

5, 1918.

# Canadian Churchman



SICHEL

*"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, THE PRINCE OF PEACE."*

## Christmas - 1918

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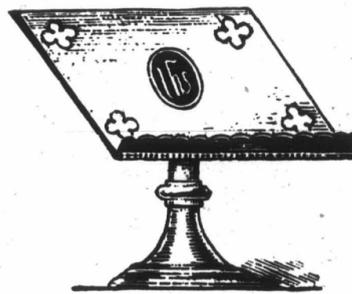
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# Canadian Churchman

Toronto, December 12th, 1918.

## The Christian Year

### THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

IN the original of this Collect the address was made directly to our Lord Jesus Christ. The Revisers of 1661 addressed the prayer to God the Father and pleaded its acceptance "through the satisfaction of Thy Son, our Lord, etc." Our present revision brings the Collect back to nearly its original form by having us address our Lord directly.

This is a prayer to the ascended Glorified Christ—one with the Father and the Holy Spirit. At Christmas time we think of His coming among men. Silently, quietly, "in great humility" God came to the world in the form and fashion of the Babe of Bethlehem. He came close to human life—close in his own Incarnate experience. He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." "He learned obedience through the things which he suffered. He was tempted in all points like as we are. He came close to men and women and children with His power to regenerate, heal and bless. We pray to Him who thus came, but who now reigns in the glory of His ascended life with all power and authority to come among us—to make his power to heal and help manifest in our lives. O Lord, raise up Thy power and come among us, and with great might succour us."

It is the presence and power of Christ we need and seek now. The din, cruelty and sorrow of the past four years have made us feel the need of God. The problems that lie on the horizon stagger the bravest heart and stoutest mind. To begin the new era we need God's help, just as God's power and presence among men at the Incarnation and Birth of our Lord began the new era for the world.

We urgently call upon Him. Come! is the cry of the Church. Come among us! Close to our lives and interests, and help us! His power and His presence are not willingly withheld. As of old He came to "as many as received Him" so now He awaits our readiness to receive Him. Life is hindered and kept from its true objective by sin. "We are sore let and hindered through our sins and wickedness." This is one fact of life—sin keeps men from gaining the prize of life.

Over against sin and wickedness is the mercy of God revealed in Christ which delivers from sin, and grace which helps men to run the race set before them.

We pray for a speedy and immediate answer. Have we to wait for evolving years to bring us the light and relief we desire? "Before they call, I will answer." Even in the wreck and ruin of the years the Power and Presence of the ascended Lord is with those who devoutly call upon Him. May our penitence and our prayer be such that we may say on Christmas Day out of our own experience, Emanuel! God with us!

Are we so better, then, than they  
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?  
To them a helpless babe—to us  
He shines a Saviour glorious,  
Our Lord, our Friend, our All—yet we  
Are half asleep this Christmas Day.

—Susan Coolidge.

## Editorial

TO all our readers, far and near, young and old, we send hearty Christmas Greetings. For the sake of the children it must be a Merry Christmas, but merriness is not uppermost in our thoughts this Yuletide.

We cannot keep from our minds the thought of homes where the father and mother will sit gazing into the fire with thoughts of long ago. Barely a Christmas ago it seems they listened to the blithesome chatter of the little folk and the merry shouts which made the old house ring. The unfeigned joy in the wonderland of Christmastide was the reward of the unrealized sacrifices that made the day. Through the portals of the glowing embers the mother slips back into the by-gone days and feels again the warm cheek and clinging arms of childhood.

Now all is changed. The boy went to France three years ago and a year later the girl followed as a nurse. He was killed in action last summer.

She is to spend Christmas on duty in an English hospital. He will spend Christmas in the Palace of the King, where every day alike is of perfect service and good will.

"What is peace?" asked the little four year old with wonder in her sad eyes. "Will it bring brother home again?" "No, dear heart, but we shall go to brother some day bye and bye. He is in heaven." As the years went by, she learned that her big brother had given his life to bring back Christmas to the little children once more.

So we will speak softly in homes that have given of their love to bring peace and good will this Christmastide. They have no heart for the dark green fir and flaming red. Their lives are in the past with the "might have been." May the strong tide of mankind's deep joy of peace flow on to the sands where their lives have been cast ashore and lift them and bear them on the ocean fulness of the new day when the Prince of Peace shall enter into His Kingdom in the hearts of men.

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The Mother Love of Christmastide

## NOEL! NOEL! NOEL! NOEL!

G. C. MARY WHITE

OUR Christmas has returned to us! Not perhaps the Christmas of those latter years of deadened sensibilities that men called peace, when there was merry-making that was not gay and gift-giving that carried little of the spirit of love; when we had almost lost sight of the real reason why we brought "the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together to beautify the place of the sanctuary," and cared little for that which lay behind the universal salutation, "A Merry Christmas to you."

This Christmas which has come upon us with such a glad surprise, because, through the long Advent season of the war we have forgotten Bethlehem and remembered only Calvary, has come with all the reality of those dear days of childhood, when, the four long weeks of Advent past, we searched the starry stillness of the Holy Night, hoping to see the shining of the glory of the Lord and strained our ears to catch in the silver silence, the choring of the angels as they sang the Heavenly Birth.

Once again our hearts and minds are filled with the old childish mingling of the seen and the unseen, and as we bind the cedar and the hemlock boughs together into wreathing for the pillars of the House of God, our thoughts wander from past memories to the living present, from earth to Paradise and back to earth again and neither seems distant from the other any more.

At one moment we are in a group of laughing lads who have dragged in the snow-covered branches from the out-of-doors, and are helping us with the cutting, but as we smile down at them the scene fades, then reappears, only now they are men with boyish faces, and they are smiling down at us, and the little crosses on the hemlock

boughs have become palms of victory in their hands.

Again memory sends us back across the years to an old school room and our ears are filled with the music of "Good King Wenceslaus," pouring from the throats of choristers pushing closer, closer to the old piano whose wiry notes are lost as the boy voices rise and fall in glorious melody. On and on the carol goes with its story of Christmas charity till one full alto takes up the strain alone and the picture is blotted out by blinding tears as we hear again the well-known words:

"Mark My footsteps well My page,  
Tread thou in them boldly."

But the tears also pass, for suddenly the doors of Paradise burst open, flung wide by eager hands, and the voice of the boy who himself trod all the way in the footsteps of the King, leads the eager chorus which breaks in, unafraid, upon the Angels' song and to the "Glory to God in the Highest" of the seraphic host they cry, responsive, looking tenderly out over the world they loved and left so soon

"Peace to the earth: good-will to men of love."

And not the least beautiful part of this glad Christmastide is the way in which it will be prolonged to us in all its dearest features, in the home coming and the gift-giving. For months the Christmas candles will burn to light our men back from the land of the shadow of death. For months we shall be making Christmas for the saddened mothers and for the poor and hungry little ones across the sea, for this Christmas which has again brought to us the certainty that "Christ is born of Mary free," brings also the message:

Wherefore Christian men be sure,  
Health and wealth possessing,  
He who now doth bless the poor  
Shall himself find blessing."

## LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS

by the Rev. GODFREY WREFORD, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THESE is no truth that the student of the Bible in these lands of the West needs more continually to keep in mind than the fact that the Bible is essentially an Eastern book. And whereas the Divine message which it contains is a message for all nations of men, and has a meaning for mankind everywhere, the messengers themselves were Orientals who spake and taught in an Eastern tongue, and employed necessarily Eastern imagery to express their thoughts.

By keeping this thought always before us we shall discover in our study of the Scriptures that far from losing anything we shall see continually fresh beauties revealed in its pages, as we seek to understand more perfectly the background and setting amid which God's messengers of old lived and taught.

Our object in this paper will be merely to touch the fringe of a fascinating study and to suggest some new lines of thought, some fresh avenues of study by means of which something of the difficulty that has enshrouded not a few passages in the Word of God, may be removed and fresh tracts of Biblical territory may be revealed that will more than repay whatever time and study we may expend in their exploration.

We would notice first of all the great amount of hyperbole which is used by Orientals in the ordinary courtesies of daily life.

For example,—Abram is seeking to purchase the cave of Macpelah from the children of Heth. To his proposal Ephron makes answer, "Nay, my Lord, hear me, the field give I thee and the cave that is therein I give it thee, in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee, bury thy dead."

Now all this is only the exaggerated language of Eastern courtesy, which is clearly seen from the fact that Ephron immediately names 400 shekels of silver as the value of the field, which sum Abram willingly pays down.

Similarly in Chron. 21, when David seeks the threshing floor on Mt. Moriah as a place of sacrifice, Ornan makes answer, "Take it to thee and let my Lord the King do that which is good in his eyes. Lo, I give the oxen also for burnt offerings and the threshing instruments for wood and the wheat for a meat offering, I give it all." But David knew well that this outburst of beautiful sentiments meant no sudden generosity on Ornan's part, and his words were no more to be taken literally than is the offer of the high-born Spaniard who to-day places his home and his servants, his horses and his purse at the disposal of the passing guest. Thus we read that David (in verse 25) gave to Ornan for the place 600 shekels of gold by weight. The matter was only one of buying and selling, though clothed in the hyperbolic language of Eastern courtesy. Again in St. Luke's Gospel, chapter 10, verse 4, "Salute no man by the way," we have a passage frequently misunderstood by Western people, whose idea of saluting a friend is limited to a passing nod or hasty clasp of the hand. But it is very different in the East. When an Oriental espies a friend in the street or the market place

or Sok, he hurries up to him and embraces him, not once but many times, his hand moving successively to his head and his heart in token that all these are at the other's service. Then the two sit down, and half an hour at the least will be occupied in purely ceremonious speeches and questionings. It was because his business required haste that the Master said to the disciples, "Salute no man by the way." These meaningless compliments were entirely out of place with men who were the servants of Him Who bade men everywhere, "repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand."

Another injunction of our Lord's to His disciples "not to take two coats" is perplexing to the Western mind, and yet is full of meaning to any one acquainted with life in the East.



THE CATHEDRAL AT METZ

Although Metz was under constant bombardment by the Allies, the Cathedral was not their target, as was customary with the Germans. (The tower is 387 feet high.)

The ordinary man's dress in Palestine from time immemorial has consisted of two garments, an inner garment, a long sort of shirt confined at the waist with a girdle, and an outer garment, the Abyah, a mantle usually of coarse material. But upon occasions of ceremony or rejoicing, between these two garments a coat is worn, often of rich material and of many colours. This coat distinguishes the master from the workman, the man of toil from the holiday maker. It was then because they were upon a serious errand, "about their Master's business," that our Lord said to His disciples, that they should wear no coat of ceremony to distinguish them from the men of toil all around them.

Amongst the Bedouin tribes to the East of Jordan, the wearing of this second coat marks out the Chief of the tribe. And for one of his sons to be thus singled out above the rest would be a sure sign that he was to be made one day the chief of the tribe. Thus, the fierce anger and jealousy occasioned amongst the sons of Jacob by the gift of this coat of colours to the youngest son, Joseph, becomes easily understood.

This coat again was the dress of ceremony and would always be worn at such a festivity as

a marriage feast. Indeed, even to the present time an Arab chief has been known to present rich robes to all his guests for them to wear on such an occasion. To reject such a gift and to appear unadorned at such a festival would be to offer the host an insult of the grossest sort, so that the man in our Lord's parable well merited the stern words of condemnation, "Bind his hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth," the high rank of the host on this occasion rendering the insult the more marked.

In the Holy Land many of the incidents connected with the wedding festival are of great antiquity. Still the maidens come forth to meet the bride and groom with timbrels and dances. One incident in particular is of very great antiquity and is most significant. In some parts of the country still the bridegroom on first entering the bride's chamber finds her veiled and seated in the centre of the room. It is usual then for him to walk around her three times and then to lift the veil and throw it over his shoulder in token that he now assumes full responsibility for the bride's comfort and support. A wonderfully significant act recalling, as it does, the passage in Isaiah 9:6, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given and the government shall be upon his shoulder." Another

expression in the Book of Isaiah 52:10 is almost meaningless without some explanation. "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm." Here again some knowledge of Bedawy dress is essential to a full appreciation of its significance. The Bedawy wears a long flowing inner garment with pointed sleeves that sweep the ground as he walks, and even on horseback would be very much in the way. When preparing for battle the Bedawy warrior knots the two ends and flinging them over his shoulder leaves the whole arm bare for the use of his weapons of war.

The dress of the women in the East is likewise full of interest to the Bible student. Whilst the man's inner garment is white the woman's is blue or blue with coloured insertions. The man's mantle is striped brown and white, the woman has her cloak of similar material and shape, only red and black. The man will wear on his head a silk shawl or Kuffyeh, the woman will wear her veil.

The women of the town wear a veil of thin gauze, but her sister in the country wears a veil of heavy towelling. It was a veil of this sort that Ruth, the Moabitess, wore, and in which she bore home six measures of barley. Ruth 3:15.

No article of apparel is of more importance than the girdle, which is worn by both sexes alike. It serves the purpose of hooks and eyes and buttons, which are unknown in the East. The girdle, too, is the pocket of the Eastern's dress, where the Scribe may keep his inkhorn, the shepherd his sling, the merchant his scrip or purse. The girdle of the countryman is of leather, John the Baptist had "a leathern girdle about his loins." Elijah, too, "girded up his loins to run before Ahab to Jezreel." The wealthy townsman will have his girdle made of rich silk and with its voluminous folds it becomes a chief part of his attire. We remember St. Peter's injunction to the early Christians to be girded with humility, literally with the apron that was the badge of a slave, rather than with the more showy silken girdle of pride and vain glory, (1 Peter 5:5, R.V.)

In conclusion, let us endeavour to remove certain difficulties which are to be found in three very familiar passages of Scripture. How many

(Continued on page 803.)

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the energy live in the Age still Tennyson expressed land in the War we sonnets o

If the also give rapid fruit He was a life for Europe's greatest English style

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# RUPERT BROOKE AND THE ENLARGEMENT OF LIFE

by the Rev. C. V. PILCHER, M.A., B.D.

It is the prerogative of genius to sum up, to crystallize, to focus, in one burning point of expression, the highest thoughts and the most splendid characteristics of contemporary life. If we wish to know the best of early Greek civilization, we turn the pages of Homer. If we desire to read the noblest thoughts of imperial Rome, we take our Virgil off the shelf. The versatility,

to call attention to one aspect of his verse—to show the manner in which it photographs one of the deepest experiences of English manhood during the war—the experience of liberty and enlargement brought about by willingness to sacrifice, and the consequent disdain of death through an inner assurance of immortality. The life and outlook of Rupert Brooke were

Waits for the great unborn, somewhere afar,  
Some white tremendous daybreak."  
At another time all the beauty that was Greece  
speaks in lines of brave stoicism—  
"We shall go down with unreluctant tread  
Rose-crowned into the darkness!"  
Or again—  
"Proud, then, clear-eyed and laughing, go to  
greet  
Death as a friend!"  
At other times hope strives with despondency—  
"Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,  
And give what's left of love again, and make  
New friends, now strangers. . . .  
But the best I've known,  
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is  
blown  
About the winds of the world, and fades from  
brains



THE RUINS OF ALBERT CATHEDRAL.

British cavalry in pursuit of the Germans passing along the road which is familiar to many Canadian soldiers.

the energy, the richness of Elizabethan England live in the lines of Shakespeare. The Victorian Age still speaks to us in the music and melody of Tennyson. And if we seek for a voice which has expressed for ever the spirit and ideals of England in the momentous early days of the Great War we shall find that voice in the immortal sonnets of Rupert Brooke.

If the war has destroyed much, the war has also given much, and not least did it bring to rapid fruition the genius of this young singer. He was not yet twenty-eight when he gave his life for England, but he left a legacy of immortal verse worthy to stand among the works of the greatest masters of English literature and English style.

To estimate his poetry as a whole is not our task at this time. Far abler pens have already attempted, and doubtless will attempt to do so, in the future. We desire mere-

typical of the life and outlook of the flower of English youth. Born in 1887, the son of a Master at Rugby, he inherited from his earliest days the tradition of one of England's great Public Schools. In both scholarship and athletics he made his mark, and passed on in 1906 to King's College, Cambridge. The centre of an immense number of friends, he drank to the full the spirit of the University, twin holder with Oxford of the trust of foster-mother to Britain's golden manhood. Brilliant, beloved, abounding in vitality, he shared something of the sadness and scepticism of his time. He often toyed with the thought of death. His varying moods found exquisite and incomparable expression in his verse. Now he cheered himself, like George Elliott, with the thought of a glorious future, not for himself, but for the race.

"Sets your star,  
O heart, for ever! Yet behind the night,

Of living men, and dies.  
Nothing remains."

In 1913 and early 1914, Brooke travelled, passing across Canada to the South Seas. He liked Quebec, and spoke of it as having "the radiance and repose of an immortal." Canada, as a whole, however, failed to appeal. A man who had lived and delighted in a continent with an immemorial history,—he missed in Canada "the ghosts of the dead." The magic of the South Seas, however, again awoke the muse of his song. At one time he could satirize common ideas of Heaven by picturing what a fish would imagine the abode of bliss to be. At another time the mighty cumulus clouds that pass above the Pacific, made him think of the host of dead riding by "In wise majestic melancholy train." And then again he could describe the conditions of the life eternal in words which have certainly

(Continued on page 804.)

## The Girl of the Remake

by Miss E. M. KNOX, Principal Havergal College, Toronto

### CHAPTER II.

#### A DAY DREAM OF CANADA.

**B**EFORE we settle down to practical politics, and practical politics at this moment is the question of the call of the differing professions and the choice of your own life work, it is best to stop and think out first another question which bears directly upon your choice, and that is the question as to the coming future of Canada. Now when you come to think of it Canada has a personality and a future of her own as certainly as you have, and like you, is most distinctly alive. Canada is standing, moreover, if you start dreaming again, you see her at the half-way house, at the very turning point where you yourself are standing, and she is looking down over the long white trail of her past and up to the glistening line of her future.

You touch the long white trail of her footsteps, you will find that it turns into pages of a diary exactly like your own, only stretching away and away into a far past, but all the same a diary, and a diary moreover full of the same hopes and fears and doubts. There are dark scrawls here and there from first to last, scrawls in old days due too often to the whiskey pail, the accompaniment of every barn-raising and the like, down to the still darker scrawls of our own day, due to our own graft, over-reaching and unbridled pleasure hunting.

But tragic as such scrawls and blots on Canada's pages may be they are not, after all, nearly so dark or threatening as those of other countries, which make such a heavy strain upon the way-marks of the mountain side. We have little or nothing behind us, for instance, of the grinding oppression of the old countries, nothing of the convict tragedies of Australia, nothing of the paralyzing cruelty of the heathenism of India.

So far, so good. But, better still, if you look up at the mountain heights you will see that the line ahead of Canada is as full of good luck and hope as your own is, as pure and free as the ice-clad peaks of her own Rockies. But as your trail begins to lose itself in Canada's trail, you begin on your side to ask yourself what part you ought to play? What life work you ought to choose—a life work which would bid fair not only for yourself but for the greater life work of Canada? But who can tell what leap forward Canada will take, who can tell what Canada will be like ten, twenty, fifty years hence?

Your best chance of answering that question will lie in calculating from the known to the unknown, from the leap forward of the last two years to the leap forward of the future. For such calculation of past and present it will be best to take a woman's point of view rather than a man's, because contrast is all the greater. The men could hunt, shoot and get into touch with one another, whereas the women stayed at home and worked on and on in a weary round of loneliness. It is true they had plenty of food. Old timers tell us of flocks of pigeons darkening the sky, of salmon speared, a hundred and twenty in the night, of abundant fuel, everywhere at the door.

True again, but there are other things that count as well as pigeons and fuel. The loneliest ranch out West to-day has advantages above the log cabin of yesterday, for, lonely as it may be, it has a stove and can keep itself warm; it has its own modern improvements, its own stock of purchased supplies. No girl out West nowadays is forced to create everything with her own hand, to grind, spin, chop the frozen milk, chop the frozen beef, thaw the frozen loaf slice after slice at the fire, work day in day out, hemmed in by the everlasting trees.

But if life was so hard, what made the leap forward, what saved Canada? It was the buoyant hope underlying even the greatest hardship which made the redeeming feature of yesterday just as our own buoyant hope, our own belief in

Canada, makes the outstanding and redeeming feature of to-day. Mrs. Jamieson in her Reminiscences a hundred years ago spends pages telling you how she shivers with desolation and ague, how the ink freezes as she writes even at the blazing fire. But almost in the same breath she tells you of her belief in the future; of her vision of the sea of forest on every side resolving itself, as at the touch of an Arabian sorcerer's hand, into towns and cities, fields of waving grain, into railroads and trains of merchandise.

Now watch the dissolving scene yourself. Take your place beside her, as it were, in the old Township of York, the present city of Toronto. The trees, which like gloomy sentinels have been keeping jealous guard over the township, are retreating, under the settlers' axe, followed by the train of sulky bears and hungry wolves which had been lurking in their midst. The wagons which were jolting up and down over the tree trunks along the corduroy roads, as over the keys of a piano, whilst the luckless passengers "set their teeth, screwed themselves to their seats, and commended themselves to Heaven," are outdistanced by the motor and railway engine down below and the whizzing of the aeroplane overhead.

Come nearer and you see the solitary flicker of light here and there at a kindly window lost in the glare of electric lights. Come nearer still, and you will find that the crayfish in the ponds, the favourite sport of every truant boy, have disappeared together with the hogs wandering up and down the street; whilst the unfortunate ponds themselves are forgotten under the departmental stores, banks and sky-scrapers which have arisen in their midst.

One step nearer still and you will see that the school which promised a Latin class "if books could be procured," are no more to be found than "the old meeting house of Episcopalians," or the still more primitive meeting house of the Methodists with the tallow candles, for whose snuffing an intermission was always required.

If this has been the effect of the hard work of the first settlers, and of their descendants and the following incomers of the past hundred years, what will be the effect of a far swifter rush of immigration all over Canada in the coming hundred years?

But when we talk of an incoming immigration and of an unbounded future, are we certain of the answer to the two following questions? In the first place, will Canada continue to be as attractive as before to new settlers? And secondly, will the undeveloped resources of the country continue to be as great as before?

There is little doubt as to the question of immigration. The longing to escape from the problems and cruel taxation consequent on the war brings into startling contrast the light and hope of Canada, and draws men and women more certainly than before.

Then secondly, as to the question of resources. Thank God, there is still less hesitation as to that. Our resources are for the most part practically unexplored, are still the birthright and heritage of the thrilling years of to-morrow. You realize this as you stand at the rear of a car, crossing the prairies and watching the rolling waves of wheat, or on the coast at Vancouver, as you are holding almost in your hand the connecting link between the old world and the new, and see in imagination the coming fleet of merchant ships winging its way from shore to shore.

It is this mystery of possibility which defies imagination, and which is so wildly entrancing. Take, for instance, the space question. You know that all Germany, Austria, Hungary, the countries which have been tearing the world asunder, and are now turning upon one another, might have been easily housed, (so far as any rate, as space is concerned), within Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, although that housing might have proved itself a mighty sorrowful housing for us.

Then as to the coast line, the still greater line of possibility, the line coveted beyond all else, by every nation. Have you ever in a day-dream fancied that you were tracing out that coast-line with a thread of flax, drawing it farther and

(Continued on page 804.)

## The Shepherd Who Watched by Night

by THOMAS NELSON PAGE

**T**HE place had nothing distinguished or even perhaps distinctive about it except its trees and the tapering spire of a church lifting above them. It was not unlike a hundred other places that one sees as one travels through the country. It called itself a town; but it was hardly more than a village. One long street, now paved on both sides, climbed the hill, where the old post-road used to run in from the country on one side and out again on the other, passing a dingy, large house with white-washed pillars, formerly known as the tavern, but now calling itself "The Inn." This, with two or three cross-streets and a short street or two on either side of the main street, constituted "the town." A number of good houses, and a few very good, indeed, sat back in yards dignified by fine trees. Three or four churches stood on corners, as far apart apparently as possible. Several of them were much newer and fresher painted than the one with the spire and cross; but this was the only old one and was generally spoken of as "The Church," as the rector was meant when the people spoke of "the preacher." It sat back from the street, in a sort of sordid seclusion, and near it, yet more retired, was an old mansion, also dilapidated, with a wide porch, much decayed, and to the side and a little behind it, an out-building or two, one of which was also occupied as a dwelling. The former was the rectory, and the smaller dwelling was where the old woman lived who took care of the rectory, cleaned up the two or three rooms which the Rector used since his wife's death, and furnished him his meals. It had begun only as a temporary arrangement, but it seemed to work well enough and had gone on now for years and no one thought of changing it. If an idea of change ever entered the mind of any one, it was only when the old woman's grumbling floated out into the town as to the tramps who would come and whom the preacher would try to take care of. Then, indeed, discussion would take place as to the utter impracticability of the old preacher and the possibility of getting a younger and livelier man in his place. For the rest of the time the people were hopeless. The old preacher was not only past his prime but his usefulness. Yet what could they do? No one else wanted him, and they could not turn him out. He was saddled on them for life. They ran simply by the old propulsion; but the church was going down, they said, and they were helpless. This had been the case for years and now as the year neared its close it was the same.

Such was the talk as they finished dressing the church for Christmas and made their way homeward—the few who still took interest enough to help in this way. They felt sorry for the old man, who had been much in their way during the dressing; but sorrier for themselves.

This had been a few days before Christmas and now it was Christmas Eve.

The old Rector sat at his table trying to write his Christmas sermon. He was hopelessly behind hand with it. The table was drawn up close to the worn stove, but the little bare room was cold, and now and then the old man blew on his fingers to warm them, and pushed his feet closer to the black hearth. Again and again he took up his pen as if to write, and as often laid it down again. The weather was bitter and the coal would not burn. There was little to burn. He wore his old overcoat, to save fuel. Before him on the table, amid a litter of other books and papers, lay a worn Bible and Prayer Book open, and beside them a folded letter on which his eye often rested. Outside, the wind roared, shaking the doors, rattling the windows, and whistling at the key-holes. Now and then the sound of a passing vehicle was borne in on the wind, and at intervals came the voices of boys shouting to each other as they

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## THE CHAPLAIN AT A CASUALTY CLEARING STATION

Capt. (Rev.) JOHN J. CALLAN, C.F. Canadians

A DAY in the life of a Chaplain in a Casualty Clearing Station is a most uncertain quantity. It may be crammed full with anxious moments, heart breaking incidents, and continuous hard work, or it may run as smoothly as a day at Kew in lilac time. Everything depends upon the military operations in progress, and the consequent number of wounded received. The Padre may be up all night, assisting in the wards and taking last messages from the dying, or he may sleep comfortably in his bed without disturbance.

By means of combining the incidents of several days, however, we may arrive at a more or less exact idea of what he has to do; the opportunities for spiritual ministrations which come his way; the services he may render; and, not least of all, the lessons he may learn from those to whom he ministers.

Breakfast in the wards is usually served between half-past seven and eight o'clock, and, before then, the Chaplain must make his rounds to see if any of the patients desire to partake of Holy Communion. In spite of the very vague and hazy notions concerning the Sacrament, held by many who profess to belong to the Church of England, a real and deep-rooted regard for the Holy Communion is to be found in the mind of nearly every man who has been brought in touch with the Church's ministry.

I made it a rule, adhered to so far as conditions permitted, to offer Holy Communion to every man in my care who was marked "Seriously Ill" or "Dangerously Wounded." How many this amounted to in the course of months spent in a C.C.S. I hesitate to try to estimate, but of all that vast number, only one, so far as I remember, refused to partake. His plea was that he was not good enough, and would I ask him again? Alas! No further opportunity was possible.

Following the Administrations, the Chaplain returns to breakfast, and, that over, turned to the dull and most distasteful work of the day,—censoring letters. This occupation is the bane of the Padre's life. It paralyses his mental powers, and granulates the fibres of his brain. It leaves him, if the number be at all great, limp and washed out, fuddled and tattered, either bored to the verge of tears, or irritated to the extremity of endurance.

This unpleasant duty over, he may retire to his hut, and make a brave attempt to get level

with the tremendous correspondence, in which he is always involved, with relatives of patients who have passed through the hospital. If censoring letters is the most distasteful of occupations, this, of writing to relatives, is one of the most blessed. But little imagination is required for anyone to realize the anxiety with which people at home scan the fatal lists published by the War Office. A brief official notice that a man has been killed or wounded, seems but small reward or solace to those who have offered up of all that they held dear upon the altar of sacrifice, and who now mourn their loss. The Chaplain at the C.C.S., where so many of those

I would have liked to have kept them all, and published them, that the hearts of men might throb, and their eyes fill, at the thought that these writers are our brethren and our sisters. They are burnt. For love, and grief, and patriotism, and hope are sacred things, and we must not unveil their sanctities to the eyes of all the world.

By about eleven o'clock, unless the station is receiving patients, most of the dressings are done, and the Chaplain may go round the wards without fear of getting in the way. If he has cigarettes or tobacco to distribute to the men he is in a position of great advantage. Suppose he sits by a man's bedside. He offers a cigarette, the man lights up, and the ice is broken immediately. A good cigarette is often a rare means of grace. If the Padre sits and smokes with the man, so much the better. It is one barrier down, and likely to lead to others being removed. If he does not care to smoke, that is his affair, and I, for one, will not criticize him from abstaining, so long as he does not criticize me for partaking.

What is the usual topic of conversation? That is a hard question to answer, for no two men are alike, and no two conversations are the

same. Some men come straight to the point, and ask direct questions about religion. There is the golden opportunity. Others regard the Chaplain with suspicion, and are afraid that he will be trying to "convert" them.

My hardest case was a very tough customer from the East End of London, who remained impervious to all advances. I tried to talk to him about every subject which I thought would interest him, but without result. One day I noticed him reading a copy of that excellent paper, "Boxing," and discovered that in the olden days he had been a frequent

performer at that once famous arena of the fistic art, "Wonderland," in Whitechapel, now no more. During my misspent, but very happy, youth, I had paid surreptitious visits to this resort of "the Fancy," and when I talked to him about the battles there, for the first time he condescended to take an interest in me. We talked about boxing, and I had to take great liberties with my imagination in order to keep up with his encyclopaedic knowledge of the game. As soon as possible I purchased second-hand copies of "Famous Fights," etc., and devoted much time and study to the exploits of Belcher, Mendoza, Sayers, Cribb, and a hundred others. Armed with this knowledge I could always find a way into my gentleman's heart, and, indeed, he would welcome me, and ask me to sit and talk. I suppose the end of this story should be that he became a pillar of the Church, but, as it happens to be true, such is not the case.

Time came for him to leave. He hobbled up on his crutch and held out his hand. "Good-bye, sir. You've bin a toff ter me. If yer ever—his voice sank to a confidential whisper—"if yer ever dahn Mile End Way, and 'ud like ter see a

(Continued on page 808.)



THE GRAVES OF CANADIAN SOLDIERS, FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND.

brave souls pass into the spiritual land, trailing clouds of glory, is often the only one who can supply any of that information, which the heart craves, as to how the loved one passed over to the other side. Frequently the demands made are unreasonable, and are for information which the Padre cannot possibly supply; but he can always remember that grief does not always walk hand in hand with reason, and neither does love.

If the letters which I received from relatives, during the six months and more in which I wrote to them from the hospital, could be published, the literature of the world would be enriched—at least, for those who have the gift of reading. They are all destroyed. Letters poor in spelling, and illiterate in form, yet rich in the eloquence of a burning patriotism and fierce with the flames of unvanquished hope. Letters stained with a mother's tears, yet radiant with unconquerable pride. Letters which say, "Our boy died as a man should die, but he is not dead to us. He lives." Letters which say, "My husband is gone, and I am left with six mouths to feed, and what to do I do not know. We are dependent upon what I can earn—yet I know that God will not desert us."

## From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

ARCHBISHOP DuVernet has made a strong and reasonable appeal for definite steps towards Church unity. His words have had wide publicity and received much attention. The people of Canada have now reached the stage when argument on the wisdom, justice, necessity of union of effort and organization must be taken as proven. The theory no longer interests us, and public attention can only be maintained by assuming that that phase of the subject is closed and we have now to address ourselves to the application of our theory to the conditions that plainly confront us. It is this second step that must engage our attention for the future, and Archbishop DuVernet has wisely directed public thought to these definite considerations.

It is well to be quite frank and to have it definitely understood that episcopacy must abide in the new order, and any plans, by any ecclesiastical body, must start with that assumption. There is no necessity of defining a theory of the episcopate for no official definition now exists. The fact is the one thing needful. If this is made quite clear it will dispose of a lot of unnecessary discussion. This will facilitate the wider operation of the episcopate and furnish an opportunity for its just appraisal.

There is one feature of the consideration of Church unity that I venture to think has not received attention. It may be classed as one of the minor obstacles to a mutual understanding with our brethren of other communions, and yet a few frank words are essential. There is manifestly a lack of understanding of our services and modes of worship among non-Anglicans. This cannot but make agreement and unity more difficult. Not only does this lack of knowledge exist amongst the rank and file, but it applies to the clergy as well.

I have noticed even in the parade services of the army when worshipping according to a simple liturgical service that bore but a slight resemblance to our morning or evening prayer, that non-Anglican Chaplains seemed awkward and hesitant about using it. Not that they objected to it at all, but they were slow to lead the men and make it impressive and effective as an act of worship. A fuller experience, no doubt, may have dissipated that reluctance, but it certainly existed among beginners. Who ever hears of a united service being asked for by our brethren conducted fully and frankly on Anglican lines, that they may participate with us in act and spirit, entering heartily into the responses and striving to understand its sequence and purpose. The usual stipulation for such services is that it be "undenominational," that is, non-Anglican. We seem to be looked upon as having the only "denominational" service in Protestantism. This doesn't arise out of bad faith or ill-will; it is rather a conventional assumption of that to which we have apparently assented.

Then again, non-Anglicans rarely come to any of our ordinary normal services. If we have a distinguished Bishop or a notable preacher announced a number will come, but their unconscious attitude at once proclaims the purpose of their coming. They seat themselves comfortably and with an expectant expression await the lifting of the curtain that the "show" may begin. What is the choir going to give us? What has the preacher to say? These are the things that seem to be of interest. There is no reasoning that they are in the midst of fellow-Christians who are engaging in serious worship and in fellowship we will participate with them in the fullness of our heart.

It is a service a little more intricate than that to which they are accustomed, but children can follow it and so may they. Men and women of standing who talk about union might even invest in a fifty-cent Prayer Book and study it at leisure. Then why could we not have a series of services quite frankly "denominational" and rendered at their best, in which all would enter determined to put the best interpretation upon them.

We are asked to make the first week in each New Year a week of prayer in which all Christian people should join. Let the service on Mon-

day evening be Methodist, pure and simple, Tuesday evening Presbyterian, Wednesday Anglican, and so on, with the fixed determination that each would yield to the fullest measure his heart and will in making it devotional and helpful. In this way we would learn something of one another. In the past we learned nothing, for the services were so arranged that they represented nothing, and no one was responsible. Hiding ourselves from one another will not bring us together. But knowing one another through and through may do much.

It was with no little surprise that "Spectator" learned that the General Secretary of the M.S.C.C. is in England seeking an endowment for our missionary work among Indians and Eskimos in Canada. This work has been carried on largely by the C.M.S. of England, but it has served notice that it withdraws from the field in 1920. Immediately the happy thought occurred that if England is unwilling to furnish the annual income, why the capital sum will do us just as well. The reasoning is very direct and simple and no doubt the good people of England will be duly impressed. The writer had thought the heated discussion that took place at the General Synod had covered this very point and that M.S.C.C. had been commanded to exhaust its efforts to raise the required sum in Canada, and only then would it be permitted to appeal to England. Evidently other plans prevail, and the behests of Synod are not as potent in this matter as in others—to wit, the restrictions on Prayer Book revision.

The personnel of the British Peace delegation as revealed in dispatches does not include an overseas representative. Balfour, Milner, Asquith, with Cecil working on the League of Nations, does not indicate a strong sympathy for the new world-idea of international adjustment. Lloyd George is mentally more in sympathy with the democracy of America, Canada and the British Dominions generally, but the presence of a Canadian delegate would be invaluable for more reasons than one. It would be a recognition of the fact that the British Empire is not wholly concentrated in the British Isles. It would furnish a definite recognition of the immensely important fact that there is power in the British Dominions not only in battle but in council. And above all, it would supply an effective medium of interpretation in the differences that are bound to arise between Great Britain and America in many details of the new order. Canada knows America far better than any other nation because of our proximity, our endless commerce one with another, our constant interchange of visits, and our general mental attitude on public questions. Canada is intensely loyal to the British throne, but her loyalty is not encumbered with the traditions of a faded past nor the dazzled submission to a ruling class. Our natural loyalty and affection for Britain guarantees our sympathetic understanding of her statesmen, and our familiarity with the bluntness and directness of the American ought to be most useful in composing differences that might lead to dangerous consequences, or the yielding to that which ought to be retained. Both on the ground of right and expediency Canada ought to have a seat at the Conference.

"Spectator."

### A BIRD SANG OVER THE BATTLEFIELD.

Over the wrack of the swaying fight—  
Over the place where the death-note booms,  
A bird in the azure world of light,  
Over the scene of a thousand dooms  
And the evil shrine of the gods of hate,  
Carols of love to his simple mate—

Carols of love, as the feathered swain  
Sang in Maytime dawns of yore,  
Ere the men of a nation turned to Cain  
And lust trod love in the mire of war—  
Carols of love in the shell-stabbed sky—  
Warbles of joy, with the shambles night!

Yet, how true are his God-sent powers!—  
True to himself and his part in life,  
Proving to man in the reddest hours  
The truths that throb through the fiercest strife,  
Minstrel of war, your peaceful lay  
Must blend with the victor's song, some day!

—Trevor, in Lloyd's Newspaper.

## The Bible Lesson

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

Subject: The Courage of St. Peter and St. John, Acts 4:1-21.

THE Jewish authorities evidently thought that after the crucifixion of Jesus His followers would not be able to maintain any unity or carry out any work. Even the events of the Day of Pentecost appear to have passed unnoticed by the rulers of the people, although the tremendous excitement in Jerusalem upon that day must have been known to them. The healing of the lame man at the gate Beautiful and the sensation it caused, warned these rulers that the apostles were still active, and were gaining followers among the people. Even the precincts of the Temple were being used as the scene of their preaching and of their acts of power. The authorities, therefore, determined to put a stop to the activities of these apostles.

1. **Anti-Christian Action.** The priests and the Sadducees opposed themselves to the teaching of the apostles. The priests, on account of their office, had great influence and power over the people. There were many priests, and they were divided into twenty-four courses, each course serving in the Temple for a week. They did not like the growing power of this Christian sect, as they regarded it, partly because they thought it was unorthodox and partly, perhaps chiefly, because they felt that it was drawing the people away to a new allegiance in things religious. The Sadducees were opposed to the new religion because it taught doctrines which they disliked. They were materialistic in their views. They believed "there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit." The preaching of the Resurrection was, therefore, very distasteful to them. The Sadducees were not the most numerous class of the Jews, but they were the most influential. The people of wealth and high position were mostly Sadducees. The high priestly family belonged to them and probably most of the priests as well.

2. **Apostles Under Arrest.** The enemies described above brought about the arrest of St. Peter and St. John. In the act of teaching they were apprehended and cast into prison. According to the Jewish law they could not be tried that night, but on the following morning they were brought to trial. It looked like a bad beginning for the new society of which these apostles were leaders, but it did not destroy their work. "Many of them which heard the word believed." There were now about five thousand men who believed,—an increase of two thousand since the day of Pentecost. How often rulers have discovered that they might imprison men, but that they could not arrest thought or stop the progress of truth!

3. The inquiry was held in the presence of the Jewish Council or Sanhedrin. This council was composed of the chief priests, that is, the heads of the twenty-four courses of priests, with scribes and elders, grave and learned men chosen to complete the number, which is said to have been in all seventy-one. There was no questioning of the fact of the healing of the lame man. There he was standing as a living proof of what had been done. He was well known to all frequenters of the Temple. There could be no successful denial of the fact of his cure. The one point on which the apostles were questioned was as to the authority or power by which the healing had been wrought. "By what power or in whose name have ye done this?" They apparently wanted to show that it had been done by some improper agency. St. Peter all along had ascribed it to the power of God (Acts 3:3), through the Lord Jesus, and this he now re-asserts.

4. **The Apostles' Defence.** It is worth observing the nature of it. (1) It was directed by the Holy Spirit. St. Peter as he defended himself was "filled with the Holy Ghost." He also had the promise of Jesus, "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak." (St. Matt. 10:19). (2) It was centred in Christ. St. Peter claimed that what had been done was due to the power of Christ. He also spoke of Christ as crucified and risen again from the dead. He proclaimed Christ as the only Saviour. (3) It was supported by the Holy Scriptures. The apostle quoted the 118th Psalm and made the application of it to the rulers who were the "builders" who had rejected the "chief corner stone."

5. **The Apostles Dismissed.** There was no ground for condemnation. It could not even be shown that the apostles had used improper means in the miracle that had been wrought. There were members of the Council who began to think that the power of God was being manifested through these men.

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# Damascus, The Eye of the Desert

By BASIL MATHEWS

THE British soldier will revel in Damascus. He will stroll down the street called Straight, and will introduce the French word "souvenir" into the Arabic language as he buys his Oriental nicknacks from the booths. The inscrutable Syrian from whom he buys them will declare that he is being ruined, while actually making 500 per cent. profit from the simple Briton.

The British cavalryman will linger—who can help lingering,—for hours round the leather-booths with their wonderful Arab saddles, their Syrian slippers, and scrips and wallets, and their camel-trappings. The soldiers will be absorbed also in the endless interest of the large covered Guild Hall where the silver craftsmen of Damascus melt the grey silver in their tiny forges, and tap the metal with toy hammers into irresistible clasps and brooches, dagger-hilts, and a thousand other ornaments.

Above all, he will be fascinated by the inexhaustible variety of those amazing streets, where the sun-smitten Bedouin from the desert, the silent-moving Jew of the city, the olive-faced Syrian boys, the alert Greek merchants, the shrewd, aggressive Armenian shopkeepers, men in raiments of all the colours of the rainbow, who jostle in the streets with tiny donkeys hidden, save for their ridiculous ears, by the ricks of willow-wathes that they bear on their backs, and avoid the scornful, swinging camel caravan, and together make up the most alluring kaleidoscope of moving humanity that even Asia can offer.

The British soldier will indeed enjoy Damascus. But Damascus will also take him to his heart. It will think him mad, of course, with his generosity, his carelessness, his open frankness in the face of Oriental reserve, and the shrewd simplicity with which he meets Asiatic subtlety; but it will think him splendidly mad with that curious conquering lunacy which comes irresistibly to the Oriental from any heart that beats steadily to the rhythm of goodwill. Indeed, I am certain that the conquest of Syria, which has begun by military victory, will be completed less by treaties than by the simple kindness of the British soldier and the unbribable straightness of British administration.

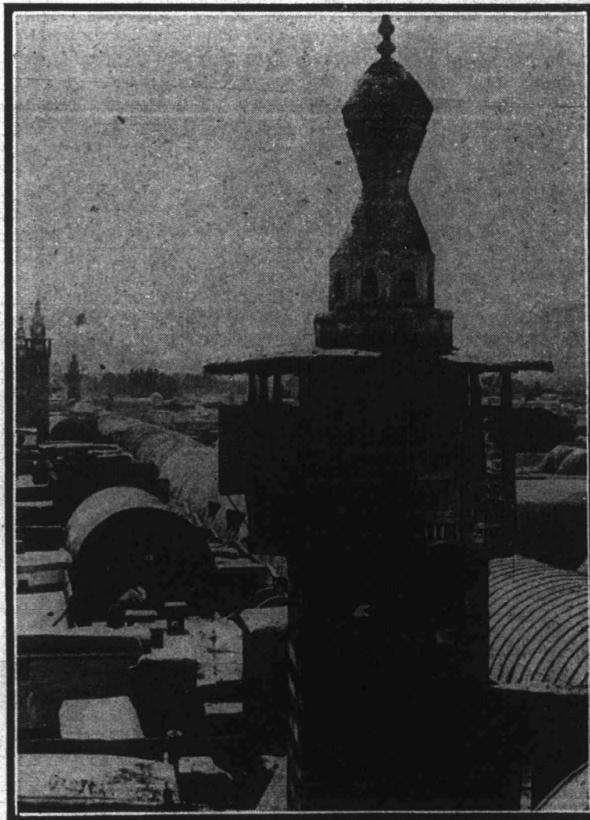
On the day when, for the first time in history, the troops of a victorious British cavalry clatter under the very arch through which the blinded Saul of Tarsus was led into the street called Straight, the dawn of a new era will begin for Syria. Under whatever Governments Palestine and Syria pass after the war, they can never revert to the unspeakable tyranny and incredible maladministration of the Ottoman Empire.

Indeed, Damascus cries out by her immortal history for some government worthy both of her past and of her present, for Damascus is the oldest city now standing in the world. It was ancient when Jerusalem was a little tribal hill fort. It has suffered a score of conquerors. David overcame it and snatched it from Syria and made it subject to the Judean throne. Tiglath-Pileser the Assyrian overwhelmed it when he swept down from the hill country above Nineveh. Damascus existed in days before there was any history of which we have detailed record.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world because, if it were destroyed a thousand times, a new city would inevitably rise on the ruins. Damascus would rise again because, although it is hidden away inland, it is in fact one of the great ports of the world—the Bombay of the Desert. Damascus is the port of the Desert because out of the sultry khaki hills behind it there leaps from caverns measureless to man

the River Abana, which springs full-grown from its subterranean tunnel. Because of that river, which flows out on to the plain and gradually loses its water in the Desert, Damascus is the first habitable spot on the edge of the Desert. Therefore, through all time the camel-tracks from Asia and from the West have converged in Damascus. Since men began to buy and sell to one another, they have bought and sold under the shadows of the orchard trees and under the eaves of their houses by the banks of the Abana. That river not only "makes glad the city," but actually makes the city itself.

It is, in a sense, true that a conquering British force is to-day for the first time entering Damascus. In that sense it is thrilling to consider that the horses which a few days ago slaked their thirst on the banks of the Jordan are to-day drinking the waters of the Abana, on which Naaman the leper reluctantly turned his back. But there is another sense in which, even when the Turk ruled in Damascus, a Briton had conquered it. When I was in Damascus, a few months before war broke out, there was one man who had universal authority—not by official position or by wealth, but by the power of ser-



DAMASCUS THE IMMORTAL

The street called Straight is the covered one running across the city.

vice and of personality. Even the wild, untamable Arabs of the desert would come in and lie down with complete confidence on the operating-table of Dr. Frank Mackinnon, saying, in the phrase that has become proverbial along the camel-tracks of the Arab world about that great Scottish Christian surgeon, "He carries a blessing in his hand." So, in the human rather than in the governmental sense, a Briton exercised dominating influence throughout Damascus.

No city in the world—to the writer, at any rate—calls with a voice like that of Damascus. Jerusalem attracts by the immortal and unique story that runs through its history, but not by its life to-day. Rome impresses with the singular spell of its imperial ruins. Smyrna fascinates with the busy life of the Aegean Greek mercantile civilization. But Damascus leads you willing captive because of what it is, as well as its immemorial history—the very pulse of the Orient. It is the centre to which, from a hundred camel-tracks across desert and mountain, and from many seas, the East gathers the magic threads of humanity and weaves them into a glowing tapestry of life.

# "Peace and Goodwill"

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Rev. H. A. WEST, Christ Church, St. Catharines

JOHN MORLEY BENSON, or J. B., as he was generally known, was rich, very rich. He owned the Great Benson Mills, the Grand Opera House, the Bank and half the houses in the town. In fact nobody knew just how rich he really was, but Everybody said he rolled in wealth and, of course, Everybody must know what he is talking about.

But although he was so rich he was not a happy man; cold, stern, unsmiling and silent, people avoided him as much as possible. He was respected and feared, and pointed out as the town's most prominent man, and Everybody knew he was perfectly just and honest—but Everybody said he had no heart and, of course, as we have already said, Everybody was again right. Yet he had not always been quite so cold and hard and silent. There was a time when his boy Jack was at home, that he had seemed much more human, more in touch with people, and he had even been known, when the lad entertained companions at the Big House, to drop in and talk and jest with the young people almost like one of themselves, hard and stern though he might be elsewhere. But there had come a great change. Captain Jack had gone "Over There" in the dark and early days of the war, a few weeks later a message came to the old man, "Killed in Action," and he had become a changed man from that hour, colder, sterner, harsher than ever,—people said he had never smiled since.

The Big House at the end of the town was now always silent and dark. All the servants had been discharged except the old housekeeper and a chauffeur, and there the grim old man went every day after business hours were over to shut himself in with his thoughts and his misery.

While he had never been a philanthropist, he had always been willing to make some response to the many charitable calls upon him, but since the day they had found him lying on the floor with the crumpled cable form in his hand, he had never given one cent to any person or charity whatever. His mills were working day and night, and money was pouring into his coffers, but after one or two canvassers had approached the bitter old man, no one ever cared to try again, not even for war and patriotic charities. Everybody said he was getting rich, immensely rich, but Everybody also said he was a miserable, unhappy, lonely old man, and Everybody was right.

It was the afternoon of Christmas Eve; a cold, snapping day, with snow steadily falling, giving the promise of a "White Christmas." The main street of the little town was crowded with hurrying, happy people, doing their eleventh-hour Christmas shopping, or enjoying the excitement of the hurrying crowds, the gaily decorated and lighted stores, and the spirit of the coming Christmas Day. The farmers were in from the surrounding country with their wives and children, bringing eggs and butter and beef and apples and other good things to exchange for toys and candies and Christmas merchandise. Through the crowded street Benson's big motor car was slowly making its way while from time to time the old man leaned forward and impatiently asked the driver to hurry. To Benson, as long ago to "Old Scrooge," Christmas meant nothing; thoughts of past years made it even a time of greater misery, and he was glad as he said, "When the miserable farce of Peace and Goodwill was over." As he noted the crowds and lighted shops, he turned bitterly away. "Fools," thought he, "how can they pretend to be keeping Christmas, with war and misery and—our dead throwing their shadows on every land."

## Sunday School War Memorial

Telegram from the Primate to All Sunday Schools

Winnipeg, Man.,  
Nov. 23rd, 1918.

An extension of time has been arranged for the purchase of Sunday School Memorial Bonds. As Primate, I send this message to urge very earnestly all schools to avail themselves of this extended opportunity. As soon as the ban is lifted and normal conditions are restored, I plead that every Sunday School hitherto prevented from doing so will immediately organize and take action. It is an opportunity to help the Church, and, at the same time, to honor the memory of noble and beloved heroes which no Sunday Schools should lose.

S. P. RUPERT'S LAND,  
Primate of All-Canada.

### CALL FROM CHAIRMAN

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the M.S.C.C., held on November 20th, provision was made by the purchase of Victory Bonds, in the name of the M.S.C.C., before the 17th of November, to enable those Sunday Schools which had not taken action in time to secure their Bonds before the 17th, to do so before the end of the year. Any Schools, therefore, which are desirous of partaking in this great movement, and which, perhaps, owing to influenza or other reasons, have not done so, have therefore the door still open. I would strongly urge them to take action at once. From all indications, the War Memorial Fund is going to be a great success all over Canada.

Sunday Schools, which only partially organized and did not make a strong effort, are hereby given time to enable them to rank with the best.

Kindly notify the General Treasurer of the M.S.C.C. as to the amount of Bonds purchased by your Sunday School.

Believe me, yours faithfully in Christ,

DAVID HURON,  
Chairman Executive  
Committee, M.S.C.C.

At last the car passed through the busy section of the town and the chauffeur was able to speed forward, but a few minutes later he gave a shout and threw on the brakes as turning into the driveway of the Big House, a little crippled figure ran in front of the hurrying car. There was a dull thud and the next moment Benson and the driver sprang out of the car to find a young lad lying on the snow in the roadway, near him a small paper parcel and a pair of crutches.

Benson struck a match and looked anxiously into the lad's face.

"Is he dead, sir?" the driver asked, white-faced and trembling.

"No, I don't think so—here, help me carry him into the house, then off with you for Doctor Grey as quick as possible."

Ten minutes later the lad lay stretched out on a divan in front of a roaring fire in Benson's library while the servant hurried off for the doctor.

Benson carefully removed the boy's overcoat and mitts and uttered a short exclamation of thankfulness as he saw that no limbs were broken. The boy was evidently about sixteen years of age. His clothes were extremely shabby, the coat and mittens showing signs of constant repairing, but both boy and clothing were scrupulously clean. A pair of cheap crutches the servant had carried in with the lad revealed that he was a cripple. Benson had hardly made his visitor comfortable when the doctor was announced, who after a short examination looked up and said:—

"He's all right, a little shock, that's all. Let him rest an hour or so and he'll be as lively as ever." As he spoke the lad opened his eyes and looked up into the stern old face bending over him.

"Look," said the doctor, "he's coming round now. There is no need to worry." And with a "Merry Christmas, Mr. Benson," he left the room, smiling to himself as he thought of Benson and his strange guest spending an hour together.

After he had departed, Benson stood silently watching the boy who suddenly sat up and gazed about him.

"Gee, where am I?" he asked.

Benson stepped forward and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You're all right now, lad; don't be frightened. My car knocked you down a short time ago and I had you carried into my home."

"O, yes, I remember now," he turned and held out his thin hands to the fire.

Benson noted the lad's tired and hungry appearance, and touching a bell, gave a short order to the house-keeper who answered the summons. A few minutes later she returned bearing a tray with bread and butter, cold meat and a glass of milk.

"Take this, boy; I suppose you are hungry," the old man said taking the tray and setting it down near the lad.

"Gee! thank you; you bet I am," and without further thanks he began to eat heartily.

Not until he saw that he was satisfied did Benson again speak to him, then asked, "Who are you, and what is your name?"

"Dick Williams, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"On Front Street, sir."

"Are you working or attending school?"

The lad's face grew sober—"I'm not attending school any longer, and I am not able to work much." He pointed to his crutches, "I do odd jobs at times, but it's hard to find much I can do."

Benson hesitated a moment, then asked, "How do you make your living, or are you at home?"

"Yes, my mother has to keep me, it's tough on her, too,—dad was killed in France last year, and till

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is perfectly preserved in the sealed metal packets. You will notice the difference at once—try same today. At your grocer.

her pension is settled she has to do washings and manage the best she can—but she don't grumble, she's the best mother a feller ever had."

Benson's face grew stern and he walked to the window muttering to himself.

"Another victim to that hate carnage, and to-morrow they will prate of Peace and Goodwill, and Brotherly Love."

The boy meanwhile was examining with bright eyes the unaccustomed luxury of the library—to him it was a palace—he had never seen anything like it, the soft rugs, the big easy chairs, the pictures and books, the lamps, "Gee," he said softly, "this is some place, you can bet."

Presently he picked up his crutches and casting a timid look at the stern figure in the window began to move softly about the room examining each article with interest. He stopped at last before the library table and gazed at the picture of a young soldier, in a silver frame. Unable to resist the temptation he picked it up and hardly aware of what he was saying, asked:—

"Who is this, have you got someone over there, too, like we had?"

Benson wheeled suddenly and his face grew hard as he said, "Put that down!" then, noticing the boy's alarm, said more gently, "Never mind—you are right, I did have some one there."

"Did have; why ain't he there now?" Dick asked.

"No, he was killed in that miserable row that some fools call war, a life thrown away in that which men called 'doing his duty,'" he said fiercely.

"Thrown away! Gee, mister, he ain't thrown away. He's a hero, like dad. Why, ain't you proud you had a feller to give for the country? I wish I could go, but a cripple ain't no use. Still, dad went, and it's like representing the family, ain't it? It's great, ain't it, to be able to say, 'our family was right in the scrap.'"

"Yes, and left your mother to earn her living by washing," replied Benson.

"Yes, that's tough, but it ain't nothing to what some folks have done. Gee, I wish I could go, too."

"You are better off as it is, cripple though you are. You would only be another victim to feed the monster men call patriotism and duty. Thank God you can't go, boy."

"Well, I'd thank Him more if I could, or if I could do anything to help out the country. You must be happy," he paused a moment, shyly, "to be able to do so much, ain't you?"

"What do you mean, 'do so much'?"

"Well, anyone that's rich can help so many, and the Red Cross and the Belgians and all." His face grew startled. "Gee, where's my parcel. Is it lost?" he asked anxiously.

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# THE CONTINENTAL LIFE

## INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO, ONT.

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Benson, glad to change the subject, handed the little parcel to him, the boy examining carefully and finally untying it. Benson watching, saw him handle a few small oranges and some cheap toys. "Your Christmas box, I suppose?" he asked.

"No, sir, it's for some kids next door, their mother has six and their dad's dead. She has a tough time keeping them by scrubbing offices and they don't stand any show of having much of a Christmas, so I kinder thought that if I could get a few things for the kids why it would help them out. If a feller does something for the folks in a country, why I figure out he's really doing something for the country.

He stopped speaking a minute and held up a small pitted orange, eyeing it critically. "It ain't much. The dago let me have six of 'em for thirty-five cents 'cause they were small. I earned the money minding a baby all morning. They ain't much, I guess—but they'll tickle the kids as if they cost dollars, for they don't have many oranges round their place, you bet."

"These," he held up a few cheap toys—"I got these by running errands." He laid them down again and picked up a bag of cheap candies, a highly coloured picture book and a rag doll, "I got these cheap from Old Maisie who keeps the toy store, for delivering parcels. I got mighty tired, but when I thought of the time them kids would have to-morrow, I just kept agoing. I was just on my way home when your car hit me."

For the first time in years Benson felt a sudden sense of shame. He with all his wealth had never given a thought to making one soul happy—fretting over his loss—while this lad, poor, crippled and dependent on a widowed mother, had given his poor crippled body to bring happiness to others, to a family worse off than he himself possibly was—yes, and this lad had lost his father and his needed support and protection, but there was

no regret or bitterness, only a sense of pride in having had a share in the country's great sacrifice. His voice grew husky as he asked.

"But what have you got for your own Christmas gift?"

Dick laughed aloud, "O, I ain't got anything; I'll wait, I guess, till my ship comes in. I'll get as much fun watching the kids with these things as if it was me getting something—but, gee, mister, it's nearly six o'clock and mother will begin to worry. I guess I'd better travel. I'm all right now."

"Wait," said Benson, "I'll send you home in the car in a few minutes. Tell me, are there any other families you know as badly placed for Christmas as the one you are helping?"

"O yes, I know a lot in our neighbourhood, some soldiers' families and others, who won't get much of a Christmas—but a feller can't help them all."

"Suppose that you had a hundred dollars to spend, what would you do with it?" Benson asked, curiously.

"What would I do!" His face grew bright. "Why I'd buy mother a new dress, and Old Murphy a cane—he limps, you see, and the Burns kids some clothes and Mrs. Johnson a baby carriage,—she needs it mighty bad, I'd—"

"Hold on, son, a minute," said Benson, with a strange sense of excitement. "Suppose you give me a list of those you would help and what they need. It will be a little game for us while the car is getting ready."

He drew his chair up to the desk and Dick now, all excitement, began to give names and their respective needs, the old man carefully securing each address and writing it down with the other information. Not till the list numbered nearly sixty people did Dick stop. "Gee, wouldn't it be great if a chap could do all that?"

Benson nodded,—anyone looking at him would have been astonished. He was smiling and looking quite father-

ly. "A jolly old toff," as Dick afterwards said.

The appearance of the chauffeur ended the conversation and Dick was soon on his way home. When the sound of the car died away, Benson walked over to the fire and picking up the picture that had attracted the boy's attention, sat down. For some time he sat gazing into the fire, looking from time to time at the photograph. At last he arose and taking the list of names he had written down looked over it. Again he gazed at the picture of his son. "For your sake, Jack, I'll do it," he said aloud presently, and touching the bell summoned the housekeeper.

"Has the car returned?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Benson, it just returned." Benson handed her the list. "Will you have the man drive you to the stores and buy the things I have written down on this paper? Could you get a Christmas tree also?"

"A Christmas tree!" Her voice showed her astonishment. "Yes, I think there are plenty to be bought."

"Get one, then, the largest you can buy, and order it and these other things sent up at once." He handed her a big roll of bills. He thought a moment as the amazed woman started to leave the room.

"Could you prepare a dinner to-morrow for about sixty people?"

"Sixty people?" the old lady stood speechless a minute. "At last she gathered her scattered senses together. "I think I could, sir, I could get my daughter and her girls to assist me—but who are they, sir?" The question could not be kept back.

"Oh, some poor people here in the town, some soldiers' families and others," Benson answered. "You had better get all that is necessary, turkeys and pastry, and so on, and don't forget candies and fruits, as many of the guests will be children."

The housekeeper had been in charge of this home for many years, but she had never had such a surprise as

this. "I am either asleep or dreaming it all, or Mr. Benson has gone suddenly mad," she confided to the chauffeur, when finally she had started for the town. "Sixty guests, he said, poor folks, too, what do you think it means?"

The chauffeur shook his head. He could find no answer to this amazing puzzle.

Benson meantime, happily ignorant of his servants' astonishment, was busily writing, and each note bore the address of one of the families from Dick's list and bore the astonishing message, that the recipient was expected to dinner on the following Christmas Day, and to be sure to bring all the children,—not even the babies were to be left at home.

Christmas Day dawned bright and cold with a deep covering of snow over everything—a real old-time Christmas Day. Benson was early astir and as excited as any child on this great day,—now in the kitchen to see how the preparations for dinner were proceeding—now in the big drawing-room to give finishing touches to the tree that was standing there, and throughout it all, with such a sense of the Christmas Spirit as he had never known.

Two o'clock had hardly struck when the great knocker sounded through the house, and Benson, hurrying to greet his first guest, found Dick smiling and excited standing at the door.

"A Merry Christmas, lad," he answered the other's greeting. "Are your friends coming?"

"Are they coming, sir? Look down the street and see." He chuckled and pointed down the driveway, and the old man's eyes following the lad's pointing finger, saw the strangest company approaching, the Big House had ever seen.

A straggling line of people, from old man Murphy limping along on his cane, to Mrs. Burns with her large family, old and young, shabbily

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dressed mothers and excited children, all were there crowding up the steps and into the long hall. Benson greeted each guest as they crowded in, making them feel at home right away, nobly assisted by Dick, who seemed a father to every one of them.

For the next hour pandemonium reigned in the Big House, till finally the company were marshalled into the most wonderful dinner they had probably ever seen. Smoking turkeys, steaming pudding, candies, nuts, cakes. Surely there had never been quite such a wonderful dinner before.

But after dinner, after everybody had eaten till they could eat no more, the doors at the end of the room were swung back; then the excitement, as old and young with a wild rush swept in to stare with wondering eyes at a big tree that reached to the drawing-room ceiling and loaded with lights, bright decorations and presents for everybody.

Wide-eyed children and excited adults alike pointed and pushed and talked till Benson calling some of the older people to assist him, began to give out the gifts. There were presents for all, even the babies, and most wonderful of all, everyone got just what they most wished for from

### To Our Readers

We place in your hands this week our Christmas Number, in the preparation of which our Editorial and Business Staffs have worked unremittingly and conscientiously to produce an issue worthy of your full appreciation, and we trust we have not failed in our effort.

**The Canadian Churchman**  
613 Continental Life Bldg.  
TORONTO

old man Murphy's cane to Mrs. Johnson's baby carriage. Dick, too, was not forgotten, there was a new suit and new boots and books and a purse filled with ten-dollar bills, and everything a boy could desire. To Dick it was a beautiful dream—not to be realized till one could get away by himself and have time to think.

When the last gift had been given out Benson standing on a chair called for silence. As the excited crowd grew silent he finally spoke.

"I have just one more gift to make—four years ago my boy went over where many of your husbands and sons have gone, and like some of them he died for his country and his people—from that day I forgot all the things a man should most remember—you will not understand—but I let grief and hate and bitterness rob my great gift of its blessing till a little lad, crippled and lacking many of the necessities of life, taught me my lesson; taught me that while there is one unselfish, loving heart forgetting itself in service for others the old Christmas message is true." He paused, and drawing a small gold wrist-watch from his pocket, held it out, "This was my boy's watch, I am going to ask our little friend, Dick, to accept it and wear it, that it may always remind him that on one Christmas Eve an old man found, through him, the meaning of the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

## The Trials of a Minister's Life

T. H. IBBOTT, Ph.D.

THE Rector felt discouraged as he walked the crowded streets of the city one evening during Christmas week. Everywhere there were signs of the festive spirit which always prevails as the day of rejoicing and family reunion draws near; but Rev. John M— felt thoroughly discouraged that evening. It was not in his soul to join in the universal happiness. He felt sad almost to bitterness, as he thrust his hands into his empty pockets and strode homeward from the little church where he had just been conducting a mid-week service.

He was weary in body, to begin with, and could well have done with a lift on one of the many street cars which passed him going in the direction of his home; but as he was literally penniless just then, he did not even think of the luxury which so many labouring men and factory girls were able to enjoy. The wind, too, blew an icy gust at every eastward corner, which made him shrug his shoulders and shake himself for warmth, for his underclothing was too worn and thin to be of much service against such cold winds. The Rector was, nevertheless, a very respectable man, and one very well-to-do in all outward appearance, but no one knew what great sacrifices he had to make in order to present such a respectable appearance, for he generally carried himself erect, as one who could fearlessly "look the whole world in the face," and consequently the world gave him credit for being far better off than he actually was. The world knows nothing of the threadbare underlinen and empty pockets of those who are making such self-denial for the Gospel's sake, and who are taking up "the cross daily to follow Jesus."

But on this night a fierce battle was raging in the quiet-looking minister's breast as he passed the bright stores, and elbowed his way through the joyous crowds. For days the tempter had been hurling his fiery darts of unbelief, and murmuring, and rebellion straight at the man of God's heart; but the shield of faith was ever alert to catch and divert the temptations as they came, and by dint of hard fighting and constant prayer the enemy had been driven back again and again. But the old adversary knows his business pretty well, and he knew that the Rev. John M—, despite his respectable bearing, was a very poor man in this world's goods. He knew that he had very few of the luxuries, and hardly enough of the necessaries of life in his bare-looking "rectory," where, with his three little children, his young wife, with a careworn face, was daily engaged in trying to solve a problem that few mathematicians would like to tackle, but which many a resolute woman has to face daily; namely, of how to make a dollar do the work of two. He knew, too, that he had powerful allies in poor food, comfortless rooms, and cold weather, and he had given the minister many a hard knock that day before he finished up with his crowning stroke in the very house of prayer itself.

#### Does Jesus Care.

Rev. John M— was the Rector of a poor, struggling church containing very few members, who were themselves often pinched and tried by poverty. There were, however, at least half a dozen who were in fairly comfortable circumstances, and these generally contributed something, which cost them but little self-denial, to their minister's support. And this twenty-third day of December was "pay-night" for the Rector. His was

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not a regular stipend, paid as regularly as quarter-day came around, but a freewill offering, contributed as they would by the members of the congregation; as the Sabbath Day collections were required to meet the rent and other expenses of the church. On this night in particular the attendance was poor, and the offerings were poorer; and as the warden, who generally handed the weekly offerings to the long-suffering minister, counted out the few cents which represented the gifts of God's people, a sudden feeling of shame made him pause as he was about to place it in the minister's hand. He was only a poor labouring man, but his heart was filled with the love of God, for though poor himself, yet he also lived a good, spiritual life, and with a sympathetic voice, he said: "I am almost ashamed to give it to you; and Christmas time, too. Why, Mr. Coldheart, and Mr. Care-for-nobody, and Mrs. Thoughtless have actually gone away to keep Christmas with friends, and ain't thought a thing about their minister." He paused a moment and then resumed, as if a sudden inspiration occurred to him: "But hold on, I won't give it you. I am going to see some of the folks to-morrow, and see whether we can't do a little better." The Rector was too dispirited to trouble much, but he replied in a voice that shook a little, "All right, I'm not afraid to trust the Lord." And so he had left the meeting with empty pockets, and with the fight against the tempter renewed in his soul, for there was but little hope in his mind that Mr. Williams would effect much, with most of his wealthier members away.

All the way home the fight raged on. "What a fool you are," said the enemy. "Why did you give up that regular employment to enter the ministry? Can't you see it was all

a mistake? God didn't call you; if He had He would have looked after you; better give up, man! Think of your haggard young wife, your dear children's needs. Why, your holding out is a sin. You know you are a failure in the Lord's work; even the members of your church don't care whether you starve or not." The minister bowed his head, and lifted up an unspoken cry to the Lord for help; and for the time being the adversary was driven back once more, as the weary man, clinging to the promises of God, exclaimed, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

But as he lay awake that night the old temptation re-asserted itself; and in the morning, as he laced up his shoes preparatory to going forth to comfort a bereaved family, he suddenly exclaimed, somewhat bitterly, to his patient little wife: "My dear, I am afraid we have made a mistake in ever entering the Lord's work. You know I left a comfortable berth, feeling sure the Lord would have me in the ministry. Why, we always had enough and to spare then, and now, even at Christmas, when everybody else seems revelling in superabundance, we have hardly a scrap in the house, barely coal enough to last the day out, and not a single cent to go on with. No, Alice, I feel I'm not the man for the ministry; so I'm going to write my resignation this very day, and have done with the miserable struggle for daily bread, once and for all."

As he spoke his brow darkened, and he felt like a man who had just been condemned to die. Still, he meant it, and his astonished wife grew pale as she watched him. Then bursting into tears, she sobbed: "Oh, John, don't be rash! You know God called you. Why hasn't He blessed your labours abundantly. Let us trust in Him, even now in this hour of trial!"

John kissed her tears away as he said: "I feel that I can go on no longer, dear. No, I am at the end of my faith and must give up."

He left her to try and carry a word of cheer to the sorrowing family it was his duty to visit—for ministers are expected to be bright and cheerful to others, even when their own souls are bowed down with trouble. All day he was gone, for his visit to one led to another, and yet another, and it was getting dark when once more, worn out and still heartsick, he mounted the steps to his humble home.

What a sight met his astonished vision as he opened the door! The fire burned unusually bright and large, the house was warm and comfortable, which seemed typical of peace and plenty. The wife and two elder children were gathered around the kitchen table, on which were piled packages and parcels of all sizes and shapes. Even baby, who lay kicking her toes on a new carpet, was laughing and crowing with merry delight. But almost before he had time to see all this, Alice, his dear wife, was in his arms, half-laughing and half-crying with joy, and the children were pulling away at his coat. It almost took his breath away, and it was not until he was installed in a new armchair by the stove that he was able to ask what it all meant. With joyful interruption from the little ones, his wife told her story of the eventful day.

It appeared that the church warden, Mr. Williams, had gone round with a message of stirring reproof, that, backed up by their consciences, had aroused the church members to action. The furniture-dealer, a kind-hearted but thoughtless man, had not yet gone for his holiday on account of business, and he had called at the rector's house that morning for the

first time in his life, with the result that the lack of furniture had given him some acute twinges of shame. He at once sent a new carpet, an armchair, and a pair of new blankets, while at the same time, he, too, became an awakening messenger to other well-to-do acquaintances. A ton of coal had been sent by one, a parcel of groceries by another, clothing and fruit, and articles too numerous to mention from many—some of whom the minister had never even heard of—and the church warden had called last of all, a few minutes before the Rector's home-coming, with a well-filled purse, the result of his special pleadings.

Who shall describe the scene that ensued as John M— fell upon his knees to ask pardon for his unbelief? The enemy of souls fled from him in dismay. "Oh, how could I have doubted the Lord?" John exclaimed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Fear and doubt were gone, and the sunshine of God's goodness filled his soul.

Let us leave the minister's family upon their knees, while we ask ourselves, as we are enjoying so many comforts of this life this Christmas tide: "Am I doing my best as a Christian in supporting my minister, and in helping to spread His glorious kingdom?" Give the answer to God.

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In a small village of snow huts on the shores of the Arctic it happened that a young child, the only daughter of an Eskimo husband and wife, fell sick unto death. The conjuror chanted his weird incantation, but slowly the fevered child weakened until at last the battle for life became too great and the little prostrate form lay cold and dead.

While mourners groaned and wept with the stricken parents, the shroud of skins had been made ready, and then the remains of that which had been the joy of life in a humble Arctic home were covered up with stones from beneath the snow in order that the former dwelling place of the departed spirit might not be disturbed by wolves or bears, or, perchance, a hungry dog. Everything having been carefully arranged, the playthings that had belonged to the child were laid by the grave and last, but not least, the head of a dog was placed there too. To the foreigner this last gruesome rite has no significance, but to the untutored Eskimo, brought up in the darkness of a primitive paganism, it signifies much.

A child, no matter how beautiful or how greatly beloved, is foolish and wayward and erring, and therefore requires to be helped and guided from day to day by its parents. The spirit of the child has set out on its journey to the land of spirits far from those who cared for and tended it while here. In the minds of the Eskimo it is wise that the head of a dog should be placed near the body of the child in order that the spirit

of the dog may be constantly with the spirit of the child and so act as helper and guide to that unknown realm whence all men go and from whence none return.

How simple! how crude is the imagination of the savage, and yet deep down at the root of it all when that which is so grotesque has been removed there can be seen a great truth. Is it not manifest that the heart of the Eskimo, darkened and cramped through lack of knowledge, is nevertheless groping after the light? Do we not realize the great truth that every child of Adam, in spite of beauty and love is still foolish, and wayward, and erring, and needs a guide? That guidance is found, not by the spirit of the dog, but by the Spirit of the Eternal God in Whom men live, and move, and have their being. And, lest men should not understand, God, as at this time, has revealed Himself in the Face of the Child of Bethlehem Who came "to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace" in this life and in that which is to come.

\* \* \*

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"The place is marked by a fourteen-pointed silver star, presented by the French Government. The stable is hung with lamps from all different countries, and they look beautiful; and they are always alight.

## The Mother-love of Christmastide

It was Sunday afternoon in December, and little Rosalind Howard was curled up on the couch in her father's study. She was at home for the week-end from the Ashcroft Girls' School, where she had been a boarder since September. Rosie was not yet happy in her life away from home. Her sensitive little soul rebelled against any separation from her dear ones. To-day, she was not well, and begged her father to let her stay at home.

"Daddy, my head aches so, and I believe Miss Fairfield will allow me to stay away if you talk to her."

So her father arranged for her to stay at home for a day or two. A look of content passed over the little girl's face, as she snuggled down under the rug.

"I knew how lonely you were, daddy, for dear mother, too, and I can be company for you."

Mother was not dead. She was just away at a big Social Service Convention in Minneapolis. She was one of the principal speakers, and according to the papers, "the palm for eloquence was given to Mrs. Douglas Howard, whose husband was Rector of Trinity Church, Littleboro, Mass."

At home, in the rectory, the usual clockwork regularity of domestic affairs was upset. The Rector was called out to see some poor parishioners who were sick and in trouble. Little Rosie had to be left alone, and she seemed to be rapidly growing worse.

When Mr. Howard came home to-day evening, he put her in his own room and called up the physician. The mother was sent for at once, and a nurse was engaged, but could not come in until next morning.

All through that night, the father watched by his little daughter's bedside. She slept fitfully, and her mind seemed to be unusually active.

"Hold my hand, tight, daddy. Everthing seems going away from me. Has Laddie come home?"

"Not yet, dear. But Christmas will soon be here, and then you and big brother will have such good times together."

Rosalind laughed excitedly. "When will darling mother be home?" Then she sighed: "Its not very nice to have mother away from home, is it daddy? I guess she doesn't know her little girl is sick!"

"Listen, darling. Mother will soon be here, and I want to tell you where I was this afternoon. I went to see a sick woman who has a tiny baby. A kind neighbour was looking after them. And do you know, Rosie, she has five little children of her own."

"Five! daddy? Does she let them all stay at home?"

"Of course, Rosie, they stay at home."

"Well, daddy, you and mother have only two children, and you won't let us stay at home."

The father made no answer to this, but tried to soothe her to sleep.

She began again: "Daddy, do you think you could get some kind lady to come and stay with us when dear Mamma has to be away. I mean some one who would love us, and not just come for pay—and then, daddy, we could stay at home and have our playmates come to see us."

"We shall see, Rosie. But daddy is right here with you, and will not leave you. So don't you worry about anything."

Mrs. Howard, while at the Convention, stayed with people whom she had met when they were east on their honeymoon. There were two children in this home, also, Jean and Fred, and such merry little youngsters Mrs.

Howard had Santa Claus and everythin to centre aro children.

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Howard had not seen for some time. Santa Claus had just come to town, and everything in this home seemed to centre around Christmas and the children.

Mrs. Howard wondered at first that the father and mother could bring their minds down to listen to such tales as little Jean and Fred told; their visits to Santy and to Punch and Judy. But before she realized it, she had become so interested, that she began planning Christmas joys for her own little ones. She had to go over to the other side of the city to address the Mothers' Club, for she was well versed in the theory of bringing up children under the best conditions. When the message came from home, Mrs. Howard was not there to receive it. When she returned and read the sad message, all the mother love which had been smothered for a while, filled her heart, and her only desire now was to get home as quickly as possible. The days and nights seemed interminable until she arrived.

As she hurried up the walk, the rectory looked deserted, although it was early in the evening. Her husband was in the study, and there, too, on the couch was Laddie, sobbing his young heart out. He kept his face turned away. Laddie was only twelve, but he seemed older than his years. He thought his sister had fretted for her mother until she was ill, and his heart was bitter.

"Rosie has just fallen asleep. Nurse is with her in our room."

Mrs. Howard made no reply to her husband, but went quickly to the door. The word "asleep" went through her like a knife. Had her little one slipped away from her? The kind nurse took her to the bedside, and put the mother's hand gently over Rosie's as it rested on the coverlet. It was warm. Mrs. Howard knelt down.

Through the window came the sound of music which the choir was practising for Christmas:—

"Holy night, peaceful night. All is dark, save the light Yonder, where they sweet vigil keep O'er the babe who in silent sleep Rests in Heavenly peace."

Like a benediction the words came to her, and she prayed brokenly: "Make me a better mother; spare my child; if it be Thy will."

When Rosalind awakened in the early hours of morning, the light of consciousness was in her eyes. She said softly: "I heard the choir boys singing 'There's a Home for little children, Above the bright blue sky.'"

The nurse felt her pulse, and as she gave a spoonful of medicine to her, said very quietly to Mrs. Howard: "The crisis is past."

When nurse had gone to tell the good news to Mr. Howard and Laddie, Rosie whispered: "The children up there were singing too, and beckoning to me, but—mother—I wanted—You."

Down in the narrow street where the tiny baby had come, there was sadness, too, at this time. The young mother had passed away. The kind neighbour with the five little children had been an angel of mercy. She ministered to the dying mother, and after all was over, wrapped baby "Jo" in a warm shawl, and took him home.

When her husband returned that night from his work, five pairs of small arms were raised to welcome him, and childish voices eagerly told about little Jo. Beside the kitchen fire was his wife, with the helpless infant on her lap.

Mrs. Hunter looked up at her husband, and earnestly said: "Jim, I couldn't let them take the little fellow to the Shelter. Why the children love him already!"

Her husband was a big, rough-looking man, but as tender-hearted as a child. He was deeply touched by her words and by the mother-love which

shone in her eyes. His only answer was the question: "What is that verse in the Book about helping little ones?"

"Our Saviour said that, Jim. 'Whoever receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me.' He was a helpless baby once Himself, and had only a manger for a cradle. But He had a loving mother to cherish Him."

"Yes, mother, that is so, and we must make this Christmas a happy birthday for Him. Say, kiddies, shall we keep little nipper with us?"

They clapped their hands in eager assent, while the father stood looking down at the beautiful picture—to him a true likeness of the Holy Mother and Child.

Christmas Day came bright and clear and there were many happy little hearts all over Christ's world, but none happier than Rosalind's, for she had her heart's desire—mother and home. While "down in the narrow street where lived the kind neighbour," in the midst of all the joyful noise of the five happy children, baby Jo slept peacefully on. He, too, had found a home and mother.

N. E. T.

THE DAY.

I cannot see the Christ Child, For the soldiers marching past, I cannot hear the angels, For the bugles' angry blast, But I know the bells are ringing, And that faith and hope are clinging To the Day, When love shall crown the world at last.

I cannot see the Christ Child, For the smoke is in my eyes, I cannot hear the shepherds, For the little children's cries, But I know the bells are ringing, And soon we'll hear the singing Of the day, When peace like morning dawn shall rise.

I cannot see the Christ Child, For the Clouds hang dark and low, I cannot hear the wise men, For the conflict rages so, But I know the bells are ringing, And time is swiftly bringing In the Day, Foretold so long ago.

The War's Aftermath

Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.—King Nicholas of Montenegro has been deposed.

Wednesday, Dec. 4th.—British fleet arrives at Libau in the Baltic. German troops yield in South-east Africa.

Thursday, Dec. 5th.—Germany hands over to Allies three hundred million francs in gold. Admiral Beatty refuses any mitigation of naval terms of armistice. President Wilson leaves for Europe. British troops enter Germany.

Friday, Dec. 6th.—No less than 5,622 British ships were sunk and 15,000 lives lost therein during the war. The Queen sends message to women of Empire. Demand to be made by British at Peace Conference for general and absolute abolition of conscription throughout Europe.

Saturday, Dec. 7th.—Peace Congress to open first week in January. British Empire's claim on Germany eight billions sterling. Germany's colonies desire British rule. British warships occupy Revel. British Naval delegates at Wilhelmshaven.

Monday, Dec. 9th.—"Britain Day" celebrated throughout the United States. Ten persons killed in Ghent by secreted bomb. British army of occupation reaches Cologne. Canada's probable pension tax \$30,000,000 a year. War outlay now amounts to \$1,068,000,000.

Life in Bible Lands

(Continued from page 792.)

of the multitudes who know and love the exquisite shepherd Psalm are able to distinguish between the shepherd's rod and staff in the 4th verse? "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The difference once seen is apparent at a glance. The rod is our shepherd's crook, by which the sheep are guided and controlled, the staff, which would better have been translated club, is a formidable weapon, a bludgeon with the head studded with nails, well adapted to driving off any prowling beast of prey. This nabooti is always carried by travellers. We remember that Jacob says: "With my staff, I passed over this Jordan." It is a needful precaution in a land where footpads and wild beasts abound. So the sight of the rod to direct and control, and the nabooti to defend and protect would be a very real source of comfort to the sheep in the wilderness.

There is secondly the familiar incident of Elijah fed by the Ravens at the Brook Chereth. Now, whilst by no means endeavouring to undermine the miraculous elements in the Bible, there is a simple explanation which may be a help to some. It will be remembered that in Judges 7 we read that Gideon took prisoner two princes of the Midianites, called Oreb and Zeb, whom they slew. There is a further reference to the conflict in Psalm 83. Now Oreb means the Raven, and it is a fact that from time immemorial there has been a Bedouin Tribe called the Orebim or the Ravens dwelling in Palestine. Outlaws themselves, what would be more likely than that members of the tribe would furnish bread and meat for the prophet in his time of need? This interpretation, it may be pointed out, does not challenge the accuracy of a single word of the inspired narrative and it is inserted here as an instance of how further light and knowledge, denied to a former generation, often affords us with explanations to what were once hard and difficult problems.

Lastly, there is the incident of Jael and her destruction of Sisera as he lay sleeping in her tent, apparently a gross violation of the sacred law of hospitality. For which deed the prophetess Deborah holds her up to all posterity as "Blessed among women," Judges 5: 24.

Here again we shall get light from a knowledge of the laws and customs still existing amid the wild Bedaween Tribes of Palestine.

Jael is alone in the Camp when Sisera flees from the battle and bursts into her tent to seek asylum. She is one of a race who regard the sanctity of their women more highly than any other in the world and punish them more severely for any breach of the same. How shall she establish her innocence should Sisera be found alive in her tent. And Jael, remember a woman used to scenes of battle and carnage all her life, takes the only way at once to rid her tribe of a dangerous foe and to free herself of any suspicion that otherwise might rest upon her.

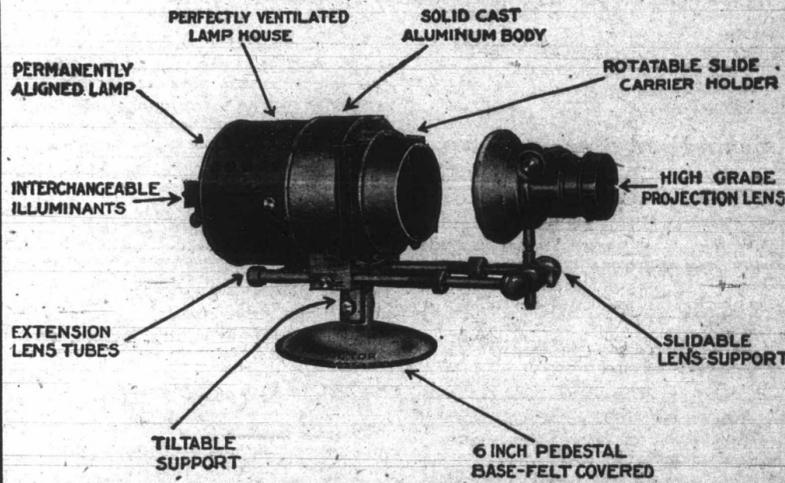
It is because of Jael's vindication of her honour even at the cost of a breach of the desert law of hospitality, second to it only in sanctity that Deborah holds her up as an example to succeeding generations.

These brief notes are given only as examples and illustrations of the light which falls upon the pages of the Bible when the Scriptures are considered from an Eastern viewpoint and, with some knowledge of those Eastern tribes and peoples whose habits and customs have continued unchanged from the earliest times.

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## Rupert Brooke and the Enlargement of Life

(Continued from page 793.)

never been surpassed for their marvellous beauty of style and thought. "There," he tells us, we shall:—

"Spend in pure converse our eternal day;  
Think each in each, immediately wise;  
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say  
What this tumultuous body now denies;  
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;  
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

In 1914 Rupert Brooke returned to England, and then the war broke. "Well, if Armageddon's on," he said, "I suppose one should be there." The simple sentence was characteristic, and summed up the immediate and willing decision for sacrifice. And the effect upon the man? At once he discovered a newer, larger, surer, safer life flowing in upon him. He at once experienced the profound truth of the saying that the man who is willing to yield his life for right, will "keep it unto life eternal." On one occasion he said, probably about this time: "I suddenly felt the extraordinary value of everybody I meet, and almost everything I see." A conversion indeed, with its attendant expansion of the soul.

In this experience Rupert Brooke was typical of many of our best. And immediately his attitude towards death became changed and stabilized. He felt now a marvellous safety. That was the word which he emphasized. Listen to his triumphant confession:—

"We have found safety with all things undying,  
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,  
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,  
And sleep and freedom and the autumnal earth.  
We have built a house that is not for times throwing.  
We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.  
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;  
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

Or read his wonderful simile for death:—

"A white  
the broken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night."

Brooke's Sonnet "The Soldier," beginning: "If I should die, think only this of me" is too well known to be quoted at length. The Soldier Poet in those lines wrote his own immortal epitaph. "Safe," indeed he now was, in his new found security against death, but he held a presentiment that death would claim all that was mortal of him. And so it was. He sailed on the expedition to the Dardanelles, contracted blood poisoning, and died for England on April 23, the day of St. Michael and St. George. He was buried by torchlight on the island of Scyros, in an olive grove. A little wooden cross with just his name and the date of his birth and of his death mark the place.

But the message of his life, enshrined in his peerless sonnets, lives on. They are his memorial, more enduring than brass. Nor did others omit to bring their tribute. A fellow poet and friend, Mr. Wilfred Gibson, wrote:—

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"He's gone.  
I do not understand.  
I only know  
That, as he turned to go  
And waved his hand,  
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,  
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow—  
And he was gone."

"A sudden glory shone"—the glory of life's enlargement and of the victory over death that comes to those who love enough to lay down their life for their friends.

"During the last few months of his life, months of preparation in gallant comradeship and open air, the poet-soldier told with all the simple force of genius the sorrow of youth about to die, and the sure, triumphant consolations of a sincere and valiant spirit. He expected to die; he was willing to die for the dear England whose beauty and majesty he knew;

and he advanced toward the brink in perfect serenity, with absolute conviction of the rightness of his country's cause and a heart devoid of hate for fellowmen." So wrote the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill in "The Times." Like Edith Cavell, Rupert Brooke triumphed over death by the love of a heart "devoid of all hate for fellowmen." He had discovered the secret of a life enlarged by sympathies that were bounded only by humanity. In the truest sense he was a Catholic. Be it ours to follow in these days of the making of peace, and of the building of a new world—and beyond!

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## The Girl of the Remake

(Continued from page 794.)

further through your fingers, and then awakened to discover that you have been drawing a thread long enough to wind half way round the very circumference of the world itself?

But instead of being carried away with the thought of the endless space, the endless possibility, bring yourself face to face with another and still more vital question, the question which you ask yourself over and over again whenever you cross the prairies, Why has God kept this marvellous country empty all these hundreds and thousands of years? Why is He giving it to us to-day? What does He want of us to make of it to-morrow?

If these questions had been asked ten years ago we might have found it hard to answer that we were living for anyone but ourselves, but to-day we are glowing with happiness at the thought that our country has counted in the Great War struggle, that our stream of golden wheat, our mineral wealth and lumber has been poured into the storehouses of our Allies and will be poured so long as they are staggering under the aftermath of the war.

But if a stream of wealth were all it would be but a poor reason for living. We thank God that we have done far more than that. We thank God that steamer after steamer has gone speeding over the ocean, weighted down with the finest of our brothers and friends, men closely knitted together in grim and deadly earnest, men determined that the Allies' quarrel should be their quarrel, the Allies' people their people, the Allies' God their God.

But if the front line of khaki has been so fine what about the rear line of women at home? Thank God again for our chances, for the difference between old days and present days. Contrast the helpless condition of a woman even so loyal and capable as Mrs. Moodie shows herself in her Reminiscences of ninety years ago with your own opportunity to-day. She is helplessly left behind after she has once given her husband to the war, after she has once watched him disappear through the trees to join his regiment. From that time on she simply waits, month in month out, knowing nothing, hearing nothing, save from the precious letter or two for which she can hardly pay the required postage, till the startled shriek resounds, "the master's come, the master's come."

Contrast with this your own attitude to the war. How could you have stood the wear and tear of those four and a half years if you had not been able to follow the daily items of information cabled across the ocean, if you had not steeped yourself in Red Cross, V.A.D. or munition work? How could you bear the future if you had not the feeling that you had your own influence in the country, your own chance of helping everyone around you?

But granted, therefore, that men and women alike have taken their place so royally in the war, have helped and will continue to help royally the countries suffering from the aftermath of the war, that, after all, is still only the beginning of the answer.

Take the question once again, and ask yourself, Why has God kept this glorious country empty all these centuries? Why is He trusting it with us to-day? There is one answer which stares us in the face. We are starting exactly where our neighbours have left off and, therefore, we can learn from their mistakes how to avoid our own, just as the States learnt from the experience of the previously warring countries, and not only avoided mistakes but took strong steps and went rapid-

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We can nurture Northerners, inured to cold send out men own way for rub of a so Lamp, but b effort. And land of vision God, to lift think out a and then to carry that s the teeming Pacific.

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ly forward. We have all our life and strength ahead of us. We can experiment far more easily than the older nations can and probably with infinitely better results.

Then secondly, we can help to supply the world's greatest need. We can nurture a race of sturdy Northerners, full of buoyant hope, inured to cold and hardship. We can send out men who have beaten their own way forward, not by any lucky rub of a sorcerer on an Aladdin's Lamp, but by determined work and effort. And thirdly, we live in a land of vision. We have only, under God, to lift that vision higher, to think out a higher spiritual ideal, and then to send out men who will carry that same spiritual ideal to the teeming nations lying across the Pacific.

But now to come to our main point, our original thesis, the possible leap forward of Canada in the next 50 to 100 years, a leap which your eyes may see before you lay down your working tools some 50 years hence, the leap which your children and grandchildren may more certainly see some 100 years hence. You stand like a second Rip van Winkle rubbing your eyes as you see towns and villages scattered thickly all over Canada. You find that in place of straggling helter skelter after a thin arrow-like line of railway, they depend in coming or going upon the aeroplane, and their choice of situation is determined solely by beauty or by convenience of occupation. The military camps have converted their swords into ploughing shares and their spears into pruning hooks, and the wealth which supported them busies itself in the construction of artisan dwelling places. The slums of society are dispersed by the easy locomotion of tram and motor which lure the dweller away far more effectually than any dread of legislation.

Farming is one of the most popular of occupations. The men of the new era revel in outdoor life and in putting through the latest scientific agricultural experiments. The isolation which formerly haunted them has disappeared through wireless ground telegraphy, and the farthest away homestead is brought within the common radius of good will and good fellowship.

Universities and schools prepare students mentally, technically, and spiritually for their place in life. The Bible has regained its lawful heritage, and is a carefully sought Court of Appeal and fountain of light.

The hospitals through inoculation have broken the neck of disease, and whilst surgery remains, have become for the most part vast schools of instruction in pure and wholesome living. The asylums, now that alcohol, impurity and loneliness are effectually checked, are occupied in startling psychological discovery, and are rapidly striding forward. They are universally recognized as curative

homes far more than enforced abiding places.

The saloons have developed into excellent eating houses at moderate price, and are enlivened by occasional moving pictures and music. The prisons, such as remain) enforce stern labour and moral training. The newspapers understand their mission and educate morally and spiritually as certainly as politically or socially. They thus set a drag upon the rush after political strife and the hunger for the advertisement of the latest development in crime. The Church deepens its spiritual teaching, wearies of mediocrity, and abandons denominational strife. She recognizes at last that the varying lines of thought are but so many fingers of the one hand pointing to Christ. The State sets its iron heel upon graft, and public opinion holds that the men who busy themselves solely with the perfecting of their own purple, fine linen, and delicate living, should be estimated as Christ estimated them, and as they will be estimated in the great hereafter. The merchant seeks a good wage and wholesome and joyous outlet for his employees far more than an accumulated mass of wealth distributed arbitrarily at his departure in philanthropy.

And lastly, and, above all, men dread sinking through increased comfort into a lethe-like stupor of materialism more deadly to themselves even than the German lust of power. But the safeguard of it all lies in the spiritual, in the dependence on the mind of Christ rather than of man. Therefore, in the new world the Sir Galahad has his place and is recognized as a saving force in his pursuit of the Holy Grail as certainly as a Sir Arthur, and at home and abroad a Mary as a Martha. In the turn towards such a future even if, as yet, it is but a drift towards a bourne, how far do you intend liv-

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ing, not only for yourself but for your country; and your decision also, if it is to be anything, must be made regardless of the question of self-sacrifice. You have to determine how far you intend simply settling down and living in your country, but how far you intend getting up and living for your country. Your brothers made the great decision when they got up and not only lived for but died for their country, and from Flanders Fields the shafts of light glistening mile after mile at their graves' heads, are asking you whether you intend living and sacrificing for Canada.

There is all the difference in the world between living in and living for a country. During the summer time you live in an hotel at the lakes, but that hotel is neither here nor there to you. During the winter you live in your home and you live for your home, every stick and stone of that home is dear to you, and you want to make it and to keep it at its best. The question is how far will you sacrifice for your country. This is the deciding moment for you. Now that we have time to think and move, our country is dividing itself into two camps,—the one, the men and

women who are slipping back into the old-time traditions, the old-time selfish pleasure; the other, the men and women following the fiery cross, the cross which is

"Speeding forth  
To the purging of men's lives  
The Cross which Christ is bearing  
Through the troubled earth,  
To quicken life to nobler birth."  
You will have to choose between the two camps, for

"Down the long dim, corridor of Time  
God's Word reverberates."  
"Choose you this day."  
"The climbing road leads up to God  
The easier way leads down to death  
And ruin and decay."

Which way will you choose? Every tap of a crutch on the pavement is the record of a choice, and a cry as to how far you in your turn are living, giving, sacrificing for Canada.

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## The Shepherd Who Watched By Night

(Continued from page 794.)

ran by. The old man did not hear the former, but when the boys shouted he listened till they had ceased, his thoughts turned to the past and to the two boys whom God had given him and had then taken back to Himself. His gray face wore a look of deep concern, and, indeed, of dejection, and his eye wandered once more to the folded letter on the table. It was signed "A Friend," and it was this which was responsible for the unwritten Christmas sermon. It was what the world calls an anonymous letter and, though couched in kindly terms, it had struck a dagger into the old man's heart. Yet he could not but say that in tone and manner it was a kind act. Certainly it had told the truth and if in tearing a veil from his eyes it had stunned him, why should he not face the truth!

He took the letter up again and re-read it, not that he needed to read it, for he knew it by heart. Every sentence was seared into his memory.

He reread it hoping to find some answer to its plain, blunt, undeniable statements, but he found none. It was all true, every word, from the ominous beginning which stated that the writer felt that he had "a clear duty to perform," down to the close when with a protestation of good-will he signed himself the old man's friend.

"You must see, unless you are blind," ran the letter, "that your church is running down, and unless you get out and let the congregation secure a new and younger man, there will soon be no congregation at all left. No men come to church any longer and many women who used to come now stay away. You are a good man, but you are a failure. Your usefulness is past." Yes, it was true, he was a failure. His usefulness was past. This was the reason, doubtless, that no Christmas things had come this year—they wanted to let him know. It pained him to think it, and he sighed.

"You spend your time fooling about a lot of useless things," continued the anonymous friend, "visiting people who do not come to church, and you have turned the rectory into a harbor for tramps.

"You cannot preach any longer. You are hopelessly behind the times. People nowadays want no more doctrinal points discussed; they want to hear live, up-to-date, practical discourses on the vital problems of the day. Such as the Rev. Dr. — delivers. His church is full." This also was true. He was no longer able to preach. He had felt something of this himself. Now it came home to him like a blow on the head, and a deeper pain was the conviction which, long hovering about his heart, now settled and took definite shape, that he ought to get out. But where could he go? He would have gone long since if he had known where to go. He could not go out and graze like an old horse on the roadside. There was no provision made for such as he. No pensions were provided by his church for old and disabled clergymen, and the suggestion made in the letter had no foundation in his case: "You must or, at least, you should have saved something in all this time."

This sounded almost humorous and a wintry little smile flickered for a moment about the wrinkled mouth. His salary had never been over six hundred dollars, and there were so many to give to. Of late, it had been less than this amount and not all of this had been paid. The smile died out and the old man's face grew grave again as he tried to figure out what he could do. He thought of one or two old friends to whom he could write. Possibly, they might know some country parish that would be

willing to take him, though it was a forlorn hope. If he could but hold on till they invited him, it would be easier, for he knew how difficult it was for a clergyman out of a place to get a call. People were so suspicious. Once out, he was lost.

At the thought, a picture of a little plot amid the trees in the small cemetery on the hill near the town slipped into his mind. Three little slabs stood there above three mounds, one longer than the others. They covered all that was mortal of what he had loved best on earth. The old man sighed and his face in the dim light took on an expression very far away. He drifted off into a reverie. Ah, if they had only been left to him, the two boys that God had sent him and had then taken back to Himself, and the good wife who had borne up so bravely till she had sunk by the wayside! If he were only with them! He used to be rebellious at the neglect that left the drains so deadly, but that was gone now. He leant forward on his elbows and gradually slipped slowly to his knees. He was on them a long time, and when he tried to rise he was quite stiff; but his face had grown tranquil. He had been in high converse with the blessed of God and his mind had cleared. He had placed everything in God's hands, and He had given him light. He would wait until after Christmas and then he would resign. But he would announce it next day. The flock there should have a new and younger and abler shepherd. This would be glad tidings to them.

He folded up the letter and put it away. He no longer felt wounded by it. It was of God's ordaining and was to be received as a kindness, a ray of light to show him the path of duty. He drew his paper toward him and, taking up his pen, began to write rapidly and firmly. The doubt was gone, the way was clear. His text had come to his mind.

"And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field,

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keeping watch over their flock by night, and lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

Unfolding the story, he told of the darkness that had settled over Israel under the Roman sway and the formalism of the Jewish hierarchy at the time of Christ's coming, drawing from it the lesson that God still had shepherds watching over His flocks in the night to whom He vouchsafed to send His heavenly messengers. On and on he wrote, picturing the Divine mission of the Redeemer and His power to save souls, and dwelling on Christmas as the ever recurrent reminder of "the tender mercy of our God whereby the Day Spring from on High hath visited us."

Suddenly he came to a pause. Something troubled him. It came to him that he had heard that a woman in the town was very sick and he had intended going to see her. She had had a bad reputation; but he had heard that she had reformed. At any rate she was ill. He paused and deliberated. At the moment the wind rattled the shutters. She did not belong to his flock or, so far as he knew, to any flock, and once when he had stopped her on the street, and spoken to her of her evil life, she had insulted him. She had told him that he had better look after his own people instead of lecturing her. He turned back to his paper, pen in hand; but it was borne in on him that he was writing of watching over the flock by night and here he was neglecting one of his Father's sheep. He laid aside his pen and, rising, took down his old hat and stick, lit his lantern,

turned down his lamp, and, shuffling through the bare, narrow passage, let himself out at the door. As he came out on to the little porch to step down to the walk, the wind struck him fiercely and he had some difficulty in fastening the door with its loose lock; but this done he pushed forward. The black trees swayed and creaked above him in the wind, and fine particles of snow stung his withered cheeks. He wondered if the shepherds in the fields ever had such a night as this for their watch. He remembered to have read that snow fell on the mountains of Judea. It was a blustering walk. The wind felt as if it would blow through him. Yet he stumbled onward.

At length he reached the little house on a back street in the worst part of the village, where he had heard the sick woman lived. A light glimmered dimly in an upper window and his knocking finally brought to the door a woman who looked after her. She was not in a good humour at being disturbed at that hour, for her rest had been much broken of late; but she was civil and invited him in.

In answer to his question of how her patient was, she replied shortly: "No better; the doctor says she can't last much longer. Do you want to see her?" she added presently.

The old Rector said he did and she waved toward the stair. "You can walk up."

As they climbed the stair she added: "She said you'd come if you knew." The words made the old man warmer. And when she opened the door of the sick-room and said, "Here's the preacher, as you said," the faint voice of the invalid murmuring, "I hoped you'd come," made him feel yet warmer.

He was still of some use even in this parish.

Whatever her face had been in the past, illness and suffering had refined it. He stayed there long, for he found that she needed him. She unburdened herself to him. She was sorry she had been rude to him that time. She had been a sinful woman. She said she had tried of late to live a good life, since that day he had spoken to her, but she now found that she had not. She had wanted to be a believer and she had gone to hear him preach one day after that, but now she did not seem to believe anything. They told her that she must repent. She wanted to repent, but she could not feel. She was in the dark and she feared she was lost. The old man had taken his seat by her side, and he now held her hand and soothed her tenderly.

"Once, perhaps," he said doubtfully, "though God only knows that, but certainly no longer. Christ died for you. You say you wanted to change, that you tried to ask God's pardon and to live a better life even before you fell ill. Do you think you could want this as much as God wanted it? He put the wish into your heart. Do you think He would now let you remain lost? Why, He sent His Son into the world to seek and to save the lost. He has sent me to you to-night to tell you that He has come to save you. It is not you that can save yourself, but He, and if you feel that it is dark about you, never mind—the path is still there. One of the old Fathers has said that God sometimes put His children to sleep in the dark."

"But I have been— You don't know what I have been," she murmured. The old man laid his hand softly on her head.

"He not only forgave the Magdalen, for her love of Him, but He vouchsafed to her the first sight of His face after His resurrection."

"I see," she said simply.

A little later she dozed off, but presently roused up again. A bell was ringing somewhere in the distance. It was the ushering in of the Christmas morn.

"What is that?" she asked feebly. He told her.

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"I think if I were well, if I could ever be good enough, I should like to join the church," she said. "I remember being baptized—long ago."

"You have joined it," he replied. "Just then the nurse brought her a glass."

"What is that?" she asked feebly. "A little wine." She held up a bottle in which a small quantity remained.

It seemed to the old preacher a sort of answer to his thought. "Have you bread here?" he asked the young woman. She went out and a moment later brought him a piece of bread.

He had often administered the early communion on Christmas morning, but never remembered a celebration that had seemed to him so real and satisfying. As he thought of the saints departed this life in the faith and fear of God, they appeared to throng about him as never before, and among them were the faces he had known and loved best on earth.

It was toward morning when he left; as he bade her good-bye he knew he should see her no more this side of heaven.

As he came out into the night the snow was falling, but the wind had died down and he no longer felt cold. The street was empty, but he no longer felt lonely. He seemed to have got nearer to God's throne.

Suddenly, as he neared his house, a sound fell on his ears. He stopped short and listened. Could he have been mistaken? Could that have been a baby's cry? There was no dwelling near but his own, and on that side only the old and unoccupied stable in the yard whence the sound had seemed to come. A glance at it showed that it was dark and he was moving on again to the house when the sound was repeated. This time there was no doubt of it. A baby's wail came clear on the silence of the night from the unused stable. A thought that it might be some poor foundling flashed into his mind. The old man turned and, stumbling across the yard, went to the door.

"Who is here?" he asked of the dark. There was no answer, but the child wailed again and he entered the dark building, asking again, "Who is here?" as he groped his way forward. This time a voice almost inarticulate answered. Holding his dim little lantern above his head, he made his way inside, peering into the darkness, and presently, in a stall, on a lot of old litter, he descried a dark and shapeless mass from which the sound came. Moving forward, he bent down, with the lantern held low, and the dark mass gradually took shape as a woman's form seated on the straw. A patch of white, from which a pair of eyes gazed up at him, became a face and, below, a small bundle clasped to her breast took on the lines of a babe.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, breathless with astonishment. She shook her head wearily and her

lips moved as if to say, "I didn't mean any harm." But no sound came. She only tried to fold the baby more warmly in her shawl. He took off his overcoat and wrapped it around her. "Come," he said firmly. "You must come with me," he added kindly; then, as she did not rise, he put out his hand to lift her, but, instead, suddenly set down the lantern and took the babe gently into his arms. She let him take the child, and rose slowly, her eyes still on him. He motioned for her to take the lantern, and she did so. And they came to the door. He turned up the walk, the babe in his arms, and she going before him with the lantern. The ground was softly carpeted with snow, the wind had died down, but the clouds had disappeared and the trees were all white, softly gleaming, like dream-trees in a dreamland. The old man shivered slightly, but not now with cold. He felt as if he had gone back and held once more in his arms one of those babes he had given back to God. He thought of the shepherds who watched by night on the Judean hills. "It must have been such a night as this," he thought.

As they reached his door he saw that some one had been there in his absence. A large box stood on the little porch and beside it a basket filled with things. So he had not been forgotten after all. The milkman also had called and for his customary small bottle of milk had left one of double the usual size. When he let himself in at the door, he took the milk with him. So the shepherds might have done, he thought.

It was long before he could get the fire to burn; but in time this was accomplished; the room grew warm and the milk was warmed also. The baby was quieted and was soon asleep in its mother's lap. And as the fire-light fell from the open stove on the child, in its mother's arms before the stove, the old man thought of a little picture he had once seen in a shop window. He had wanted to buy it, but he had never felt that he could gratify such a taste. There were too many calls on him. Then, as she appeared overcome with fatigue, the old man put her with the child in the only bed in the house that was ready for an occupant and, returning to the little living-room, ensconced himself in his arm-chair by the stove. He had meant to finish his sermon, but he was conscious for the first time that he was very tired. But he was also very happy. When he awoke he found that it was quite late. He had overslept and though his breakfast had been set out for him, he had time only to make his toilet and to go to church. The mother and child were still asleep in his room, the babe folded in her arm, and he stopped only to gaze on them a moment and to set the rest of the milk and his breakfast where the young mother could find it on awaking. Then he went to church, taking his half-finished sermon in his worn case. He thought with some dismay that it was unfinished, but the memory of the poor woman and the midnight communion, and of the young mother and her babe, comforted him; so he plodded on bravely. When he reached the church it was nearly full. He had not had such a congregation in a long time. And they were all cheerful and happy. The pang he had had as he remembered that he was to announce his resignation that day was renewed, but only for a second. The thought of the babe and its mother, warmed and fed in his little home, drove it away. And soon he began the service. He had never had such a service. It all appeared to him to have a new meaning. He felt nearer to the people in the pews than he ever remembered to have felt. They were more than ever his flock and he more than ever their shepherd. More, he felt nearer to mankind, and yet more near to those who

had gone before—the innumerable company of the redeemed. They were all about him, clad all in white, glistening like the sun. The heavens seemed full of them. When he turned his eyes to the window, the whole earth seemed white with them. The singing sounded in his ears like the choring of angels. He was now in a maze. He forgot the notice he had meant to give and went straight into his sermon, stumbling a little as he climbed the steps to the pulpit. He repeated the text and kept straight

on. He told the story of the shepherds in the fields watching their flocks when the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and told of the Babe in the manger who was Christ the

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Lord. He spoke for the shepherds. He pictured the shepherds watching through the night and made a plea for their loneliness and the hardship of their lives. They were very poor and ignorant. But they had to watch the flock and God had chosen them to be His messengers. The wise men would come later, but now it was the shepherds who first knew of the birth of Christ the Lord. He was not reading as was his wont. It was all out of his heart and the eyes of all seemed to be on him—of all in pews and of all that innumerable host about him.

He was not altogether coherent, for he at times appeared to confuse himself with the shepherds. He spoke as if the message had come to him, and after a while he talked of some experiences he had had in finding a child in a stable. He spoke as though he had really seen it. "And now," he said, "this old shepherd must leave his flock, the message has come for him."

He paused and looked down at his sermon and turned the leaves slowly, at first carefully and then almost aimlessly. A breath of wind blew in and a few leaves slid off the desk and fluttered down to the floor. "I have been in some fear lately," he said, "but God has appeared to make the way plain. A friend has helped me, and I thank him." He looked around and lost himself. "I seem to have come to the end," he said, smiling simply with a soft, childish expression stealing over and lighting up his wan face. "I had something more I wanted to say, but I can't find it and—I can't remember. I seem too tired to remember it. I am a very old man and you must bear with me, please, while I try." He quietly turned and walked down the steps, holding on to the railing. As he stooped to pick up a loose sheet from the floor he sank to his knees, but he picked it up. "Here it is," he said with a tone of relief. "I remember now. It is

that there were shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and the light came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sound afraid, and the Angel said unto them:—

"Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

They reached him as he sank down and, lifting him, placed him on a cushion taken from a pew. He was babbling softly of a babe in a stable and of the glory of the Lord that shone round about them. "Don't you hear them singing?" he said. "You must sing too; we must all join them." At the suggestion of some one, a woman's clear voice struck up, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

and they sang it through as well as they could for sobbing. But before the hymn was ended the old shepherd had joined the heavenly choir and gone away up into heaven.

As they laid him in the chamber on the hill opening to the sunrise, the look in his face showed that the name of that chamber was Peace.

They talk of him still in his old parish, of the good he did, and of his peaceful death on the day that of all the year signified birth and life. Nothing was ever known of the mother and babe. Only there was a rumour that one had been seen leaving the house during the morning and passing out into the white-clad country. And at the little inn in the town there was vague wonder what had become of the woman and her baby who applied for shelter there that night before and was told that there was no place for her there, and that she had better go to the old preacher, as he took in all the tramps.—Superannuation Board of Episcopal Church, U.S.A.

## The Chaplain at a Casualty Clearing Station

(Continued from page 795.)

little bit er sport, rattin' or somefing wiv the gloves, yer know, I'd tell the boys abah't yer, an' we could show yer somefing good." To the Sister he confided, "That parson's a little bit of orl right, but 'e ain't got no bis'niss bein' a parson."

"Old Cherries," as everyone called him, was not "converted," but who shall say that the time spent with him was wasted?

By this time, the Chaplain has been round the wards; talking here, giving a magazine there, listening, perhaps for the twentieth time to an account of "how we got them Boches out of that trench," until the rattle of plates and mugs warns him that meal-time is approaching. Then he wanders away to his hut where, if he has a constitution like Jerome he reads theology, or as is more likely the case, and he is simply human, he gets hold of a copy of "Punch" or "Life" or a magazine, and tries to forget that he has been looking upon ghastly wounds and frightful burns, and the agony of men who would welcome death as a relief from their sufferings.

At lunch he cannot escape from the atmosphere of the wards, for the doctors will talk about the cases when they are together. It is, at first, a difficult task to go on eating whilst the more revolting symptoms of disease and wounds are under discussion, but after a time he gets used to it and thinks no more of the most blood-curdling things being spoken about at table, than if the perfume of roses was the topic of conversation.

At about two o'clock the Chaplain takes funerals. The day in which this is not his sad duty is a rare one. The bodies come wrapped and sewed in a blanket, covered with a Union

Jack, wheeled upon a stretcher. Every regard is paid to the dead. One becomes callous, but never so callous that he fails to pay respect to mortal remains. The cemeteries are very well cared for, and smile with roses, pansies, and forget-me-nots. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense, but custom never makes in those who dig the graves a property of easiness. It is always a comrade whose last resting place they prepare, and these bones cost more in the breeding than to play at loggarts with. It may be "an unknown soldier," or even a Boche, but here are none so poor as will not do him reverence. "Let's give 'em a decent grave," said one digger to me. "It's about all that anyone can give 'em now."

Where possible, and at a Casualty Clearing Station it is possible, robes should be worn. It is a little thing, but often means much, especially to the dead man's friends. If the grave-digger can trouble to ensure "a decent grave," the Chaplain can trouble to show his reverence. I always had a notion that it would be a trifle dishonest to thank God "that it had pleased Him" to deliver this my brother, in the full lusthood of his powers, and bubbling with the joy of living, "out of the miseries of this sinful world"; and so I managed to omit that part of the service, and used to hope, and still hope, that the Form may be revised so as to take a more genial view of life.

During the afternoon the wards may again be visited. Men are, somehow, more communicative then, and in the evening, than they are in the forenoon. At that time, also, they ask for letters to be written, and, although it is a long job, and some-

times monotonous, it is far better that the man himself should inspire the message, than that it should go in the Padre's formal phrases.

It is some months now since I left the C.C.S., but always associated with it is the thought of the keen consideration for those at home, displayed by the patients. Clear in my memory is the case of one man, with the top of his skull badly fractured, who insisted that I had to write and say that he was suffering from a severe cold. I remonstrated, but he was vehement in his protestations that "it was no good putting the wind up the old woman," and extracted a promise

from me that that was all I should say. It was a difficult position, for the man was clearly dying, and argument would have upset him, perhaps fatally. I had no desire to play with the feelings of his wife by telling her that her husband had a cold, and writing later to say that he was dead of a fractured skull. So I took down the letter from his dictation, then wrote an additional note giving the true facts of the case, broke my promise and sent them both. It may be that I was wrong in giving that promise, it was certainly wrong to break it, but these things can be governed by no clear-cut rules,—and a

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man must use his common sense some times.

There is always a temptation to overdo ward work. One feels that here is an unrivalled opportunity for getting at the men. Usually they have come from the jaws of death, and, for the first time perhaps for weeks, have an opportunity for quiet thought. They are plastic to religious influences, and one dreads to let a chance slip by. At the same time, dealing with wounded men is a great strain upon the nerves and sympathies, and the gangrenous atmosphere of the wards is a trying one. The Chaplain must get fresh air and exercise, and, although he may regret having to forego many valuable conversations, and talks which may be very fruitful, he must put the Hospital behind him, blot it out of his memory as far as possible, and get away. We may have only a limited time in which to work, but God has eternity. I found it an excellent plan to adopt other Units, such as detachments of Cavalry, Engineers, etc., and minister to them in addition to the wounded. Such variety keeps a man fresh, and enables him to carry out his work with greater energy.

Unless patients are being received there is little for the Padre to do after dinner. The men go to sleep early, and all that he can do is to stroll through the wards, and say “Good-night,” and perhaps pray with such men as his instinct leads him to. In the “Slightly Wounded” wards he may take a short Compline Service, but that depends upon circumstances—and the man.

If patients are being admitted in the evening, the Chaplain's hands are full. He hears the whistle which warns the Orderly Officer that an Ambulance from the Field Dressing Station is approaching, and hurries to the Receiving Room. The Ambulance is emptied by tender hands—usually men who have been wounded themselves, and so know what it is to be properly handled—and the sufferers are carried on stretchers into the Hut. Here the man's number, rank, name, unit, and nature of wounds are entered in a book; the Orderly Officer examines the Field Ambulance Card which accompanies each patient, ascertains as to whether morphia or some other drug has been administered, makes a rapid diagnosis of the case, and chalks upon the man's jacket the initial of the ward to which he is to go. It sometimes happens that a man gets as far as the Receiving Room, and then endurance fails, and life flickers out. If the Padre is present he may obtain the address of loved ones, and possible last messages which the dying man may desire to send. It may mean the difference between a heart at home that is sad, and a heart lit up by hope and pride, as to whether the message goes. From the Receiving Room the patient is taken to the ward, where his clothing is removed by the orderlies, and he is put into bed. Usually he goes to sleep at once. His pockets are turned out, and the contents placed in one of the small “trinket bags” which are sent out by the Red Cross and other organizations. This is hung at the head of his bed, within reach, and later becomes the receptacle of his most prized of souvenirs—the bullet or the splinter which has wounded him. If he is unconscious, and, as is usually the case, his pay book does not contain the address of his next-of-kin, it may be obtained from the letters found in the pockets, and so the Padre may write, and forestall the cold official notice. These searches reveal strange things. Crucifixes are commonly found in the pockets of Protestants of all denominations, but with them may sometimes be discovered post-cards of questionable taste, and letters which are better unread. The man is neither saint nor

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sinner, he is simply like us all. "Young Marias is sometimes found to be the sonne of Mars, and at other times the childe of Venus," says the wise Montaigne. " . . . We are all framed of flaps and patches and of so diverse a contecture that every peece and movement playeth his part. And there is as much difference found betweene us and ourselves as there is betweene ourselves and others." If a man dies his effects are sent home, and the Chaplain may save many a heart-ache by acting as unofficial censor.

The man who cannot make himself busy in the wards has something wrong with him. A patient requires a drink; a stretcher needs a hand; there is a sudden haemorrhage to report; a delirious man is attempting to get out of bed. In a hundred ways he may be useful, and more than justify his presence. He will have but too many opportunities of administering the Sacrament to the dying, he will have too many sad letters to write. He may get to bed at a reasonable hour, or he may take a breath of fresh air at dawn, and then lie down with his clothes on, to arise and begin the tragic round again. What does a Chaplain learn at a Casualty Clearing Station? Much. If he has eyes and ears, and, above all, a heart, he learns more than he teaches. He learns that human nature is bigger, and stronger, and more God-like than he dreamed. He learns that in the supreme crises of life it rises to the dignity of its Divine origin, and clothes itself with majesty. He learns the secret of the optimism of Christ, who could look serenely upon mankind—because he knew what was in man. A little knowledge of human nature may make a man a cynic, but deeper knowledge will give him a more genial opinion of his fellows. The superficial observer may see nothing in man but meanness and despair, but a Shakespeake, probing from hell to hell of human passions, will sit and smile at a generation ranked in gloomy noddings over life, and laugh his honeyed laugh, broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture.

The Chaplain learns that when all is said and done, the little differences of sect and creed are nothing. The Roman Catholic who has shared his bully-beef and blankets with the Methodist, now talks about his religion to an Anglican priest. The stern unbending Baptist who, in the days of creed warfare, neither gave nor asked quarter, now begs that he may partake of the Lord's Supper, with his messmates of the Church of England, before he dies.

It is the day of God. It is a day when the tattered robe of Christ is being hemmed together by bleeding hands. It is a day when through all the clouds and horrors of war, the Christ is claiming His own and seeing of the travail of His soul. It is a day when God is walking in His majesty upon the earth, and making even the wrath of men to praise Him.

And if we, here, at the heart of this great upheaval, hear with disgust the petty and bitter acrimonies of sectarian strife, which still prevail at home, and think with sorrow that not all the blood which has been shed has cemented the breaches in the walls of the Church of God, our comfort is, that they who quarrel about the mint and the anise and the cummin are doing so in ignorance; for they have not looked on life and death as we have; they have not seen the mean and petty trifles burned in the flame of finer things; they have not been where the voice of God is thundering—they have not known.

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