, "Will you give me a light, please?" I lit his cigarette.

"Fine cigarettes, Sir."

"Are they? What sort?"

"What you gave him this morning"—and he nodded his head in Tom's direction.

"Did you give away those cigarettes?" I demanded.

The boy positively blushed. "Well, Sir, you see, Sir, we've been up the line a long time now; and these chaps don't get much chance of a decent fag."

"How many did you keep for yourself?"

"One, Sir.—They ought to have smoked 'em before you came round," he added, lamely. I turned and left.

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The next morning I was present when the dressings were being changed, wounds cleansed and rebandaged. The lint was being taken from Tom's shoulder, and I could see where the cruel iron had torn its jagged way through nerve and sinew. The wound was being irrigated, and little bits of flesh taken away. It was exquisite agony, but no sound escaped the boy's lips. He looked up and saw me,—"Morning, Sir. Just dressing me up for the Park." He twitched his lips into a ghastly smile at his own poor pleasantry, gritted his teeth in sheer agony, and smothered a moan as I moved away.

The days went by, and I saw much of the lad. I learnt to admire, and I learnt to love him. He was patient in suffering, thoughtless in unselfishness, heroic in endurance of pain. I asked him once how he bore the pain of dressings, and he answered: "I wants to holler all the time, but I don't want to upset the other chaps." If any extra little dainty were given him, it was almost necessary to wait until he had consumed it, for fear that the greater part, if not all, would be given away.

We used to think that such fine spirits were rare. We see to-day that they are as the flowers of spring.

On the third or fourth day, as I was censoring letters, a familiar address caught my eye. It was one to which I had already written—Tom's Mother. I read the letter.

"Dear Mother,—The Chaplain has told you that I am in dock with a slight accident. It is in my left arm, so I am writing this with the other. Do not worry, dear Mother, and I shall be in Blighty very soon. The Chaplain is a toff. He never talks to me about religion, and he gives me cigarettes. The other chaps are suffering awful. The one in the next bed has his leg broke. I was very lucky dear Mother. Love to Kate and Bob and yourself,

"Your loving son, Tom."

I read the letter, and I re-read it. "The Chaplain is a toff. He never talks to me about religion,"—and for days I had been endeavouring to preach Christ to him. It gave me food for thought. After lunch I visited the ward again, and sat down to talk as usual. His right, hand, merely scratched, was now free of bandages.

"Hullo. They've taken the bandage off that hand of your's."

"Yes, Sir. And"—with pride—"I wrote a letter to the old woman this morning. She eats her heart out, worrying. The orderly put it in a green envelope, so's it didn't have to wait here to be censored."

I could guess what had happened. The orderly had enclosed it in a plain envelope, instead of the green one which goes uncensored, and so it had come to me.

This time I was going to "talk about religion."

"What church do you go to in civvy life, Tom?"

"Me, Sir? Why I don't go to church."

"Don't go to church? How is that?"

"Well, you know, I ain't religious."

"Not religious? You surprised me. I thought you were very religious."

"Me? I ain't religious at all."

"Yes, you are."

"Did anyone tell you that? Someone's been pulling your leg."

"No. No one told me anything. I just thought you were."

"Well, I ain't. I swear a lot sometimes, and I do lots of things I shouldn't, and I, I,—well, I ain't religious."

Sometimes religious people do things they shouldn't, Tom. But tell me, what do you think a religious man is like?"

"He's a chap what goes to church, and he don't drink, and don't swear, and don't smoke"—the temptation was irresistible. I pulled my pipe from my pocket. The poor boy's face was a study. Confusion, penitence, amusement, chased each other across his features.

"Well, Sir," he stammered, "some religious people don't smoke."

"Quite true," I answered him—"and some religious people do."

"Now, Tom, how did you get wounded?"

"You know."

"I want you to tell me."

"We was in a dug-out, and I went out for some water, and when I was away the dug-out got shelled, and when I stayed around I got it."

"Were you trying to get your chums out when you got hit?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why did you try to get them out?"

"I don't know. What else could a fellow do?"

"I'll tell you why, Tom, it was because you are religious."

The strain of conversation was beginning to tell on him. He closed his eyes, and lay back upon the pillow. I rose. "Go to sleep, Sonny." I bent over, and made the sign of the Cross upon his brow.

"You're a brave boy, a brave boy—and you're a very religious boy, too." A smile, almost mischievous, spread over his countenance.

"No, Sir, I'm not religious," he murmured, and sank to sleep.

After lunch I was in the ward again, and busy with other patients. As I passed Tom he called me.

"Won't you sit down and talk to me?" I sat.

"What did you mean when you said I was religious?"

"Simply that. You are religious." "I don't think I am. Sometimes I've wanted to be, but it has always passed off. When I was a kid I went to Sunday School, but when I left school I went to work, and was always too tired on Sunday mornings to go to church, and in the evening I didn't want to."

"I understand." "Of course I've had to go to church in the army, but I didn't always understand what it was all about—and I don't think I listened very hard. But I don't know yet what you meant when you said I was religious."

"Whom do you consider the most religious man who ever lived?"

"I don't know. I've never met many religious people."

"Think of all the religious people you've heard about—in the Bible and out of it."

He thought intently. At last—"Jacob?"

"Jacob? No, he wasn't very religious."

This perplexed him. "He's in the Bible, Sir."

"I know, but try someone else."

"Moses?"

"Yes, but try the New Testament."

"Paul?"

"Yes, he was religious. Someone else."

This encouraged him. "John?"

"Yes, he was religious, too; but someone bigger, greater than all these."

"I don't know, Sir. I don't know much about these things."

"You know whom I mean. Let me tell you. Suppose I say—Jesus Christ?"

He looked at me quickly. "I thought of Him."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I don't know. He's so, so—different."

"Yes, He is different, but at the same time He is like us all. What do you think the most religious thing He ever did?"

"I don't know."

"Have a shot at it. Think."

He thought. "Was it dying?"

"I think so. More especially in being willing to die."

"He gave His life for His friends," suddenly ejaculated Tom.

How that sublime sentence had clung to the boy's memory, and was now flung up from the sea of his inner consciousness, I cannot say. But it gave me an opportunity. I veered suddenly.

"Did you know the shells were coming over when you stayed to get your chums out of that hole?"

"Oh, yes, they was falling all around. And there was an empty petrol can that somebody had chucked out of the trench, and it was lying on top of the parapet. First one shell would go over, and another short, and all the time I was digging I was wondering if one would land on it, and bust it."

"Did one?"

"I don't know. When this big fellow was coming over, I could hear him buzz, and I turned round to see, and that was the last I knew."

"You knew you might be killed?" A strange look came into the boy's eyes.

"I did think of that."

"Why didn't you run away?"

"What?"

"Run away."

"Never thought of it, I suppose."

"Was there any place to run to?"

"Oh yes. There was another dug-out as far away as that wall,"—and he pointed across the ward.

"Why didn't you run away?"

"And leave 'em, Sir?—They was my mates."

"Were you willing to give your life to save your mates?"

"Wouldn't you be, Sir?"

I replied that I would like to think so.

"You were willing to give your life to save your mates! Tell me, isn't that what you said was the most religious thing, that Jesus Christ did?"

"What?"

"Being willing to give His life to save His mates.—Do you think Christ saw you up there?"

"I suppose so."

"Then can't you imagine Him saying to Himself, 'There's a chap something like Me. I must keep an eye on him.' Don't you think He would have a soft place in His heart for a fellow who was willing to do what He did?"

The boy was silent.

"Do you think God saw you on top of that parapet?"

"I suppose so. He sees everything."

"Then can't you imagine Him saying: 'There's a chap something like My Son. He is willing to do what My Son did, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when He gave His life for His mates. He must be something like Him. I must keep my eye on him.'"

Tom looked at me. There was a long pause, and then—"I never thought of that."

"Now, Tom, that is one reason why I said you are religious. Let me tell you what a religious man is. He is a man who acts as Jesus Christ would act; who lives so that Christ would approve of his conduct—"

"He wouldn't approve of my swearing!"

"No, but then, He wouldn't approve of many things that so-called religious people do. But I'll tell you what He would approve of. He would approve of your staying there to dig your mates out of that hole; and He would approve of your sticking pain the way you do; and He would approve of your sharing the cigarettes I gave you—"

"Did you mind that, Sir?"

Mind! No, of course I didn't mind. I thought it was just the kind of thing that Christ himself would do. Now it is religious to go to church, and it is religious to do the things that you said were religious, but it is also religious to be willing to share what you have with others; and it is religious to be willing to give your life for others; and it is religious to keep quiet when your wounds are being dressed, if you think that keeping quiet helps the other fellows—"

"It don't hurt much."

"Well, whether it hurts much or not, you can see what I meant when I said you were religious."

He thought long and earnestly, and I refrained from speech. At last he looked up, and said: "How can a chap be religious if he ain't been converted?"

Is that a wall which keeps Christ from his own?

Some men do not need conversion, I told him. They need simply to go on as they are, but improving, and going straighter, to the fullest life that God has for them.

Other patients demanded my attention, so I arose, "Think about it, old man, think about it," and I left.

That evening, a look of quiet mischief greeted me.

"I suppose I've got to stop swearing now, Sir?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, a religious chap can't swear, can he?"

"Of course not."

"I didn't know I was religious before this but now it's different. You'll tell my old woman all about it, won't you?" I promised. "She'd like to know."

The very next day the dreaded happened. Gas gangrene, or septic poisoning, set in, and we knew that it was merely a matter of days until the end.

In the evening, a fit of delirium came upon him. He was throwing bombs at an advancing German raid; he was digging at that accursed parapet, and shouting to his mates below that he would get them out. I sat by him as he raved. Once he began to swear—vilely. In the midst of awful oaths he stopped, stared at me with unseeing eyes, "I mustn't swear. The Chaplain told me I was religious," and from then, except at rare intervals, the swearing ceased.

The minutes passed. He plucked savagely at his bandages; babbled of Bob and Kate; told me with pathetic earnestness that Kate had stolen his ball, and he couldn't play. Then he was in an estaminet, hotly discussing German and British artillery, until the voice died away, and he lay, the sweat drops big upon his brow, the dark lashes darker still by contrast with the pallid cheeks, but a look of supreme peace over all.

The doctor passed. "How are his chances?" I enquired.

"Very poor. Just a question of time."

The next morning his temperature was much lower, and he appeared to be better. I went to my billet, and brought out the little Viaticum which has comforted so many on their last journey; threw cassock and surplice over my arm and returned to the ward. Tom was asleep, and it was early afternoon before I thought it advisable to approach him.

As so often happens in such cases, he was unnaturally strong, buoyed up by the false, flickering strength that heralds death. After preliminary conversation, I said,

"Do you remember what we were saying the other day, about Christ dying for the world?"

"Yes."

"He knew that He was going to die, and He knew that people have very short memories. When you and I die, they will think of us for a little while, but we'll soon be forgotten."

"I know."

"Now Christ didn't want people to forget Him, and His sacrifice, and His love. So one night, just before He died, as they sat at supper, He took some wine from the table, and some bread, and explained to His disciples that He was going to do something by which they might remember Him. He broke the bread, and gave them each a piece and said: 'This is My Body which is broken for you.' Then He gave them the cup, and said: 'This is My Blood, which is shed for you. Whenever you meet together, eat bread and drink wine, as I have taught you, in remembrance of Me.' So they did, and after Jesus was dead, they would meet, sometimes in their own cities, and sometimes in far-off countries, but they would always take bread and wine, and do as he had commanded them. That kept Him alive in their memories, and showed to the world that they were followers of Jesus. How it was, perhaps none could say, but they found that by doing this, they were made better men, and more able to resist temptation. But the big thing was, that they were marked out as Jesus men, the brotherhood of saviours,—a blood-brotherhood."

"A what?"

"A blood-brotherhood."

"I know what that is. Its like when pirates used to cut their arms, and mix the blood, and drink it, and swear they'd stick to each other to death. I know, Sir, because when I was a kid, I had a book with a story about that in it, and the kids down our street made a blood-brotherhood, and they made me chief because I had the book about it. We'd meet in a coal-shed by the railway, every Saturday afternoon, and play at pirates on the trucks. Is that what you mean by a blood-brotherhood? I know we said we'd stick to each other, and I was chief."

"I mean something very like that."

"Is Jesus Christ the Chief of this gang?"

Is it irreverent to call the Communion of Saints, "this gang?"

He was not irreverent.

"Yes," I answered, "He's the Chief of the gang."

"Then I know all about it. We've got to stick to each other and to Him."

It is a far cry from the Sacrament of our Redemption to a game of pirates, but we clear the wood and He is there; we lift the stone to find Him.

I brought forth the materials for the Supper of the Lamb that is slain. Our altar was a hospital locker; our church was the ward. Around us stood the hosts of God, and the white-robed Army of Martyrs. No organ lifted our hearts to heaven, but we were cheered by the choir invisible, and the shouts of the morning stars, as they sang the chorus of the sons of God.

What is the song the stars sing? (And a million songs are as song of one.)

This is the song the stars sing, Sweeter songs none,—

"Said the Father, 'Let us feast and be merry,

For this is our son.

He was dead, and is alive again. He was strayed, and is found.'"

I returned a few hours later. The boy's face shone with a strange light. "I'm going out to-night," he said, calmly.

"What do you mean?"

"You know, time expired."

"Nonsense, you mustn't talk like that."

"I am. Going to die. 'Taint so bad after all. You'll tell my old woman all about this, won't you?"

I promised.

"Don't forget to tell her about the brotherhood."

We are horribly used to death, but a mist floated before my eyes, and a lump came to my throat. I could only brush back the brown hair and gaze at him.

The eyes closed, and he seemed to sleep. The sister came in, and felt his pulse.

"He's going, Padre, you can do nothing for him."

Quietly the orderlies placed around him the red screens.

I told them to see that we were undisturbed, took his hand, and waited.

His eyes opened. Some reflection from the face of God shone on his features, as he smiled, the old happy smile, and pulled me to him.

"Who's the Chief of the gang?"

"Christ is the Chief."

"That's right"; he nodded assent.

He slept. He lapsed into delirium, and in the early morning he died.

I buried him. He lies at the foot of the great figure of the Crucified, which broods over our cemetery, until the Chief shall summon His gang.

Trinity College, Cambridge, lately celebrated its real sexcentenary with quiet but pleasant festivities. Trinity is usually supposed to trace its parentage to Michael House (1323), and King's Hall (1336).

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Tenth Sunday After Trinity.

Holy Communion: 233, 236, 268, 508.
 Processional: 9, 47, 572, 615.
 Offertory: 35, 545, 564, 653.
 Children: 697, 707, 710, 712.
 General: 48, 543, 549, 760.

Eleventh Sunday After Trinity.

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

Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

Brewin, Rev. F. H., M.A., Rector of New St. Paul's, Woodstock, Ont., to be Rector of St. Bartholomew's, Ottawa. (Diocese of Ottawa.)

Macdonell, Rev. S. A., formerly Rector of Wallacetown, to be Rector of St. Paul's Stratford. (Diocese of Huron.)

Warren, Rev. J. R. H., Rector of St. Matthew's, Toronto, to be Rector of Midland. (Diocese of Toronto.)

Church News

A Munificent Gift.

A substantial fund, to be known as "The Leonard Foundation," has been placed by Lieut.-Col. R. W. Leonard, of St. Catharines, in the custody of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Toronto, as trustees, for the purpose, among other objects, of providing scholarships to assist in the education of the sons of British soldiers, sailors, clergymen, or teachers at any of the under-mentioned colleges: Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; Wycliffe College, Toronto; Royal Military College, Kingston; Royal Naval College, Halifax. The fund is administered by a committee presently composed of the president or general manager of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, the principals of Ridley College and Wycliffe College, and the commandants of the Royal Military College and the Royal Naval College. The annual proceeds of the fund available for this purpose amounts at present to \$5,000.

Montreal Diocesan College Alumni.

At a recent conference of Alumni of the Montreal Diocesan College and city clergy, it was decided to hold a conference of the M.D.C. Alumni on Tuesday, November 6th. After the conference and on the evening

of November 6th Evening Prayer will held in the church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, and the Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, Philadelphia, Pa., who will conduct the retreat, will give the opening meditation at that service. The retreat will continue throughout the 7th of November and will close with a celebration of the Holy Communion on the morning of November 8th.

Tribute to Army Chaplains' Work.

Many fine tributes have been paid to the army Chaplains for their heroic and self-sacrificing service at the various fronts. One of the most notable was written by Private G. Newman Stewart, a well-known Deptford Socialist serving with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. "There was a time when, mostly from the platform, I engaged gentlemen of the faith in controversy. I stigmatized them as being out of touch with that mighty, and mightier-to-be, force, democracy. To-day, on meeting the clergyman I give him my best salute, knowing that he is indeed a helpmate and an uplifter to us lads who are engaged in this international crisis."

A Unique Christening at Halifax.

The annual welcome and cradle day of Trinity Church was held on a recent afternoon on the church grounds. It was an ideal day for babies, when upwards of four hundred, with their parents, were present. It made a pretty scene. Rev. L. J. Donaldson, the Rector, and Mrs. Donaldson, were present and Mrs. R. G. Morrison, of the Diocesan Babies' Branch of the W.A., Miss Hamilton, of the Cradle and Cot Roll of the diocese. A most interesting part of the afternoon was the christening of seventeen babies and the receiving of two others.

All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax.

Rev. Canon Vroom, D.D., of King's College, Windsor, was the special speaker at both services at All Saints' Cathedral, Sunday, July 29th, in the absence of the Dean, who is taking charge of the services at Trinity Church, New York, for a few Sundays. Canon Vroom delivered very fine and scholarly addresses.

New Rector at Stratford.

The Bishop of Huron has appointed the Rev. S. A. Macdonell, formerly Rector of Wallacetown, who is at present officiating at Tyrconnell, to be Rector of St. Paul's, Stratford, in succession to the Rev. J. W. Hodgins, who has been superannuated. Mr. Macdonell, it is expected, will come into residence at Stratford in the latter part of September. In the meanwhile the Rev. J. N. H. Mills will continue to act as locum tenens.

Rev. Captain Ramson at St. Paul's, Halifax.

The Rev. Captain Ramson, Chaplain of a B.W.I. regiment, and Rector of St. George's Church, Kingston, Jamaica, was the special preacher at St. Paul's Church, Sunday evening, July 29th. Captain Ramson possesses to a wonderful degree the power of speaking directly to the hearts of his hearers. From his opening sentence he held the complete attention of the large congregation, who will not soon forget the eloquence and beauty of diction that characterized the sermon. The preacher took for his theme the "comfortable words" of Christ, "Come unto me all ye who

are weary and heavy laden," and found therein the words in season that the heavy laden need, in the midst of the world weariness that is common experience to-day.

Muskoka Summer Clericus.

The fourth annual meeting of the Muskoka Summer Clericus will be held at St. James' Church, Port Carling, on Friday, August 10, commencing on arrival of the morning boats. Luncheon will be served at the Rectory at 1 o'clock. All resident and visiting clergy are cordially invited, and are requested to notify the chairman of their intention to be present. Rev. Richard Haines, Port Carling, chairman.

Montreal Diocesan Notes.

A new font was dedicated in St. Peter's, Cawood, by the Bishop on the occasion of his visit there, on the 5th July.

The Bishop unveiled an honour roll and dedicated a brass chancel rail in Christ Church, Aylmer, on the 10th of July.

The Bishop dedicated a solid silver Communion service in St. George's Church, Granby, lately. It was given by Archdeacon and Mrs. Longhurst as a memorial of their son, Reginald Hector, killed in action.

The St. George's Church, Campbell's Bay, has been bricked and is now a handsome little church. They have begun to raise a parsonage fund and have about \$1,900 subscribed. They hope to begin building next spring.

A very handsome cross for the Holy Table was dedicated for the Radford Church in St. Paul's, Shawville, by the Bishop, on the 10th July, being a memorial of Lorne P. Hodgins, killed at Vimy Ridge. It was given by his father and mother.

The Bishop on his recent visit to Pottimore dedicated a brass Holy Table desk in memory of Charles Ball, who fell at Vimy, also a memorial roll for various members of the parish who have passed away.

The Rev. E. A. Findley, B.A., Incumbent of Aylwin, has been engaged to take the assistant's duty at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, during the month of August.

Two handsome windows in St. George's Church, Thorne Centre, were dedicated by the Bishop recently. They are in memory of August Dahms, a faithful and loyal Churchman.

There was an excellent attendance at the Sunday School Convention for the Deanery of Shefford, which was held at West Shefford last month. Excellent addresses were given by Messrs. McGreer, Canon Rexford and Canon Willis. The Ven. W. B. Longhurst, the Archdeacon of Bedford, presided.

Vandalism at Hamilton.

Whilst the Rev. C. B. Kenrick, of St. Philip's Church, was preparing the Holy Table on a recent Saturday evening for the services on the following morning, a stone was thrown through the east window, breaking it considerably, and littering the chancel carpet with the glass. The police were sent for, but could do nothing to discover the perpetrator of the outrage. The week previous the west window was similarly broken. St. Philip's is situated in the foreign quarter of the city.

Rev. F. H. Brewin Resigns.

The Rev. F. H. Brewin, the Rector of New St. Paul's, Woodstock, Ont., for the past five years, announced his

Progress of the War

July 30th.—Monday—Russians continue retirement in Eastern Galicia. Sixty-one German aeroplanes reported put out of action on Western Front on July 27th.

July 31st.—Tuesday—Death penalty enforced in Russian army against deserters.

August 1st.—Wednesday—Anglo-French troops take eleven enemy positions.

August 2nd.—Thursday—British consolidate gains. French gain ground east of Yser.

August 3rd.—Friday—Russian retreat continued. Riga reported to be evacuated.

August 4th.—Saturday—Conscription Bill passes Canadian Senate by majority of 29.

forthcoming resignation to the members of his congregation on July 29, and they heard the news with a good deal of surprise and regret. The Bishop of Ottawa has offered Mr. Brewin the parish of St. Bartholomew's, Ottawa, and he has accepted it. This is the church which the Vice-Regal party attend in Ottawa, and in this church the Lessons are read Sunday by Sunday, by the present Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire, K.G. Mr. Brewin expects to enter upon his new duties about the middle of September. He came to St. Paul's from Brighton in Sussex, where he had been for some time previously the Vicar of a church in Montpelier Row in that town. Mr. Brewin succeeded the Rev. T. J. Wallace, the present Rector of St. Stephen's, Toronto. During his rectorship at Woodstock he has done an excellent work for the parish and has taken a notable part in diocesan matters. At Ottawa he succeeds the late Canon Harrington, who was the Rector of St. Bartholomew's for forty years.

Rural Deanery of Haliburton.

The summer meeting of the Rural Deanery Chapter of Haliburton was held at Minden on July 16 and 17, under the presidency of Rev. E. F. Hockley, of Kinmount, Rural Dean. The opening service was held in St. Paul's Church, when an inspiring and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. T. A. Nind, of Bobcaygeon, formerly of Minden. A large and appreciative congregation was present. The business meetings were held at the Clergy House on Tuesday. Many topics of interest were discussed. From the reports of the various missionaries it was ascertained that the services were well-attended, the work of the Sunday Schools successful and the giving of the people improving. These features are encouraging considering the fact that all the clergy have large fields of labour—from four to six appointments being usual—covering many miles of territory. On Tuesday the clergy, of the deanery and the wardens of St. Paul's Church, Minden, were entertained to luncheon at the Clergy House. A pleasant social time was spent, and the hospitality of the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fierheller, was much appreciated. It is hoped that the fall meeting of the Chapter will be held at Maple Lake, another of the many "beauty spots" of Haliburton County.

Archbishop Worrell's Confirmation Tour.

Recently the Archbishop of Nova Scotia spent a week among the churches of the Annapolis Valley. St.

James' Church, Bridgetown, St. Mary's, Belleside, St. Peter's, Young Cove, Roundhill and Dalhousie, Deep Brook and Clementsport, Bear River, Holy Trinity, Digby, and Rossway and Sandy Cove were the points visited. The Archbishop, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Richardson, of Fredericton, N.B., performed the consecration ceremony of the newly erected church at Victory, Annapolis County, and afterwards a number of adults received the rite of Confirmation, this being the first time in the history of the church for the rite to be administered there. His Grace gave addresses at each service, and impressed all with the sacredness of the obligations they were under in the life of Christian fellowship, and urged simple faith and consecration of service. The services were characterized by a spirit of devotedness and earnestness, and were calculated to stimulate the young and strengthen the older members of the church.

Vancouver Notes.

Rev. M. H. Jackson, Rector of St. George's, has enlisted as a private and is at Valcartier on his way to the front. Presentations from organizations and congregation of St. George's included a wrist watch, a Bible and a purse of gold. Rev. Prof. Trumpour, of Latimer Hall, will have charge of St. George's in the Rector's absence.

Rev. R. Alderson has resigned the Vicarage of St. Agnes'.

Rev. E. R. Bartlett, of St. Barnabas', New Westminster, will, with an assistant, be in charge of Holy Trinity, as well as St. Barnabas', in that city.

Rev. G. H. Wilson, of St. Michael's, and Rev. J. W. Mackenzie-Naghten, of St. Luke's, Victoria, are exchanging during August.

Latimer Hall Library has received a donation of nearly 200 theological volumes. Principal Vance addressed the Ocean Park Sunday School on his impressions of the Win-the-War Conference at Montreal. Prof. Trumpour gave a course of eight lectures on the Book of Revelation at the University Y.W.C.A. Conference at Whytecliff.

The officers for the Diocesan Clericus for the ensuing year will be: Pres., Rev. G. H. Watson; vice-pres., Rev. G. C. Caffin; sec.-treas., Rev. J. H. Hooper; executive, Rev. H. King and Rev. J. Plaskett. The last year under Rev. A. H. Sovereign as president, was the best in the history of the Clericus.

Death of Miss B. Weeks.

Miss Birdetta Weeks, of 301 Greenwood Avenue, Toronto, died in Grace Hospital, in that city on August 1st, after an illness of ten days. For many years she filled the position of organist at St. John's, Weston, and on relinquishing that post a presentation was made to her by the congregation. Five brothers and sisters and both of her parents survive her.

Death of Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick.

A well-known and greatly respected member of the Church of England in Toronto, in the person of Mr. George Bromley Kirkpatrick, died on Friday, the 3rd inst., at his residence, 210 Rusholme Road, in that city. He had been in failing health for the past year and he passed away at the age of 83. The late Mr. Kirkpatrick married in 1865 Mary Frances, daughter of the late Robert Morris, of Liverpool, England, who predeceased him. He was a member of the congregation of St. Mary the Virgin, Dovercourt, and he always took a special interest in Sunday School work, being super-

intendent of St. Mary's Sunday School for 25 years. Mr. Kirkpatrick was also a vice-president of the Sunday School Association, and a member of the Synod of the diocese of Toronto for nearly 40 years, during which period he served on many committees. His youngest son, Major Arthur Kirkpatrick, was captured by the Germans at St. Julien, and in the same engagement a grandson, Lieut. Douglas Kirkpatrick, was killed. His five sons and one daughter are all alive, A. M. M. and W. R. being in Toronto, Goldwin at the front, George R., manager of the Imperial Bank at Edmonton, and Mrs. G. B. Strathy, in Toronto, her husband also being in the firing line. Until a year ago Mr. Kirkpatrick held the position of Director of Surveys under the Provincial Government of Ontario, and he retired from this position about a year ago. He was born at Coolmine House, Clonilla, County Dublin, Ireland, on September 13, 1835, was one of the oldest and among the best-known civil servants in Ontario. He completed his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and came to Canada in 1857, and for the next two years was engaged on the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. He studied surveying for three years with the late A. B. Perry, of Violet, and became a licensed surveyor in 1863. For three years prior to entering the Department of Crown Lands at Ottawa, in 1866, Mr. Kirkpatrick practised as a surveyor at Kingston. Following Confederation he moved to Toronto with the Government in 1867, and was appointed Director of Surveys in 1878, which position he continued to hold until about a year ago when he retired on account of poor health. The late Mr. Kirkpatrick was the first president of the Association of Ontario Land Surveyors and was chairman of the board of management and the board of examiners since its foundation. In 1890 Mr. Kirkpatrick devised for the Government a system of exploration of Northern Ontario which resulted in making available for settlement and mining operations a huge area of valuable agricultural and mineral lands. The funeral took place on Monday, the 6th inst., the service being held in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and from thence to St. James' Cemetery.

The Rev. F. Andrews Drowned.

It is with great regret that we record the death by drowning of Rev. Frank Andrews, "locum tenens" of St. Olave's Church, Swansea. Mr. Andrews was visiting the Rev. S. A. Selwyn, Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, at his summer home in Orillia. On the morning of August 1st he went out in a light skiff to bathe about 200 yards from shore. No one witnessed the accident, but evidently the strong wind off shore caused the boat to drift away from him. He swam after it in the attempt to recover it. Failing in this he turned and made for shore, but sank through exhaustion. Although constant search was made and the authorities of the town were most active in their help and sympathy, yet the body was not recovered until Saturday. The funeral took place the same day in Orillia. Principal O'Meara, of Wycliffe College, conducted the burial service at St. James', Orillia. Rev. J. R. S. Boyd, Rev. Hubert Naylor, Dr. Stephen Leacock and Mr. Harold Hale were the pall bearers. Principal O'Meara held memorial services at St. Olave's, Swansea, last Sunday. He referred to the gifts and temperament of Mr. Andrews, which gave promise of an abundantly fruitful career in the Master's service. He was a favourite with his fellow students and his earnestness and zeal commended him to the congregations he served. Mr. Andrews graduated from Wycliffe College last April after a four-years' course. His

parents live in Southsea, England, and are members of Bishop Ingham's church. An impressive memorial service was held last Sunday evening in the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, in his memory. The Bishop of Toronto preached the sermon, choosing for his text the words: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." After reviewing the career of the young clergyman and the events leading up to his death, Bishop Sweeney declared that under such circumstances one is inclined to ask why such things happen. The text teaches God's children that they must not attempt to understand such mysteries now. His Lordship likened the questioning of this unfortunate happening to the questioning of a father by his child. Revelations would come to the child, not all at once, but slowly as the child grew to maturity. The words of the text are as a check to the too curious and should strengthen faith. Now, we see through a glass darkly, but later we shall see face to face; now we know in part, but then we shall know in full. At the conclusion of the ceremony the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played.

The Bishop of Toronto in His Cathedral.

The Bishop of Toronto preached in St. Alban's Cathedral at the morning service on Sunday, the 5th inst. After reviewing Canada's share of war during the past three years, he touched upon the political situation, which he considered to be the most critical since 1867. Little more than a month ago, he said, we were sending out congratulations to one another upon the attainment of our manhood's prime as a nation, and scarcely have the echoes of our celebration died down ere we find ourselves confronted with political chaos. "We who were starting out at the beginning of the new half-century upon the honourable course of carrying ourselves as a people should, find ourselves in political turmoil at a time when undivided attention is rightly and pressingly demanded for the one supreme thing in hand." The stern facts that confront us at this time, his Lordship said, are that the war is far from won; that it must be fought to a finish by both sides; that we as a people have not been able, by the voluntary system, to keep our promise to the Motherland to stand by her to the last man and the last dollar; that there is a pressing need to adopt and enforce a military measure that shall result in fulfilling our promise; and that if the present Government finds itself unable, through political intricacies, to give effect to such a measure, then some way must be found out of the difficulty which shall give this effect for the honour of the country, for the maintenance of the cause and safety of the Empire, and for keeping faith with the brave and honoured dead whose supreme sacrifice must not and shall not be in vain.

The Rev. E. C. Earp at St. Paul's, Toronto.

To one who has been overseas and who knows the sentiment of the men in the trenches, the present dissension in Canada is particularly distressing, declared Capt. the Rev. E. C. Earp, a returned Chaplain, in the course of his sermon on Sunday evening, the 5th inst., in the above Church. This dissension is to a returned soldier, he said, as a slap in the face to one who expected a caress. After giving instances to show the deep religious spirit prevailing among the men at the front Capt. Earp said that these men have no idea of giving up,

come what may. Having gone so far they will fight to the end. They have faith in the cause and in Canada. They have forgotten the scrap of paper and are now fighting only for the right to live in freedom. Capt. Earp believed that the sentiment of the men at the front on conscription is that if men must be conscripted to fight let it be done with the least possible constraint. Province must not be divided from Province nor race from race.

The Bishop of Huron's Holiday.

The Bishop of Huron desires the clergy and parochial authorities to know that during the month of August he intends to take a holiday. Any necessary correspondence will be attended to by the Secretary-Treasurer, the Rev. W. J. Doherty.

The Oldest Church Member in Lindsay Dead.

On July 27th there was called away perhaps the oldest communicant of the Church of England in Canada, Mrs. James Hopkins. On January 15th, 1917, she kept her 101st birthday, having been born during the life of George III., and being twenty-one when Queen Victoria was crowned. She had lived in Lindsay for about sixty years and had worshipped with St. Paul's congregation since the days when the services were held in the little old "Town hall." Three of her grandsons are with the overseas forces, and a fourth, Lieut.-Col. F. H. Hopkins, was killed in a motor accident in England, shortly after she kept her hundredth birthday. Major Hopkins, of Ops, Judge Hopkins, of Cayuga, and Mr. Jas. H. Hopkins, of Lindsay, are her surviving sons.

Memorial Service at Holy Trinity Church, Toronto.

A special memorial service of an impressive nature was held in the above church on the 5th August in memory of seventeen members of the congregation who have made the supreme sacrifice. The opening of the fourth year of the war was observed at the same time. The Rector, the Rev. L. Ralph Sherman, preached the sermon. There was an unusually large congregation present.

THE HIGHER COMMAND.

A wounded Australian said that the bravest man he ever saw was a Wesleyan military Chaplain in one of the barges landing men from troopships at the Dardanelles.

A man was shot down. The Chaplain made a dash to the rescue, but a Catholic priest standing near grabbed hold of him, saying: "You mustn't think of it; it is madness. You are going to certain death." The Wesleyan shook off the restraining hand, replying, "I have got my orders, and they came from a higher command than yours, and I am going." He went and was struck by a bullet while in the act of beginning his work of mercy, and instantly the priest sprang after him, but the officer in charge of the landing party called out: "Stay where you are; I forbid your going. We are losing too many men." The priest calmly went on, turning his head to say as he passed: "Did you not hear what my Protestant comrade said? I, too, have got my orders—from the Higher Command." A few moments and he, too, lay dead beside his brother of the Cross. "The Graphic" (London), July 22nd, 1916.

WHY HE SUPPORTED THE FUND.

The task of raising the Canadian Patriotic Fund is not all serious work. It is illumined here and there by flashes of humour, and everywhere there crop out touches of human nature that add zest to the work.

Take the case of a Quebec county councillor. His council had been asked to contribute a certain sum yearly, and an officer of the Fund called on him to secure his endorsement of the proposal. He listened to an explanation of the details, and then started to estimate what the new taxation would imply to him. Then he said:—

"All right. I'll vote for the grant. I find that it will cost me eight dollars.—but I'd rather pay even twenty dollars than go to the war!"

THE NEW WORLD.

When the business matter was settled, the merchant leaned back in his chair and looked at young Harding. There were hard lines about the young man's mouth, bitterness in his eyes.

"John," the old merchant said, quietly, "you know what your father was to me. May I say a word to his son?"

The young man hesitated a moment—then nodded; but it was manifestly only courtesy to his father's friend that made him yield. The old merchant looked past him out across the city.

"You were only a boy when your father died; he never told you about my black year, did he?"

"No, sir," John Harding answered, wincing.

"It was a black year. First, I failed. It took ten years to climb back again; but I lost a whole year through my own weakness. Nervous breakdown, the doctor said; it was really spiritual worry and lack of grit. And in the midst of that, Amy died.

"I know, sir," John Harding said in a low voice. It had been a lonely house ever since he could remember.

The old man did not seem to hear. He went on slowly: "Your father stood by. I never can tell you how he stood by me through it all, or of the patience with which he met my rebellion. One night he was staying at the house with me when a heavy electric storm came up. In the midst of it there was a tremendous crash and two great oaks in front of the house went down. My grandfather had planted those oaks and I had inherited a love for them. It seemed to me then, warped as I was by my illness, another real calamity. But in the morning Jack called to me suddenly, 'Look at your view man, look at your view!' And there before us lay the city, a thing of magic beauty in the early light, and beyond, the hills—miles and miles of them. Jack turned to me with deep eyes.

"It's a parable of life, old fellow," he said. "There's a whole world waiting."

"I knew what he meant, and I resented it. But I couldn't get away from that view and the parable of it. All my life I had been shut in by my own possessions. God had to strip me of them to open my eyes. It was a hard battle, but I surrendered at last and went out to discover the world."

"You've found it, sir; everyone knows that," John Harding said.

"What I want to say to you, Jack, is that it is worth it. Looking back now, I would not dare give up what sorrow and trouble have given me. I wanted to tell you that God's ways are big, Jack, even with our little

lives. Trust Him, and find your new world. It will be greater than the old."

The two gripped hands, and then the young man was gone.—The Youth's Companion.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

Tell you about it? Of course I will. I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,

For mamma said I must be quiet and still, And she put away my whistle and drum.

She made me unharness the parlour chairs, And packed my cannon and all the rest.

Of my favourite playthings off upstairs On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down, And all the carpets hung out to blow,

For when the Bishop is coming to town The house must be in order, you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair, And started a game of hide-and-seek,

But Bridget refused to have me there, For the Bishop was coming to stay a week.

And she must make cookies, and cakes, and pies, And fill every closet, and platter, and pan,

Till I thought this Bishop, so great and wise, Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well, at last he came, and I do declare, Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,

With his gentle voice and silvery hair, And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read, or talked, or prayed, I understood every single word, And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,

Though I never once spoke or stirred.

Then all of a sudden he laughed right out, To see me sit quietly listening so, And began to tell me stories about Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

All about Egypt and Spain, and then He wasn't disturbed by a little noise, But said that the bravest and best of men

Once had been rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it no great matter at all If a little boy runs, jumps and climbs, And mamma should be willing to let me crawl.

Through the bannister-rails in the hall—sometimes.

And Bridget, she made a great mistake In stirring up such a bother, you see,

For the Bishop—he didn't care for cake, And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honoured in word and act (Stoop down, for this is a secret now),

He couldn't spell Bostin—that's a fact, For he whispered to me to tell him how.

POSSIBLE IMPOSSIBILITIES.

These are days when many are tempted to be discouraged. The failure of human programmes of peace, the spread of the war spirit, the interruption of missionary operations, the selfish eagerness for wealth, the mad rush for pleasure, the intrigue and corruption among legislators—if considered alone—would turn to pessimism even the most stout-hearted optimist.

But one factor is omitted in that view of the situation and the outlook—the greatest factor in the universe—God. Those who realize man's weakness and wickedness have good reason to say that the realization of ideals is impossible; civilization has broken down; international reconciliation and human brotherhood are an idle dream. Our Lord Jesus Christ said of this and other difficulties: "With men it is impossible, but not with God, for with God all things are possible." He also added a wonderful statement: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

There is no limit to the possibilities of God; there is a very serious limit to the possibilities of man; but where man is joined to God by faith, then God's possibilities become man's possibilities. It is not because of anything in us; but it is because of the nature of God, and it is because God is in us, individually, that things become possible, that without Him would be absolutely impossible. Men become God-like when linked by faith to God's power, and the power that is in God comes into them, and things become possible that were impossible before. But when that power is taken away, the Christian can do no more than any other man.

It is harmony with the will of God and believing prayer that brings man into the condition of a charged battery—a man filled with the Spirit of God. This enables him to do the impossible.

The will of God is surely to be carried out in this war or in spite of it. The man who is in touch with God, who is in harmony with Him and is acting in accord with His will, is the man who will not only remain undiscouraged, but will accomplish what is, humanly speaking, impossible.—Missionary Review of the World.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ARMY.

Faithful Unto Death.

An officer in the Canadian forces, Maj. Edgar, now serving in Flanders, tells the following affecting story of a dog's love and fidelity. The dog was an Irish terrier, whose home with a French family was destroyed when the Germans came. He fled from the ruined house and the dead bodies of the people he had loved, and sought refuge with one of the British regiments. Here one of the kindly Tommies adopted him and named him Army. The kindly Tommy was killed subsequently, and the dog stationed himself, a lonely watcher, at his grave.

Other soldiers who came there found and cared for him; and when they were killed or had retired, still others became his guardians. He loved them all, but he never forget his first soldier friend and master, or failed to watch by his grave. He remained on guard all through the winter, and one morning he was found frozen to death there.

After Army had died, the authorities gave permission for him to be buried beside the master to whom he had been so faithful, and there in Flanders is the big grave with the little one beside it; and the dog's name as well as that of his master is inscribed upon the cross that marks their last earthly resting place.

THE SPIRIT OF CHEERFULNESS.

Yet in spite of all they are full of "cheerfulness." Every captain had the same word—nothing could be better than the spirit of the whole crew. On deck you may see officers wrestling with the mighty "medicine-ball," and men playing cricket or quoits and every variety of ingenious game. Thanks to excellent food, fresh air, exercise and the absence of shore temptations the health of the fleet is admirable. When I was with the largest section, the rate of sickness (including accidents) was just under one per cent. The men at work on board ship are a vision of smartness and alacrity. They are all splendidly "fit" in body and spirit.

Of the efficiency of the fleet it is not for a mere outsider to speak; but even he cannot fail to be impressed by the all-pervading sense of "readiness." It seemed as if there was one word written on every ship, on every part of her, on every man within her—the word Ready. There was no haste, no bustle, no confusion. Every ship in her place, and every man at his post was ready.

I have kept to the last the deepest and most moving impression of all—the splendid spirit of "comradeship and unity" which binds the Grand Fleet together.

But to the influence of this great tradition must be added the influence of a great personality. I cannot refrain from saying here that I left the Grand Fleet sharing to the full the admiration, affection and confidence which every officer and man within it feels for its Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Jellicoe. Here assuredly is the right man in the right place at the right time. His officers give him the most absolute trust and loyalty. When I spoke of him to his men I always felt that quick response which to a speaker is the sure sign that he has reached and touched the hearts of his hearers. The Commander-in-Chief—quiet, modest, courteous, alert, resolute, holding in firm control every part of his great fighting engine—has under his command not only the ships but the heart of his fleet. He embodies and strengthens that comradeship of single-minded service which is the crowning honour of the navy.—Archbishop of York in the London "Times."

THE LARK.

From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,

The guns have brayed without abate;

And now the sick sun looks upon The bleared, blood-weltered fields of hate,

As if it loathed to rise again. How strange the hush! Yet, sudden, hark!

From yon down-trodden gold of grain, The leaping rapture of a lark.

A fusillade of melody, That sprays us from yon trench of sky;

A new amazing enemy We cannot silence though we try; A battery on radiant wings,

That from yon gap of golden fleeces Hurls at us hopes of such strange things

As joy and home and love and peace.

Pure heart of song! do you not know That we are making earth a hell? Or is it that you try to show

Life still is joy and all is well? Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain You beat into that bit of blue; Lo! we, who drink the dregs of pain, Lift shining eyes, see Heaven, too.

—Robert W. Service, in Maclean's Magazine.

Downeaster

Thoughts of an Eastern Churchman

THERE is no more striking illustration of the ingrained selfishness of human nature than the multiplying of religious sects. Because my fellow Christian won't accept my definitions of faith, won't express himself in exactly the same way as I do, therefore I will cut myself off from communion with him. I will ignore the ten things we agree on for the sake of the one thing we disagree about. Sectarianism is a selfish thing, because at best it means that I will make no personal sacrifice to save a fellow creature from perdition. Because I think he is mistaken, I will leave him to go to the devil in his own way. I will run no risks to save him from the errors of his way. My motto, so far as my own poor little soul is concerned, is "safety first," the other fellow may take his chance. And there are two kinds of sectarianism. There is the sectarianism which says: "If you don't make changes to please me, I will cut the painter." This is active sectarianism. Then there is the passive sectarianism which says to all fault-finders or objectors, conscientious, reasonable, unreasonable, captious or otherwise, "We won't change anything to please you. If you don't like it you can lump it—get out." And all of us have sinned in one or other of these ways, we have all in our time—i.e., all Churches, been actively or passively guilty of sectarianism. Against this morbid fear of contamination or love of exclusiveness, may be put St. Paul's noble declaration, that for the salvation of his fellow countrymen he was willing to risk his own eternal salvation.

* * * *

Why are certain women called, par excellence, "Feminists." The so-called "Feminist" is, I should say, really a "masculinist." She is bent on acquiring and cultivating masculine qualities and characteristics. She imitates men in their habits, handwriting, dress and even down to their profanity. She actually tries to walk like a man. She boasts of her "virility," she is proud of being "a good sport," of her "masculine good sense," in fact, she idealizes manliness in every shape and form. And then with delightful feminine inconsistency calls herself "a Feminist." Imagine a man aping women in their dress, habits, bearing, employments, dubbing himself, or being dubbed, a "masculinist."

* * * *

As we grow older we learn to equally value all good and useful gifts, and that it "takes all kinds to make a world." When we are very young we are apt to overestimate our own particular gifts, and undervalue those of our fellow men and women. The man of literary and artistic gifts or affinities is apt to despise or slight the man with natural business ability, the man with mechanical gifts the artistic and literary, and so on all round the circle. But we eventually come to realize that all these gifts are equally valuable and all fulfil the one and selfsame purpose in the end, that no human being can be and do everything, and that in the strict sense of the term, there is and can be no such thing as an "all-round man." If parishioners would only realize this of their parson!

* * * *

How absurd to blame Christianity, as some people do, for man's shortcomings. Christianity, I freely admit, has not been a universal and unqualified success. Medicine and surgery have greatly helped mankind, have lengthened the average of human

life, have banished some diseases and mitigated most of them and got pain under control, but it hasn't conquered and never will conquer disease. The only possible treatment of disease in the wider sense is palliative. So Christianity never claims to eradicate the taint of sin. All its treatment (here) is palliative. Religion keeps mankind from becoming utterly depraved, and eventually—there the illustration fails—it transforms him, but not in this world. In this world religion patches a man up. It puts him under treatment. He has his bad days and his good days, his lapses and recoveries, his defeats and victories. But he worries along somehow. You might then as well blame the doctors for the fact of sickness as religion for human shortcomings and imperfections. Christianity has been a magnificent success, and it will win still more splendid victories, and without it the world would be inconceivably worse than it is. But it never professed to do more than help mankind to contend with sin here, and so to win eternal life hereafter, to plant a seed which will "bloom to goodness elsewhere."

* * * *

Parochial visiting should be a judicious combination of the social and the official. Some clergymen make their visits too severely official. They always show that they "mean business," and go through a prescribed form. Others make their visits mere casual "droppings in." A man's parishioners should feel that he calls upon them both as a clergyman and a personal friend, that it is equally a pleasure and a duty, that he really values and enjoys their personal friendship and values their companionship, and on the other hand, he should make it plain that he has some definite object in view.

* * * *

Every whipper snapper has his little whack at what he calls "Red Tape," our noble selves included. What is Red Tape anyway? Red Tape is in ninety per cent. of cases, any kind of routine that makes me wait a few minutes, or hours, or days longer, as the case may be, for something that I am in a particular hurry to get. Red Tape is the most useful thing in creation. Like all good things, of course, we may have too much of it. But we can no more do without it than we can do without the watch, the clock, or arithmetic, or taps, or any method of systematizing things. It is doing all things "decently and in order." To nine-tenths of us the cry of "Red Tape" means that we cannot get our own way when and where and how we want it.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON'S OPINION.

At a memorial service held in England, in memory of men who have fallen during the war, the Bishop of London read the following letter from General Sir William Robertson:—

"This is to wish you complete success in your National Mission work. I fear that even yet too many of us are putting an undue amount of trust in 'chariots and horses.' We may confidently rely upon our soldiers and sailors fighting bravely, and count upon having abundant ammunition, but we must not stop at that. I am old-fashioned enough to think that this great war, like those of which we read in the Old Testament, is intended to teach us a necessary lesson, and if this be so, it follows that we ought to examine ourselves and take the lesson to heart.

"A serious determination on the part of the nation to seek and deserve Divine help would, we may hope, enable us to take a true perspective of the war, and it would undoubtedly furnish valuable help to our gallant sailors and soldiers at the front, as well as lighten the heavy burden of responsibility now carried by the various authorities at home and abroad."

* * *

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,

In the spring,
Half the colour, beauty, wonder of the spring.

No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—William Martin, in "East and West."

SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION

AND

Naval and Military Bible Society

The "Written Word of God" can penetrate where the spoken word cannot go, and this is especially the case connected with work amongst the

SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

A CHAPLAIN AT THE FRONT SAYS:—

"It is a clearing station, and we do not see the boys for very long, and often it is only once. They come from all parts of the division, then they are sent back; so I give a Gospel to each one, and hope and pray God to speak through the WRITTEN WORD (often, in my opinion, the most effective way, for then the human is most absent). I shall be glad to have a larger number. All the boys seem pleased to have the books, and I find often before I leave the ward that they have begun to read."

Will our readers continue to help provide the brave fellows with the "WORD OF GOD"?

Donations may be sent to the Editor, or to
The Chairman, REV. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D.D. } 858 College Street,
The Secretary, MISS DICKSON } Toronto, Canada.

Correspondence

LIVE DISCUSSIONS.

Sir,—I quite agree with the suggestion in the article published in a recent issue of your paper under the heading, "Discussion of Present-Day Questions." As I understand it, the editor of an Anglican paper in Canada has to observe an almost insipid neutrality on controversial matters otherwise he is charged with favouring some particular school of thought or party.

But with more space given to live discussions in the Correspondence columns, a greater commingling and interchange of thought would follow, with the result that more interest would be taken in Church affairs. Today a very large majority of the laity is in the rut of indifference and self-complacency, the Church in Canada is not twenty-five per cent. efficient, and all this in view of the ever-increasing demands requiring more aggressive work.

I know that some oppose discussion. They prefer to do business at the ends of the pole, no nearer; they hold up their hands when there is disagreement and cry peace, meaning a stagnant peace. And so we go on with little or no discussion, and many do not know and do not care what is going on or operating in the minds of fellow churchmen.

But there are many areas of common ground if we only took the trouble to engage in discussion through your correspondence columns, and I firmly believe that an interchange of thought on common questions even would encourage interest and much good would result. And suppose that there was much disagreement, if nothing personal were imported, the discussion could not fail to be helpful. The negative policy now in vogue is holding the Church in leash, and speaking generally, many within its borders do not seem to care what happens. What opportunities are here and are coming, and yet the great majority of the people are not interested, are not active workers,—they prefer to let the parson and the faithful few do the work, or what they can, leaving the rest undone. Why is this? And why should we be content to let matters drift? Is there no remedy?

I think that it might not be alleged as error, if the heads of the Church would insist on an investigation under commission or otherwise based on this question. What is the cause or causes of the indifference of the laity, and why are they not more active in Church work?

If evidence were taken the report would reveal from the expression of opinions obtained—I mean lay opinions—much that would give food for thought and doubtless would lead to important reforms.

After all, the mission of the Church is to make the world better, to improve Christian character and to bring into the fold the wayward. It is lamentable to see the Church drifting through the centuries with so little to show for its labours.

I do not think that I have made a statement in the foregoing that will not be admitted. This one cardinal fact must be admitted, that the Church is not holding, drawing or influencing the people as it should. Are we making a fetish of things that are unimportant and do not bring success. Will the Church have the same methods one hundred years from now? How will it gather the harvest then?

In a future article I may give some reasons why in my opinion the Church fails to influence into activity some of the best moral living of its members and adherents.

J. L. J.

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CHARITY AND UNITY.

Sir,—The letter of "H. M. W.," in
your issue of July 5, has set me think-
ing. He condemns controversy and
blames the Theological Colleges for
starting discussions which bewilder
the disciples. On the other hand, a
great body of men and women in the
Church believe that what the Church
needs is to be awakened—not to be
soothed to sleep. Those of us who
feel this way believe that where men
and women think deeply they are
bound to discuss the subject with
their neighbours, that out of different
opinions will arise some controversy,
and out of it all, if wisely directed,
will come action. "H. M. W." thinks
that anything is better than controver-
sy, and we think anything is better
than stagnation and death.

These are our respective positions,
and the thought that has come to me
is that both of us are conscientious,
loyal Churchmen, anxious to advance
the Kingdom of God—and both prob-
ably partly right and partly wrong.
And, further, both of us expect that
Mother Church will be big enough
and wise enough and Christlike
enough to continue to keep us both
in the fold. Certainly the Church
has no small task. This thought, it
seems to me, should give us pause,
when we write to the "Canadian
Churchman," and when we discuss
religious matters with others.

So far as public discussion through
newspapers is concerned, we must, I
feel, always remember that the "un-
circumcised Philistines" are always
about us, ready to sneer and say:
"See how these Christians love one
another." The Church was never op-
posed by such determined and able
foes as face her to-day, and to mag-
nify our opposition to the views of
some brother whom we love and
respect, is to give these enemies the
opportunity of saying that the Church
is hopelessly divided against herself.
In all our discussions, therefore, let
us remember these things.

Frank Fairfield.

DEFINITE CHURCH TEACHING

Sir,—It seems strange that the
owner of a New Testament should de-
sire a fuller statement of the main
doctrines of the Faith, or the possessor
of a Book of Common Prayer, which
contains the Thirty-nine Articles, the
Baptismal Services, the Church Cate-
chism, the Communion Service and
much else, should require more defi-
nite teaching. Prayers for the Dead
are not referred to in any part of the
Bible, and are neither authorized nor
condemned by the Church of England,
consequently every Christian and
every Anglican is free to pray for the
departed or not, as he or she thinks
best. Masses for the dead are strong-
ly condemned in the thirty-first article.
Auricular confession is unknown in
Scripture history. Sunday by Sunday
absolution is freely given in every
Anglican Church on a general and
open confession. In the Visitation of
the Sick the minister is instructed, if
the sick person feels his conscience
troubled with any weighty matter, to
move him to make a special confession
of his sins, but nowhere is there any
limitation of the declaration. He
pardoneth and absolveth all them that
truly repent, and unfeignedly believe
His Holy Gospel. Auricular confes-
sion, as compulsory or necessary, en-
ded with the Reformation. The Lord's
Supper was very fully dealt with by
the Apostle Paul in his 1st Epistle to the
Corinthians. The twenty-eighth
article, and the black rubric at the
end of the Communion Service, give
the main teaching of the Church of
England respecting the Real Presence,
though there is much else bearing
upon the subject in other parts of the
Prayer Book. In the Communion of

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the Sick, for instance, it is laid down
that it is possible for the sick person
to eat and drink the Body and Blood
of our Saviour Christ profitably to
his soul's health, although he do
not receive the Sacrament with his
mouth. Undoubtedly, our Lord is as
really present in the Holy Com-
munion as He is where two or three
are gathered together in His name.
Neither Scripture nor the Church of
England give any guidance respecting
either early or fasting communion, so
such questions are seemingly of no
importance.

The remedy for fantastic notions of
the Church is a diligent study of the
New Testament and careful consider-
ation of all it contains, and for such
notions of the Church of England, a
similar study of the contents of the
Prayer Book, and specially of the
Thirty-nine Articles. There is only
one church, that founded by our Lord
Jesus Christ, built on the revelation
made the Apostle Peter, or as some
think on St. Peter as having received
that revelation, that Jesus, born of
Mary, is the Son of God and the
Christ. Of that Catholic Church, so
called because it is universal and all-
embracing, the Church of England is
not a branch, but an integral portion,
just as Ontario is not a branch, but an
integral portion of the Dominion. The
Catholic Church being all-embracing
includes all denominational Christian
churches, and all Christians who hold
the Faith and honestly endeavour to
live the Christian life. The commis-
sion of all Christian ministers is to
preach the Gospel and teach all to ob-

serve whatever our Lord commanded.
If all Christians would give some time
each day to studying and considering
the New Testament, not merely read-
ing it, and if all Anglicans would do
the same with the Book of Common
Prayer, which few open except in
church, and of which many are pro-
foundly ignorant, there would be less
need for doctrinal sermons.

Ed. Harper Wade.
Quebec, 30th July, 1917.

TROOPS DEPART
FOR "OVER THERE."

Loading of Transports will be Feat-
ure of "Big Fair" Spectacle.

A National Spectacle will be the
Grand Stand production at the Cana-
dian National Exhibition this year,
planned on a scale calculated to write
a new page into the history of patri-
otic pageantry. The Heights of Que-
bec are to be reproduced on a mam-
moth scale, with the St. Lawrence and
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patriotism and infectious faith in Can-
ada will dominate the giant-sized pan-
orama, which will achieve a thrilling
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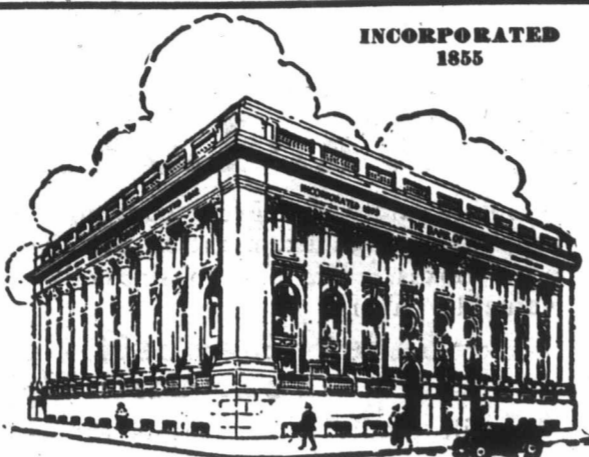
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Scripture Gift Mission

OUR Lord when He was on earth after He had been instructing His disciples as to the message they were to deliver, gave as His parting injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give." This verse is often taken out of its context when appeals are made for financial help, but it will be seen that it has nothing to do with money at all. The disciples were to give freely the Words which He had been giving to them. They had nothing to give for they were to go without purse, but they did freely give the Words of our Lord which brought so much blessing to the hearers.

It was to carry out this injunction that the Scripture Gift Mission was founded thirty years ago, and ever since the Committee has proved conclusively that real blessing has rest-

ed upon the free distribution of God's Word.

Are there not millions in the world too poor to purchase a copy; are there not millions more too callous to do so; and millions still who, if they have to wait till they can purchase a copy, will never get one? The illustrated Gospels of the Scripture Gift Mission are welcomed by missionaries all over the world, and men are attracted in this way to the message of the Gospel, and will gladly receive and keep such copies of the Scriptures. Of this we have daily conclusive proof, and specially has it been the case amongst the soldiers engaged in this present war.

The letters which come to the office of the Mission are most encouraging! Here is an extract from a worker in France:—

"One of our Pastors, who always carries with him a few New Testaments for distribution, one day gave

one to a young soldier boy, and promptly forgot all about it. A couple of months later he was visiting a hospital, and was accosted by a young soldier, who, coming up, grasped him by the hand most cordially and said to him, 'You do not know me, do you? But I remember you. In fact, I shall never forget you. I owe you a debt I can never repay. You remember that some months ago you were distributing New Testaments at the station of X—; you gave me a New Testament. I put it in my bag, and when I got out to the Front in the midst of the awful scenes of destruction, facing danger and death, when one did not know what the moment would bring, I found time to read the little book you gave me. I found in it the Spirit of life, for I gave myself over to Jesus Christ. . . . I am a changed man, and it is your little book that has done it. I do not know how I can ever thank you enough' Any Christian understands why!"

We have already mentioned that the Scripture Gift Mission has supplied Scriptures to the Russian prisoners of war in Germany, and we get the following report:—

"The German authorities are pursuing a policy toward many Russian prisoners which is evidently designed to win them to sympathy with Germany. I know of one case, for instance, where a Russian subject, who is a converted Jew, a genuine Christian now, whom I have known for years and who fought for a long time in the Russian Army, was taken prisoner by the Germans, and for a length of time was treated with great rigour by them, but has now been liberated and is engaged in Evangelical work in Berlin."

A wounded soldier of the A.S.C., says: "When on the Somme, I picked up a Testament in the pocket of a shattered coat on the battlefield. I had never read the Bible before. I got so interested that when I had a small chance I read more. I can now say, He died for me, what a Saviour!"

It will thus be seen that the free gift of these Testaments is welcomed by the men, and that the books are read and kept.

The Committee of the Mission would earnestly plead with all our readers to remember the work constantly at the Throne of Grace. This part the Committee feels is even more important than the financial assistance, although this is so essential to carry on the work.

Any gifts for the furtherance of this work may be sent to the editor, or to Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., or Miss Dickson, 858 College Street, Toronto.

DOWN HOME.

Down home to-night the moonshine falls

Across a hill with daisies pied,
The pear tree by the garden gate
Beckons with white arms like a bride.

A savour as of trampled fern
Along the whispering meadow stirs,
And, beacon of immortal love,
A light is shining through the firs.

To my old gable window creeps
The 'night wind with a sigh and song,
And, weaving ancient sorceries,
Thereto the gleeful moonbeams throng.

Beside the open kitchen door
My mother stands all lovingly,
And o'er the pathways of the dark
She sends a yearning thought to me.

I seek and find my answering heart
Which shall no more be peace-possessed

Until I reach her empty arms
—And lay my head upon her breast.

—L. M. Montgomery, in "East and West."

ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER VII.

The Wonderful Fisherman.

"White are the wigwams in that far camp,
And the star-eyed deer on the plains are found;
No bitter marshes or tangled swamp
In the Manitou's happy hunting-ground!
And the moon of summer forever rolls
Above the red men in their 'Camp of Souls.'"

"Blue are its lakes as the wild dove's breast,
And their murmurs soft as her gentle note;
As the calm, large stars in the deep sky rest,
The yellow lilies upon them float;
And canoes, like flakes of the silvery snow,
Thro' the tall, rustling rice-beds come and go."
—Isabella Valancy Crawford.

BROWNIE nestled against June's shoulder, and Robin stretched himself in his favourite position, pillowed upon his clasped hands and his face upturned to the green, waving boughs and the sky. Then June began her story:—

"Once, a long, long time ago, when there was nothing but woods for miles and miles and miles where the big cities are now, and when there were no railroads, and no white people in the country, a little Indian boy was born whose name was Hiawatha. His mother's name was Wenonah. She was as tall and beautiful as the prairie lilies and as pure as the moonlight and the starlight. Hiawatha's father was Mudjekeewis, which means the West Wind, but he was faithless and deserted the beautiful Wenonah, and she died when Hiawatha was born.

"Little Hiawatha lived with his grandmother, Nokomis, in a wigwan on the shore of Lake Superior. The Indians called the lake Gitchee Gumee, which means Big-Sea-Water. Nokomis was good to the little boy. She made him a linden cradle with a soft bed of moss inside, and rocked him to sleep every night.

"Hiawatha never went to school, for there was no school, but Nokomis taught him ever so many things we don't know anything about. He was anxious to learn, too, for he was always asking questions about the stars and the big comets in the sky. The Northern Lights the Indians thought was a death-dance of spirits. The Milky Way, that long band of pale light we see stretching right across the sky, they said was a pathway where ghosts and shadows walked.

"As Hiawatha sat in the door of the wigwan he heard the pines whispering and singing, just as we hear them now, but he understood the words they said. He heard the shining water lapping against the rocks, just as we hear it now, and he understood the meaning of its music. He learned the names of all the birds and animals and trees and flowers—the Indians had such queer names for them, too—but what was still more wonderful, he learned the language of every one of them. He would talk to them and they would answer him, and he and the wild things loved each other as if they were brothers. He loved everything beautiful—the stars and the moonlight and the sunset and the soft shadows of twilight, and the shining water and the flowers, and the lightning and the rainbows. Nokomis told him that the rainbow was the heaven of flowers.

"Hiawatha wasn't an ordinary child, or he could never have learned so much; but you see he was to be a very great and wonderfully wise teacher by-and-by, and the greatness

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began to grow when he was quite small. I wonder if there's any little, wee buds of greatness inside of us. Maybe there is.

"Hiawatha grew up to be a man, and did a great many wonderful things. I couldn't tell you the half of them. He was very strong, and brave and clever. He had a pair of magic mittens made of deerskin, and whenever he wore them he could tear up great rocks and grind them to powder. Besides that, he had a pair of magic moccasins which enabled him to walk a mile at every step.

"One May day—the Indians called May the Moon of Leaves—he set to work to make a canoe. He didn't go and chop trees down to get what he wanted, because, you know, the trees were his friends, so he just talked to them and asked them to give him the things he needed. First, he went out into the forest, where the sun was warm and bright and all the birds were singing. There, beside a beautiful river, he saw a tall and stately birch tree, and he stopped and asked it if it would please give him some bark to make a canoe. All the branches rustled and sighed in the breeze, and the tree said, 'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha.'

"So Hiawatha girdled the tree above and below with his knife, then slit the bark down, and stripped it off all in one piece. Then he asked the cedar for its boughs.

"All through the cedar tree sounded a little cry of horror, for it knew this would hurt dreadfully and spoil its good looks; but it loved Hiawatha so much that in a minute it bent down and whispered, 'Take my boughs, O Hiawatha.' So Hiawatha hewed down the strong cedar boughs and made a frame for his canoe.

"Next, he asked the tamarack for its roots. The tamarack shivered to the very tips of its tender, green tassels and sighed a long sigh of sorrow; but it said without a moment's hesitation, 'Take them all, O Hiawatha.' So Hiawatha tore up the strong, fibrous roots from the ground and used them to sew the ends of his canoe together.

"Then he asked the tall, dark fir tree for its balm. The fir tree valued its sweet-scented balm very highly, and needed all it had for its own use, and the thought of losing it made the poor tree sob and cry till the tears ran all down its bark; but the fir tree's love for Hiawatha was so great that it never thought of refusing, and in the midst of its weeping it said, 'Take my balm, O Hiawatha.'

"So Hiawatha gathered the tear-drops that contained all the sweetness and soothing of the fir tree's love, and smeared them all over his stitches, so the water could not get through and wet him.

"Last of all, Hiawatha asked the hedgehog for some quills. The hedgehog was half asleep in a hollow tree, but it didn't care a row of pins anyway, so it said, 'Take my quills, O Hiawatha,' and shot them all, like tiny arrows, on to the ground.

"Hiawatha gathered them up, and with the juice of roots and berries stained them red and blue and yellow. He made a girdle, a necklace, and two pretty stars for his canoe. It was all finished now, and he called it 'Cheemaun.'

"Then he got into it to see how it would go, and it was just lovely. It floated so lightly on the water and looked so bright and pretty that it reminded him of an autumn leaf or a yellow water lily. But the best of it was that he didn't need any paddles. All he had to do was to think where he wanted to go, and Cheemaun went there. You see, the reason of this was that the very life of the forest was in it, all the magic and mystery and love of those trees that had helped to build it.

"Hiawatha was delighted with his beautiful canoe. The first thing he

did was to call his friend Kwasind, who was very, very strong, to help him clear the river of all the old logs and sand-bars, so the people of that country could row along it in their own canoes. This was a splendid thing for the people, and they were very glad.

"After a while Hiawatha took his Cheemaun and went fishing on the Big-Sea-Water. He felt in good spirits that morning. The sun was shining beautifully and the lake was so still he could see all kinds of fish on the white sand at the bottom.

"Hiawatha didn't want the little fish, though. Nothing but the sturgeon, the King of Fishes, would do for him. He saw this big fish, all gay with red and blue and yellow and brown and purple, slowly waving its fins at the bottom of the lake. So he baited his line and threw it over, saying to the sturgeon, 'Take my bait, and we'll see which is the stronger.'

"The sturgeon couldn't be bothered, and didn't pay any attention to him. After a while Hiawatha began to get mad, and called out louder and louder, 'Take my bait, O King of Fishes!'

"Then the sturgeon told a pike that was swimming by to take that rude fellow's bait and break his line.

"The pike tried to do so, and pulled so hard that the canoe stood straight up on end in the water. Hiawatha had taken his little friend, the squirrel, along, and it frisked around on the top, thinking this the greatest fun ever was.

"When Hiawatha saw the pike near the surface he cried, 'Shame on you, pike! You're not the fish I want.' So the pike let go and swam away.

"Then the sturgeon told the sunfish to take Hiawatha's line and break it.

"The sunfish took the bait in his mouth and swam round and round so fast that the canoe twirled and spun in the water just as if it had been caught in a whirlpool. The circles and eddies widened out till they reached the far-off shores. When Hiawatha saw what was doing it he said, 'Shame on you, sun-fish! You are not the fish I want.' So the sunfish let go and swam away.

"At last the sturgeon got good and mad. He darted up through the water, and before Hiawatha knew what was happening, the big fish opened its great jaws and swallowed Hiawatha, canoe, squirrel and all.

"Down, down they went into the horrid, dark gulf. It was just awful! Hiawatha groped around in the darkness till he felt the fish's heart beating. He was so mad at being fooled this way that he pounded the heart with his fist. Then he knew in a minute by the way the big fish was plunging around in the water that he was feeling pretty sick. It just occurred to Hiawatha that he might be thrown up any minute, and perhaps be drowned. To prevent that he hurried up and dragged the canoe cross-wise of the fish's stomach.

"All this time the squirrel wasn't feeling a bit down-hearted, but took it all as a huge joke. He tugged at the canoe like a good fellow, and chattered gaily to Hiawatha all the time.

"Pretty soon the big fish died and drifted on to the shore. Hiawatha felt it grate on the pebbles, but still he couldn't get out; so he and the squirrel just had to sit down and make the best of it.

"It wasn't long before they heard a great flapping of wings. Soon a little streak of daylight shone down on them, and oh! weren't they glad! The next minute a sea gull pecked down at them and said wonderingly, 'Hallo! Here's our brother Hiawatha! And then the whole flock had to come and peek in. They made a great to-do about it. Hiawatha called up to them, 'Hallo, little brothers! Hurry

up and make that hole a little bigger, so I can get out.'

"The sea-gulls did, you may be sure. They scratched and dug away the meat till the great ribs were bare, and Hiawatha scrambled out and hauled up the canoe after him. If ever Hiawatha was glad it was then; for though the squirrel was still in high spirits, he didn't think the adventure was very funny. He praised the squirrel, though, for being so cheery and helpful, and named it Ad-jidaumo, which means Tail-in-Air.

"Hiawatha let his little friends, the sea gulls, eat all the fish they wanted, and still there was enough meat and oil left to last him and Nokomis a long time.

"There, that's all for this time. There's Aunt Hilda calling us to tea; and I do believe I'm hungry."

(To be Continued.)

THE SONG OF THE AXE.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
With a steady swing and whack,
Eating its heart with keen delight,
Into the groaning tree I bite.

I am the tooth of the human race
Biting its way through the forest
vast,

Chip by chip, and tree by tree,
Till the fields gleam forth at last.

Where I come flee glad and gloom,
When I pass shine lawn and lea;
Golden grain and gardens green
Owe their very lives to me.

Sturdy monarchs lay I low;
Springy saplings mow I through;
Hungry man requires their room,
And hungry man's best work I do.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
With a steady swing and whack,
Every stroke the land doth bless,
And joy o'erflows the wilderness.

—Donald A. Fraser, in "The Canadian Magazine."

STORY OF A POPULAR HYMN.

During the war few hymns have become so popular as the one, "For Absent Friends," which is found in most hymn books, both at home and in America. The first verse is as follows:—

Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

"We owe the popularity of the lines," says Mr. Stopford, "in the first instance, to our King and his Navy. They were inserted in a small hymn book of H.M.S. "Bacchante" long before they found their way into any other collection. It came about in this way: The authoress was a Miss Isabel Stevenson, who lived at Cheltenham, England, with her father and mother, and died there in 1889. A loved brother went to South Africa, and the pang of separation called forth the verses. They were written in the seventies of last century, and were privately circulated; some friends received copies in the authoress's own handwriting. Among others into whose hands the hymn came was Mrs. Purefoy Fitzgerald, whose son was at that time a young officer in Her Majesty's Fleet and was serving on board the "Bacchante." On the same ship were the two grandsons of Queen Victoria; they were on their famous voyage round the world. Mr. Fitzgerald (now Admiral Purefoy) received from his mother a printed copy of the hymn, and it became known to the young Princes, who liked it so much that it was used at services on board. Queen Alexandra received a copy from her sons. The hymn's first use in public worship was by 'sailors tossing on the angry sea,' and it passed from this use into 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' and 'Church Hymns.'—Exchange.

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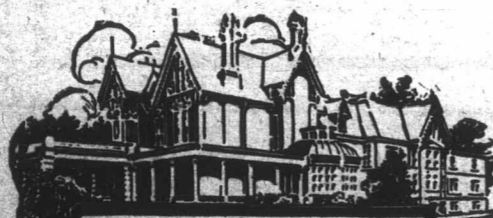
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