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Easter 1918

The . . . Capture of Jerusalem

Rev. CANON HEENEY, Winnipeg, Man

The following sermon was preached in St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday December 16th, but is specially suited to the Easter Season.

"The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation."—PSALM 132: 13.

AS a military accomplishment the fall of Jerusalem has been variously estimated. The "New York Sun" says: "The strategic value of Jerusalem is not insignificant. With the control that it gives over the Judæan hills, it places in the hands of the Allies the key to Galilee. It permits the penetration of the country to the north, the acquisition of Mt. Carmel, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee."

Major-General Maurice, director of military operations at the British War Office, views it in the larger light of the Egyptian-Sinai-Palestine campaign as a whole—and says, "The great achievement from a military point of view is not the defeat of the Turks, but the conquest of the Sinai desert. The troops who fought at Gaza drank water pumped from Egypt through a pipe line extended as the army advanced across the arid waste; and the supplies were carried over a broad-gauge railway, laid for that purpose clear across the 150 miles of the Sinai desert, which has defeated almost everybody that tried to conquer Egypt for centuries."

Here ends, therefore, for the time being at least, and we hope for ever, the ambition of the Turks and the Huns, to cut the Suez Canal, the main artery of Britain's life between the homeland and her Indian Empire. For this military victory alone, let us devoutly say, "God be praised."

Perhaps this is a fitting point in my address at which to mention a fact which should exalt the soul of every Briton, while yet it steadies him with a sense of added responsibility: the fall of Jerusalem brings the last of the Bible Lands under the protection and guidance of the British Empire. Egypt, the land of Abraham's sojournings, of Joseph's exile, of his brothers' visit for corn and reconciliation, of Israel's bondage for hundreds of years; Egypt, the birth-place of the infant Moses, the scene of his young manhood and education, the battlefield of his and God's historic fight with the powers of oppression and cruelty—Egypt is British.

Sinai, the wilderness through which Moses led the liberated rabble by the help of God for forty years—is British.

Mesopotamia, where Babylon and Nineveh flourished; the land of the conquerors, Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar; the lands wherein the sons of Jerusalem wept in their captivity and longed for their return to Zion—Mesopotamia is British. And now Palestine itself.

These are the countries in which the Bible was produced, and everyone of them has made its contribution of thought, feeling, colour, words and actions to the pages of the Old Testament or the New.

I do not know what Britons as a whole prize in the way of honour, but to me this is the most glorious, and at the same time, the most sobering fact in the annals of the British Empire. And not only so, but the distinction is peculiar to Britain in the history of the world. Perhaps it has a cause; I think it has. The people of the British Isles, more than those of any of the older nations, might be properly described as "the people of the Book." It was in an effort to give a worthy rendering of the Scriptures that England produced the chief monument of her own literature. More than any Church, ancient or modern, the established Church of England is the Church of the Book. And the British and Foreign Bible Society provides and sends forth the Scriptures in over four hundred languages to the nations of the earth. And was it not an honoured Queen of Britain who, when asked by an Indian chieftain, the secret of England's greatness, handed him a copy of the New Testament, saying as she did so, "Here is the secret of England's greatness." Today, with souls stirred to the depth, we celebrate the coming of the last of Bible lands under the control and direction of the British people. Here is a reward from the hands of God Himself, and at the same time, a trust more sacred than words can tell for the nations and races of the earth.

By way of contrast and warning may I not allude to the action, the ambition and the fate of Germany in this regard. Was it not her ambition

to hold sway in Bible lands, Palestine, Mesopotamia and Egypt? All the world knows that it was; to wit, we have the Kaiser's visit to the East; and the Bagdad railway; and the alliance of Turkey; and the scheme for the conquest of Egypt. Yes, it was her ambition to hold sway over these ancient and fertile lands.

Is it not significant, therefore, that this honour has been denied a people who have shredded the Bible during the past fifty years and sapped it of its meaning; who have not only broken its law, but trampled its precepts under foot; who have done violence to all its ideas of purity and kindness; and for Him, Who personified Divine love and truth and righteousness substituted in the minds and affections of the German people, men who call Christ a weakling, and preached the doctrine of blood and iron. Is it not significant, I say, that they have missed their goal in Bagdad, in Jerusalem, in Egypt, though they have sacrificed everything for its attainment, though they have said; "Might will carry us to the goal; right may be disregarded for the present"—though they have said, "We will first be enthroned by power, and then right may sit at our royal feet."

The people who have done violence to the Bible and its teaching are not to be entrusted with the guardianship of Bible lands.

Let me now touch upon another aspect of the matter—the effect of the fall of Jerusalem on the prestige of the nations concerned, namely Turkey, Britain and Germany.

We need not spend much time over its effect on Turkey as a separate power; for our purpose, it and Germany may go together as they do in the war. All the world is now aware that the Empire of the Sultan is but the Empire of the Kaiser, masquerading as an independent ally. All the world knows that the harlot Empire of the Bosphorus has sold herself to her money masters and war lords of Berlin. Great Britain gave notice to Turkey that the day she entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, she would place the seal of fate on her own destiny. She made her choice; at the present hour she is paying the price—even the semblance of nationhood is fading from her dominions. Moreover, the leadership of the Moslem world has been wrested from her keeping. "In June, 1916, Turkish prestige was given a staggering blow by the successful revolt of the Shereef of Mecca, when the Moslem Holy of Holies was torn away from the Caliphate." Thus with Mecca looking to Britain for protection; with Jerusalem gone to Britain; with Bagdad gone, the prestige of Constantinople and of Berlin has suffered a shock through Asia Minor and the whole region between the Bosphorus and the Persian Gulf.

On the other hand. With Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia and India under the inspiration and control of Great Britain, she is the largest and most influential Moslem power in the world. British prestige is mightily enhanced with the Moslem world at her back.

But the wonderful event which we celebrate today before the Throne of God wins another race and another ancient religion to the side and support of Britain and her Allies. For the Jew is concerned in the fall of Jerusalem. The Hebrew has been called "the race of the wandering foot." They have no homeland. It is two thousand five hundred years since there was a Jewish native land; yet they remain Hebrew, they remain Jewish. There is nothing like this in human records. Their history is a history of dispersions, captivities, and restorations. To-day they are more numerous than ever, more Jewish than ever, more widely scattered among all the other races of the world than ever.

What are they pondering over at this moment, those children of Abraham, spread abroad like the stars of heaven, numerous as the sand on the sea shore for multitude, yet indestructible in their characteristics and in their faith? Why, to-day they are like one awakening from a slumber, one to whom a dream has come true. Their hopes cherished through the centuries bid fair to take shape before their eyes. Jerusalem has been wrested from the Turk; Palestine is free. "Palestine, the land of your fathers' sepulchres, is within your own grasp, O Israel. Awake, O Sons of Jacob of every land; the flag of freedom is once more on the battlements of Zion!" But what flag is it? "Look again, ye Jews, dispersed among the nations—it is the flag of Britain, whose statesmen said but the other day, 'His Majesty's Government views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people.' Thus it comes to pass that the capture of Jerusalem is the winning of the whole Jewish race to the side of Britain. She becomes the hope of this scattered race, the object of Jewish prayers, and the recipient of Jewish support and influence."

But this winning of the Jews has a deeper meaning. Do you not suppose that Hebrew children, Hebrew women, yea, and hard-headed business men among them will look upon, and study, and scrutinize and ponder over that flag which now they love as none other? And will it not dawn upon thousands of these bright Jewish minds, that it is in reality a Jewish flag, that its distinctive symbol is the cross on which the greatest of the Hebrew prophets was put to death two thousand years ago, outside the very city on whose walls and towers it floats to-day in triumph?

Why, behold a wonderful thing, the two mightiest of the old religions are looking to Jesus Christ. Millions, hundreds of millions of Mohammedans crying, "Allah! Allah!" Millions, tens of millions of Jews calling on "Jehovah," and in Britain, the Empire of the open Bible and the Cross, their friend and trusted companion, guarding their sacred place, acknowledging their rights, respecting their aspirations. Moslems who have trampled upon His cross, and Jews who once despised and rejected Him, whose dying upon it has made it famous and the symbol of love Divine and human, rejoice to-day in its protection and its freedom.

Is it not worth much thought on our part that the Holy City has come into our keeping just at this time? Britain is about to experience on her western front the supreme test of her will, strength and endurance. Jerusalem comes to us therefore as a kind of assurance from God that He is with us still, and at the same time as a definition, as a setting forth of our own national and allied goal. But what does Jerusalem stand for, what is her special significance among the cities of the world? I answer; Jerusalem stands for spiritual empire—nay, more, for the enduring character of spiritual empire.

This is something which the Jews as a people failed to see; it was clear, however, to the prophets, clearer still to Jesus. Jerusalem is alone in this distinction, in this standing for spiritual empire, and the permanence of it. Call up the names of the great cities of old—Babylon, Nineveh, Rome—they stood, each of them in turn, for world empire. Have they remained, these ancient centres of world dominion? They have not. Babylon and Nineveh are but grass-covered mounds in a land of devastation; Rome has clung to a show of her ancient greatness only through her association with the enduring Kingdom of Christ. Jerusalem was never the centre of world power; for a little time she was the capital city of a little nation, but that passed and the Jews brought destruction upon themselves and their city when they sought world empire like Babylon, Nineveh and Rome. It is Jerusalem's glory to be the spiritual capital of the world, and even after centuries of grinding under the heel of despotism, she is that spiritual capital to-day.

But why do I say that Jerusalem has that spiritual empire at the present time? Because I recall what happened yesterday (Saturday). Yesterday, throughout every land, the Jews were at worship; they read the law of Moses and the prophets, the law that came forth from Sinai and the prophets who spoke in Jerusalem. I say that she is the spiritual mistress of the world because of the spectacle which meets the eye of my imagination at this hour; this Sunday morning, throughout Canada and the Empire, and all the nations, I see men and women at prayer in the buildings which stand for the Christian Church; I see them reading from the law and the prophets and the gospels, all of which came forth from Zion to spiritualize the world. I say Jerusalem stands out for spiritual empire among the cities of all time, on this account also that Jesus taught in her Temple courts, and on the sides of the hills which stand round about her; Jesus was crucified outside her northern Gate; Jesus rose from the dead in the Garden beyond her confines—thus becoming the spiritual hope of all men for this life and that which is to come.

And so I conclude that Jerusalem comes to us standing for spiritual empire in this greatest moment of our own Empire's history to define, to set forth the real purpose of our own existence in world affairs. On the western front the real Armageddon is breaking. Britons at home, Britons abroad, the goal of your Empire is not only to possess the city of Jerusalem but to perpetuate her spiritual empire. To your knees, O sons of freedom, and pray—then to your trenches and fight.

According to a statement made by Dr. Mott, the two universities—Cambridge and Oxford—have given more men to the European war than have been asked for from all Christendom for the evangelization of the non-Christian world.

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Japan

Rev. C. H. Shortt, Niigata

"Glorify ye the Lord in the East, even the home of the Lord, the God of Israel, in the Isles of the Sea."—ISAIAH XXIV., 15 (Revised Version).

ABOUT the year 64 St. Paul wrote his last letter to his son Timothy, whom he had left in charge of the Church at Ephesus, that Church which he had founded ten years before amid such dramatic scenes as we read about in Acts 19. For thirty years after this we hear nothing of Ephesus nor of the rest of the work in Roman Asia and then about 96 A.D. we find messengers to the Seven Churches of Asia, now all strong centres of work. Why this long silence? One reason for it, and probably the only reason, is that there was nothing to record, nothing striking, that is, nothing dramatic, nothing but the work the missionaries were sent to do. All things went on quietly during those years, the Kingdom extending from man to man, from the little gathering in somebody's house to the organized church in town after town. In the earlier days one can easily imagine a missionary returning to Antioch, finding in the story of the riot in the Ephesian theatre the best possible material for a stirring address to the Christians who had sent him out; but from Nero to Domitian nothing like that seemed to happen in Asia. There was nothing but steady growth; and that provides poor material for missionary visitors and missionary meetings. It is all so hard to see, so hard to describe, so commonplace. It makes one think of the story in St. Mark 4:26-29, "as if a man should cast seed upon the earth and should sleep and rise night and day and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how." And so it seems to have gone on for thirty years, and then "the full corn in the ear" attracted the attention of the authorities, St. John was sent to Patmos, and some striking literature was the result.

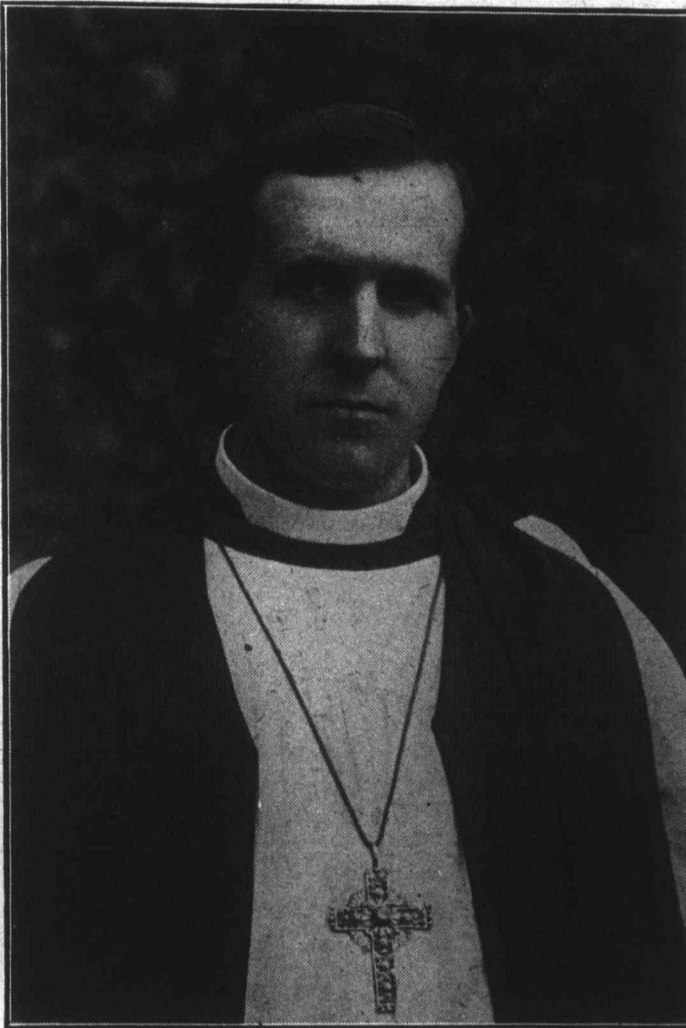
Now leave the extreme west of Asia and come to the far east of it; leave the first century and come to this one. Perhaps we can find here something parallel.

We have just been commemorating the 30th anniversary of the Japanese Church, and that has made us do a little looking backward. Just thirty years ago our Canadian part of the work here began in the city of Nagoya, when Mr. Robinson was sent there by Bishop Bickersteth, and there was no other work in the provinces which now form the Diocese of Mid-Japan. At the end of the thirty years we have our Seven Churches, seven centres of work,—Nagoya, Gifu, Toyohashi, Matsuyama, Nagano, Takata and Niigata. Is there any further resemblance? I think there is. Our work here is not easy to make interesting to other people, for it has so little about it that can be readily seen. We have nothing so concrete to show as our honoured brothers in Central Africa, where a village of savages can be contrasted with a Christian one; nor have we big institutions to point at, which might be taken as evidences of progress. Travellers complain that whereas in India and China they saw schools and hospitals managed by missionaries, and were able to get good snapshots of them to make lantern slides, in Japan they found nothing to shoot at but a lot of ugly little churches and preaching places. Beautiful ready-made slides showing bridges and Buddhist temples, falls and wondrous mountains they could get in abundance, but nothing to illustrate the missionary work. "There is nothing to see," they complain; and they are right. There is not. If they are fortunate enough to be able to attend a special preaching somewhere, they may find the crowd interesting, but beyond that they are likely to be disappointed; for it is not probable that the preacher will have any better success than St. Paul had at Athens; and it will be this much worse, that the Japanese Dionysius and Damaris will not become inquirers for some time after the preaching; and when they do they will probably apply through a third party. So there will be no results to talk about, so far as the traveller is concerned.

The matter cannot be put better than in the words of Canon Gould, in the pamphlet, "Three Questions," page 38, (where the whole passage from page 34 to page 42 should be read). He says: "Educational and medical work are not features of missionary activity in Japan, for the reason that the state system of education and the native medical profession are of such high stand-

ing as to render missionary efforts in these directions unnecessary, and indeed almost impossible. "The eager feet of the government have carried the light of education into every isolated district and village far in advance of the tardy progress of the messengers of the Gospel." "So in Japan the Mission Hospital and the Mission School are conspicuous by their absence. The direct impact of the Gospel is the direct and decisive force in the hands of the missionaries."

Exactly;—and that is impossible to illustrate with pictures or to describe in words. The work is mainly personal, individual, mental and spiritual; just as it must have been in the days when the earliest missionaries took the new Light into the civilized provinces of the Roman Empire. Until now, so far as I know, the Church has never since then undertaken the conversion of a civilized people; and it should not be surprising if the work is slow. But it is not slow. In the last thirty years "a little one has become a thousand," almost literally in our case; but to be more nearly accurate we must add about 200 more to give our Mid-Japan share of the Japanese Christians. The whole Sei Ko Kwai share is in the neighbourhood of 26,000, or about an eighth of the whole Christian population. Even from the viewpoint of the counting of converts the record is far from discouraging. In a wider view, when we see the way Japanese speaking and writing are becoming



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST REV. COSMO GORDON LANG, D.D., P.C.; Lord Archbishop of York and Primate of England.

permeated with Christian thought and ideals, we are tempted to prophesy a great spontaneous Christian movement which will make all foreign aid needless. Be that as it may, our present duty is clear, and we must go on with our spade-work in the plot assigned to us as well as we can with an inadequate staff. If Canada can send us three more priests to take charge of Nagaoka, Ueda, and the Province of Hida, our whole field will at least be within reach. What will the next 30 years have to show?

The people who always are suspiciously watching lest someone infringe upon their rights are very likely to overlook the greatest right of all—the right to be generous and kind. Watching people as probable enemies is an attitude which makes it almost impossible to treat them as friends. As someone has said, the best thing about our rights is that, being ours, we can do as we please with them. We can fence in our property, watch our privileges, and jealously guard every jot and tittle that belongs to us, but we never can live a happy life in that way. We are protecting our so-called rights at the expense of wasting our blessings, and are missing our share of the love and the usefulness that make up life's happiness.—"Northwestern Christian Advocate."

New Quebec

VEN. J. E. WOODALL

THIS title sounds strange. We are familiar with Old Quebec and New Ontario, but we have scarcely yet found a niche in our brain for New Quebec. The clay belt knows no provincial boundary. It stretches far east into Northern Quebec, as it stretches far west into Northern Ontario. There is nothing on the face of nature to mark the dividing line between the two new countries. On either side of the line the appearance of the country is the same. The undulating rolling land of New Ontario rolls on into New Quebec. It is covered with one type of bush. Innumerable rivers and lakes with here and there a muskeg intersect the country. Dr. Renison once referred to this country as Mesopotamia. Whether it was the swarms of insects by day and night that stimulated his imagination on that occasion, or the fact that wherever you find yourself in this northland, there are rivers to the right of you and rivers to the left of you, that suggested the comparison, it was certainly not the 5 feet of snow which, at this season of the year cover the face of the earth in these parts. Struggling through the deep snow last week, with the mercury 32 degrees below nothing, and a 40-mile gale blowing, with both my ears frozen, and feet freezing, it was not Mesopotamia I was thinking of but Kipling's well-known limerick.

There was a little boy of Quebec,
Who stood buried in snow to his neck.
When asked, "Are you friz?"
Said he, "Yes I is,
But we don't call that cold in Quebec."

In the winter New Quebec is a land of snow and ice, but in the summer it is a well-watered garden—potentially. The possibilities of this new country are great. Some of the finest pulp limits to be found in the Sub-Arctic forest lie in New Quebec. Fish abound in all the rivers and lakes, and in several places a brisk fishing industry is developing. New Ontario and New Quebec may be compared to two new-born children, so alike at birth that one can scarcely tell "tother from which." They are each being carefully nurtured by their respective mothers, who are sisters. They are each destined to develop the form and features of the mother who bore them, but with marked characteristics of their own. But a deeper and more interesting question is—How far will these youngsters as they grow up develop the features of their respective aunts? It is rash to prophecy, but at the present time it seems probable that some of the predominant features of Old Quebec will be strongly represented in New Ontario. In this new land the Roman Church is very aggressive and overshadows Protestantism. There are settlements in New Ontario almost entirely French and Roman. Over the border there is no Protestant community with its church and school and pastor. Whether rightly or wrongly we cannot begin to compete with Rome in her schemes of colonization and land settlement.

From Cochrane for 184 miles down east along the Canadian Government Railway there is no Protestant Church and only one Protestant minister at work—an Anglican. Along this line, for the sake of the few scattered families, the Rev. G. F. Knox has opened a chain of missions which it has recently been my duty to visit. Leaving Cochrane on Friday evening I arrived at Nottaway River Saturday morning, where I was met by an old friend and fellow helper from Rupert's House, my old mission in James Bay. We walked together to the Hudson Bay store, and here I felt quite at home with Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who showed me much kindness. We talked. Of course we did, for at Nottaway there is little else to do but to eat and sleep and talk, and it is very rarely they get a stranger there to talk to. We discussed all kinds of subjects, historical, social, scientific and religious. My new friend, an ex-artillery man, is thoroughly well read, and like so many of the old Hudson Bay men, has digested his food. How he enjoyed presenting his views on some point in reply to my questions to "draw him out!" Both he and his wife are splendid forces for righteousness in the place. I found seven Protestant families at Nottaway, two of them being Indian, from my old mission. Sunday is observed with all decorum. Every Sunday evening they gather together in John Iserhoff's house for prayer and praise. We had Sunday School in the after-

noon and service in the evening, at which the congregation numbered 20 and the collection amounted to \$8.50. The night before I left we again met together for the Holy Communion. It was a delightful time of fellowship. Some were there whom I had baptized, taught in the school and married in our church at Rupert's House.

Leaving Nottaway I came up the line 72 miles to O'Brien, passing several places, entirely French and Roman, such as Amos, with a population of 1,200 without, I am told, a single Protestant. In O'Brien, a divisional town, we have three Protestant families, Anglican, Baptist and Presbyterian. As the Anglican family lives in the bunk house we had our service in the house of the Baptist, who entertained the whole church to supper.

The day following I reached Low Bush and was the guest of a Presbyterian. Here I found six Protestant families, all Presbyterians or Methodists, but as we are the only Church working among them, all united in the Anglican form of worship. We had a joyful time together, numbering in all 20, at our service, including one Romanist who told me afterwards that she enjoyed the service very much. The singing here was led by two young men with harp and violin, while the old father who possessed in his day, I should think, a really fine voice, acted as precentor. I left Low Bush on Sunday and came on to Brower where we have 14 Protestant families of all denominations. My train was late so some of the congregation had gone home. Others were waiting, some of them having come in for the occasion, a distance of four miles. The absent members had to be rounded up. While awaiting their arrival we sang hymns for over an hour. There were 20 present when we commenced our service. Where they all sat in that little log cabin is a mystery beyond solution. That night I was the guest of some Free Methodists. When we reached home we talked over our respective positions as Church people. We realized something of the "Communion of Saints," but I never felt more thankful that I was an Anglican than I did that night as those devout people expatiated on their views of Holiness, Perfection, Second Blessing, and the Hornerite Third Blessing which they had not attained to. The bigoted Anglican left early next morning for a 10-mile walk to Cochrane. Passing Abitibi I stayed about 5 hours at the station, having service in the baggage room at 3 p.m. This service was in some ways the best of all. Although a very stormy afternoon the women and children came in from every direction. One lady told me that it was the first time she had been out of the bush for four years. A little boy of 10 years of age said it was the first church service he had ever attended. He was a proud boy when I asked him to take up the collection. The 7-mile walk to Cochrane in a snow storm brought to a close a trip which I shall always look back upon with delight. Wherever I went the people seemed so pleased and grateful for a visit, short as it was. I preached one sermon 184 miles long. It was like "Home, Sweet Home," with variations. The text was, "Thou shalt worship." The theme, "The obligation of worship." The application, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." I endeavoured to show from the exhortation that worship consisted of: (1) Thanksgiving. (2) Praise. (3) Instruction. (4) Prayer with Confession and Penitence as a prerequisite, and I illustrated the whole from the construction of our incomparable Anglican Liturgy. Is it worth while maintaining this mission? This question has been raised. What do you think? Are we, the Pioneer Church of the north, to leave 30 Protestant families destitute of all spiritual ministrations because many of them are not of our fold? Have we not a duty to our own members, few though they may be? When I think of it I remember the words of a faithful Roman priest in the Far North. Many of his people had left his Church and were joining the Anglican Communion. Others were slipping and sliding. Our catechist, an Indian, asked him if he would not "sell out" and "pull out." "No," replied the faithful priest. "So long as one of my flock remains faithful to me I will come for the sake of that one," and he had to come 300 miles. We must do likewise.

Of such a spirit is the Rev. G. F. Knox, our missionary. It is a peculiar work he has to do, and I know of no one more fitted to do it. Faithful to his scattered flock his ministrations are acceptable to all. Said a woman to me on my trip. "When Mr. Knox enters my house he seems to bring Christ with him." There is the secret of his power and influence. It is not the orator nor the scholar we need in the backwoods. Such gifts in logwood cabins would seem out of place, but men in touch with God. Let us pray for a blessing on our brother who is the pioneer of our Church in New Quebec.

A Unique Bishop

BEHIND some tall, balm of Gilead trees, a few lilac bushes, and a solitary Manitoba maple, on 103rd Street, Edmonton, stands the red brick house which is the private residence of the Right Rev. Henry Allen Gray, Lord Bishop of the new Diocese by the foot hills of the Rockies, which has for its see city the young and beautiful capital of Alberta. As one approaches the front entrance he observes the sign "Office" in gold letters on a black ground, and a finger pointing round the corner of the building to a doorway which admits to the Bishop's working quarters. Thus Dr. Gray separates home from business, and you say, "wise man!" "He makes himself get-at-able by his clergy without distressing his household or causing his visitors to feel that they are a trouble to any of its inmates." You knock and are ad-



RT. REV. H. ALLEN GRAY, D.D.,
Bishop of Edmonton, Canada.

mitted by the Bishop himself, a man lacking but little of six feet in height; he is clean shaven, has blue eyes, a hooked nose, and fair hair; he is good looking almost to the point of being handsome, is young in spite of his fifty-four years, and altogether is such an one as puts you to wondering how in the world a gentleman of his type and bearing having such a romantic name as "Henry Allen Gray" could have succeeded in remaining a bachelor unto this day. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in his singular attachment to his mother who through his clerical life has been his constant companion and the head of his household. The Bishop will show you a picture anent the subject, one which is both humorous and explanatory; it is called "House Cleaning at the Palace," and is a photograph of himself in overalls, holding a mop stick with one hand, while the other arm is thrown around his mother who is wearing a sunbonnet and a long apron, and has a broom in her hand; manifestly both mother and son are enjoying the situation. This reveals two well marked characteristics of the Bishop; the love of his mother and a keen sense of humour. I cannot recollect that Bishop Gray laughed while I was with him, but I have this memory, that his sharp features wore always a suppressed smile.

I called at the Episcopal residence during a brief visit to Edmonton, not only to pay my re-

spects to the occupant of that See, but to talk over with him what might be done to celebrate in a fitting manner the centenary of the Church in the West, which falls in 1920. Interesting as the subject was to both of us, the time spent in conversation about it was but brief when an event occurred to divert attention from it; a boy of about fourteen entered, and Bishop Gray revealed at once his dominant interest and his peculiar strength of character. He stepped toward the chap, put his two hands on the shoulders of his young visitor, looked him straight in the eyes, understood what the lad had come for, gave a few kind but firm words of direction—said: "Now remember, I depend on you," and was about to send him away when he bethought himself, turned, picked up a little parcel from the table and handed it to the boy, saying, "Take this for the kids."

The Bishop had on a clerical collar but was not in episcopal habit, on the contrary he wore a dark grey Norfolk suit. The man in him dominates the ecclesiastic. I said, "Bishop, it was delightful to see your treatment of that boy." Then there was no more use talking centenary. Bishop Gray, or Henry Allen Gray, as I like to think of him, was off on his favourite subject—the boy and the boy problem—though he repeated, "There is no boy problem, it is a man problem." In a moment the telephone rang, it was another boy, to whom the Bishop said, "Now, don't fail; 2 o'clock is the hour."

"And who pray is this, my lord?" I enquired. "A news boy who wants to learn something, and I take him every day at 2 o'clock in history, grammar and other subjects."

"You are interested specially in the news boys then, my lord?"

"Yes, indeed, they are all my chums. I have held a news boys' license myself these many years."

At a later hour that morning I had the pleasure of walking with his Lordship along the main street of the city as the noon edition of the local papers was being announced by resounding boy-voices. As we passed one of these chaps the Bishop called out, "Hello Jack," and beckoned to him to come forward. The newsy flew up to the Bishop who put his arm across the boy's shoulder and spoke words redolent with intimacy, and in a moment the lad was off again shouting his papers. As we proceeded the Bishop remarked:—

"As Judge of the Juvenile Court, a position which I still hold, I have had this boy under my care for four years and he is now doing splendidly."

But to return for a moment to the Bishop's study. We see here many evidences of his work for boys; there, is a group-photograph of the first cadet corps in the Province, which the Bishop organized and commanded; and there, hangs a scout uniform, for the Bishop is a Scout Master; and here, is a collection of photographs arranged on the wall of "My Boys at the Front"; "Forty of these were among the first members of my Cadet Corps." Taking down one of these photographs the Bishop remarked, "This boy is a trumpeter—he is a Roman Catholic. Let me read you a letter which I recently received from him." Going to a file, the Bishop drew forth a large number of these letters from which he selected one and read it to me. It was full of stirring manly affection of a true-hearted boy to a true-hearted man.

As Dr. Gray laid the letter aside he remarked; "I am not trying to make Churchmen of these boys, but only to help them form their habits on strong lines. I urge them to attend their own Church whatever it may be and to be loyal in their devotion to it."

The Bishop takes a deep interest in men as well as in boys, and has recently formed an Anglican Men's Club for the discussion of interesting and important subjects, such as personal purity—helping the returned soldiers to regain a footing in the community, shorter hours of work, wages, and conditions under which men live and labour. He insists on every one of his clergy keeping in touch with the output of the New Social Service Council. In relation to which the Bishop holds that the men of the West must not only receive, but give counsel as well.

"We have our own problems and our own standpoint," he said. "We must discuss these and forward the result of such discussion to the headquarters of the Council. We cannot adopt any cut-and-dried plan of action submitted by the East—but we are willing to co-operate as far as possible."

Dr. Gray is also a notable man among Bishops of the Anglican Church because of his interest in the Y.M.C.A. "I attend regularly when I can and insist on all my clergy taking an active part. I

(Continued on page 193.)

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Opening Bales

DEACONESS STAPLETON,
Lac la Ronge, Sask.

TALK about the "Pleasures of Anticipation," it is nothing to the pleasures of opening W.A. bales! I guess our Principal's wife struck the right note when she said: "Now don't you all just feel like singing the Doxology? I know I do!" as she and I, and the "Superintendent of our Culinary Department," sat expectantly round the 26 bales and boxes that were strewn around awaiting our attention, the Principal rolling and tugging them in for us, one by one, into the room we had emptied for the occasion.

Feeling a pleasurable excitement at the work ahead of us, our scissors and penknives soon made short work of the outside covering of sacking. Such useful stuff, too, and glad we were to have a new supply of it, for we had about come to an end of it, and now, it is mostly covering the potatoes in the cellar, to help to keep them from freezing! And, too, what would the girls do for scrubbing attire if not arrayed in a piece of sacking? Or for cleaning fish either, thus protecting their aprons and dresses that the W.A. so generously provides them with year after year, for we do try to teach the children to take care of their clothes. And the rope, too, must be carefully rolled up to be used for such purposes as clothes lines; little fingers soon get all the string unravelled and put tidily away in the string box, as our year's supply. And broken wrapping paper! Why it keeps the fire burning in the stove as we work, as we stuff it in with a merry laugh, and saves an armful or so of our precious wood that the boys have to chop down, pile in cordwood, fetch from the bush, chop up smaller and carry around the house to the 15 stoves, for no furnace do we possess in this school as yet. It isn't made that way—our wooden packing case of a building—the wind, and the rain, and the snow take walks through the cracks when they feel that way inclined. But our Principal goes on improving it all the time, and we make it as cosy and homelike as we can, especially in our own little 10 x 10 dens, where we spend the night and any moments of leisure we may happen to chance upon in the day. But they are few and far between, when minds and energies have to be actively on the stretch from 6 a.m. till 8 p.m. and maybe a little less, so while the 50 children safely sleep in their dormitories, their tired-out guardians try to do the same. Tired? Yes, tired out, working so shorthanded month after month.

Happy? Well, could any life be happier when you are just about your Master's business? That is all. So we keep smiling, especially when opening bales and bringing to light the treasures packed, maybe more than a year before, by the loving hands of unknown friends, hundreds, maybe thousands, of miles away. For, arriving at the end of their train journey, they must perforce remain there accumulating till the rivers and lakes are frozen over, and horse sleighs can deliver them safely at their destination, another ten days' or a fortnight's journey, if the snow is deep, up through the snowy, tractless wilds of the Northland to this Indian Boarding School.

As the list of contents is found in each bale, it is carefully pinned into a blank book, and notes made as to sender, etc., for comparison with the letters on file that have arrived likely months before, saying the bale was dispatched on such a date. A whole day and a half was thus spent in merely opening and sorting into piles of everything, as bale after bale was brought in. And then came the sorting out and more leisurely examination of our beautiful piles of treasures, and deciding how everything could be used to the best advantage. We wish the donors and packers could only see how much their thoughtful gifts can give of keen pleasure and happiness to these isolated workers in the cold Northland, who from year's end to year's end only see each other, while practically the only communication with the out-

side world is the arrival of the monthly mail, which may or may not all get through, for it depends whether it be horse team, dog team, or canoe that brings it the last half of the two hundred and forty miles from town. And now to divide the spoil! Just look! Three short strips of pretty gray rag carpet! Why, it is just the very thing for our staff sitting room, that our Principal enlarged for us in time for Christmas and panelled with burlap and made a wondrous window for it, with 30 panes. True, it has only home-made furniture, barrel chairs and such like, but it really looks most elegant, especially now with its new carpet and a couple of new pictures on the walls with actual glass in front of them. The floor also gives one a feeling that one had somehow got out on the briny ocean and the deck was a bit aslant, as the foundations are somewhat rotten, and one wonders if the house intends falling over on its nose sometime in the near future. However, it has been jacked up as one of our Principal's odd jobs by way of putting off the evil day till the war ends and the people and the Government begin to look around once more to see what

Wish you could see it, you'd smile. Hasn't a window in it, but a dozen or so doors, and that carpet looks fine! And three mats of real carpet, too! Where shall they go? Well, they are speedily beautifying three staff bedrooms. And two pretty plates. "Almost too pretty to use," is the comment. They must adorn the staff table. For one simply craves to see something else than that ironstone china, with chips out around the edge. A new enamel wash basin for the kitchen, and a fine, big enamel saucepan (so badly needed), and a ladle and a dish and sundry like odds and ends. All so useful. And here among many other carefully packed groceries is actually cocoa! Why, we haven't seen such a thing for months! And a great big, brown Betty teapot. Just the thing for serving the cocoa in at night for the evening staff lunch. And strawberry and apple jam, and prunes. Our homemade blueberry and raspberry preserves had got a trifle monotonous as the winter went on. The Indian women bring any amount for us in the summer, and trade for anything we've got to give them. Besides berries and moosemeat and fish, they will bring moose-skin leather and moccasins to trade.

And imagine the number of moccasins that are needed to keep 50 boys and girls well shod all through the winter! And here in our store is where all our surplus articles of clothing and every bit of secondhand clothing to be spared go off like hot cakes! For besides being exchanged for food-stuffs and leather, these things can be used largely for payment of work. And, too, when they have it, they will bring money to spend, which, of course, is big profit on both sides. The Indians, when they are around the Mission, just clamour for old quilts that have done duty for long on the children's beds, and men, women and children's clothing of all sorts. In fact, our "store" saves the school hundreds of dollars every year by disposing of what we do not particularly need (and why hoard up things when others have need of them), and get in exchange what we do need, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned? It is no kindness to the Indian to pauperize him, as so many consider is the only way to treat him. We want to make a self-respecting man of him, not a beggar!

So a use is found for everything, and anything that arrives by our bales, except that sort of ancient secondhand book that neither amuses nor instructs ourselves, nor the children, nor our ex-pupils, nor is any help to anyone now on earth, except to start a fire burning! Missionaries are really only very ordinary people, just as human as the rest of mankind, with a great liking for candies, and chocolates, and pretty and comfortable things about them. The only thing is that they get more opportunities for learning to do without, than the rest of the world, which, somehow, becomes second nature to them, the longer they live in the wilds.

What a lovely pile of quilts! We never can get enough of them in this Mission, anyway! For these winter nights, with the thermometer away below zero (and there are no storm windows, either), one likes to be warm and snug in bed when the fires have gone out, though a couple of boys are up about 4.30 a.m. getting them all going again and the house warm (wind and weather permitting) and the porridge cooked and kettles boiling ready for the girls, who come down to get the breakfast ready by 7 a.m. The dormitories have been provided these seven years past with iron bedsteads, but the Government did not provide mattresses with them. We are delighted to hear they are now on their way to us from the W.A., for that means fewer quilts on each bed, and so more for the "store." "Why not use ticking stuffed with hay?" some naturally ask. But no one would ask such a question if they saw a couple of our boys, or the Principal himself, get up in the small hours of a cold winter's morning, long before daybreak and drive many a long mile up the lake through the deep snow, returning after dark or next day with their precious load of hay for the two horses and the cow and heifer and calf. For all the world that isn't water and rock up here, is covered with trees and thick brush, with small chance for any good hay land beyond a tiny patch here and there, probably miles away, that is searched for and cut with great care in summer, to be fetched in

(Continued on page 192.)



A HAPPY EASTER MORNING.

they can do with all their money. Meanwhile, we keep very healthy in our well ventilated dwelling. In fact, we "make a specialty of draughts," as our veteran Archdeacon assures us every time he looks in upon us. And the doctor who calls once a year for a couple of days with the Treaty Party, always tells us he never saw a healthier bunch of Indian children. His chief job used to be to take out offending teeth, but now that our Principal has taken over that job, too (as well as stitching up a chopped off thumb the other day), we are told that for purposes of economy the yearly visit of a doctor is no longer considered necessary by the powers that be. In fact, the last Treaty Doctor was hurriedly, and at great expense, sent for, as someone developed typhoid in the school after he left, but as he had got about a week's journey off, he did not feel like returning. However, they managed nicely without him, and the Principal and his wife proved good nurses and the patient recovered. But work was meanwhile waiting, so she had to hurry and get well and back to it, as the longed-for help of new workers has not yet reached us. But it is always a case of "great your strength if great your need," when work is given one to do by the Master Who sends out His workers and knows just what they can do.

But what else was in those bales? Yet another lovely, long strip of rag carpet. Just the very thing for our corridor upstairs. Our corridor!

21, 1918.
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From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

A REMARKABLE investigation is in progress in Montreal. Controller Villeneuve, a man who was responsible for a civic investigation about ten years ago, that brought forth many startling features of civic government, charges that a certain officer of the police force is guilty of habitual drunkenness, and is the protector of gamblers and keepers of disorderly houses, where human souls are shamelessly trafficked in. Controller Villeneuve bears a wound from the dagger of a would-be assassin, believed to be the tool of this weird and lawless congeries of humanity of the under-world. The guilt or innocence of the officer in question is not at this stage a subject of discussion, but the limitations of evidence strike the lay mind as unnecessarily complicated, and calculated to impede the progress of justice. For example, a man in the public service is charged with drunkenness and hence incompetence in the discharge of his public duty. He retires, or is taken by his friends at intervals to an institution where alcoholic patients among others are wont to foregather for treatment. The physician in charge is not allowed to answer the question as to what is the ailment for which he treated his patient. That would be violating his professional oath. The ecclesiastical Brother who is not a physician, but in charge of the institution, and aids the patient from the cab or motor into the Home, is not allowed to answer the same question, for that would be violating the secrecy of the medical profession of which, by his act of assistance, he is for the time being, a quasi member. He is quite willing to answer, but as counsel for the defence object, the objection is legally sustained. The priest is, of course, forbidden to answer questions that affect his pastoral relations with the public. A lay witness is compelled to keep silence when asked if she were invited by a representative of a third party to subscribe to a fund to assassinate a controller, because the request was not made in the presence of the accused. And so the mysteries of the law are unrolled before the wondering eyes of an unsophisticated public that thinks that when a putrid state of society is unblushingly acknowledged the delicacy of evidence might be somewhat stretched to get at the very truth. One wonders if the chivalry that hedges about the good name of an accused man is not a trifle overdone in our boasted British fair play, to the detriment and destruction of scores who are helpless in the hands of the vicious. Those who have the least virtue to protect, seem to be most sensitive of the full protection of the law, which a virtuous community has enacted.

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"Spectator" has before him a letter and pamphlet from the Organization of Resources Committee of Ontario dealing with the question of farm production and particularly with the share which the boys of that province are called upon to take in this great movement. This organization, it is stated, "was created by an act of the Legislature" and with the Lieutenant Governor, Premier of the province, Leader of the opposition, Provincial Treasurer, Deputy Minister of Agriculture and others on the executive presumably takes all the responsibility, financial and otherwise, for the work to which it has set its hand. It will hardly be necessary to commend such a work to the people of Ontario who have already responded so heartily to all appeals that have been put forth for the support of the country in the great war requirements from time to time. The fact that the Government seeks the services of boys in a critical period of the war must powerfully appeal to youth. If the Government of the day thinks so highly of the boys' services as to ask them to become partners in a great war enterprise, the boys ought to esteem themselves sufficiently to say yes, at once, where it is at all possible. Such a response would be of the greatest possible value to them. They will do in part at least a man's work. They will receive in part a man's pay, and they will feel within themselves the joy of being in spirit "all man."

* * * *

The wheels of British public and political sentiment on the bread and beer question are beginning to turn. The cranking of the machine may have been done on this side of the Atlantic, but the British people will do the rest. It will be interesting to watch the progress of this movement. It would be a striking thing to have an enumeration of the "impossibilities" that have been overcome

in the past four years, and one eagerly looks for the solution of the next "insoluble." Let us hope it may be Ireland.

* * * *

What is the meaning of this new order of distinction that has been created by the British Parliament? It is known as the "Order of the British Empire." Is its main objective to relieve the congestion of titles in England? Is it a deft move to create an inferior order by giving it a superior name? Is it something for Colonials to play with and the people with real titles to laugh at? At all events many of the Dominions are gayly rising to the fly. The hesitation of Canada, it is to be hoped, is an indication that our Government is looking into the matter and, in fact, considering the whole question of honorary titles. The promotions both in England and in Canada for years, and especially during the war, have not added to the value of these peerages and knighthoods in the esteem of thinking people. The commercial aspect of "rewards" has not raised them in public favour. An English journal in commenting upon the purchase and sale of titles, freely admitted, called for a system of bookkeeping that would record the transactions, recommending that the accounts be audited and a financial statement issued every year to the public. That method commends itself as an antidote to sham and has the merit of business honesty. If Canadian titles are secured on the same basis one wonders what is the schedule for the Order of the British Empire, and under what conditions may a man proceed from that Order to the inner circle of the elect. Is it true that the kingly pessimist was all wrong when he said, "vanity of vanity, all is vanity"?

* * * *

Let all pull together, must be the motto of every man and woman in the Empire and allied nations at this time. The supreme test of our fibre and our faith is at hand. "Go forward or go under" phrases the exact situation. Save, serve, produce, fight, endure, hold high the spirit of the nation, and if need be die—like heroes. The blood of our ancestors must not be mingled with water. The worst that civilians have yet suffered is not to be compared with what our forebears endured not many generations ago even in times of peace. Their sons and daughters must not, cannot fail them. Britons cease quarreling about the influence of newspapers on your government, and concentrate on the soundness or unsoundness of its policy and acts! Canadians cease discussing race frailties and unite as Canadians proud with a righteous pride in the deeds of our sons and brothers at the front. Let every letter breathe the atmosphere of hope, of confidence, of determination that will cheer the boys and make them feel that those they left behind are really worth fighting for. We have a cause that we know full well ought to win. We are convinced in our hearts that God alone desires our cause to win, but He doesn't do for us what we should do for ourselves. If failure is written over our struggle it will be our responsibility, our shame, and our sorrow now and forever more.

"Spectator."

* * *

A Promise For The Present

There is a story of a traveller in France who one day stepped into the house of some poor people, and saw in a frame on the wall a bank note for a thousand francs. Upon inquiry he learned that a poor French soldier had been taken into this home and nursed there until he died. Before his death he had given the bill to those who had thus befriended him. They looked upon it as merely a pretty picture and had it framed to keep in memory of the dead soldier, and were astonished to be told that it was worth what was to them a small fortune, with which they could purchase many comforts.

When Jesus said to Martha, that wonderful day of the raising of Lazarus in Bethany: "Thy brother shall rise again," her reply, "In the resurrection at the last day," was like a handsome frame put round our Lord's great promise as something to be looked at and admired, but of no actual present use. That is not how Jesus would have His promise regarded; He means it for present use and enjoyment. "I am . . . the life," He declares. Every follower of His is intended to have as his own the boundless energy of that strong, glad life with which to face the duties and the difficulties of everyday life. It is his as really as the gold in the bank is his when he holds a bank note in his hand.

The promise of life is for no dim and distant future, but for this present time of struggle and effort. It is the guarantee of success and victory.—East and West.

The Bible Lesson

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

Easter Day, March 31st, 1918

Subject: The First Easter Morning. St. John 20: 1-10.

IT was very difficult for the disciples of Jesus to believe in the Resurrection. In spite of what Jesus had told them about "the third day," they had no expectation that He would rise from the dead upon that day. Mary Magdalene was no exception to this rule. She went to the tomb on the morning after the Sabbath, very much as we visit the grave of a friend. It was a tribute of affection. There, also, she felt that she could find some consolation in being near the place where the body of the Lord was. Perhaps, too, she wanted to satisfy herself that everything was in order about the tomb.

Surprise and Dismay Awaited Her.—The great stone which had been placed at the opening of the sepulchre was rolled away. The thought of a Resurrection did not come to her. She was astonished and disappointed at what she found, and came to the conclusion that the body of the Lord had been taken away. She, therefore, hastened back to the city to tell the disciples what she had discovered.

A Race to the Grave.—Mary told her story to the Apostles, Peter and John. So startling was the announcement that these Apostles immediately set out to investigate for themselves. Through the streets of the city they ran out to the place where the tomb was. St. John, being a younger and more active man, outran St. Peter and came to the sepulchre first. Reverence and awe restrained him from entering into the sepulchre, but he stooped down and looked in and saw the linen clothes lying there. Presently, St. Peter, all hot and breathless, came up, and, with characteristic impetuosity, went at once into the sepulchre.

Unconscious Influence.—It is very strange how different men are, and yet how the action of one man will influence another. St. Peter's action here had an unconscious influence on that of St. John, for the latter followed him into the sepulchre. There they saw the evidences of the empty tomb. The linen grave-clothes were there, and the napkin which had been about His head was wrapped together in a place by itself.

Faith in the Resurrection of the Lord came to St. John first. In the light of what Jesus had said about the "third day," the condition of that tomb had a meaning to him which other disciples were not so quick to perceive. His was the first triumph of Faith. "He saw and believed." We are not told how St. John's faith influenced St. Peter. It is only recorded that the disciples went away again to their own home.

The Resurrection of Our Lord was a fact that was accepted by the disciples as, one by one, they saw the risen Lord. There are eleven occasions recorded in which He appeared to single disciples or to groups of disciples, and all who saw believed.

We receive their testimony as that of faithful witnesses, and also because Jesus was so emphatically the Lord of Life that His Resurrection was the natural sequence of His Life of Power. It was not possible that He Who had raised others from the dead should be held by the power of Death.

The Easter Fact was the Foundation of the Easter Message.—The disciples built their teaching on this fact. St. Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, St. Paul's preaching at Athens, and all the first preaching of the Apostles was concerning "Jesus and the Resurrection." They had no doubt about the fact of what they preached. Because it was so real to them it gave them courage to deliver a definite message full of hope and promise to dying men.

Blessings which have come from this fact.—
1. The assurance that death cannot conquer. Christ has overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life.

2. The New Testament, for the disciples of Jesus would never have been able to write those books if they had not gained the courage and hope that came from the Resurrection of the Lord.

3. The Church, for the Church could not have survived. It certainly could not have had the remarkable activity of the early days without the confidence and joy which sprang from this fact.

4. The Lord's Day. It needs no argument to show how this Day—the First Day of the week—derives its inspiration and its origin from the Resurrection of the Lord.

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Thoughts on the W.A.
Devotional Scripture
Portions APRIL

Mrs. C. CAMERON WALLER

Mary Magdelene at the Sepulchre.—ST. JOHN XX.: 11-18.

To begin with, do not let us confuse Mary of Magdela with the "woman what was a sinner," of St. Luke, 7. The confusion of these two characters has led to the bestowal of the name of this first missionary on our fallen sisters. The study of two or three facts will show us that the women cannot be identical.

1. There is nothing to make us believe the woman who anointed our Lord in the house of Simon the Pharisee was a demoniac, her very presence there would indicate her sanity.

2. We never read of Christ speaking words of forgiveness and commendation (such as those spoken to her) to the devil-possessed. To them it was "Come out," addressed to the evil spirit within.

3. These devil-possessed were irresponsible and perhaps both unconscious and unwilling instruments in the power of the demon within. The sinful woman had committed "many" sins, involving will and responsibility, and they were pardoned.

4. Out of Mary Magdelene, on the contrary, Christ had cast seven devils, St. Mark 16: 9, St. Luke 8: 2. Let us think of Mary Magdelene then as one whom our Lord had released from a terrible affliction, and who gave her life to Him in grateful loving devotion.

That she must have known that the Lord would rise the third day is evident, otherwise the angels would not have referred to what He had "said" to them, and bidden her and the other women "remember" His words of the resurrection, but the first missionary of the good tidings needed to have the personal interview alone with the risen Saviour before she could do effectively the work He had for her to do.

This, then, is the first condition and necessity for successful missionary work. The personal risen Saviour must be seen, recognized and accepted by the individual before she can go forth and tell of what He is. She must know the wonderful sense of release from sin and the power of Satan before she can tell of the forgiveness of sin to others.

There is a marvellous power in experience, there is no argument which can break down what we have seen and heard and felt. Here lies the strength of the opening verses of St. John's first epistle. What we have heard, what our eyes have seen, what our hands have handled of the Word of life. And this is the message that Mary Magdelene brings to us to-day. But for our encouragement let us remember that Mary Magdelene had her moments of doubt and bewilderment over the stupendous events of that Easter morning. She "stood at the sepulchre weeping" because they had "taken away" her Lord and she "knew not" where He was.

Probably none of us have reached the depth of agony which these words imply, nor experienced the hopeless darkness which must have been hers for these few minutes, but we have all had our times of perplexity, when we wonder if our faith is clinging to shadow or substance—and from all of us have clouds sometimes hidden the Saviour's Presence. And from these, as in the case of Mary Magdelene, the Saviour's voice alone, speaking to us individually can free us. "Mary," "Rabboni."

People forget that when they are rude to the poor, to subordinates, or even to those who have been rude to them, they dishonour themselves. "My child," said a father to his daughter "treat everybody with politeness, even though they are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are ladies, but because you are one."

We are not put here just to enjoy ourselves and do only what pleases us. God wants us to forget our own selves; that is, not to think first and foremost of ourselves, but to be busy thinking what we can do for others, to help them, or to make them happy. And the Bible tells us, you know, that "Christ pleased not Himself." He never thought what would make Him happiest or most comfortable, but what He could do for some one else.—Kate S. Gates.

Easter Morning

It is Easter, Easter morning!
Ring, ye bells, in happy strain.
Joy hath triumphed over sadness,
Christ hath conquered death and pain.

Purple violets, perfume-laden,
Stately lilies, pure and fair,
Loveliest blossoms of the Springtime,
Offer him your incense rare.

Sing your tinkling tunes, ye brooklets,
Chant, ye birds, your wildest lays;
He Who reigneth in the heavens
Loves your notes of lowly praise.

Happy on this happiest morning,
Little children, rise and sing
Anthems to your risen Saviour,
Hymns of joy to Christ your King.

Heart and voice in loyal tribute,
Loud the glad hosannas swell;
Love attunes the lips to sweetness,
And our God hath loved us well.

Daily nearer to Thy pureness
Give us grace, O Christ, to rise;
On Thy last and brightest Easter
Call our souls to Paradise.
—Lilian Leveridge.

Lord, Roll Away The Stone

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Lord, roll away the stone, life's weight of sin,
Through Thee we seek a larger life to win;
May we walk forth from self and enter in
To life through Thee.

Lord, roll away the stone of low desire,
Break sin's strong chains and teach us to aspire
To paths of righteousness, saved as by fire
From self and sin.

Lord, roll away the stone of vain display,
Of unjust pride; teach us the nobler way
Of simple need, Christlike humility—
The way to Thee.

Lord, roll away the stone of doubt and fear:
That faith may triumph; may we ever hear
The still, small voice, and know that Thou art near.
Saviour and Guide.

Lord, roll away the stone from earth's long night,
Each heart a door-way, open to the light;
Give all sad lives Thy gladness, and make bright
Each pathway here.

—John Logan, in the Presbyterian Messenger.

Morning in the Chancel

A Sabbath peace is brooding o'er the city,
Of late o'er-swept with keen tempestuous blast.
There's scarce a breath the bare brown boughs
to rustle;

The baffled fury of the storm is past.

From out the glowing east the fair dawn-angels
Have ushered in a morn' all blue and gold.
They linger now for worship in the chancel
Of the cathedral, still, and grey, and old.

Rare colour harmonies, ethereal tintings
That left the radiant sky an hour ago,
Are floating here translucent in the sunbeams,
Or in the fragrant altar-flowers glow.

I know the sunbeams love those chancel windows,
So tenderly they touch each haloed head,
And to the glory add a mellower glory—
A very feast of loveliness outspread.

There is the Christ enthroned, benignant, kingly,
The seven symbolic stars in His right hand;
And there the sainted Twelve—not earth-worn
toilers,
But robed in light and splendour—round Him
stand.

About one form the sunlight loves to linger—
A form that seems a fadeless youth possess—
And touches with a warm, caressing finger
The loving face that leaned on Jesus' breast.

And now the organ-soul awakes to worship
With soft, slow melodies that rise and float
Where all the pictured angels lean and listen—
A breath of spirit-life seems every note.

"Blest are the pure in heart," the choir comes
singing,
"For they shall see our God." For us to-day
This House of Prayer becomes the Gate of Heaven,
Where beckoning angels lead us on our way.

St. Alban's Cathedral. —Lilian Leveridge.

The . . .
Hope of Eastertide

THE careless optimism of a sunny day is not the hope that Easter spells. Utterly inadequate, even to the point of childishness, such a hope would be for these hours. The men and women who are enduring pain and strain do not look for an ease, heedless of the world's travail. "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world," is true in the long view. Everything will turn out all right in the end. But no intelligent mind can afford house-room for an optimism whose only strength is the vigour of its denial of the gravity of our state. Lies are the refuge of a fool. Every man who minimizes the present crisis forfeits the right to a patient hearing. Too often a reverse has proved a disaster because its very possibility had been denied. Easter did not deny the Tomb. It vanquished it.

Courageous optimism that can look the worst in the face is the Hope of Eastertide. It is hope in spite of and because of that worst. Our Christ, Who rose again, was the One on Whom the world's injustice had thrown itself with crushing weight. For a time such triumphant wickedness hid from His faithful eyes the face of God. But because that was its worst He conquered all in it. There could have been no Easter without Calvary. We cannot come into the full power of our Easter hope unless we have passed the night in Gethsemane and the dark day at Golgotha.

"Life is dull and cold and gray"
Heart, keep cheer; look up, I pray.
Listen. All the lilies say:—
"After cold and chill and gray,
After frost and winter weather
(All the lilies say together),
After cold and chill and gray
God's great love gives Easter Day."

Our present day is dark, God knows. Sorrow and sin are the low-hanging clouds that obscure the light from the Father's face. It is some comfort to realize that the clouds are earth-born. Not in God's will, but in our transgression of God's will, have these things come to us. We have more than ever understood what He would have us do, because we have seen man's designs in opposition to His carried to their final issues, and those issues are sinful and sad.

More than ever at this Eastertide we need the message of the triumph of Love and Light over Hate and Darkness. Thank God, we have it with such complete assurance. The great power of malicious wickedness cannot last. It is the enemy of God and man. The stars in their courses fight against it. It is out of true with the foundations of the universe.

Hope is worth no more than its basis. Faith is the only adequate basis hope can have, and hope is the completion of faith. It is the projection of the principles which faith holds and the realization of the promises which faith grasps. The basis of our Easter hope is faith in God's will and control.

But in what God have we faith? The Mohammedan appeals to the will of God a hundred times a day. It is his pious explanation and his strongest oath. By the "will of God" the Mohammedan Turk slaughters the men of Armenia and herds the women and children into the desert. To him God is an inscrutable and cruel Fate. Not such a one is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Righteousness and Truth are His habitations. His will for the world is that all men might come to the Truth, and in the Truth be free.

We begin to understand some things better with faith in God's control. Just as this present distress is the inevitable result of wrong principles, so the regeneration and transformation which we so earnestly desire will be the equally inevitable result of true principles. We must rid our land of the dark habitations of sin. The counsels of our statesmen must be transparent with His Truth. The ambitions of our foremost men must be strong in service for their fellows. The people must find satisfaction in the honourable and wholesome. The spirit of brotherhood and sacrifice must possess our minds. When once the mind is in us which was in Christ Jesus, the regeneration of our world will follow as day follows night and wars can be no more.

Another message Easter has for us: not only God's will, but God's power. Our impotence to do the thing we know should be done oppresses

Progress of the War Prayer Book Studies

March 13th.—Wednesday—British advance on an eleven mile front in Palestine. Heavy attacks continue at different points on Western front. Germans enter Odessa.

March 14th.—Thursday—Great Britain and United States take over one million tons of Dutch shipping now in Allied ports.

us. Every man has flashes of the good and the true pass before his eyes, and almost every man desires to be good and true—a help and not a hindrance, a light and not a shadow. We who have taken the oath of allegiance to Christ realize that we are in honour committed to such a life, but all too slowly we find Christ being formed in us. Not even in our private life, to say nothing of our public life, do we have the spirit of Christ. We have not entered into the heritage of strength which is ours for the taking. *Our hearts must be enlightened so that we can understand the hope to which He calls us, and the surpassing greatness of His power over us believers—a power which operates with the strength of the might which He exerted in raising Christ from the dead.*

MARCUS MANN.

William Freemantle Webb, M.A. PRIEST

On the evening of St. Matthias' Day, at the Vicarage, Agassiz, B.C., William Freemantle Webb was called to his rest. Educated for the ministry at Trinity College, Toronto, Mr. Webb was ordained Deacon by Bishop Sweatman in 1890, and was priested the following year by Bishop Pinkham, of Calgary. He ministered successively in the Parishes of Mitford, 1892; the Pro-Cathedral in Calgary, 1894, and Innisfail in 1895, during which time he became Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Calgary; Rector of St. George's, Banff, in 1897. In 1899 he became secretary-treasurer of the Diocese of Calgary, after which he became Rector of St. Stephen's, Calgary, in 1902, being created Archdeacon in 1903. About this time he married Miss Georgina Mitford. Owing to a breakdown in health, Archdeacon Webb, as he then was, resigned his position in Calgary and became incumbent of Salmon Arm, in the Diocese of Kootenay, 1912. This position, however, did not afford the relief that was hoped for. In 1914 he left the Diocese of Kootenay to reside with his brother, Archdeacon Webb, in Edmonton. In 1915 he was appointed by the Bishop of New Westminster as Incumbent of Agassiz, which proved to be his last charge. A man of good scholarship, with considerable organizing and preaching ability, Mr. Webb contributed very greatly to the life of the Church in Western Canada. His latter years were marked by a stern struggle with ill-health as the disease from which he died gained headway. Pluckily he continued his work to the very end. On Ash Wednesday, though unfit for duty, he held the services at the church, and on the following Wednesday left his bed to keep his appointments. This was the last occasion on which he could minister. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Agassiz among the snow-clad mountains, on February 26th, followed to his grave by his brother, Archdeacon Webb, and members of the congregation, to which, in spite of great suffering, he had so faithfully ministered. Requiescat in pace!

POST-COMMUNION, COLLECTS AND RUBRICS.

At the end of the Communion Service there are six Collects. They gleam with spiritual beauty, and reflect in a remarkable manner the translating and composing genius of our Anglican reformers. The first, second and fourth are translations, fairly literal and fairly accurate, from the Latin. But while the sense is generally truly given, there were added little touches of warmth and life and rhythm, of artistic liturgical grace, that seem to reveal in a remarkable manner the superintending action of the Holy Spirit of God. These Collects, as a whole, reveal two of the most prominent characteristics of the Church of England Liturgy. In the first place, they bring out in a wonderful way that sense of lowly dependence that is such a characteristic conviction of all who believe in the control of the universe by the living God. They are cries of helplessness. They seem to come from souls that feel intensely the need of Divine guidance; from needy travellers on life's journey, who, amidst its uncertainties and dangers, are ever craving Divine help. Listen to these words: "Assist us mercifully"; "dispose our way"; "Defend thy servants among all the changes and chances of this mortal life by thy most gracious and ready help." (What a contrast, by the way, is this most exquisite language, to the cold, curt wording of the original "inter omnes viae et vitae varietates tuo semper protegantur auxilio.") Then think of the grandeur of these petitions. Direct! Govern! Protect! Defend! What a fulness of thought for human need. And here, too, by the way, it may be said that our good reformers preserved the Church from centuries of false teaching by striking out of the second prayer the word in the original "mereamur"—that we may deserve—to be healthy and safe. And then there comes that very familiar prayer: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us," etc. And though that word, prevent, has been most criticized, it conveys a most beautiful thought. For the idea of prevent, of course, is to precede or to come before; and so, as it were, to stop or intercept and thwart all enemies, and enemy forces, and enemy designs, which might hurt God's children. And further. It means to go before as a Wise, Greathearted Guide, to anticipate our desires and to provide what is good. The translators by adding the words: "Thy most gracious favour"—seem to have endeavoured to bring out in a paraphrase the thought of the Latin "aspirando praeveni," which was something like this: "We beseech thee, O Lord, to favour and further our actions by breathing upon them the fair wind of thy help." It is an altogether exquisite and most comprehensive prayer, instinct with the spirit of Col. 1: 17; 3: 17; 1 Thess. 2: 11.

The First Main Thought.

They reflect throughout man's sense of infirmity, of blindness, of ignorance, an ever haunting sense of unworthiness. The conception of the glory of God and the infinite distance between Him and our highest and best, tends to produce, not a false humiliation, but the exaltation of one who takes the lowest place, the place of the publican and sinner. And so we cry: "Who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking"; "Have compassion upon our infirmities; and those things which for our unworthiness we dare not ask, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord." Whether they are translations then from the Latin of the old Roman service, as is the first, second and fourth, or whether they are the originals of the Reformation as the third, fifth and sixth, these post-Communion Collects alike reflect our hourly dependence upon God in our work, or worship, in life or in service, and our need of God's grace both in hearing the preacher and in praying as intercessors.

The post-Communion rubrics as they are called are ten in number. They deserve the most serious study of the Churchman. Historically, they are of curious interest. It must be remembered that the first compilers of our liturgy were men facing new conditions. Their perplexities were incredible. They were hewing their way as pioneers in unexplored liturgical territory. They could almost have said with the Ancient Mariner:—

"We were the first that ever burst,
Into that silent sea."

With their new theories of the Eucharist, which were simply the old and scriptural ideas of the Lord's Supper, and the construction of the new service of the Communion, they found it continually necessary to formulate official directions for the instruction of the clergy and laity. There were many of these directions in the Communion service, and they used to be printed in red to distinguish them from the rest of the service. It seems strange when one thinks of it, but the revolution of transforming the Roman mass into the Anglican Communion was so great, that even the large number of rubrics throughout the service were insufficient for the purpose, and it was found that a very large number of more or less important questions of doctrine and ritual still remained to be explained or provided for. For instance, up to 1549 in every Cathedral and College, if not in every parish church in England, there was presumably a daily Mass service, and it made no difference whether there were any people there to take the Communion or not. Then, again, it was universally the custom to use the wafer. It was the custom, also, to reserve the Sacrament. And so on, and so on. These, and a number of other very practical problems had to be solved. This explains why it was that in the first Prayer Book they found it necessary to insert eight rather long rubrics at the end of the Communion service, most of them much longer than those in the Prayer Book to-day. The burning question, and it must have been a storm centre, was, of course, the question of communicants. Anyone who reads between the lines of the rubrics of 1549-1552, will see that the first compilers and revisers of the Prayer Book had come to the deliberate conclusion that it was the mind and will of the Lord, according to the Scriptures, that there should be no Communion without communicants. It was one of the strange delusions of the Latin apostasy, that it was sufficient for the priest alone to communicate, and as early as the days of Chrysostom the lament went forth that none of the laity remained to communicate. And so it came to pass, through the dark days of the medieval church, that services of the Mass, with the priest alone communicating, were universal. In fact, the idea of the spiritual fellowship of the believers, which is one of the essential features of the Lord's Supper, in the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistle to Corinthians, was almost unknown. Certain it was ignored in practice. So when the reformers had expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly they determined that it should be a law and a statute forever unto the

people of England's Church that there should be no Communion without communicants. In the first Prayer Book of 1549, the first and sixth post-Communion rubrics evidently assumed that there would be a Communion every Sunday. But the rubric in our present Prayer Book makes no such assumption. Nothing can more conclusively demonstrate the chasm that intervenes between the Romish conception of the indispensability and priority of the Eucharistic service, not only every Sunday, but every day, and the Anglican conception of the Communion service as the gathering together of God's children for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, than the explicit directions of the first four rubrics in our Prayer Book to-day. The first rubric plainly assumes that there may be no Communion at all upon the Sunday, and the second and third rubrics declare most positively: There shall be no celebration of the Lord's Supper—there shall be no Communion—except four (or three at the least) communicate with the priest. In 1552 it seems as if the Communion every Sunday was to be the order in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, and in 1662, in all Colleges. But it is evident from the Canons 21 and 23 that in parish churches the Communion was to be administered at least three times a year (the language is somewhat vague), and in Colleges it was required only on the first or second Sunday of every month. This matter of having communicants as an essential of the Communion is a living and up-to-date question. Only last month in the Convocation of Canterbury, the Bishops, by a vote of 17 to 6, rejected the proposal to alter our present rubrics. The mind of the Anglican Church with regard to the Communion is clear. The objective of the Reformation—to turn the Solitary Mass into a Communion—was gained, and its victorious achievement is attested by the first four rubrics at the end of the Communion service.

DYSON HAGUE.

Bishop Newnham will Observe 25th Anniversary of Ordination

Next August the Right Rev. J. A. Newnham, Bishop of Saskatchewan, will observe the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the episcopate. In recognition of the occasion, the Synod of the diocese has decided to postpone to August 6 the regular Synod session which ordinarily would be held in June, in order that the clergy and laity of the diocese may have the opportunity of felicitating his lordship in an appropriate manner. There will be special services to mark the occasion. Particularly in Canada, it is a rare event for a Bishop to be able to commemorate his 25th anniversary, as they are usually not appointed to the office till late in life. Bishop Newnham, however, is one of the men who has been able to maintain, despite his strenuous work, a gratifying degree of physical health and vigour, so that he will enter into the spirit of the occasion with as much zest as the most youthful clergyman in the diocese. He has seen the present diocese grow from very small things to most promising dimensions, and though the war has imposed handicaps on the work of the church that are almost insurmountable, the outlook becomes brighter each year. One of the enterprises that are under consideration is to mark the occasion by raising a fund to wipe out the diocesan debt, and a committee will go to work on this task with vigour.

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Correspondence

PAROCHIAL VISITING.

Sir,—I was much interested in the letter on the above subject in your issue of February 28th. As far as my limited experience goes, I have found that there are few more helpful and interesting occupations that count for something than pastoral visitation. There are clergy all over the Dominion who are not gifted like St. Chrysostom, but still they can rejoice to think that the services of the Church are well attended, and this result is due almost entirely to visiting. I heartily agree with "Anxious" in the sentence, "I cannot imagine anything more disastrous to the Church if this (lack of visitation) is to become a general condition." As we specially pray for "all sorts and conditions of men," surely it is our bounden duty to ascertain definitely the spiritual conditions existing among our people, and I have so far failed to find any more satisfactory way than by parochial visiting.

Ashlyn A. Trumper.

Exeter.

TORONTO FREE HOSPITAL, WESTON.

Sir,—May I again ask for a small space in your paper, as I think it may interest our friends to know that during the last two and a half years there have been four Confirmation services held out here, twenty-seven candidates being confirmed. During the month of January, through the kindness and help of Mrs. Daniel, we have opened a Junior Branch of the W.A., with a membership of sixteen girls, who bid fair to be very earnest and energetic workers, and we would very much appreciate visits from any of the members of the W.A. to our meetings, which are held every first and third Monday of each month at 4 p.m. The work in general is still increasing, for which we have to thank our Chaplain for his faithful care and help.

During the last quarter there were about 240 Communion, and, in spite of the severe winter and sickness, one finds many bright places and much encouragement.

I close my letter with most grateful thanks to the generous friend who sent me the gift of \$20 for the children, which will be most useful and appreciated by all; and may I ask all friends to remember our work in their prayers, for it is a great and beautiful work the Master has entrusted to us.

Sister.

February 15th, 1918.

DIOCESE OF BRITISH HONDURAS.

Sir,—The Bishop of British Honduras has written me that he has work for three or four Priests in his diocese. He tells me that "climatic conditions are good . . . the work is extensive and interesting, and stipends shall be at least \$1,000, with some help towards moving." Any priest who would think of going out to the diocese may communicate with the Bishop direct, his address being, "Bishopthorpe, Belize, British Honduras," or he may communicate with me and I will forward his name to the Bishop.

Chas. L. Ingles, Commissary.
408 Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

SABREVOIS MISSION.

Sir,—I am today in receipt of a letter from Rev. H. E. Benoit, Pastor of the Sabrevois Mission in Montreal, which, as you know, is a Protestant institution working among Roman Catholic adults and children in French Canada with a view to guiding them to worship the living God, free from superstition.

In this letter the following incident is related by Mr. Benoit: "In one of my recent meetings a man named Simord stood and stated that he did not believe in the existence of a God. He then asked me for a Bible, and read therefrom a part of the 23rd chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. While he read I silently prayed to God that He would bless the reading of His Word and enable me to reply to this man. It was near midnight before the meeting ended, and then my table in the vestry was surrounded by ten or twelve men who wanted to buy Bibles. All these people returned the next evening to hear what I had to say further on the existence of God. From the beginning we have gone on with larger numbers present each time, and I believe that from this strange beginning four months ago we are in a fair way of bringing the Gospel to thousands of French-Canadians who were nominally Roman Catholic, but seem to have been for a long time unbelievers and atheists." Truly, it is shown that "the entrance of God's Word giveth light," and I am glad that through our Mission we are able to bring the message of salvation and the Bread of Life to hungry souls.

From both a religious and a national point of view, this is surely a good cause deserving of greater support from the more enlightened parts of Canada, and it occurs to me that, if you were to open a fund for the Sabrevois Mission, their means of developing this worthy work would be augmented materially.

Walter Gillespie.
Toronto, March 12th, 1918.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND ARMENIAN RELIEF.

Sir,—I am not sure that you have been receiving from our office the publicity material that we have sent out on Armenian-Syrian relief, but I am enclosing herewith certain recent cablegrams and other information in which you may be interested, if perchance you have not already seen it.

We have received from the Canadian committee one cheque for \$70,000, which brings the total contributed to this cause by the Sunday Schools of the United States and Canada to \$613,000, with other substantial contributions arriving daily. This sum we have already cabled without any expense for transmission or administration, and it is doubtless even now performing its ministry of mercy in feeding and protecting the helpless

women and children, who are dependent upon us for the simplest necessities of life.

May I through you, and in behalf of the women and children of Bible lands, thank the Sunday School children of Canada for these gifts that mean life to thousands, who will never in person be able to express their appreciation to the donors?

C. V. Vickrey, Secretary.

March 9th, 1918.

The Churchwoman

Notes from the New Westminster W.A.

During the last month most of the branches of the W.A. have been having meetings in connection with the whirlwind campaign, which has been carried out according to the suggestions which Mrs. dePencie, the Bishop's wife brought back from her last visit to the East, where she attended the meeting of the General Board. The methods adopted were much the same in all parishes. The women of the W.A. tried to get into touch by letter, by telephone, or by visiting with all the women attending their church. These they invited to a meeting to hear all about the work and objects of the W.A. Excellent speakers were obtained, and these meetings have been the means of bringing many new members into the organization. The Rev. N. L. Ward and the Rev. F. C. Kennedy spoke at many of the meetings, and the sister diocese of Columbia sent the wife of their Bishop, Mrs. Schofield, who is a most delightful speaker. Of course, the results in the different parishes were somewhat different, but on the whole, it is felt that a great deal of good has been done, not only in the number of new members obtained, but in the better understanding of the work. The last Board meeting, which was held on March 5th, was a very busy one, as all the pledges for 1918-19 had to be gone into. The various conveners brought most interesting reports. The Japanese convener asked the Board to endorse the Rev. F. C. Kennedy's request to the General Board for a lady worker. The West End Mission is doing excellent work, and on Sundays is absolutely crowded to the doors. The Indian convener told of some of the difficulties with which the president of a W.A. Branch for Indian women has to contend. The sympathy of the meeting went out to the wife of Archdeacon Pugh in this trying work. The Shulus Hospital is in need of a second lady worker, not a nurse. The E.C.D.F., which, unfortunately, only amounted to \$30, was given for the necessary repairs to render a country vicarage habitable. The incumbent receiving the large salary of 45 a month, is scarcely in a position to pay rent. Mrs. Schofield gave a most interesting account of Alert Bay. In spite of the strong Mission centre there, the village is still given over to heathenism. Quite lately the authorities were just able to prevent the sale of a little girl, one of the pupils from the Christian school, for a wife to an elderly man. They still have pot latches in the place with very many bad features. On every side are dirt, squalor and sin, in striking contrast to the clean Mission schools, with their healthy, happy children. The noon-hour address, given by the Rev. O. J. Nurse, was very helpful. He summed up the aims of the W.A., when he spoke of it as "religion in action." A most interesting meeting was brought to a close by the reading of a splendid paper on the life of Archbishop Machray.

Jones, read the Mothers' Union Litany, and introduced Miss Cartwright. Taking the safeguarding of the home as one of the aims of the Mothers' Union, the speaker specially dealt with girls of to-day. The world in which they find themselves, is so different from that which the previous generation knew, and on every hand they are confronted with entirely new experiences, into which they have adapted themselves very wonderfully; therefore their elders have a greater need of insight and comprehension than ever. Instead of deploring the degeneracy of modern youth, one needs to realize that the strenuous conditions of the present have a double tendency—i.e., either to bring out noble thoughts, or to drive to pleasure. The home must be as a power house, furnishing the influence that will safeguard from infidelity, impurity, or other evils, and that the ideals which this generation is giving its life to save may be upheld, we must present our Lord Jesus Christ as a living reality. At the business meeting following, satisfactory reports were received from the secretary and treasurer, also a most interesting one concerning the Mothers' Union garden. Early last spring a plot of land at the corner of Warren and Lonsdale Roads, was kindly lent by a member for war production. This was planted out in different vegetables and attended to by a few members, and gave most encouraging returns, with the result that work on it will be resumed as soon as possible. It is proposed, in order to divide the responsibility and to lessen the labour, that the Mothers' Union members in the various churches shall make themselves responsible for one day's work each week.

Niagara W.A.

The monthly meeting of the Niagara Diocesan Board of the W.A. was held in St. Luke's pretty new parish hall, on Wednesday, March 6th, preceded by a celebration of the Holy Communion in the church. Mrs. Leather, diocesan president, took the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Rector of St. Luke's, opened the meeting with the W.A. Litany, and gave an interesting address on the subject of the ambitious desire of the mother of St. John and St. James for great honours for her sons in Christ's kingdom. Six new life members were welcomed: Mrs. Lyon, of Caledonia; Mrs. Arthur Howitt, of Orangeville; Mrs. Hillmer, of Oakville; Miss Gillies, of All Saints', Hamilton, made so by their respective Branches, and Mrs. Borland, of St. Catharines, made so by her husband, and Miss Counsell, of Grimsby, made so by her mother. The Dorcas secretary, Mrs. F. Glassco, reported 4 bales and 1 parcel, valued at \$88.73, having been sent out. Miss Moody, Junior secretary, was welcomed back after a long absence, and for a most encouraging account of the work being done by the Juniors. Miss Woolverton, secretary of the literature committee, again reminded the Branches of the competitions which must be in by March 31st. The Japanese curios will be on view at the "Annual." Miss Woolverton, who is also secretary for prayer partners, gave a number of names of missionaries for whom prayer partners are desired. Mrs. C. S. Scott has on hand for the E.C.D.F. the sum of \$276, and for the United Thankoffering the sum of \$1,018.20. Mrs. Scott hopes to reach the aim set for Niagara of \$1,200. A circulation of the letter "Leaflet" is 1,787, as an instance of

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The Mothers' Union.

The usual monthly meeting of the Mothers' Union was held on Monday, February 25th, in St. James' Parish House. The president, Mrs. Ogden

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the widespread interest taken in the official magazine of the W.A. Miss Bull spoke of a request from the Barbadoes, B.W.I., for 24 copies for the year; 100 "Little Helpers" have been added to the Babies' Branch this month. The treasurer's receipts were \$4,000.20 and expenditure \$2,100. The librarian, Mrs. P. L. Spencer, reported a valuable book added to the library, "The Life of the Rev. E. J. Peck." Mrs. Spencer urged the members to make more use of the magazines in the library. Miss Ridley spoke briefly of the work of the G.F.S., and their plan to erect a lodge in memory of the late Mrs. Kirwan Martin, the Dominion president, and asked for the prayers and the influence of the W.A. toward accomplishing that object. Current news was given by Mrs. Newson, who read a most interesting letter from Mrs. Hunter (Miss Leroy), telling of a trip on the Mackenzie River to Fort Macpherson to bring Indian children to the Hay River School. Miss Metcalf spoke of the reopening of the hospital in Jerusalem and the resumption of missionary work due to the capture of the city by the British. The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

Toronto Diocesan W.A.

The March meeting of this Diocesan Board was at the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale. The day was bright, and there was a record attendance. Miss Cartwright presided, and various arrangements were made in preparation for the annual meetings, which are to begin on April 30th. Many of the reports showed larger numbers, which generally indicate increased interest. The treasurer received during the month \$1,884.35, and expended \$336.10. The Dorcas receipts were \$143.66, and expenditure \$92.92; 16½ bales were sent out, including ¾ of a bale to India and 2 sets of Communion vessels. Grateful letters spoke appreciatively of the delicious, well-packed jam which had recently arrived at its destination, and of 2 much-needed fur coats. The Juniors have 1 new Branch, and have contributed \$147.77, of which \$42.42 has been expended; 6 parcels and 13½ yards of rag carpet for Moosonee. There are 3 new life members, while 2 have passed away; 15 Babies have become members and \$26.94 was the amount sent in to that Branch; 3 new books have been added to the library, and the literature department has received \$213.04, and has expended \$65.27; 93 more Diocesan subscribers to the "Leaflet" are a cause for rejoicing; 25 visits have been made by the hospital visitors. Best of all, the E.C.D.F. amounted to \$604, the largest amount ever received, and was divided amongst 5 different objects in 5 dioceses: \$200 for a barn and stable in Peace River district; \$100 to Shuluo Hospital; \$75 for a lantern to go to Caron, Qu'Appelle; \$75 for a prayer desk and 50 chairs for a church at Hurst, Moosonee; and \$150 for a residence at Carcross School. The 4 speakers were: Rev. Dyson Hague, who spoke on Philippians 4: 3 and the "Athletes' Struggle," in which the women were to strive; Ven. Archdeacon Ingles, who took the incident of Jesus' gentle rebuke of Martha, as a reminder to busy women not to neglect Communion with God; Rev. Mr. Langford, of the Jewish Mission, who described the difficulties and encouragements of work amongst the Jews, their fight against the belief of men in the divinity of Christ and in His atonement, and who urged all Christians to gain the Jews by Christ-like lives; and Miss Naftel, who gave an interesting glimpse of the W.A. in the Yukon. The Diocesan motto is: "Who hath despised the day of small things?" but, considering their numbers, great things are being done by the few W.A. members of that far-away north land.

Church News

Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

Johnson, Rev. J. Stanley, Rector of Tara, to be Rector of Eastwood. (Diocese of Huron.)

Archbold, Rev. Walter, D.D., Rector of Ocean City, Diocese of Maryland, U.S.A., to be Vicar of Weston, Ont. (Diocese of Toronto.)

Archbishop of York Addresses New York Chamber of Commerce.

The Archbishop of York made a strong appeal to the members of the New York Chamber of Commerce on March 7th, to use all its resources to help Great Britain win the war. "Gentlemen," he said, "you will not suppose for a moment that I am here in the guise of a suppliant either for sympathy or for help. No. Our Old Country has many abuses. A chimney that has smoked so long must needs have some soot within it. We are less able, I dare say, than you are in many ways to adapt ourselves quickly to a new situation such as this. But I know that the Old Country, with all its difficulties, is still in heart and mind strong and resolute, and it is not as a suppliant, but rather

Archbishop of York Addresses the G.F.S.

The Archbishop of York gave a most interesting address to a large number of the members of the Girls' Friendly Society, in which he told those present of the work which is being done to-day by women and what they can do to help win the war. Problems arising from the war, especially those affecting the welfare of women, have been most delicate, the Archbishop said, and unusual conditions have brought the women of England into a labour which they have done "in a heroic manner. You may be certain." His Grace said, "that there will be a great deal of restlessness and excitement among the women of the land during the early days of your country's entry into the war. For the men of fighting age there is but one place, and they are responding as gallantly as did the men of our country. But it is a question with the younger women and girls of all classes. In England many have found work in the Red Cross, and thousands of educated young women are employed in the hospitals that are to be found in all parts of the country. Others, thousands upon thousands, are doing the work of men in the munition plants, and still others are tilling the soil, and doing it cheerfully. The latter, in many instances, represented what we might call the

Archbishop of York's Engagements in Ottawa.

The Most Rev. C. G. Lang, P.C., D.D., Archbishop of York and Primate of England, who has been touring the principal United States centres on a mission to strengthen the ties binding the two English-speaking countries, will visit Ottawa. On Saturday, April 6th, the Archbishop of York will address the Canadian Club and on Sunday, April 7th, he will preach in Christ Church Cathedral at the morning service. On the afternoon of the same day he will address a meeting in the Russel theatre. During his stay at the capital his Grace will be the guest of their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Rideau Hall.

Death of the Rev. Samuel Boyce.

Rev. Samuel J. Boyce, for 12 years incumbent of the united parish of Lascelles and Wakefield, in the diocese of Montreal, died in a hospital at Ottawa on March 13th, aged 61 years. He was a native of Ireland and he has no relatives in this country. He came to Canada from Belfast, Ireland, and Wakefield was his first and only charge. Prior to taking charge there, he was a teacher in the Indian settlement. The deceased had done a great deal to build up the parish of which he had been in charge many years, and his loss will be felt keenly, for although he had been superannuated since last May, he continued his interest in the welfare of his old parishioners and his kindly concern for the good of the district which he had known as his home in Canada, made him well liked by all classes. Some four or five years ago, he was instrumental in starting a move for a new and more modern church building at Lascelles, to take the place of the old structure that had served the rapidly growing congregation for so long and to-day, there is remaining as a monument to his zeal for the spiritual welfare of the many Anglican families in Lascelles, a fine new church building costing about \$2,000. The Church of the Good Shepherd at Wakefield, of which Rev. S. J. Boyce had been in charge, was the first Anglican church erected in the Gatineau Valley. During the summer months, when so many city residents spent their holidays in the district, the deceased clergyman had a large congregation to look after. The result of his 12 years' incumbency in the district is reflected in the prosperous little parishes he has built up. Last June he was succeeded by Rev. E. L. Joyce, of Poltimore. The funeral service was held at Holy Trinity Church, Lascelles, on Friday afternoon, March 15th. It was conducted by Rev. Canon Smith, of Hull, and Rev. Rural Dean Robinson, who came from Montreal for the service.

Gala Night at Havergal.

In spite of the uninviting weather, many parents and friends gathered in the Assembly Hall at Havergal College, Toronto, on March 14th, for the annual gymnastic exhibition. The president, Dr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., with Miss Knox, received the guests, and punctually at eight o'clock the line of girls entered the hall and marched past in what seemed a never-ending file, headed by a five-year-old mite from the Preparatory School on Bloor Street. When the last tall senior had led out, the members followed in quick succession, beginning with the small people from the Preparatory School, who entertained everybody by the vigour with which they sang and danced nursery rhymes. The juniors from the main school also gave a folk dance, while the girls from the Hill School contributed pretty exercises in a circle and afterwards in alternative files. A very popular item was the exhibition of marching tactics



New Rectory at Longford Mills, Ont. Diocese of Toronto.

as a comrade, who, because he is fighting as strongly as he can, wants the grasp of a hand stronger and fresher than his own that I would ask you—I know it is needless to ask—that I would ask you to do everything you can with your choicest to hasten and speed that help you can give to us at this present time. You will, I know, do your utmost, because I realize the force of public opinion in America upon the administration of America which such a body as this represents—you will do your best to see that nothing blocks the way of the real desire of the American people to get this thing done and this help rendered. You will, I am sure, never allow inevitable occasions in which it may appear that there is some difference of outlook between our country in Europe and yours to affect either our cordiality or confidence. We will stand shoulder to shoulder in this business to the very end. You have an immense problem in the transporting and maintaining of your own army, but, believe me, anything that you can do to facilitate and hasten the construction and the filling of ships immediately and directly for our aid will do more than anything else to put fresh heart and life into our people after the strain of these three and one-half years of war. It would be idle to disguise the fact that the cry which comes to us is the same—ships, more ships, and still more ships!"

roughest class in the Kingdom, but they are behaving like heroines. The question of sex excitement must be taken into consideration at this time. It is but natural that the younger girls should be attracted by a stalwart young man in khaki, and it will be part of your business to provide places where these young girls may meet their soldier friends in proper surroundings. In the second place, you must protect both the men and the young women by removing temptation as far as possible. In England we have women police, who patrol the streets at night and caution the young women who may be on the verge of being carried away by the chivalry of their soldier escorts. Last of all, and to my mind the most important part of this great work, is the proper education of the girl. Proper teaching by the mother is worth a great deal more than school teaching, and you mothers must bear in mind that you bear a great responsibility toward your daughter, especially when she has reached the age when her emotions are apt to sway her. Impress her with a high sense of honour and point as an example to Jesus Christ."

Confirmation at St. Thomas.

The Bishop of Huron held a confirmation in St. John's Church, St. Thomas, on March 13th, when 21 candidates were presented to the Bishop for the apostolic rite.



The Income War Tax Act

Forms giving particulars of income for the year 1917, must be filled in and filed on or before the 31st March, 1918

Section 4 of the Act provides that all persons resident or ordinarily resident in Canada, shall pay a tax upon income exceeding \$1500 in the case of those single and widows and widowers without dependent children, and upon income exceeding \$3000 in the case of all other persons. It also provides that all Corporations and Joint Stock Companies, no matter how created, shall pay the normal tax upon income exceeding \$3000.

The Forms provided by the Department of Finance to be filled in with particulars of the 1917 income of all those whose incomes are liable under the Act, and by Trustees, Corporations and Joint Stock Companies, with information required of them, may be obtained from the District Inspectors of Taxation and from the Postmasters at all leading centres.

Forms to obtain and Special Features to observe

Individuals—Get Form T 1 to give particulars of their own incomes. In stating Dividends received, give the amount from each Company, listing Canadian and foreign Companies separately. Fill in pages 1, 2 and 3 only. Do not mark on page 4.

The following sample answers, (printed in italics) to questions asked on pages 2 and 3 of Form T 1, will help you to fill in correctly your copies of the Form.

PAGE 2. DESCRIPTION OF INCOME.

GROSS INCOME DERIVED FROM—	
1. Salaries and wages.....	<i>None</i>
2. Professions and vocations.....	<i>None</i>
3. Commissions.....	<i>from sale of Real Estate</i> \$1000
4. Business, trade, commerce or sales or dealings in property, whether real or personal.....	7500
5. Farming (Horticulture, dairying or other branches).....	<i>None</i>
6. Rents.....	750
7. Dividends (A). <i>Canadian Corporations</i> —	
<i>Standard Transportation Company Ltd.</i>	25
<i>Rainbow Mining Company Ltd.</i>	150
(B) <i>Foreign Corporations</i> —	
<i>New York Trading Company</i>	15
<i>Albany Tool Company, Inc.</i>	66
8. Interest on notes, mortgages, bank deposits and securities other than reported in item 7—	
<i>Interest on Mortgages</i>	72
<i>Bank Interest</i>	21
<i>1200 Par Value Bonds of Jones Paint Co. Ltd.</i>	72
<i>1000 Municipal Debentures, Town of Midvale</i>	55
9. Fiduciaries, (Income received from guardians, trustees, executors, administrators, agents, receivers or persons acting in a fiduciary capacity)—	
<i>Income (not capital) from Estate of Andrew Doe (People's Trust Company, Executor)</i>	315
10. Royalties from mines, oil and gas wells, patents, franchises and other legalized privileges.....	<i>None</i>
11. Interest from Dominion of Canada Bonds, issued exempt from Income Tax \$3,000.....	150
12. Other sources not enumerated above—	
<i>½ Interest in Shaw Hardware Company Partnership</i>	750
13. Total Income.....	\$10,941

EXEMPTIONS AND DEDUCTIONS PAGE 3

AMOUNT CLAIMED FOR—	
14. Depreciation... <i>On Store Building (not land), (Brick)</i> ..	\$ 125
<i>On Equipment, used in business</i>	140
<i>Store Fixtures</i>	100
15. Bad debts, actually charged off within the year.....	40
16. Allowance for exhaustion of mines and wells... ..	<i>None</i>
17. Contributions actually paid to the Patriotic and Canadian Red Cross Funds and other approved War Funds..... <i>Patriotic and Canadian Red Cross</i>	250
18. Interest paid on monies borrowed and used in the business..... <i>Mortgage on Store Property, \$1,000</i> ...	60
19. Federal, Provincial and Municipal taxes on property used in the business—	
<i>General Municipal Taxes</i>	180
20. Interest from Dominion of Canada Bonds, issued exempt from Income Tax.....	150
21. Other claims for deductions must be specified in detail—	
<i>Business Operating Expenses</i>	4200
<i>Repairs (stating particulars)</i>	150
22. Total Exemptions and Deductions.....	\$5395
23. Amount paid under Business Profits War Tax Act, 1916, which accrued in the 1917 accounting period..... <i>Year ending December 31, 1917—None.</i>	

I hereby certify that the foregoing return contains a true and complete statement of all income received by me during the year for which the return is made.

Date..... 15th March, 1918.

Signature..... John Brown.

Corporations and Joint Stock Companies. Use Form T2—giving particulars of income. Also attach a financial statement. Under Deductions, show in detail amounts paid to Patriotic Fund and Canadian Red Cross or other approved War Funds.

Trustees, Executors, Administrators of Estates and Assignees use Form T3. Full particulars of the distribution of income from all estates handled must be shown as well as details of amounts distributed. A separate Form must be filled in for each estate.

Employers must use Form T4 to give names and amounts of salaries, bonuses, commissions and other remuneration paid to all employees during 1917 where such remuneration amounted in the aggregate to \$1000 or over.

Corporation Lists of Shareholders.—On Form T5 corporations shall give a statement of all bonuses, and dividends paid to Share-

holders residing in Canada during 1917 stating to whom paid; and the amounts.

Penalties.—Default in filing returns renders the person or persons liable on summary conviction to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each day during which the default continues. Any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister of Finance shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding ten thousand dollars or to six months imprisonment, or to both fine and imprisonment.

In the case of Forms T1 and T2, keep one copy of the filled in Form and file the other two with the Inspector of Taxation for your District. In the case of T3, T4 and T5, keep one copy and file the other two, with the Commissioner of Taxation, Dept. of Finance, Ottawa.

Forms may be obtained from the District Inspectors of Taxation and from the Postmasters at all leading centres.

Department of Finance
Ottawa, Canada

Postage must be paid on all letters and documents forwarded by mail to Inspector of Taxation.

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by the boys from the Preparatory School, followed by more complicated evolutions by the senior girls, and an amusing interlude was provided by a rope-jumping competition, in which the three schools took part. Much appreciation was shown for the senior girls' dances, one of which, a tambourine dance, was given in costume, while their apparatus work also won great commendation, carried out, as it was, by three squads, each directed by one of the girls. There were ball, dumb-bell and wand drills, and the hall was darkened while the Preparatory School girls did a lantern drill, having flashlights shining through their lanterns. The domestic science girls, in Paddy-green costumes, danced an Irish jig and a country dance, and the programme was concluded by a flag drill, when three squads of girls, as they marched, unfolded the flags of Great Britain, France and the United States.

Ontario Notes.

On Sunday, March 10th, a marble tablet, erected to the memory of Stanley Mott Waldron, was unveiled by the Dean in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. Major Waldron, late of the 15th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, C.E.F., was killed in action at Vimy on May 4th, 1917. The service was private, only the relatives and immediate friends of the family being present. The tablet, of simple and artistic design, is decorated with the badge of the Field Artillery over the inscription, and beneath with a field gun, both sculptured in bold relief with attention to detail.

Mr. Roger Bidwell, only son of the Bishop of Ontario, who lately headed the list in the final examinations at the Royal Naval College, has sailed for England to report to the Admiralty.

During the last six weeks the congregations of the Cathedral and St. James' Church have united for worship in order to conserve the fuel supply in the city. While it was possible to obtain the coal necessary to hold the services in both churches, the Rectors gladly complied with the Bishop's desire to "give a lead," although the closing of the parish halls dislocated the various organizations and curtailed the usual Lenten services. The arrangement of services alternating in the two churches has worked smoothly and to the satisfaction of all concerned. It was deemed unnecessary for St. Luke's Church to do more than to discontinue the use of its parish hall, because of the distance of its situation from the other churches of the city.

A History of King's College.

Canon Vernon is planning to bring out the history of King's College, Windsor, the proceeds of which will go towards the King's College Advance Movement. The history will

include the story of the College generally; a history of the various College societies; brief sketches of the various graduates; suitable illustrations; and an honour roll of all King's men who have taken part in the great war. He is anxious to collect material for this history as soon as possible and will be much obliged if those possessing any information upon any of these particulars will kindly send it addressed to him at the Church of England Institute, Halifax. The excellent history of the late Dr. Henry Youle Hind is now out of print, and there is much recent history which deserves to be included.

Criminals in England.

Mr. Harry Wilson, the well-known English lawyer, who has appeared in many of the most remarkable trials of the past generation, tells in an article written in the "Sunday Pictorial," that at the outbreak of war, the old professional criminals, left their old bad ways and made a rush to the colours. Many of them had the most unenviable of records, but the war had proved a purge of regeneration. One of the most notorious of pre-war criminals gave his life for his country in a deed of gallantry that won for him the posthumous honour of the V.C. One would have thought under such circumstances that crime in England would have become extinct, but such is not the case, the places left vacant have been filled to overflowing by newcomers from outside. These criminals came in with crowds of war refugees, and in the first natural gush of human sympathy we took to our hearts these people with a generous lack of discrimination. Most of these undesirables are from allied countries and the following statement from Mr. Wilson is indeed a remarkable one: "I do not wish to particularize the countries which enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the birthplaces of these human pests, but I should like to say that during thirty years' experience in criminal courts, I have never yet seen a Japanese in the criminal dock." Of course the Japanese population in England is not very large, and to a great extent that may account for such an admirable record, but the writer who spent twenty-one years in Japan regrets to say that the Britisher living in that country cannot produce as splendid a one.

Presentation to a Returned Soldier.

On March 7th, at the home of Mrs. Barnum, Grafton, Ont., there was held a social evening, during which Lieut. H. Reymes, M.C., was presented with a beautiful silver mounted cane by Rev. F. A. Heffler, B.A. He is the first from Grafton to receive the Military Cross. Before enlisting Mr. Reymes was a warden in St. George's Church.

Fort William Notes.

The annual meeting of the St. Paul's Branch of the W.A. was held on March 13th, the Rector, Rev. E. Pierce-Goulding in the chair. There was a large attendance and great interest was taken in the several reports

read. All branches are in a flourishing condition and have an increased membership over last year. The amounts raised were as follows. W.A., \$2,733.13; Girls, \$648.19; Juniors, \$85.97; Babies, \$31.95. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. presidents, Mrs. E. Pierce-Goulding, Mrs. Geo. Graham; pres., Mrs. J. Lowe; vice-presidents, Mrs. D. O. Mitchell, Mrs. W. Symes, Mrs. North, Mrs. W. Hind; sec., Mrs. A. Lillie; asst. sec., Mrs. G. Lemon; treas., Mrs. H. Wilson; assistant, Mrs. C. Dawson; Dorcas sec., Mrs. Guedike; "Leaflet" sec., Mrs. Geeson; superintendents, Girls, Mrs. Sear, Juniors, Mrs. Atkinson, Babies, Mrs. Wallace.

During Lent a special series of Men's Meetings are held in the Guild Room and are well attended. Last week, Mr. S. Matthews spoke on "Christian Ideals." This week the American Consul, Mr. W. Taggart, is speaking on "The Moral and Spiritual Value of the Great War." Over 300 men are at the front.

The Montreal Missionary Campaign.

The diocese of Montreal has made extensive plans for a missionary campaign, beginning in Montreal city on April 15th next. On the two preceding Sundays, April 7 and 14th, sermons will be preached in every church in the city and its environs on this subject and on Monday evening the 15th, a great gathering for prayer will be held in Christ Church Cathedral. On the 16th parochial Mission Boards will begin a thorough canvass of the members of the Church. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, secretary of the Anglican L.M.M., and missionary of the M.S.-C.C., will assist in the Sunday work.

Quebec Diocesan Notes.

The Rev. Dr. W. E. Taylor, secretary of the L.M.M., visited Quebec Sunday and Monday, March 10th and 11th. On Sunday he preached in the Cathedral in the morning and at Trinity Church in the evening. On Monday afternoon he addressed a largely attended meeting of the Churchwomen of Quebec and in the evening a meeting for men only. At the latter meeting it was unanimously resolved to reorganize the L.M.M., and undertake an everyman canvass of the city. Among the clergy from outside points attending this conference were Revs. Prout, Adcock, Murray and Russell.

Death of Rev. E. H. Mussen.

The Rev. E. H. Mussen, a retired clergyman, who was superannuated 18 months ago because of ill-health, but who continued to do light duties until a short time ago, passed away on Saturday, the 16th inst. He was a native of Allenburg, Ont., 76 years of age, and had served in the Fenian Raid. He entered the ministry 50 years ago, and was formerly Rector of Grace Church and St. John's Church, Toronto, residing in this city for eight years. For 18 years he was stationed at Aurora, and he served ten years of his ministry in Collingwood. He is survived by his widow, three daughters and one son. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 19th inst., from All Saints' Church, Collingwood.

An Honour Roll Unveiled.

The Bishop of Ontario visited Belleville on March 17th and conducted Confirmation services at St. Thomas' and Christ Church. A number of candidates received the apostolic rite. The Bishop unveiled an honour roll at St. Thomas' Church, upon which was inscribed the names of 20 men from the parish, who had made the supreme sacrifice.

UNLESS

The Great-West Life Assurance Company were providing particularly attractive policies it would not—for eleven successive years—have led all Canadian Companies in the amount of business written in Canada.

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The Nathanael Institute

The Toronto Diocesan Work Among Jews.

Why go "to the Jew first"?—Because the Jews have been, are now, and give every promise of being in the future, among the most potent forces both for good and for evil, for faith and for unbelief, in the world. The Jewish historian, Paul Goodman, expresses this in his preface to his "History of the Jews" in the following words:—

"The Jews are one of the very rare races with a definite mission in the development of mankind.

"The Jews have, however, not only given birth to prophets of the mission of Israel, but, strangest of all, they have also produced the greatest adversaries of their own claims and corporate existence. Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, who boasted of being a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was the dogmatic founder of the world-conquering religion of which Jesus the Messiah (Christ) was the spiritual and ethical inspiration; Spinoza, the most dissolving philosopher of the modern age, broke the trammels of supernaturalism; Karl Marx, the scientific creator of the Socialist movement, became the cosmopolitan prophet of the disinherited of the whole human race."

St. Paul concentrated his missionary efforts on the chief centres of influence in his day. If we follow his example we will consecrate our best to grapple with Jewish unbelief today as the most effective means for the world's conversion.

But has there been any success?—In his tract, "Are Missions to the Jew a Failure?" Rev. S. B. Rohold says:—

"The 'Jewish Year Book,' published in London, edited by Rabbi Isidor Harris, M.A., and used by all Rabbis, mentions the names of 500 Jewish celebrities, amongst whom are included 85 Jewish converts to Christianity."

The Jewish historian Prof. G. Deutsch, in the "American Israelite" of March 10th, 1910, referring to the converts from Judaism in Vienna, says:—"The lists show that losses are found at both ends—amongst the most prominent and amongst the lowest strata of society." Dr. A. Ruppin, an eminent Zionist, in "The Jews of To-day," confirms the missionary estimates of 204,500 adult baptisms during the nineteenth century as conservative, and adds:—

"It must be noticed that this figure included neither Jewish converts to dissenting creeds, nor baptisms of children of mixed marriages. . . . The estimate of 10,000 Jews being baptized every year falls far short from actual fact."

But perhaps our greatest encouragement lies in the change of attitude of the Jewish race toward Jesus Christ. Enlightened Jews no longer condemn the man Jesus, though they will not yet acknowledge Him as the Messiah or as the Son of God. Jews are studying the Old Testament prophecies and are reading the New Testament as never before. It should inspire Anglicans to greater zeal to know that our own Church in England has been used of God to set the example in modern missions to Jews.

The Mission in Toronto.—This began in 1912 as a Mission of Holy Trinity Parish; it was made a Diocesan work in 1913. In October, 1916, an important step was taken in moving the headquarters from Edward Street, where it overlapped the similar work of the Presbyterian Mission and the Toronto Jewish Mission, to 91 Bellevue Avenue, more than a mile to the west. This house is in the direction of the movement of the Jewish population, and is in every way ideally situated. Sixteen months' work in this building has amply proved its value as the headquarters of the Nathanael Institute.

The house was leased with the option to purchase for \$10,500. An effort was made to extend the lease and option till after the war. As this failed, the Diocesan Committee on Jewish Work, after careful investigation, obtained the sanction of the executive authorities of the diocese to take the steps necessary to purchase the building.

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The initial payment of \$3,500 must be made not later than May 17th next. Toward this \$1,935 has been received and \$409 definitely promised. Sums amounting to about \$560 have also been heard of as likely to be given toward this object. Provided all these sums are received, nearly \$600 will be still required for the initial payment. It is hoped that those who have the interest of this important work at heart will give liberally, first to meet the initial payment, and then, as soon as practicable, to remove the mortgage, on which interest will have to be paid at 6 1/2 per cent. A sum of \$1,100 has already been donated toward this later purpose.

Cheques should be made payable to "The Treasurer, the Nathanael Institute," and sent to the Superintendent, Rev. D. B. Langford, 90 Oxford Street, Toronto.

May we also urge liberal offerings toward the maintenance of our Canadian Church's missionary work among Jews on Good Friday, the one day in the year on which we are given the opportunity of participating in this work through our Church offertories?



Refugee Scenes

A set of photographs of Serbian Relief Fund work among the Serbian refugees in their Corsican abodes is pleasant to look at in some ways. For one thing, Corsica, with its mountains by the sea and its semi-tropical climate, is a vision of delight to a Canadian in a Canadian town in March. The people, too, except for some hospital scenes (clean and comfortable), look well and well cared for; they are not idle and listless, but are all occupied in some way. Their industries have a primitive look; spinning flax with a distaff and spindle, weaving the linen yarn with handlooms, and ornamenting the woven work with borders of coloured embroidery. The women also make carpets. An elderly potter has a fine display of pots and pans laid out to dry in the sun. Boys are learning carpentry, and making the moccasin-like

Serbian shoe. Agriculture is in progress in a valley scene that might have been designed by Turner; with a foreground of vineyards on the near slopes, a bridge in the middle distance, and beautiful mountains beyond.

With all this apparent comfort and well being, amid these beautiful surroundings, one receives an impression of exile. People do not live in hostels when they are at home, nor meet one another only in numbers and in public rooms. In no other way, no doubt, could these small seaside towns accommodate so large an extra population: but, in any case, family life could have little place where there are only fragments of families. Most of the women we see in these views are either widows, or the wives of soldiers wasting in prison or fighting at the front. The girls probably came with their mothers; but the boys, as is well known, were sent out of the country with the retreating army, to save them from the hands of an enemy whose policy was to take them away and make Germans of them. Whether the boys have still parents alive or are orphans they probably seldom know.

In this shattered remnant of the Serbian exodus the British Serbian Relief Fund's agents are keeping alive the national spirit so that, as the report says, "the Serbians may return home, at the end of their exile, ready to resume their ordinary life." To this end are the national industries, the national festivals, the sports, reunions and church gatherings shown in these photographs, and for this end young ladies in London have now learned to make for these women their own Serbian dress.



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OPENING BALES.

(Continued from page 185.)

winter, when the lake is frozen over. For these long journeys in winter for hay or fish, the big boys need good, warm overcoats and extra warm clothing. And as to caps and mitts. Well, imagine the wear and tear that 22 boys can give to these when they are chopping and carrying wood all day and every day to feed 15 stoves, when the thermometer stands away below zero. Boys' pants and coats and jerseys? Well, multiply your boy by 22, when he is carrying wood and water morning, noon and night, and then imagine how often such garments will have to visit the sewing room for an additional patch! As our Principal's wife remarked as she looked over the boys' clothing cupboard (for these days she has to take over the care of the boys as well as everything else as there is no one else here to do it), "it is just a case of take off rags and put on patches, for there isn't a thing else to change to, except a tidier suit for Sundays," as she turned to survey the expectant array of little brown urchins around her, exhibiting their rents and rags to her contemplating eye. Not that they at all mind going around in rags. They are as happy-go-lucky as most urchins of their age all the world over. But it is just as well when there is anything doing in the way of a mild excitement, such as changing clothes, to be in the thick of it, and show you are alive, anyway!

But didn't those boys look wondrous spic and span next Sunday after the opening of those fine boys' bales, with a bran new pocket handkerchief displayed very conspicuously from each one's coat pocket?

And girls' clothing? Why, of course, it can be welcomed in any quantity. It was only this week one set of their nightgowns (for 28 girls) was found to need seven new ones to replace seven that were found to be past mending! No, we don't even waste these ragged garments, for there are scrubbing cloths and dusters and patches needed all the time. And aprons. Welcome sight! Work aprons especially, that they wear all day long when not in the schoolroom, at work and at play. Then a red set, and also a blue one (all sorts of patterns, of course), to wear change about, in the schoolroom. And then all the pretty light ones that come, do for their Sunday set, and when the school is inspected by the Treaty Payment party in the summer. And then there is a blue set of summer Sunday dresses, and another blue set for summer everyday, washing dresses, to change about with a pink, print set. Several Prayer Books. Another welcome sight indeed; and they all possessed new owners that very evening! We only wish there were more of the new Canadian hymn books, too! We haven't enough to go round to every boy who longs to possess one of his own. For they somehow will wear out so quickly with the constant handling, at least three times every day—at

morning and evening prayers, and at the opening of morning school. And we need a few to lend, too, in church for the English service in the evening. (Morning and afternoon services are mostly in Cree.) We have no use for Hymns A. and M., now that we have our Canadian Hymn Book, for we like to be in line with the rest of our Church. And, in fact, these Indians have the new revised Book of Common Prayer translated into Cree, in use already, due to their indefatigable Archdeacon, who has passed more than half a century ministering to them, and has given them their Hymn Book, too, with 151 hymns in their own language.

And what about the ribbons and handkerchiefs and the toys and pretty things that kind friends pop into corners of bales? A careful counting up of the ribbons. Yes. There will be enough to go all round the girls for Easter Day as well as a new, white handkerchief each. But enough fancy handkerchiefs to go all round to both boys and girls are put aside for Santa Claus' visit next Christmas, as well as a ribbon all round for the girls, and all the dolls and toys and suitable fancy knickknacks. "Looks a very few, so far, for 50 children, one ruefully remarks. But there are a number of bales yet to come, so we hope the Christmas box will be full to overflowing before long. For it is a heavy item to take out of the school funds near the end of the year enough for Christmas gifts for the children. So when one Christmas is over we begin to hoard up for the next one, and every little helps, as we glean a bit from almost every bale. And needles and pins, and thread and yarn, and buttons and elastic and tape. Why, we had got down to our very last bit of elastic and tape, and were hoarding that last bit of white tape like gold! And as to black tape. We had about forgotten what it looked like! And the odd button box in the sewing room had got down to a very thin layer at the bottom, and imagine the buttons needed to mend 50 sets of children's clothes every week! So there was great excitement when we saw the number some kind friend had sent along.

And what about personal gifts to the staff, with one's very own name on the parcel. It is so nice to be remembered by name by some unknown friend so far away. This one looks so well in a new middie dress. That one is delighted with a fur cape, so beautiful and cosy! Another with a dressing gown, or an old friend of a book is pounced upon. The menkind are made happy with a new suit, or ties, socks or overalls, and such things as appeal to their manly minds. The old song says that: "Christmas comes but once a year." We in this Mission station anyway, think it comes twice in our winters! As with hearts full of thankfulness to God for all the love He sends to us His children, we sing:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

The Diocese of Birmingham, England, has lately lost a very interesting personality in the Rev. Elias Asch. A Jew by race, a Syrian by birth, educated at Jerusalem, and a convert to Christianity after he had reached manhood, Mr. Asch spent some years of lay work under the London Association for the Conversion of the Jews. He then attended King's College, London, and took the A.K.C. diploma, and was ordained for work among the Jews in Birmingham ten years ago. But he soon gave himself to ordinary parish work, and has for five years past been on the staff of St. Paul's, Balsall-heath. He has just been instituted to the living of Milton, in the Diocese of Lichfield.

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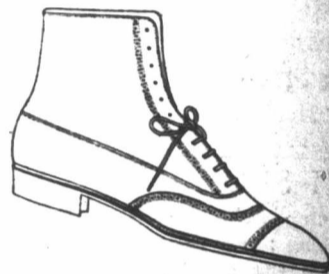
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A UNIQUE BISHOP.

(Continued from page 182.)

try to accomplish two things through this close contact. I emphasize the thought that the Y.M.C.A. is not a church and must not try to take the place of a church. And then that it must make the boy on the street no less than the boy in the Christian home and Sunday School, the object of its care." Events show that both these bits of advice are necessary, and Bishop Gray goes the right way about giving it; he enters into the work himself.

The Diocese of Edmonton, over which this kindly and manly Bishop presides, was formed in 1914 by dividing that of Calgary. It has thirty clergy and an acreage of 31,000 square miles of rich and varied country of immense possibilities. The See city is also the seat of government for the Province of Alberta. Its legislative building is unsurpassed by any similar structure in Canada, and stands almost on the site of the old Fort Edmonton; the governor's residence is large, beautifully situated and of charming design, and the university is a carefully planned group of well-appointed buildings. The River Saskatchewan, proud of its high and forested banks whereon these splendid edifices rise, flows swiftly through the young metropolis in a grand curve. There is a harmony of low, soft tones on its flowing surface—as it were a mournful melody over the passing of the red man and the trapper—and yet its joyous notes rising high above all others, fill the silvery air and inspire in the heart of the visitor a joyous hope and a controlling faith in the mighty works of man and God, even now beginning along its endless windings from the mountains to the sea.

W. BERTAL HEENEY.

Life in the Yukon

TO travel days on end with no company but the team and an Indian guide, to reach an outlying settlement; to be suspended on an aerial tramway 'twixt heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin; to lose one's episcopal robes in the river, with the consequent loss of dignity in the service; to take an early morning trip of 200 yards in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero to cut a hole in the ice before water could be obtained; to give medical attention to more than a hundred Indians, all down with the grippe, simultaneously; to preach to two congregations at the same time—one, a small crowd of ladies, and the other, in an adjoining room, of miners, some (in the front rows), attentive; others, further back, smoking, and still others, almost out of sight of the preacher, playing cards; all these were but incidents in the life of a minister of the Gospel in the Yukon, according to Rev. C. Swanson.

He mentioned the above experiences in the course of an interesting sermon at St. Luke's Church, Cedar Hill, Victoria, lately, and spoke of the difficulty in teaching the Stik Indians—with whom his work chiefly lay—owing to the paucity of means of expression. Their everyday vocabulary comprised only about eighty to one hundred words.

Speaking of the work among the white people, he designated as the elite of the country those who had lived there before '98; the middle class were those who had settled there since, while the less-honoured strata of society in the Yukon were the business men, workers and others, who simply went in for a few months of the year, and then got out. Mr. Swanson had many good things to say of the trappers and prospectors, and paid a tribute to the great work of Archdeacon Macdonald.

Boys and Girls

Dear Children,—

I see that the Editor told you last week that my eyes wouldn't let me work, and that was why I couldn't write to you at all. It was very stupid of them, don't you think, but the doctor and I talked to them severely until they thought better of it and consented to behave again. I felt worse about it because your lovely fat answers to that last competition were still waiting for me, and I was most anxious to examine them. I'm sure you must have thought me very peculiar for saying nothing about them for so long. Well, I *did* open them this afternoon, though, as I still have to go rather carefully, I didn't read them through. I must ask you to wait for another long week, I'm afraid, but you know why it is now, don't you, so perhaps you won't mind.

I couldn't help reading the letters I found, though. I never can resist them, and Paul Gardner's gave me a great surprise. You know, Paul, I think it was splendid of the friends from Brockville, Ottawa, Hamilton and Collingwood, to send you those stamps. I feel like saying "Thank you" to them myself, for I do think it's fine to feel that one has friends, even though one doesn't know them personally. One knows enough from actions like that to be sure they are nice, and it makes you feel "warm and glown all over," as a friend of mine once said.

Seems to me I shall have to stop this letter in another minute, and I had a lot to tell you about a new tale the wind sang one day last week, and how he filled a robin's empty nest with snow when nobody was looking, and how he and the sun finally made up their minds that this winter had been here long enough and they were going to thaw him out really and truly this time. But all that will have to wait, and I shall have to do what I'm told and go to bed. So goodbye for a little while.

Your affectionate Cousin,
Mike.

Kathleen Bond's Letter.

Portland, Ont., March 6, 1918.
Dear Cousin Mike,—

It gave me great pleasure to receive my prize "Fisherman's Luck" last Saturday. Thank you very much for sending it. I enjoyed it so much, as I am very fond of fishing and reading. It will also encourage me to try another competition, which I will do my best to get correct. Thanking you again, I am

Your loving cousin,
Kathleen Bond.

Frances Munro's Letter.

Experimental Farm, Rosthern, Sask., Feb. 19, 1918.

Dear Cousin Mike,—
I thought I would like to write for the competition this month. Mother said I could, and she told me how to spell a few of the hard words. I am nine years old, but this is the first time I've written any stories for a paper, though I often write them for myself.

Your little friend,
Frances Munro.

(Frances, I'm delighted to meet you. I only wish I could see you. Couldn't you write a story for me some day, please?)

Winnie Oram's Letter.

38 Burford St., Brantford, Ont.
Dear Cousin Mike,—

I am writing to thank you for the prize which I received safely. It is a lovely book and I have just finished reading it. I hope I shall be lucky again at some future date. I am enclosing this with my answers to the competition, hoping you will get them safely. With much love,

Your loving friend,
Winifred Oram.

Dimbie's Dustman Tales

By M. O. TAYLOR

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IV.

THE sun was sulky and had hidden himself behind a big cloud, and the little raindrops had been pattering on Dimbie's window all day long, and when she went to bed they were still playing just as if they never had any bedtime at all. Dimbie was nearly crying, and very cross, and when she was ready for the "Dustman Tale," she said she thought the sun was just horrid, and she wished he would stay and shine all day long. "Oh! but that would be very dreadful," said Mummy, "because then we should have no rain and all the pretty flowers and green trees would die; my little girl won't say that any more when she hears the story of

"CRYSTAL DROP"

One day the Sun and the clouds had a big fight just because the Sun had laughed at one of the rain clouds and called him "ugly."

"Thunder Cloud," who was black, and big, and dark, was *very, very* cross, called all the clouds together and told them to keep right out of the sky and leave the sun all by himself, and because he was so big and strong they obeyed him. Then he took all his little raindrops and shut them up in his cloud house.

Now if you had looked up at the sky you would have seen it all blue, no clouds anywhere, and the sun shining down in the middle, and you

Feet Frozen, Life Despaired

Doctors Said Operation Was the Only Hope—But This Man Saved His Life and Toes at the Same Time.

Cookstown, Mar. 21, 1918.—There has been a great deal of suffering from frost bites on account of the extreme cold this winter. This recalls the case of Mr. Wm. Watters, who was so severely frozen a few years ago that the doctors despaired of his life unless he would submit to an operation for the amputation of his toes. Here is Mr. Watters' sworn statement:—

Sworn statement of Wm. Watters, Cookstown, Simcoe County, Ont.:—
"On December 24, 1910, I had my feet severely frozen. Gangrene set in and the doctor said I would have to have three toes amputated. There was no feeling in them and they had turned black. Some friends told me I would be foolish to have them taken off and the doctor gave me forty-eight hours to live, saying that I was practically committing suicide and refused any treatment unless I submitted to the operation. I applied Dr. Chase's Ointment persistently and used the Kidney-Liver Pills to carry the poison out of my system. I kept up this treatment for four months and can positively say that they cured me. Except from the loss of the nail from the big toe, my foot is perfectly sound, whereas if I had followed the advice of the doctor I would have become lame for life."

This statement was sworn to before Mr. D. Hopper, Notary Public, on Jan. 4, 1915.

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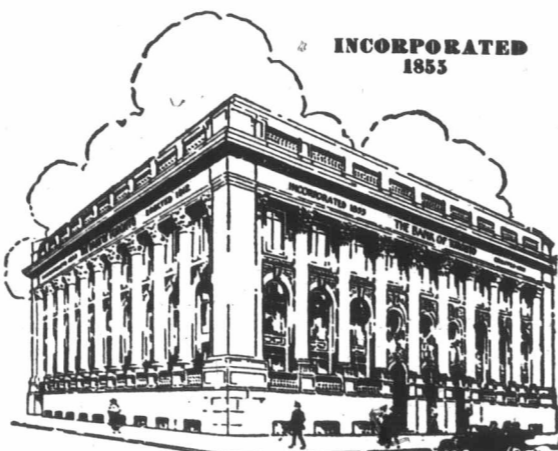
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would say, "Oh how lovely the sky looks without any clouds, I wish it were always like that."

But the poor old sun didn't think so because, you know, when we think he goes to bed at night he doesn't really, he just goes and shines on the other side of the world and wakes the little girlies up there, and when it's night where we are its morning where they are, so you see the poor old sun works very hard and the only time he really goes to sleep is when he hides behind the clouds, and when the clouds went out of the sky he couldn't even have a teeny, weeny nap, but had to keep on shining all the time.

You wouldn't like to have to keep awake for lots of nights and never go to sleep, would you?

And the poor, old sun got so tired that instead of shining nicely and gently he just burnt everything up, he was so angry; all the trees and flowers were dying and all the little brooks dried up and even the people on the earth said:—

"Oh! if we could only have some rain."

In the big cloud house Crystal Drop lived with his little brothers and sisters. He was only a tiny raindrop, but he had a great big heart, and it was full of love, and you know, darling, when people have big hearts they can do all sorts of brave and good things. Down on the earth lived a little flower called "Bluebell," little Crystal Drop's friend. He often used to go down and see her, but now he was shut up tight in the cloud house and couldn't get out. He and his brothers and sisters would listen to the birds flying past and hear them say: "Oh, the hot earth; all the trees and flowers are dying, where shall we go to hide from the sun, why, why doesn't it rain?"

Then all the raindrops began to cry, because they loved the trees and flowers, but Crystal Drop said:—

"We must get out."

And his brothers and sisters said sadly: "The walls are so thick, the door is so strong, we can never get out."

But Crystal Drop said sweetly:—

"Love will find a way."

Then he ran all through the cloud house looking for something to dig with and at last what do you think he found? Why, a Great, Big, long, sharp icicle hidden in a corner. All the little raindrops cried with joy; then they carried it to the cloud door and began to dig a hole through it, but it was very thick and their poor little hands were sore and their shoulders ached, and some of them even sat down and cried; but Crystal Drop, who was thinking of Bluebell all the time, forgot to feel tired, and said to the others:—

"Let's all sing and then it won't be so hard." And this is what they sang:—

Dig, dig away,
In here we'll never stay;
We want to get outside and see
Our friends the flower, the leaf, the tree,
Dig, dig away.

And in another minute bang! bang! Open flew the door and out tumbled the little raindrops down, down to earth as fast as they could go. And when the other clouds saw the door of the cloud house open, they came back in the sky and let their little rain drops out, too.

What did little Crystal Drop do? Well, darling, he went straight down to Bluebell and washed her poor little dusty face and filled her cup with water, and she lifted up her head again and smiled at him, and so they were both quite, quite happy.

And what did the old sun do, you say?

Well, he just scuttled behind a big cloud, pulled it right over him, went fast off to sleep and snored so loudly that the people on the earth said, "Hark! what terrible thunder."

But it was only the old sun snoring because he was so sleepy.

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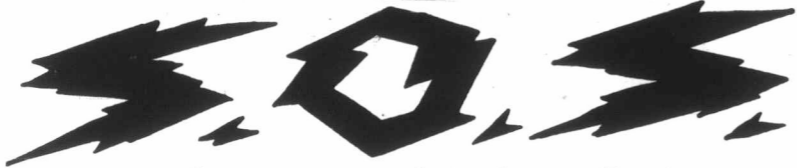
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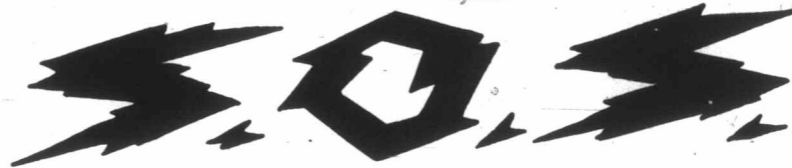
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Soldiers Of the Soil

SERVE OUR SOLDIERS

*Before midnight, Sunday March 23, enroll
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Organization (see address in your local papers).*

Summer Service on a Farm

That's what is meant by the call for Soldiers of the Soil to Serve our Soldiers—you are needed to join up with the thousands of other boys who have already enrolled to go out and work on a farm this summer to grow food for our soldiers.

Thousands of boys who were never before on a farm went out last year, and made good. You can do the same.

High School Boys, Tech. School Boys, Boys in Factories, Offices and Warehouses—every boy between 15 and 19 years of age should join up. The pay is good, and the work healthy.

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Enroll with your School Principal or Enrolment Officer whose name will be announced in your local press.

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