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Personal & General

In the light of the recent Battle of the Marne read Psalm 124.

* * * *

The Bishop of Toronto has gone to Algonquin Park for a short holiday.

* * * *

Rev. W. A. Earp and family, of India, are summering at Lake of Bays.

* * * *

Thirty Victoria Crosses have been won in the present war by men from Canada.

* * * *

Rev. Dr. W. E. Taylor, Secretary of the Anglican L.M.M., is spending July and August at Wilfrid Bay, Muskoka.

* * * *

Captain the Rev. J. P. Dykes, Curate at St. George's Church, Toronto, has left to engage in Chaplain's work overseas.

* * * *

Captain the Rev. W. F. Wallace, formerly Curate of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, Chaplain to the Forces, left Aldershot for overseas last week.

* * * *

Special services of intercession and thanksgiving were held in all the churches throughout Canada on Sunday, August 4th, the fourth anniversary of the declaration of war.

* * * *

Rev. N. A. F. Bourne, Rector of Penetang, is spending a month's holidays in Orillia and Toronto. His eldest son, returned from France, is in quest of health in a North Ontario lumber camp.

* * * *

The many friends of Rev. F. J. Lynch, of West Toronto, are concerned regarding his serious illness, and hope for the speedy recovery of one who has given his time and strength so unstintedly in the service of the Church.

* * * *

Captain the Rev. W. J. Taylor preached at the evening service at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, last Sunday. He leaves for Valcartier this week. After the service, the Young People's Association gave him a silver communion service for private celebrations.

* * * *

The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore) is going to the United States about the middle of September to deliver addresses on the war aims of the Allies. He will be on this side of the Atlantic for six weeks. His mission is under the Ministry of Information at the invitation of an American committee.

* * * *

The marriage took place on July 31st, at St. James', Moose Jaw, in the diocese of Qu'Appelle, of the Rev. W. B. Parrott, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Yorkton, Sask., to Mrs. Stuart, of Whitewood, Sask. The marriage ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Johnson, the Rector of St. James', Moose Jaw.

* * * *

Mr. John R. Clynes, who succeeded the late Baron Rhondda as Food Controller in Britain, reports to the Canada Food Board that the food situation in the United Kingdom is improved, generally speaking, but that the season of anxiety is not yet over. Food controllers of all the allied countries met Mr. Hoover in conference in England on July 22nd.

* * * *

St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, has lost a valued and faithful worker by the death of Miss Frances Elizabeth Shanly on July 27th. For thirty years she had been a member of that church.

As a Sunday School teacher and founder of the Parochial Chancel Guild, she was a devoted helper of the late Canon Broughall and freely used her gifts in the service of the church.

* * * *

Rev. C. V. Pilcher is taking the services at Murray Bay during his holidays. Rev. J. Wellesley is taking duty at the Church of the Resurrection, Toronto, during his absence. The honor roll contains the names of 51 members of the parish who have gone overseas in the various battalions, eight of whom were killed, 13 wounded and one is reported missing. The church has been established over six years.

* * * *

Lieut.-Col. the Rev. Harold McCausland, M.C., left Toronto on August 1st, to enter upon his new duties as the Assistant-Director of Chaplain Services for Western Canada. His district extends from Winnipeg to Victoria and his headquarters will be at Calgary. Lieut.-Col. McCausland returned from France last March, where he had been carrying on for 16 months with the 47th Battalion. He went overseas with the 95th Battalion in 1916.

* * * *

The Rev. J. Cooper Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, of Japan, have arrived home on furlough. Mr. Robinson has completed thirty years of service in the Canadian Mission Field. He was the first missionary sent from the Anglican Church in Canada in the old days of the Canadian C.M.S. He graduated from Wycliffe College in 1888 and was sent to the Mission Field by his fellow graduates. Many friends look forward to hearing our veteran missionary, who has retained the earnestness of earlier years.

* * * *

The Dominion Council of the Young Women's Christian Association is offering a ten weeks' training course in association work to qualify young women who wish to fit themselves for secretaryships in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association. The course will be held in Montreal from September 28th to December 21st, 1918. It will include Bible Study, Social Service work, both practical and technical, Association ideals and methods, training in club work and general administration of a city Association. Opportunities for practical work will be afforded by the kindness of the Montreal Association. It is expected that about \$150 will cover the entire expenses of this course. For additional particulars and application form write to Miss E. F. Jones, 332 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

* * * *

The Toronto Bible College begins its twenty-fifth session this fall, and is filling a place of growing importance in the religious forces of Toronto and Canada. Its work, which is strictly of a Biblical character, has consistently laid emphasis upon the necessity of a comprehensive knowledge of the English Bible, and, while there are a number of allied departments of instruction, this continues to be the centre of all its work. While the institution is not officially related to any of the religious denominations, it has on its faculty members of no less than five, including one Anglican, Dr. Griffith Thomas, who are regular instructors of the institution. As a preparatory course for theological study, and by way of equipment for Sunday School and missionary service, the Bible College is doing a large and important work. Its advantages are open to members of all Christian churches, and are furnished without expense, the institution being supported by voluntary contribution.—C.

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Canadian Churchman

Toronto, August 8th, 1918.

The Christian Year

The Twelfth Sunday After Trinity,
August 18th, 1918.

The Christian religion is not an easy religion, nor does it profess to make life easy. It helps men to do difficult things. The most difficult as well as the finest thing in life is to keep the commandments of God. The very idea of God for a morally minded man demands that God must be better than men are. Consequently His commands will make a great demand on man's moral and spiritual effort. Were this not so, we would not respect God. God has made great demands on men. The Jews believe this. God gave His commandments demanding a holy life through Moses. Christians believe this: Our Lord Jesus Christ not only approved the commandments given to the Jews, but widened their scope and enlarged their range so as to reach even to the "thoughts and intents of the heart." The keeping of God's commandments is difficult. Your own experience will tell you how difficult; e.g., have you attained in heart and act anywhere near the fulfillment of our Lord's interpretation of the demands of God's commandments? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, thy mind and thy soul; and thy neighbour as thyself"? Or have you honestly tried to live out even your own interpretation of the ideal of life in thought and act which our Lord gives us in the Sermon on the Mount? If you have, you will agree that the Christian life is a difficult thing. In fact, some say that the Christian ideal is so high, that the demands of the Holy God on men are so great, that they are impossible for men. They are quite right. The Christian ideal is impossible for man *without the help of God*. In the Epistle, St. Paul is telling us this: "The letter killeth." He found this in his own experience. The knowledge of God's demands that the law gave him showed how impossible for him the ideal was. "All have sinned." The commandment revived and he "died." But "the Spirit giveth life." This is the glory of the religion of Christ. The old law was glorious in its moral majesty—the law in Christ is more glorious. It speaks of the moral majesty of God in His demands on our lives, but it speaks of God helping us to keep His commandments by the help of His Holy Spirit. "The Spirit giveth life." St. Paul, who found experience under "the law" so discouraging, was able to say of his life under "the Gospel": "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." How true Christian experience has found our Lord's words "apart from me ye can do nothing"! The Christian religion tells us of God's moral majesty in His great demands on us but of God's infinite patience, love and desire for our holiness in His readiness to help us by His Holy Spirit. If God makes demands He is ready to help us to their fulfilment. "Your Heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

We Christians have our incentive to pray in our knowledge of the character of God made known to us by our Lord Jesus Christ. Our Father who "knows and cares." The failure of prayer is on our side, not on God's. "He is more ready to hear than we to pray." Our

(Continued on page 504.)

Editorial

THE GOD WE PRAY TO.

"God save Germany and destroy her enemies," were the prayers of the German Emperor last Sunday. He assured himself and his people that their sacrifices would not be in vain and that God would bring safely through these perilous times the German Empire, including, of course, the Hohenzollern dynasty.

The Kaiser's prayers sound blasphemous to us. The sinking of hospital ships and the bombing of hospital areas do not tally with protestations of devotion to God. Such a combination of "piety" and wickedness can only be accounted for in one of two ways. Either the Kaiser is the smuggest hypocrite that ever whined a prayer or else his God is the arch-hypocrite.

Righteousness and Truth are His habitations but they are to be understood always in the terms of the prosperity and dominance of Germany. There are no such things as lies and treachery so long as the tongue that speaks is German. His blessing is upon rape and rapine, deportation and slavery, torture and murder, if the enemies of the Fatherland are discomfited. The will of God means only one thing: the supremacy of the German Empire.

All the people of the British Empire last Sunday were called upon to bow the knee for God's blessing upon the cause of the Allies. It is just possible that there were some who by their prayers brought God down to the level of the German idea of Deity. Any worshipper who considers that God is bound to preserve the British Empire no matter what she does, has not yet seen God as Jesus Christ revealed him. The only things that God is bound to support are Righteousness and Truth, for they are the expressions of His Will. As far as we are in harmony with these, so far can we confidently count upon God's blessing. As far as we are out of harmony, so far must we expect God's displeasure, if God be a God worth praying to at all.

No Britisher would say that *everything* we have done since this war loomed up has been according to God's Will. Only a German could make such a claim. Godlessness and greed, impurity and intemperance have sapped the strong life of our nations. It is for us to acknowledge it, not with the fear of the craven-hearted lest God should strike, but with the penitence of the honest-minded who desire that our life may be purged from the evil things which have held us back from realizing the full measure of God's Will for us.

When we acknowledge our sins it is not in the least with the idea of putting ourselves in the same class—as those who have regarded neither God nor man, old age nor infancy, who have violated even death itself so that their aim might be accomplished. To do that would be mocking God and His Truth. Our hands may be soiled with greed and filth but they are not red with the blood of women and babes.

Four years ago we took up arms with the pure and lofty aims of justice and brotherhood. We are to see to it that we keep them to the end. We shall not forget them in the dark days, for then they are our inspiration and support. The days of victory will be the time of testing. Already we notice it when there

has been a fortnight of "good news." "We will take all we can get and keep it, too," is the unworthy thought that finds too easy an entrance.

Britain's war aims as set out by LLOYD GEORGE last January at the Trade Union Conference on man power, gave earnestness and strength to many a prayer. We felt at last that the indefiniteness was removed and we could truly ask God to help us accomplish the aims set forth because they were in accordance with His Will so far as we could honestly see. We shall stay in the place of power so long as we are not afraid to pray that God will continually open our minds to the knowledge of His will regarding our present enemies. Righteousness and Truth are our professed concern. We must judge ourselves as well as others by that plumb line. We know that God can grant the continuance of the British Empire only in so far as it makes for the establishment of the Kingdom of God.

The man who is afraid to leave the Allied cause to the impartial justice of God, thereby confesses the weakness of that cause. The man who seeks God's help by pleas for favoritism does not know the Father to whom he prays. God's help is ours so long as we sincerely pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

* * * * *

It is a satisfaction to note the trend of opinion in England regarding the rights and functions of the laity in the Church, as evidenced by the Report of the Archbishop's Second Committee of Inquiry regarding "the worship of the Church." Some of its salient features are noticed in this issue under *The Church in the Motherland*. While the increased power of the laity cannot be considered as the panacea for all our troubles, yet it is clear to serious observers that the development of the democratic side of our Church is a prime condition of future strength. It is the genius of the British nations. The Church in Canada is in a better position than the Mother Church for we have the laity elected by the vestries bearing an equal part in the Diocesan and General Synods. But we have only approached indirectly any partial control of the Church services by the laity.

* * * * *

"Clerical autocracy" accounts for quite a number of weak causes. It is still possible in Canada for a clergyman to wreck a church by introducing a type of service which is distasteful to the majority of the parishioners. All through our country golden opportunities are being lost because some clergymen prefer the type of service which makes an irresistible appeal to empty pews. Too often the Anglican service has been a strait-jacket into which the worshipper must be forced and if the jacket does not fit, so much the worse for the worshipper. A wise physician of souls should know at least as much about his patients as his medicines. Some day our clergy may realize that. Whatever the people find helpful to the realization and true worship of God is the thing they should have.

N.B.—If your copy of the Canadian Churchman does not reach you regularly, we shall be grateful if you will let us know.

When Will Peace Come?

Outline of a Sermon preached before the Synod of the Diocese of Calgary in the Pro-Cathedral Church, on Tuesday June 4th, 1918, by the Bishop of Kootenay

"And it came to pass, when Joram saw Jehu, that he said, Is it peace, Jehu? And he answered, what peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy Mother Jezebel, and her witchcrafts are so many."—II. KINGS, ix. : 22.

WHAT a strange, unexpected, sadly monotonous history is that of God's chosen people, Israel! How it repeats itself over and over again.

Apostasy from God, followed by punishment, reformation for a time; then apostasy again, punishment, reformation, and again apostasy, until all is finally closed in disaster and exile.

In the ninth chapter of the Second Book of the Kings we have the account of the beginning of a season of punishment following one of the worst periods of apostasy in Israel's history, that which took place under Ahab and his successors. Joram, the son of Ahab, is on the throne, and the time for the execution of judgment has arrived.

One of his own officers, Jehu, is chosen by God, anointed by command of Elisha, and charged to carry out the destruction of the whole house of Ahab. Swiftly he proceeds to Jezreel, with burning impatience he turns into the ranks of his followers, the messengers of the King, and at last in the portion of Naboth, the Jezreelite, he stands face to face with Joram, who had come out in his chariot to withstand him. The wretched whine of a cringing coward, "Is it peace, Jehu?" is met by the stern response, "What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother, Jezebel, and her witchcrafts are so many." And Jehu, the Lord's messenger, the Lord's avenger, stands forth forever as the enunciator of the great universal truth that there can be no peace, neither talk of peace, until iniquity is put away and sin purged; no peace possible so long as those conditions still prevail which caused the cessation of peace and called for the hour of vengeance.

To-day, my brothers, the world has taken up the cry of Joram. To-day, from millions of anxious hearts the agonizing wail is heard: "Is it peace?" When will peace arrive? When will the end come to all this awful misery and suffering, this unparalleled outbreak of man's cruelty and ferocity towards man? And to-day the Church, as the Lord's messenger, must give to the world the stern, definite answer of Jehu, "What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother, Jezebel, and her witchcrafts are so many?" What peace? What good in talking of peace, so long as those conditions still prevail which caused the outbreak of war? That the war is the result of sin is a self-evident fact to Christians, but it has not yet been grasped by the world, and the Church must press this primary truth upon the minds of men and women before the first step towards peace will have been taken. In Germany's dethroning of God, in her substitution of the doctrine that might is right for the doctrine of Christ, lies the primary cause of the present world-wide conflict.

But Germany is not the only country which has virtually dethroned God; the British Empire is by no means guiltless, and if we would hasten the day of peace and victory our course of wisdom would seem to be one of leaving Germany to make her own peace with God, and bending all our efforts towards the

task of reforming our own life and conduct, both as individuals and as an empire.

Your Synod, Right Reverend Father in God and brothers, meets at a moment of supreme crisis, and a heavy responsibility rests upon you.

As representatives of the Ancient Church of the British people speak you must to this part of our Empire. To speak is a great responsibility; not to speak is a greater. You must speak, and the whole Church of God must speak with you, telling men and women that there is no use talking of peace so long as those sins continue which have disgraced our national life and which still continue to disgrace it. Peace is impossible until the Empire seriously sets itself to work in an effort to fit itself to become worthy to receive peace.

"What peace so long as the whoredoms of thy mother, Jezebel, and her witchcrafts are so many?" What peace can we expect until our grave national sins are repented of and done away, until our iniquity is purged and our national life purified?

How great those national sins are!

1. God has been and continues to be practically dethroned. The great masses of the Empire do not really believe that God has anything to do with the war or the bestowal of peace. At least, if they do, their strange indifference to prayer is absolutely inexplicable. His counsel, guidance and help are certainly not being sought for by the people as a whole as they would be sought if the people really believed that they were of value, and of the utmost value. What good, then, is it to talk of peace until God has been enthroned and Christ be acknowledged as Supreme King of Kings and Lord of Lords?

2. With God dethroned, we wonder not that His laws have been despised and His Commandments treated with indifference and contempt.

This indifference and contempt still continue.

Our churches are no more thronged to-day than they were before the war. The Lord's Day is still treated as a mere holiday—a day for men, physical rest and enjoyment. Why, even at this moment of supreme crisis, when the Empire needs God as never before, a bill is before the Imperial Parliament dealing with the marriage laws and proposing changes of the most radical character, which will, if passed, make the English law regarding marriage and divorce absolutely irreconcilable with even the broadest interpretation of the teaching of Christ. What peace can we expect when Christ is thus ruled out of the national life, and dismissed from His rightful position as the Supreme Law-Giver of the nations

3. Not only so, but the most grave and terrible sins continue unabated to disgrace and disgrace our life as an Empire. Dishonesty and graft in our political and commercial life still continue. Men are not ashamed to use the present awful time of world-wide suffering and distress as an occasion for enriching themselves and oppressing the poor and needy.

Canada has prohibited the traffic in liquor but in the Mother Country the evils of intemperance still continue.

Impurity and the evils of the white slave traffic are on the increase, threatening not only the spiritual but the physical welfare of mankind with a ruin more terrible than any devastation or horror wrought directly by the war. And the Empire as such does not care; the people are simply indifferent. What peace, then, is possible, or even desirable, so long as the whoredoms of Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?

Far too much blood has been shed, far too costly a sacrifice has been offered, to make peace desirable if it means a return to those Godless conditions which existed prior to August 4th, 1914, and a continuance in those same conditions at present unrepented of and unaltered.

This is God's message and as the messengers of God we must proclaim it. Sternly and with fidelity. "What peace so long as the whoredoms of thy mother, Jezebel, and her witchcrafts are so many?"

But if the Church is to give the Lord's message, if she is to lead the Empire back to God, she must repent of her own sins. Only a penitent Church can speak with any chance of being heard and listened to by a critical, hostile and indifferent age.

Our party spirit, our apathy and indifference, our unnecessary separation as Christians from one another, our ecclesiasticism, our worldliness, our lack of earnestness, devotion and zeal, our lack of entire consecration to God, our practical denial of the Holy Ghost and consequent lack of deep spirituality, all these and many like sins must be confessed and pardoned before we can deliver God's message and proclaim to the world that the way of peace is to be found, and found alone, through a return to God in faith and penitence.

For peace is the possession and the gift of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

It is His and therefore it can be obtained from nowhere or no one else. He is longing to bestow it upon the world but the world must seek it from Him upon His own terms and subject to His conditions. Peace is His gift, but His gift only to those who believe in Him, honour Him and obey Him, and when the Empire is ready and prepared to come to Christ in faith and penitence and to enthrone Christ in personal, municipal, national and imperial life as Supreme King of Kings and Lord of Lords, then, but not till then, will the din of battle die away and peace come as the gift of Christ to be forever our universal and abiding possession.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

(Continued from page 503.)

unreadiness to avail ourselves of God's generosity is surprising.

Deafness sometimes leads to dumbness. Possibly our dumbness in prayer is that we are not supremely concerned in the best things God has to give—spiritual and moral blessing—and so the sounds of other interests prevent us hearing with our spirits. If we simply are not hearing God and so not speaking to Him in prayer, we might study the Gospel where we see our Lord "taking aside the deaf man with the impediment in his speech" and restoring his hearing and speech. It would suggest that we go aside by ourselves and have our spiritual hearing restored by the touch of Christ so that we may be ready to pray.

"Our troubles begin when we do as we please."—Dr. John. Douglas Adam.

Memorial Day in France

Captain the Rev. R. J. Renison,
D.D., C.F.

THE Canadian graveyard in Flanders (and France) is large, 'tis very large. Those who lie there have left their bodies on an alien soil, but to Canada they have bequeathed their memory and their glory—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While Glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the Dead."

—Canada in Flanders, Vol. 1.

Dominion Day was celebrated by the Canadians in France with an intensity which is only possible here, partly, no doubt, because we are from home and the light in the shrine of memory sheds a glamour on everything with the maple leaf trademark, but chiefly because of the growing conviction that Canada is making and will make in still larger measure her own contribution to the Empire and the world.

The eve of such a day should be a vigil. It was altogether fitting that the Chaplains, with the hearty support of the commanding officers, should have set apart Sunday, June 30th, as Memorial and Decoration Day, wherever possible, in each cemetery in France. May one of many services be described?

There is a sandy hill overlooking the sea in old Normandy where a field of wooden crosses marks the resting place of more than seven hundred Canadians, who sleep side by side with their brothers from every land where Britons dwell. On every cross there is a metal plate, which tells everything which can make identity certain. There is no grass, but the clean sand is carefully weeded by a company of blue-eyed English girls in long yellow boots, who bear the initials W.A.A.C. upon their uniforms. Flower beds are being planted, and already the paths are lined with petunias and the ubiquitous scarlet poppies of "Flanders Fields." Some day, no doubt, the avenues will be lined with maples, and I hope the paths sown with the tiger lily which grows in Canadian soil.

In the centre there is a circle on which all the paths converge. Here a platform has been erected and covered with flags, while a glorious wreath of roses covers the front of the table. Early in the morning a "fatigue party" (a misnomer in this case) placed a sprig of green bough, a bunch of wild flowers and a red rose on every grave. It was a glorious summer day, and as the band drew nearer the gate the only discordant note was the vicious barking of the "Archies" at some distant outpost, as they drove back a sacrilegious Hun machine.

Every Canadian unit in the area was represented. Thousands of soldiers filled the paths and faced inwards, towards the platform in the centre. The band was behind the platform, and in front were Imperial staff officers, and others in American, Australian and New Zealand uniforms. The nurses lined the circle around the platform, their blue uniforms making a bright contrast with the mass of khaki. They each held a sheaf of cut flowers in their arms.

The service began with one verse of "O, Canada," and the opening words seemed to bring the multitude together in spirit. And the great memorial hymn which followed linked the visible congregation with the Church triumphant. We only filled the ground floor of the temple, while the galleries above looked down.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine,
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine:
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia!

The lesson was from the vision of an exile on an Aegean isle when the monster Domitian ruled the civilized world. I was standing at the gate, 60 yards away, and I distinctly heard the words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." "For

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Then followed a short prayer of dedication and for peace, and the Lord's Prayer.

The memorial address was delivered by Major G. O. Fallis, the assistant director of the Chaplains' Service. The Major is a tall, athletic man, seemingly quite young, with dark hair and a bronzed face. As all the other Chaplains upon the platform, he wore simple khaki. He is in civil life a Methodist clergyman.

There were four churches gathered around him as he spoke for the Christian spirit of the Canadian army. "In my Father's house there are many mansions." There was only one subject for such an occasion. The men who slept at our feet and the cause for which they died. This is not a record, but a memory. The great quality of the address was its sympathy and suggestion. The people there were thinking deeply, as the preacher spoke under a perfect blue sky. A constant stream of lorries and automobiles hurried by on the road. The occupants, coming up suddenly on the scene, with awe-struck intuition, saluted as they passed the gate. The drone of a distant aeroplane gave a weird reality to the scene. I began to dream. The thought of immortality, how wonderful it is. Incredible that men in leather boots and mud-coloured wool should ever have hit upon it. And yet it is simple truth to say that to-day it is the material which seems unreal and abnormal. There was a time when the other world seemed a place for the old, the feeble and the unfortunate—those who, for various reasons, were better away from here. But now it is the bravest, strongest and best who are there. Immortality seems nearer and more natural than ever. Then there is the deathlessness of any ideal for which men have suffered and died. The cause of liberty has been glorified and made more precious because these men died for it. Now it is our turn to hold the torch.

"Be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die,

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

As the sermon ended the nurses turned right and left among the graves and scattered their roses as they went. They lingered over the graves of the sisters who were killed a few weeks ago when the hospitals were raided.

Then came the most thrilling moment of the service as three trumpeters stepped forward and the "Last Post" rang over the hills and the sea. I never heard anything like it before. There were three trumpets, each with a different note, but the harmony was perfect. One was high and clear, like the spirit of the Rockies; another sweet and flowing, like the voice of a river, and the third deep, with the majesty of the northern woods. It was Canada, weeping like Rachel, for her children. The Assistant Deputy Chaplain-General raised his hand in Benediction, and the most impressive service I ever witnessed was over.

"God Save the King" came almost as a relief. It brought us down to earth again, and reminded us that for mortal men, the way to live up to the vision moments of life is not to dream of them, but to stand to attention, move to the right and carry on.

JUST ANOTHER.

Dawn found the tired lad sleeping;
Death kissed away his breath.
His lonely heart was breaking
For his mother cold in death.
His home a heap of ashes
Hunger and death his lot.
Close the tear-stained lashes;
Reverently mark the spot.
Just another Armenian laddie
Gone from a land of pain;
Starved in a world of plenty,
Oh! the shame! the shame!

—By Agnes V. Williams.

THE LAST LAP.

"One day a small boy painfully emaciated, his garments in tatters, arrived at a relief station dragging a little girl almost as large as himself. 'Mother said take care of her,' was all he could say. An hour later his brave spirit found rest. Upon investigation it was found that he had been deported from an Armenian village with his mother, a baby brother and little sister. Before many days the baby died. Finally the weakened mother could go no further. Before she passed away she had told her son to take care of his little sister."—Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, New York.

The Church in the Motherland

THE Bishop of Hereford preached in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, at the morning and evening services on the last Sunday in June. It will be remembered that a few years ago when Dr. Henson accepted an invitation to preach in the same chapel the then Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Gore), inhibited him, and in spite of the inhibition, Dr. Henson kept his appointment. The present Bishop (Dr. Wakefield) charged the Bishop of Hereford to tell the Carr's Lane Chapel congregations that he was "delighted" over the arrangement.

Speaking at a meeting of the London Branch of the Churchmen's Union previous to this incident, Bishop Henson said that, so far as his knowledge went, there was no legal barrier to an English clergyman speaking in a non-Anglican church, and that it was an open question whether a Bishop could legally prevent the preaching by a non-Anglican in a parish church. The Bishop considered that the public conscience demanded that the interchange of pulpits should be recognized, and barriers removed. He felt that when a law had fallen so far out of harmony with the popular will and conscience as to be incapable of enforcement it became a moot point in ethics whether it retained any moral obligation. He added: "I find, as a new Bishop entering upon my episcopal duties, that it is the practice of the English Bishops to exercise a far larger dispensing power than the law actually allows and to justify themselves by the inadequacy of the legal system to satisfy the evident needs of the modern church. Accepting for my seniors this argument, I propose to apply it impartially and to make sure that so urgent and excellent a demand as that which is expressed in the phrase 'exchange of pulpits' is not unassisted by episcopal sympathy."

Cardinal Bourne, Dr. Selbie, and General Booth are joint Presidents with the Archbishop of Canterbury of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches. At a recent meeting, when the Archbishop presided, the programme adopted included: Sunday closing, reduction of hours of sale on week days, reduction in number of licenses, an increase in the power of local licensing authorities, the control of clubs, the abolition of grocers' licenses, prohibition of sale to young persons, the provision of an alternative to the liquor tavern and local option.

"Means must be found for curbing clerical autocracy," says the Report of the Archbishop's Second Committee of Inquiry on "The Worship of the Church," which has been published recently by the S.P.C.K. The sentence occurs in the section which deals with the causes of the lack of interest in church services. "The unnatural and unsatisfactory position of the laity in the church" is advanced as one cause. "The present condition of the laity is very far indeed from that ideal which we find in the New Testament." The granting of statute to the laity of a definite and effective legal voice in regulating the services of the Church is advocated.

The public ministry of women was no doubt in the minds of the Committee when they went so far as to suggest that "with the sanction of the Incumbent, laymen or laywomen should be encouraged to conduct services of intercession and other devotions which do not require the ministry of a priest, and it would welcome such extension of the power of preaching and instruction both to laymen and women as may be judged consistent with Catholic order and the needs of the times."

The adverse effect of modern industrial conditions accounts somewhat for the abstinence of the industrial classes from public worship in the opinion of the Committee. "It is their hearts we have lost." There is also not the slightest doubt that the average workmen looks upon the Church as committed to the support of "vested interests."

From Evening Communion to a Communion Service "somewhat elaborate in character" is the
(Continued on page 514.)

From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

THE problem of education is becoming the problem of the hour in civil life. How to educate the returned soldier so that he will be an asset to his country rather than a liability, to say nothing of his own happiness and self-respect is now engaging the attention of the government of Canada and the governments of our several provinces. How shall the youth receive that education that will fit them as worthy competitors in the great industrial struggle that will be felt throughout the world after the war is over is also occupying the attention of leaders who can see what is coming. The success of Germany in the world markets before the war has not passed unnoticed, and the country that is to win in the great battle of brains and efficiency knows full well that leadership in industry and commerce does not come of chance, or luck. The intelligence of capable leaders must see and understand the problem, and what is more they must have courage enough to devise the means by which the problem can be met. The after-war democracy in the judgment of "Spectator" will be a democracy of definite leadership. It will be a democracy that demands leadership and calls its leaders to positions of trust, and it will insist that its leaders lead. Every man for himself, and the right to do as we please will not work. It will be the better motto, of "each for all and all for each." Trade will always be necessary. Industry will always be necessary, and unless we are fools we shall insist that our efforts in the world of production shall be such that they will be recognized as useful and not inferior to those of our competitors. This aspect of education we may be sure will receive adequate attention. It is so manifest a necessity, it so affects the elemental needs of life, it is so simple that all can understand, and leaders need not hesitate to blaze the trail of new industrial achievements.

* * * *

There is, however, a broader and deeper educational problem than the education of commerce and industry, or what might be called the education of bread and butter. "Spectator" refers to the problem of culture. This word is not a favourite in our vocabulary just now, but it stands for something that cannot very well be otherwise expressed. The time has come in this country when a greater effort should be made to cultivate the humanities to develop the finer points of learning, of speech, of courtesy, of honour, of social deportment, in short, those finer graces which adorn the better types of our race. Canadians have gone a long way in the development of artistic homes, and personal adornment, but they have not shown the same interest or progress in personal culture that makes all the difference in the world. Education and culture in its broader and better sense do not seem to be necessarily linked together. The output of our universities may be learned, but they are not, as a rule, cultured scholars. Learning is a business with most of our undergraduates and it doesn't seem to be at all associated with the qualities of which we are speaking. To know the rules of grammar involves no necessity to speak grammatically. To know the poets implies no obligation to profit by their grace of diction. There is apparently little of the stirring of the hearts of youth in the appreciation of the scholar's viewpoint, the comprehensive view of all that makes for the finer elements of our manhood. True, scholarship should always imply the true gentleman. He it is, above all others, that should be able to appreciate the best that is in man. We have, perhaps, been laying too much emphasis upon the necessity of appreciating what is valuable under a forbidding exterior, and not insisting sufficiently on the exemplification of the outward and visible signs of what is or ought to be within. The time has come from the kindergarten to the university for more attention to the urbanities of life, the courtesies of life, and in a word, the culture and polish of life, than has hitherto been visible in our educational systems. Surely our educational faculties and our normal schools should give attention to these things. The qualifications to teach shouldn't depend solely on the capacity to pass examinations, or even impart knowledge. Teachers should be leaders and missionaries of culture, not in the spirit of prigs but out of their own developed personality. It is dreadful to have English murdered in pronunciation, in construc-

tion and phrasing by those who ought to create a taste for pure and forceful expression. It is a thousand pities that the young from uncultured homes should have no inspiration from those who stand before them as guides and educators. It is said that manners make the man, and we seem to scoff at manners as the adornment of fops. But good manners are but the expression of a deep respect for humanity. It is a true appreciation of our neighbours. In short, true education is the unfolding of truth to the young, truth in investigation, truth in speech, truth in demeanour, truth in appreciation, the development of scholar and gentleman.

* * * *

Those blessed war gardens, how they fill the soul of man with pride as he gathers in the vegetables that form his chief diet in these days of high food prices. He has run the full gamut of horticultural emotions in the process of his patriotic efforts. Is the ground all right? Will the seeds germinate? Will the late frosts quench their efforts to produce? Will the weeds be amenable to discipline? Will you be able to tell your proud neighbour that "I have had some of them a week ago?" All these things are terrible problems to the amateur gardener. You sow in hope and great expectations, and you may reap in pride or again in humiliation. Did you plant your peas and beans in relays, timed to come to fruition in timely sequence, and then find that the later planting disregarded the rules of the game and caught up to their earlier relatives? That is one of the hard things to forgive. Did you plant your tomatoes amid the early fugitive vegetables and watch with satisfaction the increase of the one as the other vanished in due time? That was one of the occasions when you patted yourself on the back and said brains will tell! Have you planted different varieties of potatoes in the same patch and found some show great vigour and others linger in a most aggravating attitude of reluctance? You hurry your friend past that section of the garden to have him admire the beets and the carrots that seem to enjoy life in every fibre of their being. Then there is the lattice fence covered with nasturtiums which grow and bloom with all the fervour of a robust nature. Out of the miserable soil that you gathered to receive those seeds you wonder how such enthusiasm of growth could be inspired, but the optimism of the nasturtium is infectious, and through the house on mantel and table and everywhere a suitable receptacle can be found. My lady decks the home with their varied bloom, and with queenly grace dispenses of her bounty to those who have them not. Oh, the war garden gives you many unpleasant moments, a dread of unrequited labour, of seeming lack of appreciation of your efforts, of chilling sentiments of neighbours who say: "Mine are much better than that," of tantalizing delay in maturing. But there are compensations. There are the tomatoes that have outrun all rivals,—and at dinner you say to my lady with profound conviction, "I never tasted such vegetables in my life."

"Spectator."

* * *

THE MAN WHO PRAYED.

I heard of a young man who went into the army. The first night in the barracks, with about fifteen men playing cards and gambling around him, he fell on his knees and prayed, and they began to curse and to throw boots at him. So it went on the next night and the next, and finally the young man told the Chaplain what had taken place, and asked him what he should do. "Well," the Chaplain said, "those soldiers have just as much right in the barracks as you have. It makes them angry to have you pray, and the Lord will hear you just as well in bed." Some weeks after that the Chaplain met the young man and asked, "By the way, did you take my advice?" "I did for two or three nights; but I felt like a whipped hound, and the third night I knelt down and prayed." "Well," said the Chaplain, "what then?" "Now," was the answer, "we have a prayer-meeting there every night; three have been converted, and we are praying for the rest." —D. L. Moody.

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I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did, or ever will, become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language. —Ames.

The Bible Lesson

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

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 18th, 1918

Subject: Triumphant over Death.—St. Mark, 16: 1-11

WHEN our Lord first told of His sufferings and death He also told His disciples of His Resurrection. The triumph was not to be for the chief priests and scribes, but the Lord of all power and might must put all enemies under His feet. The disciples of Jesus became convinced of the necessity of His sufferings and death, but, apparently, the Resurrection was unexpected in spite of all that Jesus had said to prepare them for that event.

1. **An early visit to the Sepulchre.** The evangelists do not record the same names, or rather, each evangelist does not give a complete list of those who came early to the tomb on the first day of the week. Each wrote with a different purpose and used the knowledge that he had for the end he had in view. St. Mark tells of three women who came bringing spices. Their evident purpose was to complete as far as they were able the work of embalming. This indicates that they had no clear expectation of an immediate resurrection. It was beyond the reach of their faith.

2. **Who shall roll away the stone?** The stone was like a great thick wheel which was rolled along a broad-groove to cover the opening of the tomb. They went on to do what they could although they were conscious of the difficulty of removing the stone. This has often been quoted as an illustration of perseverance under difficulty. The stone at the opening of the sepulchre has also been taken as a type of the obstacles that bar the way of the progress of the Christian Religion,—the stone of Ignorance, the stone of Unbelief, the stone of Indifference. In spite of these we are still to press forward, trusting God to remove difficulties which are too hard for us to overcome.

3. **The first message of the Resurrection** was given to the faithful women who were first at the Sepulchre. There was no need for the work of love which they came to perform, but a better duty was assigned to them. They were commissioned by the Angel to return to tell the disciples and Peter that their Lord was risen from the dead, and that He would meet these disciples in Galilee as He had said. The gentle message to Peter which another evangelist says was given directly by the Lord Himself was for the reassurance of that disciple and to lift from him the weight of sorrow and self-accusation which must have rested heavily upon him since the occasion of his denial of his Lord.

The fear and amazement of these women is another indication of the unexpectedness of the resurrection. It was so strange and wonderful and the sight of the Angel in the Sepulchre was so startling that they hastened back in fear and trembling. Nothing can be more natural than the simple description of the effect which this stupendous event had upon them.

4. **The appearance to Mary Magdalene.** St. Mark gives special place to a statement regarding the interview with Mary Magdalene. St. John, in chapter 20, deals with the same event more fully. Mary had special cause for her great faithfulness and devotion. The Lord had done great things for her and she exhibited special faith and whole-hearted devotion. These found their reward in the trust given to her by the risen Lord to convey to His disciples the story of His Resurrection.

5. **The disciples believed not.** They would take no testimony but that of their own experience. Afterwards they were convinced that the Lord was risen, but that conviction came to them one by one. It did not come from the report of others, but by their own experimental knowledge of the fact. It is a help to us to know that they were not credulous men. Perhaps their faith ought to have responded more readily to that which Jesus had promised and which the women said had taken place. But when these incredulous men were convinced by many infallible proofs that their Lord was risen, and when they based all their teaching on that fact and found strength and power in it, there comes through their conviction an assurance to us which helps us to believe.

"Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." This is the special beatitude of the later Church.

Lesson

Chatham, Ont.

August 18th, 1918

St. Mark, 16: 1-11

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The Historical Character of Christianity

CHRISTIAN FACTS AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

The Rev. J. K. Mozley, B.D., Fellow and Dean of Pembroke College, Cambridge

"Now the God of peace, Who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep with the blood of the eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do His will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to Whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen"—HEBREWS xiii 20, 21.

THE Christian life is the way everlasting. It is that path which brightens more and more towards the perfect day, when the shadows and the shifting colours and the broken lights, amid which our journeying here must be, pass away into the radiance of eternity. But it is not simply the light of a great hope, the glory of the beams of the morning sun just showing above the horizon, which cheers the Christian traveller on his pilgrimage. The light is not promised as a prize without being given as grace. And that light which comes as grace to guide our feet, to keep them from slipping, or to recover them when they have slipped, to strengthen them for the road which must be covered, is Christ. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee," runs the early Christian hymn, and for those who sang it God was revealed and His glory manifested in the face of Christ. And when trial and suffering was near, and strange it seemed that God's hand was not stretched out to deliver, the faint-hearted could be reminded that, for all that they did not see, yet they saw Jesus crowned because of the suffering of death with glory and honour, Jesus Who could help them from the depths of His own mighty experiences. Remembrance does not always mean strength or even comfort. There is often more pathos than power in our recollections of the past. But the memory of Christ is our inheritance for strength and not for weakness. Through Him we believe on God, we draw near to God through Him—not as the Eternal Son or as the King, of Whose dominion there shall be no end, but as the Man, Christ Jesus. Our relationship to God is moulded and made alive through the influence of the Gospel story, through those facts of time with their timeless value. How they work upon the Christian life, how in what is most characteristic of that life their ever-living power is to be seen, is the subject to which I now wish to turn.

The Church's Testimony.

First, then, all that is greatest in Christian institutionalism and in Christian piety is to be explained as the prolongation in time and in influence of a historical Person. I refer to the Church and the Sacraments. The Church did not arise as, and essentially is not, a religious improvement society or a pietistic and mystical clique. The New Testament witness is perfectly clear against any such origination. The Church arose to testify to the fact that the Jesus of history was the Christ of God. It did not arise as a sphere of initiation for persons who wished to make trial of the powers of one out of many mythical Saviour-Gods. Nor, again, was the Church an end in itself, as though all that was contained in the idea of the Church was greater than what was contained in the idea of Jesus. The most exalted language is used of the Church in the Epistles in the New Testament—the Church is the body of Christ, the bride of Christ. But had there been any notion that the actual present existence of the Church, that sacred commonwealth of which every particular community was a local illustration, rendered the past history of Jesus unimportant, had it been imagined that the Church, inspired and sped on her way by the Spirit of the exalted Christ, had no concern with the facts concerning Jesus, then the writing of the Gospels, certainly of the synoptic Gospels, would have been unnecessary labour. And of those Gospels, the two which, it is widely held, were first completed—St. Mark's Gospel and St. Luke's—were not written for Palestinian Jewish Christians at all—that is, they were written not for those whose national affinities might have occasioned a natural interest in the history of Jesus, but for Gentile converts, for whom an accurate recital of the facts, such as St. Luke took much trouble to give, would have been really unnecessary, had the Christian preaching and

Preached in St. Margaret's, Westminster, June 30th, 1918.

emphasis been devoted only to the Divine Saviour and the Holy Church.

The Church's Life.

The Church brought to the world the good news about Jesus. What He meant to her she proclaimed to and wished to share with the world. As a nation looks back to the great names of its history, as a school or college has its pious veneration for the memory of its founder, so the Church's life is full of the thought of what her Lord was and did. Her festivals and seasons mark the stages in His life, her devotions are directed towards the fuller understanding of that life and the pressing of its message home upon her members; her universal symbol recalls the supreme drama of His actual history. That great theologian, Dr. Hort, once expressed a fear of a tendency towards "Jesus-worship," meaning thereby an undue emphasis on, and adoration of, our Lord's human nature, as though it, in itself, were a legitimate object of the adoration which is due to that alone which is truly and essentially Divine. But even if this danger were greater than I believe it to be, it would be well to bear in mind the significance of Dr. Rendel Harris's remark, that we do not sing "How sweet the name of Logos sounds in a believer's ear." The adorable revelation of the Son of God has been given us in a human historical life, and the Church lives on that, and on no distilled essence of super-historical, transcendental truth.

The Sacraments.

Nor does the case stand differently if we turn from the Church to the Church's greatest rites—the Sacraments. If we speak of them as Sacraments of the Gospel we have the key to their meaning. They are not symbols in the sense in which a great picture by Watts is a symbol—a pictorial illustration or embodiment of a great idea. Their content is not an idea, but a personal relationship. They express the abiding meaning of the historical Jesus to the Christian believer and the Christian community. It is not a question at this point of one type of Sacramental doctrine. But what would unchristianise the Sacraments at the outset is any idea that Baptism's essential meaning is initiation into an environment suited for the purification of the soul, and that the Lord's Supper is a material act representing the soul's nourishment by the apprehension of higher truth. Whatever place there may be for symbolism of this kind, it is not the first place. When the first Christians used the Sacraments, their thoughts were of the Lord Jesus, of His Death and Burial and Resurrection, of the Sacrifice of Himself which He offered upon the Altar of the Cross, of that Sacrifice as become their feast. The longest section of that Creed, progenitor of what we call the Apostles' Creed, which was in use in various parts of the Christian world before the end of the second century, to be learnt by candidates for Baptism, was devoted, not to theological statement, but to events in the Lord's life. When in that century Justin, in his Apology for the Christians to the reigning Emperor, describes a Celebration of the Eucharist, he tells us that one of the features of the service was a reading from the memoirs of the Lord—in fact, from the Gospels. The Sacraments, like the Church, throw us back to a historical Person. Apart from Him they may be beautiful and edifying ceremonies, but apart from Him they bear witness to man's need and aspirations, rather than to the favour of God bestowed and to His gifts (He gave His Son for us), which are without repentance.

The Christian Life.

Secondly, there is the Christian's personal religious life. He has and experiences all the needs common to all men for whom the moral life, the life of real goodness, is at once a problem and a duty. Convinced as he may be that "morality is the nature of things," he knows how hard it is to make his life tally with that conviction. Religious sensitiveness, the desire to respond to religious impressions, does not by itself lead to the conquest of sin and the attaining of positive moral

greatness. The breach between devotion and righteousness can be very wide. Religion of a mainly metaphysical or mystic type is not adequate at this point. The mystery-religions of old time had indeed a sincere aspiration after goodness and purity, but in practice they had their darker side. It was the moral elevation of the ordinary Christian life which gave to the Christian apologists one of their soundest and most effective arguments. The blood of the martyr was seed, not only because it flowed from heroic self-sacrifice at a moment of crisis, but because it was rich in the goodness of a lifetime, short or long. It is not possible to separate this magnificent manifestation of the uplifted heights of goodness to which human nature can attain from the revelation given in the historical Christ, of that moral goal and prize which is of all things best worth winning. And it is of no slight moment that this revelation was not for a particular age alone. For it was not a revelation of duties in detail, but of man's power to rise to the level of all duties. Such a revelation must be given through history or not at all. Moral grandeur has no other outlet except through the stress and strain of the actual world. Of course, we do not think of Christ as having left us an ideal, or example, and then having retired from all active contribution toward's man's pursuit of it. The present help which Christ brings is not dependent upon a recalling of the facts of His life and Passion. But, at the last, apart from history, we have no hold upon Him. Such a common expression as the Christ-spirit has a merely subjective, changing content, unless it has its point of real contact with life, not imagined, but lived. The full meaning of life cannot be given in even the greatest literature. The relationship between the facts and the persons who make or meet them is the author's contrivance. However near to real life he writes, there must be a margin between his work and any reality in life that we have to face; and that limits the scope of his influence upon our temper and action as distinct from our imagination.

The Life of Jesus.

But Christ brings to us hope, encouragement, strength, and peace by reason of all that He was and did. The Gospels lose their value if taken as inspired fiction. The imitation of Christ, which does not mean identity of our action with His, since there is not exact correspondence between what Christ did and what He would have us do, would hardly be an ideal at all, and certainly not the ideal which has had so much to do with the constant revivifying of Christian life, were Christ believed to be a symbolic and not a historical figure. The testimony of some of those who have had little affinity with orthodox Christianity is memorable in this connection. Mill, who looked on no life as better ordered than one which would meet with the approval of Jesus Christ, Lecky, who referred to the unparalleled influence of three short years in Palestine, have an understanding of one great element in the Christian appeal which is irreplaceable. And in an age when not only theological doctrines, but, as has been said, the natural sanctions and practices of morality are challenged, and goodness, like truth, may seem but a fancy or a preference, it is well to stay ourselves upon the rocklike greatness, the kindness, patience, sincerity, purity, and love of the life of Jesus, to let the sophistication of doubt in goodness (of all snares to the soul the most subtle and the most perilous) vanish before the light which gives us not only things to see, but eyes to see with.

Christianity and Public Righteousness.

The words of Lecky to which I have referred bring us naturally to the third point on which I want to touch, the connection between Christianity as a religion rooted in history and public righteous. That the influence of Christianity upon the development of our civilization has been incalculably great hardly admits of dispute; the interconnection between religion and politics has not always been healthy, but it has been a persistent force. But what is not always understood is that Christ was, like the Hebrew Prophets, a public figure, acting directly upon the public life of His day. His words and work, and, above all, His Cross, were of no mere private interpretation directed towards the formation of individual character. His message was to the nation as a whole; when the nation as a whole showed itself unable to understand, His teaching became more limited; the Apostles were to Him the faithful remnant, just as the obedient Jews were to the Old Testament prophets. Yet even so His ministry retained its wider significance. His rejection by the na-

(Continued on page 512.)

The Special Appeal

By Mrs.
C. Cameron Waller

THE president of St. Peter's W.A. had such a bad cold that it was quite impossible for her to attend its weekly sewing meeting.

"I am particularly sorry about it," she whispered hoarsely to the treasurer, "because the wife of the new manager of the Empire Bank promised to join to-day, and I hear she is quite an enthusiastic W.A. worker, but . . ." and a long fit of coughing eloquently concluded the sentence.

So the treasurer went her way and delivered the president's regrets to the half-dozen W.A. workers assembled in the snug and nicely carpeted club-room of St. Peter's Parish House.

"Well, I'm sorry Mrs. Chester feels so miserable," said Mrs. Walker, as she settled herself and a flannelette petticoat, "but really you know I was quite afraid of another 'Special Appeal' to-day; we have had three since Christmas, and my purse won't stand it."

"I do think when we have paid our fees we should be considered to have discharged our obligations," said Mrs. Bernard, "but Mrs. Chester thinks nothing of extras. It is this pressing need and that till I am positively afraid to come to a meeting—positively. Olive, my dear, would you mind laying my furs on that chair? I don't think I needed them to-day, after all."

"Ah, I'm afraid you wanted to make us all envious with the sight of your bargain at Coles," said Olive Marsden, playfully shaking her finger at Mrs. Bernard as she took the furs from her. "They are quite beauties, Mrs. Bernard, and your old ones are really nice still."

"But when there is a special sale like Coles', I think one really ought to take advantage of it," said Mrs. Bernard deprecatingly. "Of course, if I'd guessed at Christmas that Coles would sell off so soon I'd have asked Mr. Bernard to give them to me as a late Christmas present, but you never can tell what is coming on, and, of course, they are an 'asset,' as Mr. Bernard says."

"But about the appeals," said Mrs. Ritchie, "they should be like the apportionment, don't you know? Canon Martin says we are assessed so much—how much it is Olive?—and it is paid out of the Church funds, and he won't allow any appeals, not one, don't you know?"

"Yes, and when we have put in our mission envelope we feel we have done our full share," chimed in little Mrs. Galton. "Here I always feel that there is something more required of me."

"Yes—yes—yes, indeed," came in emphatic chorus from the assembled ladies, just as the door opened, and the Rector's wife, accompanied by the new member, entered the room. After a general introduction, Mrs. Martin, a little frail, nervous woman, made a frantic effort to set them all at ease.

"What were you discussing so energetically as I came in?" she said. "Perhaps Mrs. Carlton and I may take a share."

"Oh, about special appeals, don't you know, Mrs. Martin?" said Mrs. Ritchie. "We all think Mrs. Chester allows too many and that our fees should cover everything, don't you know?"

"What did you do in Kingsbury, Mrs. Carlton?" questioned Mrs. Martin, not caring to take sides in parish matters.

"Well, of course, if the fees are adequate for all emergent calls," began Mrs. Carlton. "By the way, what are your fees?"

"Oh, there are envelopes. You must have seen them in the church plate—pink ones—and most of us put in every month. . . ."

"How much?"

"Not all the same," said Mrs. Bernard. "Sometimes more, sometimes less." ("I think this month it would be less because of the furs," whispered Olive Marsden to her friend, young Mrs. Baker.)

"And does that meet all your pledges and the special appeals, too?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"No, it does not," said the treasurer, Miss Vernon, who had been trying to find an opening for her opinion. "If I knew exactly how much we could count upon for the year I might manage a little emergency fund, but when a member puts in a quarter one month and ten cents the next, what can I do? And the pledges and Branch fees must be met—" and Miss Vernon broke off her thread with a snap.

"If we paid our share and had done with it," said Mrs. Walker, "I should not grumble. We are never short in our pledges or our apportionment, but lots of branches are short and so there is a diocesan deficit and it is made into a special appeal, and I don't think it's fair."

"Of course, we are not exactly a poor branch," said Mrs. Ritchie, "and many of the country branches work harder than we do. The women at Eastlake drive eight or ten miles to their meetings, and make dozens of quilts, but they have no money to speak of."

"It's rather nice to think that the strong are bearing the infirmities of the weak, as it were," murmured Olive Marsden, but no one took any notice.

"We don't all pay by the envelope," began Mrs. Martin hesitatingly. "I myself, for instance . . ."

"You are all right," said Miss Vernon, "but there are lots of members who don't come to the meetings, and give me one dollar or two dollars at the beginning of the season, and if they are asked for anything extra, say: 'Oh, I've paid for this year.' But you know things come up that we can't foresee; look at that bad fire in Beaverbridge, for example."

"There was Mr. Enderby's visit, too," said Mrs. Galton, who was of a corroborative turn of mind. "I suppose we couldn't have known it was possible six months ago. Mr. Enderby is the head of the Indian School we are working for," she explained to Mrs. Carlton, "and he has enthused so that . . ."

"That Violet and I have turned out to work," put in Olive Marsden, "and are planning to spend half of our much-needed allowances in additions to the bale," and she laughed.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Carlton diffidently, "that if your receipts cannot be absolutely relied upon, and are not large enough to ensure a reserve to meet the special appeals which must come, you have only the choice between turning down these unforeseen requests or honouring them by extra donations."

"And don't you think," said a gentle voice from the back, "that our Missionary Society is just the channel through which the gifts of His people flow to reach those whose needs our Master has bidden us meet—for Him," she added softly.

Some of the ladies looked a little uncomfortable. Mrs. Legh always took that sort of high spiritual ground, and, of course, if you put it like that—well they were quite glad to be saved reply by Olive Marsden, who said bluntly: "Our prayer says we are to 'go forward,' and if that means more prayer and more interest it must mean more money, too, unless it is a 'vain repetition'—depart in peace, be ye warmed and fed' sort of thing, eh?" And Olive Marsden who did not often express herself in such fashion, turned rather shamefacedly to the button box and began to search for buttons.

"Perhaps it is a little like buying clothes for my small Gwen," said Mrs. Baker meditatively. "Last year it took two yards for a frock, and this year it takes two and a half. The darling is growing fast and is frightfully alive. I suppose everything really alive does grow and needs more money spent on it."

"And if our W.A. is alive and growing, we must increase our gifts," said Mrs. Legh earnestly, "and our special appeals are like—like," and she paused for an apt illustration.

"Like the baby-jumpers and all the things that weren't invented when I was small," broke in Mrs. Baker laughingly, "and which add so much to baby comfort and mother peace of mind. I can't imagine Harold saying, 'That is not included in our estimate for Gwen.' He just goes and buys everything special he sees, he is so fearfully keen on her, don't you see?"

"We want to be keen about our Master's work, too," said Mrs. Legh, but her words were hardly heard amid the chorus of—

"Of course!"

"First baby!"

"Little pet!"

"Spoiled darling!"

And at this moment the outer door again opened and a cheery voice exclaimed:—

"A hundred thousand apologies, but I simply could not get here a moment earlier. I'll stay

late to make up. I simply had to go to that wonderful sale of rugs—it was the chance of a life-time. I simply bought and bought, and I'll never regret it," and Mrs. Manning flung off her coat and sitting down beamed upon the assembled ladies.

"Oh, did you go?"

"I wanted to go, too!"

"I was dying to go!"

"I just ached to go!"

came in varying tones, and Mrs. Ritchie added plaintively: "But I couldn't squeeze it out of the house-keeping anyhow, not if I had kept them on bread and water."

"Squeeze it out of the house-keeping, my dear friend?" and Mrs. Manning raised both hands in pretended horror. "Why I just went to John and said: 'There's a special sale of rugs on at the Oriental Bazaar, and if we are going to let the house in July we have got to fix up a bit'—that fetched him. 'So you've simply got to give me a cheque.' It was a 'special appeal,' ladies, like those Mrs. Chester talks of, and, of course, he gave it," and Mrs. Manning laughed gleefully, unconscious of a certain embarrassment which had fallen on the company at the words 'special appeal.'

"It's no use," she continued, "letting our men-folk think we can meet these real emergencies out of our monthly dole. When John says to me at the beginning of the year: 'Can you manage on so-and-so, my dear?' I simply say: 'Yes, John, if nothing special turns up.' But a 'stitch in time saves nine,' and if I see a chance of getting a bargain in a dining-room carpet before the old one is too bad to go into the sewing-room I'm simply going to take it. One might just as well say," said Mrs. Manning, hunting about for an illustration suitable to the occasion, "just as well say, let that Mission Mrs. Chester was talking to us about, go all to pieces, because we would not pay for the building of that burnt-up church—I made John sign a cheque for that, too," she added triumphantly. "It's economy in the long run, I said, same as getting the new carpet, and John saw it."

The perfectly unconscious exemplification of their discussion had been so very appropriate that none of the opposition felt inclined to continue it, and those who shared Mrs. Chester's views decided it would be wiser to let her words sink in without risking anything extra which might miss or mar—and most opportunely Mrs. Legh discovered and made known in her soft voice that they had not opened yet.

"What do you do?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"Oh, we have the members' prayer and one for harmony and the war prayer. Mrs. Martin, you are honorary president; would you . . .?"

"Mrs. Chester generally reads some Scripture verses." Again the gentle voice rose. "I don't mind taking the prayer," said Mrs. Martin, hurriedly. "We might miss the Scripture for once."

"I don't think that would be good form with our president unavoidably absent," said Olive, a little maliciously—she rather liked to see Mrs. Martin flustered. "I'm going in to see her on my way home. I wouldn't like to say business did not go on as usual."

"Perhaps Mrs. Carlton would read a few verses," said Mrs. Martin, hopefully. "You have been a president, haven't you?"

Mrs. Carlton acknowledged that she had held that office, though she had not thought before that one of its qualifications was the ability to read Scripture aloud to a few women.

With a silent prayer for guidance in her choice of a passage she turned over the leaves of the Bible handed to her by the secretary.

"May I read just a few verses from 1 Cor. 12," she said at last, "the chapter in which St. Paul speaks of diversities of gifts, administrations and operations, which all work together," and she read: "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. . . . And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

At Kingsbury she had always commented for a moment, and quite naturally she continued:—"Should not our W.A. be a little picture of this unity in Christ? If there is need anywhere, those who can supply it should do so, don't you think? because we are all one family, and the family honour, the family prestige and forward movement must not suffer because one member is slack or careless. It's the family, you know; our great cause, not this branch or that member. And if there are great bits of work done, new missions

(Continued on page 512.)

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THE TRAINING OF THE CLERGY.

Sir,—After some nine years in the "Old Land," during three of which one sensed to the full the stress of war, and having the privilege of looking at once to Canada and to England for those rich influences of student and post-graduate days, one cannot but feel the loss this side of the water, both for the university and for the Christian ministry, due to the divorce of Divinity from those many studies which constitute the wealth of the intellectual environment of our halls of learning.

Living in an age keenly set with the problems of materialism, we are, as citizens and Christians, confronted with two disquieting facts . . .

(1) The Christian pulpit has not the power in the community that it once had. The ministry does not draw into its ranks the flower of our youth, or, indeed, one may fear, even a small percentage of the keener minds among the student body.

(2) Our universities, almost alone of those of the English-speaking countries, have seemed to set a taboo on religion, or the studies of those great spiritual interests of life which go so fully to make a great nation. Can there not be some way out of such an impasse?

Never was there a time when there was greater need for the prophet and spiritual teacher in the nation's midst than to-day. Never was there a time when those who would wear the mantle of the prophet needed fuller training for their task.

The ever-widening circles in which the scientific demand for examination and proof thrusts the mere pronouncement in the name of authority from its wonted security—and quite rightly so—have become so broad and far-reaching as to call insistently for a temper of mind in our younger clergy which shall look on the scientific enquiry of the modern mind not as foe, but as richest friend.

Science claims to know no authority save that of truth—nor, we hope, does Divinity. But it may be doubted whether in our universities the two have been given that opportunity of a kindly sympathy which can alone lead to rapprochement and to strength.

The war has given us a changed outlook on many things. May it not well ask us to re-examine, and, if need be, to reshape our views here as elsewhere. For surely the question is imperative.

(1) May the Churches not be asked whether they have, in any real sense,

tried to foster that spirit of independent thought which can alone help in the difficulties met by the intellect of the age? Has it not been too often true that the very man who has had least preparatory training has been allowed to pass out into the sphere of ministerial work with the shortest course, knowing little, if anything, of the great problems of science and of philosophy of the present day, which must inevitably impinge upon the field of fundamental Christian doctrine.

(2) Faced with the pecuniary problem of a limited course of study, have our theological colleges or Churches laid down a curriculum which shows any sense of an imperative distinction between essential and non-essential? Are they still not so deeply imbued with the narrow conception of a "Book" religion as not to know that "the essence of Christian theology does not lie wholly in the Bible . . . that Hebrew, and even at times Greek, may be a luxury (the amount of it learned is usually of the nature of a very limited war ration) . . . that Church History and Old Testament History are not the subjects greatly calculated to give the student the keen sense of having some part to play in the shaping and interpretation of present-day bearings of theology on our philosophical and psychological trends of thought.

With, of course, the New Testament always firmly fixed as the focal point of their study, are there not reasons to believe that there is room for an earnest re-sorting and a more careful tabulating of essential and of less essential in the very few years allowed for study for the ministry within college walls.

(3) And, most of all, can we expect to find vigorous minds being attracted either to the ministry or to the study of theology until they are given some such course as shall make them feel their work worth while and of permanent value in dealing with the interests of the world's great present? One can but mix with our divinity students to feel that their present studies in no real way raise that interest which shall bear to them that greatest of all benefits of a university or college training: the student outlook on life and the student desire to search farther into the great field of truth.

But, if the Churches have pause to consider their position in this regard, can the universities prove themselves to be without responsibility for a state of affairs which must be detrimental to the goal which they claim as their own peculiar interest—the upbuilding of the unseen forces of national life.

Is theology the cramping subject that we have been given to believe? Is it of such a nature as necessarily to be isolated from all other phases of a liberal education? If intellectual men have grown distrustful of the minister as a teacher and a leader in life, lacking in that power of intellectual sympathy which they have a right to expect . . . if unbelief, indifference and cool aloofness to religion are to be found within college corridors, is it not that the university has failed to grasp her duty in a Christian state, and has, if not actively, at least passively, lent countenance to as narrow a conception of religion as the Church herself?

In an age whose circumstances have meant on every hand an intensifying of thought, a widening of educational interest, and an ever-growing accessibility to knowledge alike in library, journal, picture and press, religion must be of the very staff of life, and they who are its teaching specialists need not less, but certainly equal, training to those members of the great sister professions.

Is it too much to hope that some course may be shaped which shall offer to the student in theology the right, as such, within the university

walls to search into those great, intensely interesting and profitable fields which are his by inherent right . . . the fields of literature . . . of modern philosophy and psychology . . . of the deep and pressing study of individual and social ethics . . . and of the ever-growing knowledge of political and social science. These, with a wider grasp of ancient and modern history, and, mayhap, rather of the history and comparison of world religions than of that only of one biblical race, would form a course of study eminently useful, the interest of which would compel thought, and dull would the graduate be who willed not to strive on to fuller knowledge.

Appreciating to the full that enterprise which, in a new land, reaches out to the assistance of such studies as agriculture, commerce and dentistry, one cannot help but expect weakness in either an institution or a nation whose intellectual training places not its soul above its turnips and its teeth.

Such thoughts to whom they may concern, and to you, sir, gratitude for the printing of them.

J. E. Ward, M.A. (Oxon.), S.C.F.
University Club, Montreal.

The Churchwoman

The W.A. Annual of Qu'Appelle Diocese.

It has been felt for some time that the north-eastern part of the Diocese of Qu'Appelle required something in the way of a stimulus, so at the Annual in Moose Jaw last year, when the invitation came from Yorkton to have the Annual held there for 1918, it was very gratefully accepted, and we trust the interest shown and aroused during the meetings held there will continue to be the ruling spirit for some years to come. The seventeenth annual meeting was held in June. On the Tuesday a Quiet Hour was held, addressed by Rev. G. F. Davidson, St. Paul's, Regina. After tea Evensong was held in Holy Trinity Church. It being St. Barnabas' Day, the Rector of St. Paul's, Regina, gave a splendid address on the various characteristics of St. Barnabas, how he gave all to our Lord, and applied that motive to our W.A. workers, to give their whole heart, time and prayers for the great work 'the Woman's Auxiliary is called upon to do, and to show the same faith he did when he was called upon to go out into a strange country to preach the Gospel; and last, but not least, the great care and interest he took in St. Mark, and how, from a weak and wavering disciple of Christ, St. Mark became one of our Lord's strongest missionaries. At the corporate Communion on Wednesday the Bishop preached on "Mary of Bethany." In a very earnest manner he spoke of the beautiful character of Mary, and how she waited on our Lord, drinking in His teaching, and did not hesitate to give all she possessed. Here the Bishop spoke of the wonderful work the Woman's Auxiliary had done during the past year in spite of all the other most necessary calls upon their time and money, and trusted, with God's help, they would be given courage and strength for the coming year, when even more sacrifices would be required of them. The thankoffering was presented at this service, being the splendid sum of \$404.81, an increase of \$129.50 over last year. The morning session met in the town hall, which was kindly lent by the town council. There were seventy-four delegates present and a large number of visitors and several clergy, some of whom had never been at an Annual before, and were astonished at the businesslike and capable manner in which the meetings were con-

Progress of the War

July 29th.—Monday—Germans still retreating before Americans and French.

July 30th.—Tuesday—Heavy counter-attacks of enemy on Rheims-Soissons salient fail.

July 31st.—Wednesday—Field Marshal Von Eichorn assassinated in the Ukraine.

August 1st.—Thursday—Allies renew drive against Germans on Rheims-Soissons line taking several villages.

August 2nd.—Friday—Allies retake Soissons and enemy continue to retreat.

August 3rd.—Saturday—Allies take Fismes and cross the Vesle River.

ducted. Letters of greeting were then read from the General Board, Diocese of Keewatin, Quebec, Montreal, Ontario and Niagara. A very friendly address of welcome by Mrs. Boland, president of Yorkton W.A., followed, and was suitably replied to by Mrs. Leech-Porter Grenfell.

A very interesting event was the presentation to Mrs. Stanford, Diocesan Deanery secretary, of a life membership from the deaneries. The Bishop very kindly and in a few well-chosen words spoke of the many good works and deeds Mrs. Stanford had performed throughout the mission churches of the dioceses, and also her most valuable work in connection with organizing the ruridecanal associations. The diocesan reports then followed, there being 157 Senior Branches, of which 96 reported 1,532 members, and raised \$28,415.54. The Dorcas secretary's report gave the value of bales received as \$686.80 (secondhand clothing in bales not valued); amount of cash received, \$309.42. The secretary reported 26 children in Gordon's School, now being clothed by parochial branches in the diocese. As will be seen, the Dorcas secretary's report showed a decided improvement, both as regards value of bales, also cash received, and shows what an energetic person can do if they put their mind to the work they undertake. The treasurer reported total receipts, \$3,032.95; balance in bank of \$617.19. The "Letter Leaflet" secretary's report showed 852 subscribers, being an increase of 239. The secretary hopes to have over 1,000 subscribers to report next year. The Junior W.A. secretary reported nine new Branches, making a total of 39. The Babies' Branch secretary gave a very encouraging report, having seven new Branches, the total number of Branches being 31. The Girls' Branch, which was honoured by having a secretary of their own last year, reported 13 Branches. The Diocesan Deanery secretary reported 17 ruridecanal associations having been formed, 15 conferences held, and much visiting done. The recording secretary and literature secretary both gave reports of a large amount of real work being done. The members present were very pleased to learn at this meeting that St. Chad's Furnishing Fund was out of debt and the committee discharged. Noonday prayers by Rev. W. B. Parrott and a short address was followed by luncheon in the Parish Hall. Here we must speak of the great care and thoughtfulness of Yorkton's Rector and his people. The mayor of the city, and also the Presbyterian minister were present both days at lunch, and addressed the meeting in friendly and kindly spirit, which all present appreciated.

At the afternoon session an announcement to the constitution was made, making the service of admis-

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age 512.)

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sion not compulsory to members. Motion to ask the General Board to assist in establishing and supporting the Cottage Hospital and field nurse on Gordon's Reserve. Motion to designate Babies' Branch funds, one-third each to Japanese Kindergarten, "Door of Hope," China, and Diocesan Font Fund. Several questions were raised at this point of the meeting, one being that of a Diocesan organizing secretary, discussed and left over for branches to consider during the year. Also question of one central Diocesan fund for all pledges and expenses, and assessment for same, also discussed and left over for next annual meeting. After the reading of the address the Bishop spoke, saying he hoped the day would be soon when the Diocesan president's address would have a place designated to it in the Synod book, especially such an able and educative speech. The president has been in office for seven years and speaks of resigning. It would be a real misfortune to the Qu'Appelle W.A. as a whole, as very few women could carry her position with such grace and tact, year after year, improving, if that were possible. The president mentioned the service of the W.A. in relief of the Halifax disaster. This diocese sent money subscriptions and four large cases of clothing. At the election of officers all the old officers were returned, with two new ones taking the places of secretaries for work among non-Christians and the Diocesan correspondent, regrets having been expressed by the president for Miss Miles' and Miss Crane's resignation from the Board through removal from the diocese. This was followed by election of delegates to the triennial meeting. The Bishop then addressed the meeting, continuing his discourse on "Mary of Bethany."

At the evening session the chief speaker was Rev. H. D. Atwater, of Gordon's School, who gave a very interesting and instructive address on his work among the Indians. The W.A. members felt proud of their work towards their fellow-creatures, and were able to learn more from the principal's words regarding the needs of his school and reserve than all the reading and hearing from others had ever been able to do. Quite a number of the delegates made a resolve to rouse up their branches to the needs so near home. The Rector of St. Paul's, Regina, also addressed the delegates, and spoke of the great needs of the Church for more young men to enter the sacred ministry, and hoped every mother present would bear that need in mind and try to influence their boys' minds towards a life as Christ's messengers—a hard life, but also a satisfying one.

On Thursday various appeals were read, and nearly all helped out as much as possible. Reports from 14 Rural Deaneries were then read, and showed good progress being made in nearly all the Deaneries. Mrs. A. L. Gordon, of Regina, gave an invitation from the Queen City for next year, which was accepted with thanks. A vote of sympathy was moved to be sent to the Rev. T. H. Lackey, owing to his recent sad bereavement. Mrs. Simpson, of Regina, then moved the customary votes of thanks. The Question Box followed, all of which the president, assisted by Mrs. Harrison, very ably and amiably answered. The president was here presented with flowers from the delegates, also from Yorkton's W.A. and Church people. The president, in thanking the givers, also said the meeting had been one of the best organized she had ever attended. The

Bishop gave the closing address, to which all listened with close attention. Not only were his words grave with future problems, but also were a great encouragement to all, as he showed the position we occupy in this great country. He also spoke to the members present regarding a Canadian ministry recruited from Canada's sons. Some of the delegates came from the extreme western point of the diocese, but all felt the time had been well spent, and are looking forward to the next Annual in Regina.

Church News

Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

Thompson, Rev. Norman John, L.Th., Lynn Valley, B.C., to be Incumbent of Stayner and Sunnyside. (Diocese of Toronto.)

Gilbert, Rev. C. F. L., Incumbent of Sudbury, to be Incumbent of Port Carling. (Diocese of Algoma.)

Fisher, Rev. G. W., L.Th., Incumbent of New Bandoor, to be Rector of St. Mary's, York Co., N.B. (Diocese of Fredericton.)

The Passing of a Pioneer Clergyman of Huron Diocese.

The funeral of Rev. Sylvester L. Smith, a superannuated clergyman, and a former Rector of Christ Church, Forest, took place from his late residence in Forest, on July 31st, to Beechwood Cemetery, following a service in Christ Church conducted by the present Rector, Rev. D. J. Cornish, assisted by Rev. Canon Hill, of Petrolea, and Rev. H. P. Westgate, of Sandwich. He is survived by his widow, three sons and three daughters, Rev. Canon Smith, of Saskatoon; Percy, now overseas; and Douglas, the youngest; Miss Ethel Smith, superintendent of visiting nurses' work, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Victor Corbett, Minot, North Dakota; and Mrs. Christian, wife of Rev. J. L. Christian, of Oxford, Miss. Mr. Christian is now overseas with the United States Y.M.C.A. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have made their home in Forest for a number of years. Mr. Smith was Rector at Ailsa Craig, Kitchener, Morpeth, St. Thomas and Forest during his ministry of 49 years. He was Rector of Christ Church, Forest, 30 years ago. He was in his 76th year.

Praise for Canadian Chaplains' Work.

While the Canadian fighting troops have not been taking a very active part in the recent operations, the Canadian hospital casualties clearing stations, in all of which large numbers of Imperial troops are served, have been working at top pressure, according to information received from overseas, and by their efforts have done much to draw closer the bonds between the motherland and the Dominion. The Canadian Chaplains with these units have been doing work of peculiar personal interest. Many of the Chaplains have been working 18 and 20 hours per day, ministering to the wounded, writing letters to friends and relatives on behalf of the severely wounded, and those who have died of wounds. An idea of the extent of this work will be gleaned from the fact that one Chaplain alone has received no less than 300 replies from families to whom he has written and supplied first-hand information during the last two months. Such letters bring indescribable relief and comfort to the people at home. These letters go to all parts of the English-speaking world, including England, Scotland, Ireland, United States, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada.

The wife of an Imperial Brigadier-General was so moved by the great kindness shown to her husband and officers of his brigade by the Canadian medical services and Chaplain, that she is endeavouring to have a V.A.D. hospital which is operating in England converted into a convalescent hospital for Canadians.

"Wave Crest" Chaplains.

With a view to attending to the spiritual welfare of the embryonic tars on the "Wave Crest," the training ship of the Boys' Naval Brigade, the following clergy have expressed their willingness to make a trip with the boys: Rev. R. Gay, August 10 to 17; Rev. L. B. Vaughan, August 17 to 23; and Ven. Archdeacon Ingles, August 23 to 31. The vessel arrived at Cobourg Tuesday last.

Mission Party's Safe Arrival.

The Right Rev. Dr. Lucas, the Bishop of Mackenzie River, sends us the pleasing news that the mission party en route to the Mackenzie River diocese, arrived at Chipewyan on June 18th, after a journey of five days only from Edmonton. Here, the Rev. and Mrs. W. Gibson, of Wycliffe College and Deaconess House, Toronto, reached their destination and were at once placed in charge of St. Paul's Mission. The rest of the party, consisting of the Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Vale and Miss Austin, bound for Hay River, the Rev. E. and Mrs. Reid, for Fort Macpherson, and Mr. and Mrs. Blow, for Fort Norman, left a few hours later, accompanied by Bishop Lucas, who thus began the annual visitation of his vast diocese, involving a journey of nearly 3,000 miles. Most of the party crossed the 16 miles portage on June 21st and the Bishop conducted services at Fort Smith on the Sunday following. The Bishop stayed at Fort Fitzgerald where he held similar services for the few Protestants living at that place. The steamer "Mackenzie River" was due to leave Fort Smith on the 28th ult., and unless it was delayed at Great Slave Lake on account of the ice, Fort Macpherson was reached by July 7. The diocese is greatly indebted to the members of the W.A. and clergy in Edmonton, who most generously granted hospitality to all the members of the party bound for the north. All are deeply grateful for the many kindnesses extended to them during their stay there. The Bishop hopes to return to Chipewyan in time to enable him to attend the General Synod at Toronto.

Presented With Purse of Gold.

The Rev. W. L. Cullen, who has been acting for some time past as locum tenens at St. James', Fenelon Falls, took leave of the congregation on July 28th. He left on July 30th for Koshie Lake, Muskoka, where he will spend a few weeks before returning to his home in Toronto. During his incumbency of ten months here the church debt was decreased by the substantial sum of \$800. A number of the congregation assembled at the home of Mrs. Cameron and presented Rev. Mr. Cullen with a purse of gold and an address.

Presentation at Gregory, Ont.

A presentation was recently made to the Rev. R. Hains of a purse containing \$86 on his leaving Gregory, Muskoka, to take charge of the Mission at Powassin. The purse and its contents represented subscriptions gathered from summer visitors in the neighbourhood by Mr. H. Blatchford, Rev. J. McQueen Baldwin and Prin-

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cial Waller, and in the hotels at Clevelands and Nepahwin, by friends who took charge of the collections in those places. Rev. R. Hains carries with him the good wishes of many friends to whom he has endeared himself during his four years in charge of this Mission.

Sunday School Commission.

The regular semi-annual meetings of the Sunday School Commission of the General Synod will be held in St. James Parish Hall, Toronto, on Monday and Tuesday, September 9th and 10th. The executive committee will meet on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and the Commission on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. The fourth day of the General Synod—viz., Saturday, September 14th, is the day set apart for the consideration of the Commission's triennial report by the Synod. Those requiring hospitality are requested to write at once to Rev. F. C. Summerhayes, Synod Office, Continental Life Building, Bay St., Toronto.

Victoria Summer School, 1918.

The second Summer School in the diocese of British Columbia was held at St. George's School, Victoria, from July 8 to 13. The School opened with an enrolment of 59 boarders and 104 day students, the latter being largely increased during the week. Among the scholars were the Bishop of the diocese, Bishop dePencier, of New Westminster, and Bishop Landers, of Victoria, Hong Kong. The surroundings of St. George's School are ideal, beautiful trees and lawns and quite an old world atmosphere. The devotional address each morning was given by Rev. Professor Cosgrave, of Trinity University, whose presence was greatly appreciated, and whose words were exceedingly helpful. He gave, as well, the evening lecture on the missionary work of our Canadian Church, in which he related the origin of the various dioceses from East to West with their historical contacts, described the work at present being carried on with the methods and organization of the M.S.C.C. and W.A., and stated the needs and problems of the future. Two series of lectures were given by Rev. Dr. Gowen, Professor of English literature in the University of Washington, Seattle. In the morning Dr. Gowen lectured on the Book of Job and in the evening on Eschatology. To both lectures he brought a wonderful flood of illustrative interpretation, which at times seems to sweep one away. His thorough knowledge of literature, combined with his feeling for human nature which has doubtless been strengthened by his long pastoral experience, make his treatment of subjects such as the above, entirely removed from the scholastic dry-as-dust mode. While quite different in personality and manner, he reminds one somewhat of Dr. James Moffat, especially in his apt and felicitous quotations which never seem "dragged in." Rev. R. A. Hiltz, Sunday School Commission Secretary, gave a series of interesting lectures on practical Sunday School work. His bright and attractive manner, coupled with the very thorough way in which he deals with the matter in hand, makes his address easily remembered. Of course, as he pointed out, he has no ready-made formulae suitable for all ailments of

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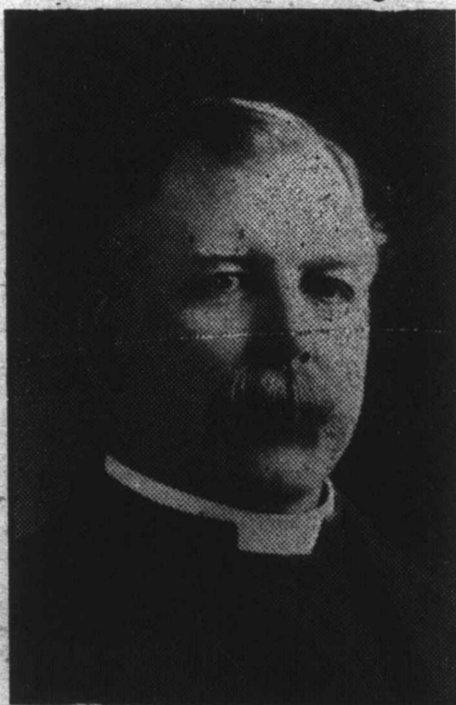
the school, but he does at least give two much needed things—inspiration and guidance. A daily conference gave an opportunity to discuss some of the serious post-war problems relative to faith, worship, social service and the rural church. Capital speeches were made, and they were much enjoyed. The annual cricket match between clergy and laity resulted in a triumphant victory for the clergy. True, their numbers were somewhat larger than the rules allowed. The pretty grounds adjoining the Royal Jubilee Hospital looked at their best after a grateful shower and there was a fair number of spectators. Altogether, the Summer School of 1918 was a huge success, and already we are looking forward to that of 1919.

Remembrance Day in Toronto Churches.

In common with the Churches in the Motherland, the day was observed as "Remembrance Day" by the Churches of Canada in commemoration of the successes achieved by the Allies, and the services were in keeping with the resolute purpose in mind. In the majority of the churches in Toronto special music was rendered by the choirs. At St. James' Cathedral, where the music was under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham, a crowded congregation included the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Hendrie, Mayor Church and members of the City Council, together with contingents from the Royal Air Force, the Military and Naval Brigade. Canon Plumtre delivered an inspiring sermon. The Bishop of Toronto preached to a large congregation at St. Alban's Cathedral, and at the other churches special preachers took part. In St. James' Cathedral the service was intense in its impressiveness from the opening hymn to the "Last Post," played by the buglers of the Queen's Own Rifles. The text taken by Rev. Canon Plumtre was, "But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He said: "The meaning of this is, if a man does what is right and just, not only does he know he is right and just as time goes by, but he will be strengthened in it. What is right of the individual is also right of the nation. They reap the consequences of their actions. Four years ago Great Britain did a deed which brought Canada's name into the list of nations. Nothing but justice to Belgium, chivalry to France, and her own honour dictated her course. We have paid for it in sorrows and tears, but we have saved our souls and can hold up our heads." In St. Alban's Cathedral the Bishop of Toronto was the special preacher in the morning. Quoting the figures of the Director of Public Information, he referred to the 43,000 Canadians who had made the supreme sacrifice. The sacrifices of the men for the period of the war and the colossal expenditure and waste and destruction should, said the Bishop, apart from any other moral or ethical reason, afford the strongest arguments for the league of nations which ought to result in the impossibility of war in the future. The Bishop sounded the note of thanksgiving for "military mercies recently vouchsafed."

Death of Rev. J. W. Hodgins.

Following a rather lengthy illness, the death occurred, July 29th, in Stratford, of Rev. James Walter Hodgins, former Rector of St. Paul's Church, Stratford, in his 63rd year. About a year ago the late Mr. Hodgins was forced to relinquish his charge on account of illness. He was born near Lucan, Ont., in 1855, and was the son of William Napier Hodgins and grandson of Colonel James Hodgins, of Borrisokane, Ireland, one of the earlier settlers of Middlesex and for many years agent of the Canada Company. He received his education at the Western University and Huron College, London. In 1883 he was ordained deacon and a year following was ordained to the priesthood. His first charge was at Bayfield, where he remained for five years. He was Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Seaforth, and Rural Dean of Huron from 1888 to 1903, when he went to Chatham, where for four years he was Rector of Holy Trinity Church. He came from Chatham to Stratford and for nine



Rev. J. W. Hodgins, former Rector of St. Paul's Church, Stratford. Died July 29th, 1918.

years he ministered faithfully to his charge. He preached his last sermon on the anniversary of his advent to his last charge on Sunday, January 27, 1918. When the late Mr. Hodgins came to Stratford the church was heavily in debt, but he set about his task with a will and succeeded after nine years of unremitting labour in reducing the debt from \$15,000 to \$5,000. This overwork led to a breakdown two years ago and eventually in June of 1917 he was forced to resign. He leaves to mourn his loss his wife, two daughters and three sons. The funeral was held on Wednesday, July 31st. The service, which was very largely attended, was conducted by Dean Davis, of London, assisted by Archdeacon Mackenzie, of Brantford, and Canon Craig, of London. Members of the Masonic Order had charge of the service at the cemetery. Representatives were present at the funeral from Lucan, where the deceased clergyman was born, also from Chatham and Seaforth, where he was stationed for some time.

The Church Army at the Front.

The work of the Church Army is not as well known in Canada as its excellence warrants. There have been many unsolicited testimonies heard from Canadians. We take the following details from the official organ, "The Sign":—
On the west front, April, 1918, the Church Army had more than 200 huts, tents and centres, close up to the front, for giving rest and refreshments to our brave men immediately before and after fighting. When the German onrush came they lost about 50; but

whatever the exact number may be, there they stand to hearten men going into action, and refresh such of them as return, worn and spent with the fighting, perhaps wounded. In other parts of France and in Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Macedonia, Mesopotamia, East Africa and India, training camps and naval bases at home, and in the far north there the Church Army is at hand with huts and tents, 800 in all, to serve our fighting men, and on the west front they have kitchen cars, too, going far up to the front lines with comforts for the men.

In London they have a number of hostels for housing men on short leave from the front. The largest of them is the Buckingham Palace Hotel, with part of the King's Riding School, which his Majesty has graciously placed at their disposal for this purpose. Here they can, and often do, house 600 soldiers nightly and their other hostels among them can take another 500. London's perils and temptations are many, though they have been much exaggerated; and the best way of encountering them is to provide our men, especially those from overseas or otherwise strangers in London, with comfortable, cheap accommodation, in elevating surroundings.

Boys of the Anglican Church

Miss Flora King.

THE primary object of the Church is the evangelization of the whole world. To-day there is lengthy discussion on reconstruction. The Church as a whole is undergoing a searching introspection, seeking the best means for effecting an energizing power for the present world conditions.

It has been stated frequently that our soldiers, on return to civil life, will look in most instances for a better Church than the one they left. The war has taken an appalling number of our best Christian men from religious activities—clergymen, doctors, missionaries and students of all classes. How are these spaces to be filled? The children of to-day are permeated with war conditions, many of them touring the country at a tender age, performing in public and becoming trained in the superficial delights of worldly pleasure. Parents are willing to allow their boys and girls to waste physical strength and spiritual responsibility in this manner because it is in aid of "war funds." Is it not a challenge for the Church to see to it that the boys and girls are imbued with the true principles of Christ, for the adult Church of to-morrow is the youth of to-day?

What are our Church boys doing? We have crowded Sunday Schools, Boy Scouts, boys' clubs, football teams and many other splendid organizations, but how many churches have a Boys' Missionary Society? Being cognizant of the fact that Our Lord's chief command is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (this also being the reason for the existence of the Church Militant), surely there never was better opportunity or a more urgent time than the present to prepare our boys for this responsibility. The only way for the Church to become a better-felt institution is for it to make its members, young and old, realize that it is a spiritual organization, and that Christ died to save, not part, but the whole world.

One cannot peruse a religious magazine of any denomination and fail to see the great demand for men of the ministry for home work and the foreign field. Is it not deplorable that the country parishes have so

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often been deprived of capable men, and since the war many Anglican Churches have closed doors? The fields are white, but the labourers are few. The country, too, possesses boys of strong physical endowment, boys who have grown up in many cases enduring hardships which would make them capable of more strenuous labours in the foreign field.

The Sunday School is, of course, a means of inspiration, and interests children sufficiently to pray for and support missionary enterprises. This, however, will not carry on the Church when the present clergymen and missionaries have passed beyond.

What is the need? In Christ's battlefield, the same as in the world's battlefield. Men—men of sound physical stature, men pre-eminently spiritual. The foundation of these two qualities must be laid in childhood. One has only to glance at Germany to-day to see the power of concentrated force in training from infancy toward one unwavering aim. Each individual has been solely impregnated with military aggressiveness.

The past few years the Church seems to have adopted the hurrying trend of materialism, looking upon her young people as charges to be entertained, having attended to the material with almost the same attractiveness as that to be found in the world. Even the gymnasium, with its polished floor for dancing, card-playing and all other sports competitive with the world. The time has arrived when our foe, the world, the flesh, and the devil, which our Catechism teaches us to renounce, is facing us, asking us for something which satisfies the soul.

Are we, as a Church, making fishers of men? Are we living in the world, but not of it? Is the Church giving its boys the desire to go out into the world to win souls? This is not done unless the spiritual is the ruling force in a religious institution. Why not form a missionary class? Boys from seven years upwards could be tremendously influenced by having even one hour during the week set apart for special mission study. With a leader who himself possessed a true missionary spirit, great and lasting enthusiasm would obtain through prayer and systematic study of foreign countries, emphasizing the special needs of the various fields. There are so many magnificent biographies, such as Henry Martyn, David Livingstone, Bishop Bompas, William Carey, and a study of the early Christian Church. Surely such efforts would produce men for the ministry!

The Woman's Auxiliary, with its different branches, is proving each year the value of systematic mission study. Is it not essential that our boys are given a greater knowledge respecting the place of missions. The following extract, from a letter written by a soldier a month before his death, proves the efficacy of early training: "Reading at random, for something better to do one night, I was struck by the words of John 17: 3, 'And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.' I could not forget those words. I realize now that this Friend cares for every savage of our race, even as He cares for me; and why should He not? Ah, there is the secret of my contempt for foreign missions! Would God I had earlier known the new birth! I envy you fellows who

have done so much for the cause. I would gladly die for it now when it is too late. Why does our Church keep foreign missions so much in the background? How is it that I was kept so long a scoffer?

"I do not blame any mortal. I am saying that something is wrong with a scheme of things which fails to put the whole world for Christ right in the forefront as the battle-cry of the Christian Church."

The Y.M.C.A. Afloat

A few months ago permission was given to the Canadian Military Y.M.C.A. to appoint secretaries, with their equipment, to accompany the troops on board transports proceeding overseas. The success that has attended this Red Triangle service on the high seas indicates how greatly the work was needed. One Y.M.C.A. transport officer supplies the following figures after his first voyage from Canada to an English port: Fifteen gramophone concerts, 14 stereopticon entertainments, 15 sing songs, 16 athletic contests, eight religious talks, four church parades, seven prayer meetings, 280 decisions for Christianity, 280 letters written to men's home folks, 850 magazines distributed free, 24 sets checkers given out, two sets chess given out, 10 sets dominoes given out, 196 Testaments given, 6,000 sheets writing paper given, 5,000 envelopes, 300 post cards. In addition, all necessary athletic equipment was loaned, and the officer had many private and intimate talks with individual men.

A report just to hand from another Y.M.C.A. transport officer, who has completed a voyage on a troopship, indicates the wide scope and intensive nature of the Red Triangle service to men proceeding overseas to France.

It was one thing for the military authorities to grant permission for a secretary to accompany the troops across the Atlantic, but it was another guess for that secretary to find accommodation for his work on board. A voyage of exploration discovered two unused cattle stalls forward. These were cleaned out and fitted with writing tables and benches, providing comfortable seating space for 40 men. During the voyage an average of over 300 soldiers used this "Red Triangle Club" daily. A gramophone and twenty-five records were in constant use, and two excellent concerts were held. A concert was also given in the officers' saloon, and, by way of introducing the men to the land whither they were journeying, two illustrated lectures were given, showing the principal points of interest in England, Ireland and Scotland.

A sports field day was also organized, the necessary athletic equipment being provided by the "Y" secretary. The most popular items, after the boxing bouts, were the shaving contest and the pie-eating race.

In addition to the Sunday morning parade service, at which a private on board preached, three Sunday evening services were held at which very gratifying attendances were made.

The 250th anniversary of the consecration of Tynemouth parish church by Bishop Cosin was recently celebrated. The Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Oxford, Chelmsford, Durham and Newcastle took part therein. The most interesting feature of the celebration was the celebration of the Holy Communion in the ruins of the old Priory itself, the mutilated nave of which continued to serve as the original Tynemouth parish church until far into the 17th century.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 507.)

tion meant the condemnation of the nation, more than of any individuals; in His Cross was placarded that national blindness which goes before the judgments of God. For history, the creative word means more than the idea, and the creative fact than either. And of all creative facts the greatest is the Jesus of history. His controversy with the Jewish state, in which was involved the whole question of His Messiahship, that is, of His lordship over history, meant nothing short of a historical cataclysm. The conflict between the Church and the Roman Empire was the reflex of His conflict with the Jewish state. And though the early Church did not recognize it, it was a struggle, on her part, for supremacy rather than for toleration. Not the supremacy of a political power inherent in her (that has often been the mistake of Christians) but the supremacy of her Gospel of God's righteousness manifested and active in Christ throughout human life, on the grandest scale.

The Christ of the Gospels.

Ethics is a great and difficult and exacting subject; especially is that so when the comparative (though only comparative) simplicity of the problem of the adjustment of an individual life to the ethical ideal and imperative is merged in the far more intricate and challenging problem of the adjustment of a group, a nation, or a world. No wonder it is sometimes given up as insoluble. Idealisms, soul-cultures, mysticisms, however devout and aspiring, grow weak before it. But there is something adamant and inexorable about the Christ of the Gospels. While He repudiates the whole conception of an earthly, conquering Messiah, and bids men pay to Cæsar Cæsar's dues, there is no side, no corner of life which is out of the range of the undying reaction of His Gospel of the Kingdom. If He is ignored He is, whether consciously or not, defied. There is nothing in which we see the imprint of human intelligence, the fruit of human desire, the questionings and strivings of human consciences and wills which is foreign to Christ. "The true spirituality," says Dr. Forsyth in that book of his, "This Life and the Next," so opportune to these times, "is rooted in history." That is what Christ tells us, if we have ears to hear. The nurture of our souls is made and increased out of things done in time. A truly Christian spirituality owes them too much to wish to be independent of them, for in them, as they enshrine the greatness of Christ our Lord, we are in touch not with time alone, but

with eternity, with the holiness of the Father and of the Everlasting Son, Who enters into time to do His Father's Will. And in the days to come we shall return to the simplicity of the old Gospel story which our mothers taught us, and find in it a history more real and permanent than any history since, a history which is the power of God to salvation, and which exists for the redemption of the world.

THIS IS MY FRIEND.

Let me tell you how I made His acquaintance.

I had heard much of Him, but took no heed.

He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him.

He often seemed to want my friendship, but I remained cold.

I was homeless and wretched and starving and in peril every hour, and He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety, but I was ungrateful still.

At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes He besought me, saying, "Come and abide with me."

Let me tell you how He treats me now:—

He supplies all my wants.

He gives me more than I dare ask.

He anticipates my every need.

He begs me to ask for more.

He never reminds me of my past ingratitude.

Let me tell you further what I think of Him.

He is as good as He is great.

His love is as ardent as it is true.

He is as lavish of His promises as He is faithful in keeping them.

He is as jealous of my love as He is deserving of it.

I am in all things His debtor, but He bids me call Him friend.

—Sel.

A celebrated Chinese missionary, who was asked on the eve of his departure to leave a form of prayer in Chinese, as a parting gift of his own composing, testified publicly on his return that he wrote one after much meditation, but on reading it over was dissatisfied with it. Again he sat down and tried once more, and then a third time. But still he could not please himself. At last he took up the English Book of Common Prayer, and selecting some passages from its beautiful prayers, he put them together and translated them into Chinese. Then, indeed, he was fully satisfied, and that prayer was blessed to the souls of many. One would not be far wrong, probably, if he hazarded the conjecture that the prayers selected by the great non-episcopal missionary were the Prayer for All Conditions and the General Thanksgiving.

THE SPECIAL APPEAL.

(Continued from page 508.)

opened and so on, we can all be so happy over them; its the family success. And so let us remember," she added earnestly, "that the missionary work is the one work our Master left for His people, His family, to do till He returns to us. And His reward is with Him to give to every one according as his work shall be. Those who sow bountifully shall reap also bountifully, but," she continued slowly and very solemnly, "he that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly." Mrs. Carlton closed the Bible and then Mrs. Martin read the prayers.

Gigantic Panorama of Empire History

Heroes of Britain Will Pass in Review Before Crowds at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Memories of the great fighters of long ago, the heroes of a thousand battles by land and sea, will be re-awakened by the Grand Stand Spectacle at the Canadian National Exhibition. "Britannia Militant" will be more than a mere pageant; it will be the spirit of our Empire, past and present, translated into flesh and blood, a romantic historic survey, in which the spectators will be made to feel their kinship with the men of old. There will be a suggestion of the Arthurian legends, of mediæval knights, ancient castles, venerable cathedral ruins, and all the colourful paraphernalia of history and of romance. The spirit of the Empire's yesterday will be caught and contrasted with the martial deeds of today, and the men of the present, now fighting the greatest battle of all times, will not suffer by comparison, particularly in the dramatic climax when Currie's gallant Canadians arrive on the scene. The setting will be a gigantic reproduction of Windsor Castle, the scenic arrangement and general ensemble being the most elaborate ever produced at the Canadian National. There will be over 1,200 participants, all brilliantly attired in the styles of the period they represent, and the whole inspiring effect will be enhanced by superb musical treatment.

THANKFUL FOR ALL WINDS.

I came across not long ago a translation of an old Iroquois Thanksgiving. In it are lines like these:—
"We thank Him for the winds—for the north wind that brings our winters, for the south wind that brings our summers, for the east wind that brings our sunrises, for the west wind that brings our sunsets."

We fell to wondering if we ourselves always stood on as high a plane in the matter of thanksgiving. Are we always thankful for the sharp north wind of adversity that takes away our worldly goods and our friends, even though when in poverty and solitude we develop latent strength that we never thought we possessed. Are we thankful for the blustering west wind of difficulty that teaches us to overcome? Are we thankful for the nipping east wind of criticism that reveals to us our weak spots? Or are we only thankful for the gentle south winds that bring us our pleasures and successes?

Let us learn like the children of nature to be thankful for all the winds that blow. Let us recognize that they are all in the Father's plan for us and that they all bring good in their season.—"East and West."

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Thanksgiving Ann

By KATE W. HAMILTON

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise—

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Johnny, don't play dar in de water, chile!

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Run away now, Susie, dearie!

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Take care o' dat bressed baby! Here's some gingerbread for him.

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody."

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The usual early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a fine batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed

unobserved from the kitchen window; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin; an' wouldn't pay if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearyed in his chase.

"Wa-ll, I came up with him—told ye I would give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a generous jonation—equal to your master's; which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little beforehand, as other folks will dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does"; and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody," she began in her high, weird voice; but the words died on her lips—her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all her 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebby I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I knows. Course I knows when I see here all de time, and sees de good clo'es an' de carr'age, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef 'to take what happen when de time comes, an' no preparation at all! Sure 'nough, He sen' Bibles to His heathen if dey don't give a cent

but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint my soul! but I loves 'em, an' dey're mis-sin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remained one's own makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye aint give so freely an' gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption; "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young no-'count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole massa he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes; an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', and den I went barefoot; and dat's jist the way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person another," said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Massa like best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "Cause if dem old Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout its bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's 'dat I mos' believe dey weigh double when dey does go.

"Good Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!

De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me."

And now another call had come. "Come, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave all we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"Supose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat aint none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like's if dey didn't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you



think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartain, I'll give you all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose the cry:—

"O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She

Had Headaches For Two Years

A Barrie Man Tells of Persistent Headaches and Indigestion— Finally Found His Way to Good Health.

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st 8, 1918.
APPEAL.
page 508.)
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"East and West."



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THE OLD CHURCH
MENEELY CHIME
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still sat there, when, near the dinner-hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:—

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," said Thanksgiving Ann, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, neither—nor vegetables of any kind!"

"Laws, yes! But den a body has to think about it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same with taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of muffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread? and trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn. "No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might of made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough but dat kind o' makes a body feel's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all o' my warm feelin's, when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently; but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think o' Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy'; an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all His benefits to'ard me.' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches."

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning contents; but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all! De chilern eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar aint no more; but I hope y'll 'joy what dar is, an' 'I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:—

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Wall, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone; "b'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'er a way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear's if dey fared slim,

an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift; and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own, but His; to be journeying towards His royal city; and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom, or the forwarding of His work; but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem very like faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure."

To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:—

"Ann, now I suppose you are satisfied?"

"I's 'mazing glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; but satisfied—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we 'awake in His likeness."

"Wall, now, I don't perfers none o' these kind o' things," said Silas, standing on one foot, and swinging the other, "but I don't mind telling ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't believe nobody ever lost nuthin' by what they give to God; cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see; but I don't s'pose you'd call that a right good motive; would you?"


"Not de best, Silas; not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less, 'cause He's a good paymaster, and keeps His word. People dat starts in givin' to de Lord wid dat kind o' motives soon outgrows 'em—it soon gets to be payin' rad'er dan givin'."

"Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, they don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. But I's glad de faint streak of dat day dat's come to 'dis house!" And she went in, with her old song upon her lips:—

"Thankgivin' an' de voice of melody."

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THE CHURCH IN THE MOTHERLAND.

(Continued from page 505.)

range of alternatives available for the choice of the parish in the mind of the Committee. Two members of the Committee take "no responsibility for any recommendation as to the details of any evening Communion," and another two feel that "the effort to re-introduce what is tantamount to 'High Mass' as the regular Sunday morning service with its non-communicating attendance, and in consequence its one-sided presentation of Truth will, if pressed, bring grave loss to the Church."

* * * *

"One hour or, at the most, one hour and a quarter is the limit of the power of attention in ordinary congregations." "A service should be held in which the bulk of the time should be given to preaching." "Short prefatory introductions by competent scholars to the Old Testament Lessons are suggested."

* * * *

Intoning is unnecessary in parish churches in the opinion of the committee as given in the section on Church music. "It is better to speak the Psalms heartily than to sing them badly." "The disuse of women singers in the choirs and the disappearance of local orchestras," are spoken of with regret.

* * * *

The committee was made up of twenty-two members, under the chairmanship of the Dean of Christ Church. It included all sections of the Church and all colours and shades of opinion.

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The Jolly Animals' Club
 By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

IV.
THE BATTLE OF THE BIRDS.

"I DON'T know what to do about it," sighed a Soldier Bird to his mate as they swung upon a maple bough above the Winding River. "I'd like to join the Club, for I am jolly enough by nature, but with four hungry babies crying for food all the time, what are we to do but feed them? There seems to be no time left to think of anything great."
 "That's true," answered his wife. "We can't let them starve, that's certain. Maybe we'd better not think about the Club till they're grown up."
 "What nonsense!" screamed Mr. Catbird from across the river. "To you it ought to be as easy as picking up a worm."

"Why, what would you do if you were me?" the Soldier Bird asked. "Fight, of course."
 "Fight! What should I fight for? I haven't a single enemy in the Merry Forest."

"Well, you ought to have," the Catbird answered. "What is a soldier for but to fight? Do you think that gay red coat was given you just to sport around in?"

"I never thought about it," the Soldier Bird replied.

"Well, I suppose there is an excuse for you if you don't know much," said the Catbird, "but my wife and I built our nest last year in a fir tree beside the schoolroom window, and we leafried more wonderful things than you'd ever believe. Among other things, we found out what soldiers are for. They fight—just that and nothing else. And the soldier who fights the hardest and kills the most of his enemies wins the highest honour."

"But I haven't any enemies," the Soldier Bird repeated.

"You ought to have. Now, among men there are redcoats and bluecoats that fight against each other. The Soldier Birds and the Bluebirds ought to be enemies. Then you could have a battle, and the whole lot of you join the Club afterwards. It would be dead easy."

"But who would feed the babies?" asked Mrs. Soldier Bird.

"You, of course. Mothers never fight."

Mr. Soldier Bird looked very serious. There wasn't a more peevish bird in all the Merry Forest, and he was on the most friendly

terms with the Bluebirds. "Well, I'll think about it," he said.

He did more than think, and before sunset the great battle was arranged. It was to take place an hour before sunset the next day in Elm Avenue, a wide, quiet road not far from the Winding River.

The Catbird gave plenty of advice, but refused to take any active part in the fight. The Nighthawk, however, agreed to act as umpire. The Redcoats engaged a little brown wren for their bugle-boy, and a Yellow Warbler consented to perform the same service for the Bluecoats. The Crow was given the post of army doctor, and the Partridge promised to beat the drum.

There was great excitement over this event throughout the Merry Forest, and before the time appointed nearly everybody was there to see. The battle in array—the Redcoats in the elms on one side of the Avenue and the Bluecoats on the other—made a very pretty sight, as all agreed.

At last the drum began to beat and the bugle-boys struck up their martial music. Then the two armies met in mid-air, and the feathers flew in blue and scarlet clouds.

In a few minutes a bluebird sank, faint and bleeding, to the ground. "Doctor, doctor, he's dying!" the audience cried.

Dr. Crow was soon on the spot, and he ordered that the battle should stop at once or he would not answer for the consequences. It did stop, and there was a great hush while the doctor poured water and medicine down the bird's beak and ordered him to be fanned with a basswood leaf. A Redcoat came forward at once with a fan.

Just at that moment Professor Owl swooped down upon the battlefield and asked what it all meant. He was speedily told.

"What a sadly mistaken idea!" he cried. "Is not peace and brotherly love the aim and object of the Jolly Animals' Club? I'd like to know who was the ringleader in this sad affair."

Two soldiers at once led forward Mr. Catbird.

"What was your aim in creating this disturbance?" Professor Owl asked.

"Oh," Mr. Catbird answered, with a toss of his head, "I thought it would be good fun to see them fight each other."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Professor. "It will also be good fun to see you ducked in the Winding River. Mr. Kingfisher, I will entrust this duty to you. See that he is well cooled off."

Then, before he had time to beg for mercy, Mr. Catbird was carried swiftly and dipped in the cold water until he promised to behave himself in future.

Thus ended the Battle of the Birds.

Boys and Girls
THE TWO WORDS.

"One day a harsh word rashly said,
 Upon an evil journey sped,
 And, like a sharp and cruel dart,
 It pierced a fond and loving heart;
 It turned a friend into a foe,
 And everywhere brought pain and woe.

"A kind word followed it one day,
 Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
 It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
 And friends of old were friends again;
 It made the hate and anger cease,
 And everywhere brought joy and peace.

"And yet the harsh word left a trace
 The kind word could not quite efface;
 And though the heart its love regained,

It bore a scar that long remained;
 Friends could forgive, but not forget,
 Or lose the sense of keen regret.

"Oh! if we could but learn to know
 How swift and sure our words can go,
 How would we weigh with utmost care

Each thought before it sought the air,

And only speak the words that move
 Like white-winged messengers of love."

—Lutheran.


COCOANUTS AND MONKEYS.

We have been thinking lately about the bitter cold which our soldiers have had to endure, but in some countries in which the war has been carried on there is no such thing as winter. A letter has come into our hands written by a soldier who has since died at Dar-es-Salaam, in East Africa. He was only nineteen when he died. One who writes from the village in which he had lived in Cambridgeshire says: "He was one of the most consistent of our village lads, a power for good wherever he was employed, full of life, but preferring home to the street when the other boys were rackets. He kept his love for church and home to the end." The following extract from his letter shows that he was not unhappy, though the difficulties of his life were great. He wrote:—

"We are camped in a cocoanut plantation for to-day. It belonged to a German once. The nuts are just getting ripe, so I can lie in bed now, mum, and shy at nuts without paying for balls. There are thousands of cocoanut palms; wherever you go, there they are. At night we are netted in like ripe currants in order to protect ourselves against mosquitoes. We need very little to wear. The heat is terrible.

"The negroes are the smartest soldiers I have seen yet—they beat our Guards. We come across some of the missionaries that you hear so much about in England. My word, they all deserve the V.C., and it is really wonderful how the Word of God is spreading over these wilds. The natives are very true to God, and a good many English people could take their example.

"Some of the country we come to has never been explored, and the bush is six feet high in a good many places. What interested one most is the wild animals; thousands of monkeys, all sorts and sizes, and the lovely birds, especially the parrots. Then the lions roaring at night made one feel a little queer. Then the giraffes—herds of them. I wonder what the little brother would think of it all. You cannot see 100 yards in front. No one in England can imagine the hardships we have to put up with in this wild country."—The King's Messengers.



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A RIDDLE THAT SOLVED ITSELF.

After a hard day's work the boys' raft was at last finished. Of course, grandfather must see it launched; and they rushed pell-mell to the house to bring him down to the creek. Grandfather admired the new raft, even as much as the boys thought it deserved, and that was a very great deal.

"But this isn't the first raft I've seen on the creek this summer," he said. The boys looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, how can that be, grandfather?" Ted ventured. "We're the only fellows that play here, you know; and we never built a raft before."

"The other raft was made of leaves," grandfather began, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Of leaves! What good would that be?" Hal interrupted.

"But it really was made of leaves," grandfather insisted; "of dried leaves and twigs, all nicely sewed together with silk. It doesn't sound exactly serviceable, I know; but it carried its owner very comfortably. He sat on his raft—"

"Sat on it, grandfather!" Ted's eyes were growing wider and wider. "Why, we have to stand on ours. If we sit down, over it goes in a minute!"

"His doesn't, though," laughed grandfather. "He sits and floats all day long, wherever the wind and water may choose to carry him. His meals are brought to him, too—all he can eat. He's a ravenous fellow, a regular wolf for hunting and devouring."

"Is it a riddle, grandfather?" Hal asked, suspiciously.

"Well, perhaps; see if you can guess it! The raft-builder is very beautifully marked, and has exceedingly strong jaws; and whenever a water insect floats too near the raft he is quickly seized in those strong jaws and swallowed before he can even try to get away."

"Is it a frog, grandfather?"

"No."

"A kingfisher?"

"No."

"Is it—oh! what is it, grandfather?"


But just at that moment a tiny floating platform of leaves and twigs came sailing slowly toward them down the creek; and on it, looking round with bright, greedy eyes, sat a large, beautifully marked water spider, eager and alert for food.

"There! there!" cried the boys. "There he comes now—old spider wolf! It is, it is, isn't it, grandfather?"

"Yes; that's the raft-builder," said grandfather, "and he's a bloodthirsty fellow, too. See how he watches for every water insect on his way. He's ready for them every minute."

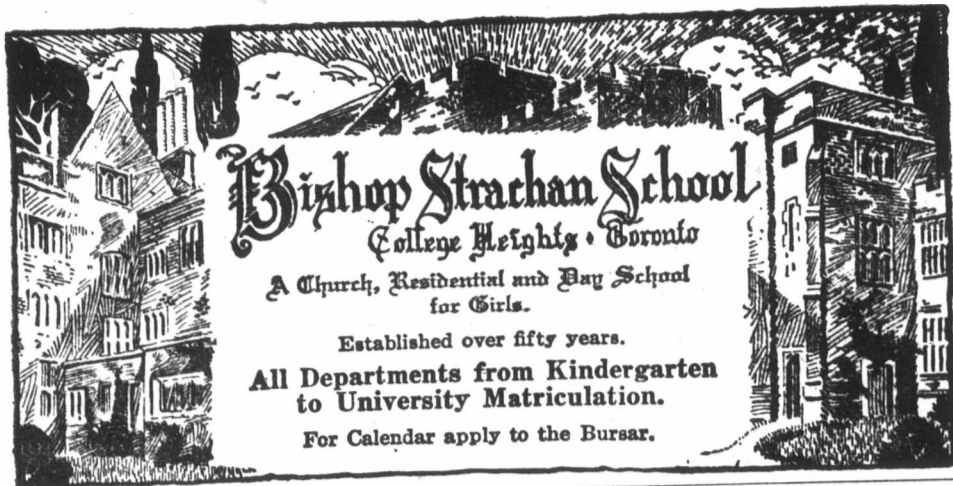
And when the odd little craft sailed out of sight round a bend, the boys' raft was successfully launched, and grandfather stood on the shore clapping his hands and cheering. But nobody thought to cheer Mr. Water Spider, who had built his raft alone.—Selected.

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You say there's only evil in this war—
That bullets drive out Christ? If you had been
In Furnes with me that night . . . what would you say,
I wonder?
It was ruin past all words,
Horror where joyous comfort used to be,
And not clean, quiet death, for all day long
The great shells tore the little that remained,
Like vultures on a body that still breathes.
They stopped as it grew dark. I looked about
The ghastly wilderness that once had been
The village street, and saw no other life
Except a Belgian soldier, shadowy
Among the shadows, and a little group
Of children creeping from a cellar school
And hurrying home. One older than the rest—
So little older!—mothered them along
Till all at once a stray belated shell
Whined suddenly out of the gloom, and burst
Near by. The babies wailed and clung together,
Helpless with fear. In vain the little mother
Encouraged them—“But, no! you mustn't cry,
That isn't brave, that isn't French!”
At last
She led her frightened brood across the way
To where there stood a roadside Calvary,
Bearing its sad, indomitable Christ—
Strange how the shells will spare just that! I saw
So many . . . There they knelt, poor innocents,
Hands folded and eyes closed. I stole across
And stood behind them. “We must say our prayer—
“Our Father, which art in heaven,” she began,
And all the little, sobbing voices piped,
“Hallowed be Thy name.” From down the road
The Belgian soldier had come near. I felt
Him standing there beside me in the dusk.
“Thy Kingdom come—”
“Thy will be done on earth
As it is in heaven.” The irony of it
Cut me like steel. I barely kept an oath
Behind my teeth. If one could name this earth
In the same breath with heaven—
what is hell?
Only a little child could pray like this.
“Give us this day our daily bread—”
A pause.
Urgently. Still the hush. She opened wide,
Reproachful eyes at them. Now, that prayer
Had grown too hard even for little children.
“I know—I know—but we must say the prayer.”
She faltered. “Give us this day our daily bread,
And—
“Our trespasses
As we forgive them who have trespassed against us.”
The children turned, amazed, to see who spoke
The words they could not. I, too, turned to him,
The soldier there beside me—and I looked
Into King Albert's face. . . . I have no words
To tell you what I saw . . . only I thought
That while a man's breast held a heart like that,
Christ was not, even here, so far away.
—Amelia J. Burr, in The Outlook.

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