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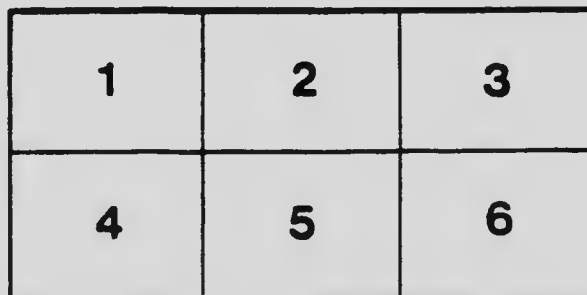
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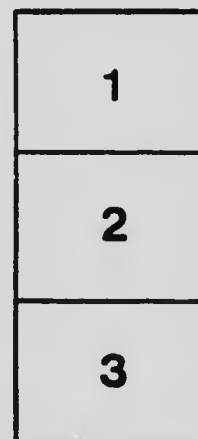
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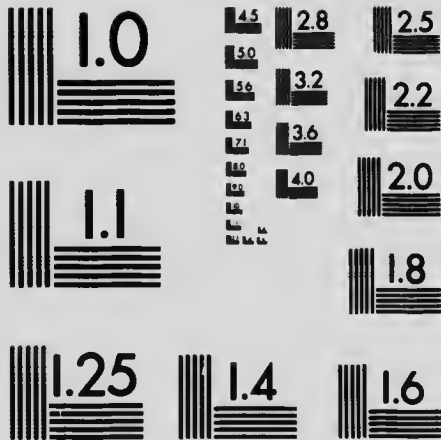
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THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S

The Substance of a Recruiting
Sermon

Preached by

Canon Alex. M. Macnab, M. E. C.
A Vice-President of the Canadian Defence League



in

The Cathedral of S. Alban - The-Martyr
Toronto, August 4th, 1915

The Anniversary of the Outbreak of the War and the
National Day of Intercession and Prayer
on behalf of our Allied Armies.

"Your King and Country Need You Now"



REV. ALEX. W. MACNAB, U.E.I.
Canon Missioner - In charge of
THE CATHEDRAL OF S. ALBAN - THE MARTYR
TORONTO

SERMON

1st Kings, 8th chap., 57th vs.

"The LORD our GOD be with us as He was with our Fathers."

These are the words of King Solomon at the dedication of the great temple which was to be the outward sign of Israel's unity, and GOD'S presence with His people. The sense of sin and consequent weakness had humbled the people and driven them to their knees in prayer and intercession.

TO EVERY NATION THE TEXT IS A PERPETUAL WARNING.

This nation had gone wrong, the heart of King and people had been turned from GOD, their religious unity had been broken by internal dissension, the kingdom rent asunder by King David's death, and all the horrors of a devastating war loomed darkly before them, and the long misery of captivity overshadowed them.

GOD had always promised His people to be with them so long as they were loyal and true to Him, but this splendid promise was too often forgotten. Now their hearts are touched by the hand of GOD and they cry out to Him in their trouble *"The LORD our GOD be with us as He was with our Fathers."*

In this most critical period of Canadian history the text well represents OUR NATIONAL PRAYER AND HOPE.

"The LORD our GOD be with us." We cannot do without Him. Some of us seem to be

trying to get along without Him, not consciously perhaps, not turning our backs upon Him altogether, but letting Him slip out of our lives—and He *has* slipped out from the lives of some to their irreparable loss and injury. Their prayers have well nigh ceased, and their faith has grown dim—they feel themselves no longer in touch with the spiritual world and its verities.

WHAT WILL THEY DO IN THE END THEREOF!

Even now the sadness of a great loss shadows their lives and the utter absence of any gain in the dismissal of GOD from their thoughts brings only desolate discontent.

But in the hour of darkness and in the day of trouble, when the fierce storm clouds of war overshadow the horizon of our life, and our vision of GOD is more than ever dimmed and almost blotted out, we begin to realize, as perhaps never before our desperate need of GOD'S presence and care, and in our need we cry out "The LORD our GOD be with us"—be with us *after all—in spite of all—nay, because of all*. As we look out on this terrible welter of war and see the greater part of the civilized world in the deadly throes of mortal combat, and the plains of central Europe drenched with blood, we begin to realize that we too, in this far off Canada of ours, are CALLED UPON TO SACRIFICE OUR BEST AND DEAREST FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

And we too have lessons to learn that could be taught perhaps in no other way.

Twelve months ago we never dreamed of such a thing as this far flung battle line reaching to our very doors—but with the suddenness of a lightning flash the incredible overtook us. We had been pursuing the even tenor of our way

Living on the Surface of Things.

wrapped up in our business schemes, pursuit of pleasure and amusement—piling up luxury upon luxury—playing at life—life without God—without fear or dread of war, content.

The long drawn-out century of peace had dimmed our vision, and made our people selfish, greedy, self-centred. For many the Church bell, GOD'S call to prayer and worship, rang in vain. People who had six whole days, each week, to devote to work or pleasure counted that not enough, and so even the LORD'S day had often to be swallowed up in the vortex of selfish living and strain of worldliness. But now—now we are learning our lesson—and it is full of bitterness.

A year ago there was much said about the famous scrap of paper—the ruthless violation of Belgian neutrality—the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the lustful bloodthirsty Huns upon innocent women and children—the wanton destruction of historic buildings, and art treasures. The support of these fiendish acts failed to come from our Canadian citizens—who argued that the long line was a long way from our shores—Canada was safe because of the distance to Europe—we would probably stave off any invasion—the Motherland must fight her own battles—we did nothing to bring on this war," etc.

Thank GOD we rarely hear of such unworthy excuses now, for we have begun to learn our lesson, and to realize the aim and object of Prussian militarism—to realize that

IF GERMANY IS VICTORIOUS EVERY REFINEMENT OR BRUTALITY OF OUTRAGE WITHIN THE COMPASS OF GERMAN IMAGINATION WILL BE INFLICTED ON US IN OUR TURN.

We can expect no miracles to intervene to save us if we sit still. A year ago we were as a nation and empire wholly unprepared for this war—it was about the last thing thought of, notwithstanding the oft repeated warnings of wise men like Lord Roberts and others, who were denounced right and left as mere alarmists. Germany had this war in view for years and was thoroughly equipped for European conquest. She had diligently gathered together and trained the largest army of any nation in the world—a mighty force of disciplined soldiers full of fierce zeal and lust of blood—who like hounds strained at the leash waiting for *the day* and the hour when the Prussian dogs of war should be let loose to destroy the land and slay with merciless hate all who opposed them. And that day came unexpectedly a year ago.

Moreover, these Germans entered upon this war with their minds carefully *trained out* of the idea of every moral sense and obligation—private—public—or international. The hellish cruelties practised on non-combatants in obedience to orders for the purpose of establishing frightful

ness show the hideous fact that our foes boldly flout the existence of any laws, Divine or human except what they make themselves—that they respect not age or sex—and spare not man, woman or child.

In ancient times the world was divided into two great races, Jews and Gentiles—to-day the racial division is between Human Beings and Germans. Thank GOD we are on the side of humanity, justice and honor, and with a clear conscience can lift the prayer of faith and hope "The LORD our GOD be with us."

LET US PLAINLY UNDERSTAND THIS WITHOUT ANY MISTAKE.

So long as Germany exists unbroken, unconquered, so long will humanity be enslaved and outraged. The world bears witness to-day that there is no crime, nor brutality, nor any abomination of desolation conceivable which the German has not perpetrated already, and is ready to repeat when the opportunity is given. This is the foe we are fighting to-day—the foul thing, the Imperial beast, the modern Nero—which has to be crushed.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Recruiting has been going on vigorously for a year—but our Canadian manhood is by no means aroused yet to its full capacity. We have nearly 200,000 troops under arms—but double that number would not be too many. It is said that only one out of every twenty available single men in Canada has enlisted—and of those enrolled *one out*

of every three is a married man. Ah, yes, there is the heroism of the young wife, the devoted mother in the desolate home, as well as the heroism of our men in the shell-stormed trench and the lonely bivouac that must be considered in our prayers and intercessions.

WHAT ARE OUR STALWART YOUNG MEN DOING FOR THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR HOME!

Holding down their jobs and business propositions and adopting the phrase "Safety First" will not defeat the intention and determination of the Hun to smash us. Is it always to be Safety First? No, in a time like this it is Honour First, or Justice First, or Freedom First. In the early days of the war it was thought a wise thing to raise the cry "Business as usual," and to keep things going as before. But, brethren, that is not going to save the country. We have got to be up and doing as never before. Canadians are not merely called upon to assist the Motherland in this desperate conflict. No, we are called upon to fight for our own lives and the lives of our women and children, to secure freedom from the mailed fist of Prussian militarism—to defend our fair Canadian homes from the fate of Belgium and Flanders. We are taking part, a prominent part, a noble part in this *holy war* (as the Bishop of London calls it), and we are called upon to *energize, mobilize, sacrifice*—to bring out the best of our strength, moral and physical, the

PRIDE OF OUR CANADIAN MANHOOD.

and dedicate it with prayer and sacrament to the cause of King and Country. No longer can we *play* at being soldiers nor content ourselves with a holiday fortnight in camp at Niagara. The military tents spread over those historic fields and filled with new recruits and raw Canucks in khaki mark but the first step towards the death struggle which will demand all the earnestness that is in us—all the strength that is in our muscles, and all the courage that is in our hearts. We are entering upon a BATTLE ROYAL in which we need all the help that God can and will give us—and all the cheer and encouragement of those at home. The “fool’s paradise” we have lived in for so many years is broken up—and the barriers we thought strong enough to protect us are swept away, and now this peace-loving Canada of ours has entered into the European fray with grim determination to see it through to the end, cost what it may, and GOD knows it has cost us much already in blood and stricken life. But there should be no excessive thought of sadness in the way of weakening, nor melancholy brooding over the result of the sacrifices that had to be made. Indeed the bereavements at home have left but *one dominant desire*, namely, that the sacrifice of near relatives and friends shall not be in vain—and THE FALL OF EACH CANADIAN HERO IN ACTION SHOULD BRING A SCORE OF YOUNG MEN TO THE RECRUITING OFFICE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

The day of sacrifice and true patriotism has come upon this loyal Dominion of Canada, but its

dawn will be changed into darkness and gloom if our young manhood prove unequal to the emergency. There must be a rising standard of *personal responsibility* in our Canadian homes (to quote a splendid war article in a Church paper) if our Empire and overseas Dominions are to survive and do their work. We cannot afford to nourish men who "would rather be live cowards than dead heroes" or women who "love their brothers better than their country." There is no room for them; they are the people who are throwing upon the willing ones the burden of duties which they themselves are refusing to perform. It is because in our British voluntary system the sense of public duty is so strong—so strong in our leaders—so strong among the truly educated—so strong in many sections of the working population—that the Empire stands where it does to-day. But the men who would "rather be live cowards than dead heroes," the women who "love brothers, sons, husbands better than country," better than Empire, better than humanity, better than GOD—who are satisfied to shelter themselves or to let their sons shelter behind the toil and sacrifice of other men, to let other men defend the precious things of life—these constitute the weakness, the burden of free systems—and these, if in sufficient numbers will threaten and may eventually compass their repeal, and that means *conscription*. We Canadians are no cowards; we are true men—we possess alike the will and the power both to defend our land, and to do our share in defending all that is at stake in this war. But *every individual* is called to

exert both the will and the power to the highest degree. The white feather is not becoming to any Canadian man. When a few years ago the Canadian Defence League was organized by Colonel Merritt and others, to educate our people in the necessity of preparedness and to promote universal military training after the Swiss model it was scoffed at by some as utterly unnecessary; others called it a quixotic idea. What had Canada to fear, they said—we are at peace with all the world—there can be no possible danger of invasion from foes by land or sea. But a year has changed the whole aspect of things and the current of

PUBLIC OPINION NOW REALIZES THE MANIFOLD DANGERS THAT THREATEN US and recognizes the need of every able-bodied man to be up and doing his bit for King and Country, for Church and Home. Our people are, unconsciously perhaps, being divided into two groups, according to their attitude at the present time—the *men who go*, or are *preparing to go*, the *women* who are heroically sending forth their sons, the *citizens* who are bearing in themselves something of the burden and discipline of the war—*these* are the ones that are being separated, by the test of the present opportunity, and crisis, from the indifferent, the slack and the selfish—these are the ones whose courage and energy of soul, proclaim them true patriots, and whose power of insight and sacrifice are to be the salvation of our land—*these* are the ones to lift the prayer of a nation's faith

and hope "The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers." "*With our fathers.*"

FOR OUR OWN ENCOURAGEMENT LET US
NEVER FORGET THAT.

We may not perhaps trust our own experience. But the GOD of our fathers was a great reality to them. "They trusted in Him and were not ashamed." If our own family history doesn't help us *here* we must fight our battle without the greatest of all aids to faith. But look back a few pages and see what GOD has wrought, see what He has done for His people who believed in Him. Our Bible is full of war stories and glorious victories, given to those who fought on the LORD'S side, over enemies greater and mightier than they. Or go back a hundred years, read the history of our Empire and note its unconquered progress on land and sea. This nation has stood for liberty of thought, speech and action—against all kinds of tyranny and oppression—she has never violated a national treaty, nor dishonored her promise. "Our fathers trusted in GOD and He helped them." He was with our fathers. He was with them at Trafalgar and Waterloo when not only Britain was saved, but the whole continent of Europe, from the overwhelming might of the oppressor. Both Nelson and Wellington trusted in GOD while they bravely fought for King and Country. He was with our fathers in the Crimean war, when British soldiers held the trenches and the battle field—and Florence Nightingale, the Lady of the Lamp, immortalized the Red Cross Society work by her care for the wounded and

the sick. He was with our fathers when the terrible Indian Mutiny of 1857 seemed to shake the very foundations of Empire. Through it all, and out of it all, in the name of GOD Britain came forth stronger than before, and to-day the East Indian soldiers are amongst our most loyal allies. Later still in our history—when a check given to our British forces in South Africa only showed that the foe was stronger than we imagined—and that we needed to confess our sins and humble ourselves before GOD and ask His help; then once more the LORD our GOD was with us, in answer to the nation's prayer, and out of that Boer revolt and subsequent defeat sprang the splendid loyalty and devotion of General Botha and his men of war who are fighting for us to-day.

And so on this first anniversary of the outbreak of the war, this day of national prayer and special intercession, we humbly approach the throne of grace and cry "The LORD our GOD be with us" throughout this conflict in which we are engaged, in this righteous, holy and just cause, and also we pray that He may be with us *at home* to defend the cause of the needy in our midst, to purge our family life, and our civic life from all folly, greed and corruption—that He may be with us in our own personal and individual life to give us strength to stand steadfast and true in loyal allegiance to His Kingdom, so that one day we may say with all gratitude and humility "Thanks be to GOD which giveth us the victory."

"Your King and Country need you."

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HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TORONTO

THE FIRST NATIVE-
BORN CANADIAN TO
ENTER THE IMPERIAL
SERVICE.

Captain Alexander
Macnab, United Empire
Loyalist, 2nd Batt., 30th
Regt., Special A.D.C. to
Sir Thomas Picton.

Captain Macnab left
Toronto in 1800, and
after serving with distinction throughout the
Peninsular campaign,
fell in action at the Battle
of Waterloo, June 18th,
1815.

Inset shows his
sword, scarf, watch and
medal, now in possession
of his grand nephew,
Canon Alex. W. Macnab.



WATERLOO

HYMN FOR AUGUST 4, 1915

Composed by THE BISHOP OF TORONTO

Tune—"Rest." B.C.P. 445.

ONE YEAR OF WAR

I.

One year of War! Thy chastening blow
Comes to its close to-day,
And Thou, O LORD our GOD dost know
The bitterness of warfare's woe,
Whose end seems far away.

II.

One year of War! O GOD the loss
Of these appalling hours!
Borne down beneath the heavy cross,
Earth's pleasures seem to turn to dross
For these sad hearts of ours.

III.

One year of War! GOD soothe the strain
And struggle of these days,
Blot out the strife, and ease the pain,
Accept our sacrifice to gain
The favour of Thy praise.

IV.

One year of War! LORD, may we learn
Thy chastening rod to see,
In this war-judgement to discern
Thy will, that we to Thee should turn,
More loyal be to Thee.

V.

One year of War! dear Prince of Peace,
Bring to an end this strife:
Make hate and cruelty to cease,
From Death and Hell grant us release,
And bring us all to Life. Amen.

THIS HYMN WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION
WAS SUNG AT THE SERVICES IN THE
CATHEDRAL, AUGUST 4.

AUGUST 4TH, 1915

(By permission)

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgression."—Isaiah lviii, 1, and verses from 4 to the end of the chapter.

In anguish sore we cry to Thee,
LORD GOD of Battles, like a trumpet call!
We bow the head, and bend the knee;
Jehovah! LORD! have mercy on us all!

We have been foolish, boastful, weak;
We sought but pleasure for ourselves each day;
We yielded to our every whim,
And heeded not the price we had to pay!

When days were good, we took our fill,
We fancied that we reaped more we had sown,
We never asked what was Thy will,
Nor gave Thee tithes of what Thy hand had grown.

We felt that we could stand alone,
We thought we owed Thee nothing but our birth,
No sins admitting to atone,
And called ourselves the Masters of the Earth.

But *now*, we see the truth of things,
We know what matters much and matters not;
Sacrifice seems the only gain,
And service for our King a happy lot!

And now we know our impotence,
We know how poor we are without Thy aid!
Aid, stricken sore, we now confess,
LORD GOD, be merciful, we are afraid!

Turn us and so shall we be turned,
Show us, O LORD, the greater things of life;
Infuse in us a fire Divine,
And give us strength to conquer in the strife.

Thus if we turn away from self
If we in truth repent and come to Thee;
Offering ourselves as sacrifice,
Thou wilt lift up our heads in victory!

—Catharine Nina Merritt, F.E.L.

Rosebank Cottage, St. Catharines, Aug. 4.

