

# Canadian Churchman

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## Personal & General

St. John's Church, Wilmington, Delaware, has received from Mr. A. Felix du Pont a gift of \$50,000 for a new parish house.

Lord Basil Blackwood, who is reported to be missing since July 3rd, is the second surviving son of the first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

The Rev. W. L. Armitage, Rector of St. Mark's, Parkdale, Toronto, is holidaying in Cobourg. The Rev. E. H. Mussen is in charge of the parish during his absence.

Mr. James Pötter Dod, who for the past 30 years has been organist and choirmaster of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, has just received the degree of Mus. Doc. from St. Stephen's College, New York.

A memorial service for those who lost their lives recently in the destruction of H.M.S. "Vanguard" was held in Trinity Church, Toronto, on Sunday evening last. The Rev. Dr. Alfred Hall, senior Chaplain for the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, officiated.

St. James' Church, Stanton, Delaware, celebrated its 200th anniversary on July 1st. A new cross for the Holy Table has been presented to this church by Bishop Kinsman in memory of Mr. James Robinson, to whose efforts the building of the original church in 1716-17 was chiefly due.

News has been received from the front that the Rev. Edward Appleyard, Rector of St. Matthew's, London, Ont., who has been serving overseas as a Chaplain for some time past, has been awarded the Military Cross for great courage and coolness in aiding the wounded under a heavy fire.

Eighteen Indian soldiers who have lost their sight in the service of the Empire are, by the request of the Government of India, to be trained in the C.M.S. School for the Blind at Palamcottah in the Madras Presidency. Miss Askwith, C.M.S., who is at the head of this school, has done some wonderful work for the Blind.

By the unanimous vote of the members of the Diocesan Conference, which is a representative body drawn from all parts of the diocese of Worcester, it was decided to retain Hartlebury Castle as the diocesan episcopal residence. Hartlebury Castle has been the residence of the successive Bishops of Worcester for more than 1,000 years past. It is situated ten miles from the sea city of Worcester.

Special services were held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, in connection with the dedication of the north-western spire which marks the completion of the fabric according to the original design. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Bernard). The dedication ceremony, which was most impressive and picturesque, took place on the lawn to the north of the Cathedral.

The late Canon Allen Edwards although he did not change his sphere of work, changed his diocese more than once. First in the diocese of Winchester, then in that of Rochester, and finally in that of Southwark he served under no less than seven Bishops, two of whom later on succeeded to the Chair of St. Augustine,

the present Archbishop of Canterbury being one of them.

The Right Rev. A. U. de Pencier, the Bishop of New Westminster, who has recently returned to England, after a period of furlough spent in Canada, in order to resume his duties as an Army Chaplain, preached in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the parish church of the Houses of Parliament, on Sunday morning, July 15th. Several members, both of the House of Commons as also of the House of Lords were present at the service.

The Rev. I. H. Noe was recently ordained to the priesthood in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Wilmington, N.C. Mr. Noe is one of four brothers each one of whom is serving in the sacred ministry. At his ordination for the priesthood, the Rev. I. H. Noe was presented to the Bishop by two of his brothers, the Revs. W. R. Noe and A. C. D. Noe, and the ordination sermon was preached by yet another of his brothers, the Ven. T. P. Noe, Archdeacon of Wilmington, N.C.

In Africa where the fire has been just the ground where, afterwards, the fairest flowers appear, and on the snowy mountains there are gems of blossom which grow nowhere else? Has the fire scorched you? Unkind words and actions of others, a furnace sometimes heated? Look up and "consider Him Who endureth": that is the only way to have patience. In these days Satan is exceptionally busy, trying to hinder Christians by Christians. Let us see to it we cast no stone of stumbling in another's way. It is so easy to discourage a soul, so easy to give a helping hand. Which are we doing?

An interesting wedding took place lately in the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, England, when Lieut. Leacock, of Toronto, a member of the Canadian Quartermaster-General's staff, was united in marriage to Miss Frances Evelyn Windsor, the daughter of the Rev. Walter Windsor, Rector of Cowansville, P.Q. The bride is a medical doctor, and is on the staff of the Endell Street Hospital. The ceremony was performed by Colonel the Rev. Canon J. M. Almond, Rector of Trinity Church, Montreal. The bride is a graduate of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Toronto, and is the first female physician sent abroad by the Canadian Militia Department for work among the Canadian soldiers in London. She left Canada last spring, and since that time has been in active pursuit of her profession.

The King, the Queen, and the Queen-Mother attended the special service which was held in Westminster Abbey on July 2nd, in honour of the Jubilee of Canada's Confederation. The Abbey was thronged on this occasion. The service was brief, but was profoundly impressive and effective, the most stirring moment being that when Bishop Ryle pointed to the Wolfe monument on which the colours of many fighting battalions were folded as a symbol of Canadian liberty. Outside the Abbey was a composite battalion representing every Canadian camp in England. Later on in the afternoon a reception was held in the National History Museum at South Kensington. The many hundreds of Canadians who attended were received by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll, and Sir George and Lady Perley. Mrs. Ada L. Twining, who was present, has in her possession a medal struck to commemorate the Federation, which she inherited from her uncle, Hon. Lemuel Wilmott, first Governor of New Brunswick after the Confederation.

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# Canadian Churchman

Toronto, July 26, 1917.

## The Christian Year

The Ninth Sunday After Trinity, Aug. 5, 1917.

### TEMPTATION.

In to-day's Epistle St. Paul has a most cheering message regarding temptation. "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

1. Temptation is the common lot of man. Everyone is tempted, no one is exempted from the testing. We are here to be tempted. The life which we now live is the life of temptation. There ought to be no surprise when temptation or trial comes our way. Yet many people seem to be surprised and complain as if they were being singled out. It is not so. We are all being subjected to the testing. As we breathe we are tempted. Not alone do we stand, but we are surrounded by the great army of the tempted, every member of which is being tested likewise, each in his own way. And our temptations should draw us closer to the great Captain Who "was in all points tempted like as we are." Yes, our temptations should be a bond to draw us nearer to one another, since temptation is common to man, and nearer to Him Who "suffered being tempted."

2. The faithfulness of God will never allow us to have more temptation than we can bear. While temptation is very strong, it is never too strong. While we may be tested sometimes almost to the breaking point, yet we need never break down. "I could not help sinning," is a repudiation of the faithfulness of God. He never places a man in a position where he can make that statement with truthfulness. It is never necessary to sin. The promise stands for every man and every occasion—"God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

3. St. Paul goes on to speak of "the way to escape." "But will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Possibly some such figure as this is in his mind. A storm rages on a rock-bound coast, a man in a little boat seeks a safe landing place. At first he can see no place where he can land in safety. It is an impossible shore, he will be dashed to pieces without a doubt; but all at once, where he least expected it, he sees "a way to escape," a little landing place, almost hidden by the rocks, to which he brings his boat in safety. So it is often in our temptations, there seems no way to escape. The storm rages on the rock-bound coast. How can the little boat avoid destruction on that shore? See! the little landing place, "the way to escape," which at first you could not see; but there it is, provided by the God who is faithful.

Sometimes before temptation we must flee, for flight is "the way to escape"; sometimes we must stand and bear it. In either case it is to Our Lord Jesus Christ we must go in the hour of temptation. He is every man's "way to escape," and He is every man's ability to endure.

He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.—Isa. 40: 29.

## Editorial

### OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY.

"It was not suddenly bred,  
It will not swiftly abate,  
Through the chill years ahead,  
When time shall count from the date  
That the English began to hate."

In the poem of which the above is the closing stanza, Kipling has expressed what many have felt. There is developing in England, and even in Canada for that matter, a feeling of hatred and revenge towards Germany, and everything connected with or coming from that land. In the early days of the war we were horrified at the sentiments expressed in the "Hymn of Hate," and we regarded it as evidence of a lower type of civilization to be found in Germany. To-day we are rapidly moving towards a similar state of mind. It is not necessary to rehearse the events leading up to this. That which concerns us is what our attitude as Christians should be under these conditions. Nor are we thinking solely of our attitude at the present time, but of that of the future as well, when war has ceased and the days of peace have returned once more. What should our attitude as individual men and women be, and what should the attitude of the Church be? To adopt a non-committal attitude, whether as individual Christians or as a Church will give rise to misunderstanding. It is a question that affects the moral and religious life of our Empire, and we cannot remain neutral on such matters without bringing ourselves and the Church into disrepute. We have experienced this already as a Church in our attitude towards the liquor traffic and the labour problem. There are certain fundamental Christian principles at stake which ought to be proclaimed clearly and unhesitatingly if we are to be loyal to our Master and to command the respect and confidence of intelligent men.

Germany must be punished. As Mr. Hilaire Belloc says, "if there is no punishment, then war has changed into a much more evil thing than our race ever knew before, and into a thing that will be wholly destructive to our civilization." But true punishment is not vindictive. Its aim is not only to do justice to those who have been wronged, but also to reform, if possible, the wrong-doer. The problem, therefore, that faces us is to discover a punishment that is in harmony with such an aim. Otherwise, we ourselves may be the greater sufferers.

The story is told of a service being held somewhere in Belgium in which every voice but one became silent when the sentence, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," was reached. The one voice that did not falter was discovered to be that of the King. The spirit of revenge, and the hatred of human beings, should find no place in punishment. We can and should hate the spirit of evil that drives men to do wrong, and we ought to destroy as quickly as possible any institution or form of government that enslaves and misleads human beings. We are, or should be, praying for a righteous and abiding peace and our attitude of mind towards our enemies should be in harmony with such a prayer. We must do everything in our power to make a repetition of this frightful carnage impossible, but this cannot be done by pursuing any systematic policy of revenge. At the

same time, we must be on our guard lest by some mistaken acts of kindness we make it possible for an unrepentant though defeated enemy to strike us again.

We need also to remember that we ourselves are not perfect, and while we pray that our enemies may be brought to realize the wrongs they have committed and be brought to a state of repentance, let us also pray that we may be made worthy of victory and fitted to use the power that victory gives, for the well-being of both ourselves and our enemies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Russia is, unfortunately, still far from being able to present a united front against Germany. We hoped that the recent successes in Galicia would consolidate the various political elements, but Germany does not intend that this shall take place if she can prevent it. German money and German agents find easy victims among the extreme reactionaries in Russia. A strong hand and severe measures are needed, and we trust that those in authority will not be so foolish as to imagine that lenient measures will suffice.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is reported that the British Government has yielded to the popular demand for reprisals in spite of the stand taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Derby and others. We regret this exceedingly, for we are convinced that it will not hasten the day of a righteous peace. It means, moreover, that the more brutal elements in England have gained the upper hand. Let us hope that it may be only temporary, and that those who are striving to keep the British name untarnished may soon convince the Government of the folly of such a decision.

\* \* \* \* \*

Canada is to have an election in the near future. The minds of Canadians, in place of being centred on the problem that should transcend all others, are to be distracted by a political struggle. Electors will be surfeited with reasons why someone else is responsible for this election, as it must be generally recognized as a misfortune. There are loyal men in both political parties who are anxious to do everything in their power to support our boys at the front and hasten the end of the war. There are others though who think more of political spoils and of selfish interests than of anything else. Our duty is to see that such men are not given an opportunity to say what Canada's share in the war shall be.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following extract from a letter written by Lord Curzon that was published a couple of months ago on the Mesopotamian front, needs no comment. Words cannot express the contempt and horror that one feels: "I have been so long impressed with the sufferings of the Mesopotamian Field Force, endured as they have been with wonderful patience, fortitude and heroism, that I have been tempted, by reasons of my old connections with India, and also my familiarity with the arduous regions where you are all serving, to send out some little tribute of my sympathy, admiration and esteem. . . . The gift itself takes, what I hope may be a novel form, viz., 70 one-dozen cases of champagne and a whole library of small books. With the former I would like the various officers' messes to have a good carouse, and to remember while doing so that they are not forgotten at home."

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## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

A man's reputation is what his fellowmen think of him; his character is what God knows of him.—Anon.

Oh, the littleness of the lives that we are living, denying to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God!—Philips Brooks.

I hold him great, who for love's sake,  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet, he who takes for love's sweet sake,  
I think I hold more generous still.  
—Longfellow.

If we charged so much a head for sunsets,  
or if God sent round a drum before the hawthorns came into flower, what a work we should make about their beauty, but these things, like good companions stupid people cease early to observe.—Stevenson.

We are ignorant and cannot see the end of things. But His vision is perfect. He sees the long future that is before us, eternity is clear to His view; He never thinks of this or that as probable; but has certain knowledge of what things will come to. And according to this perfect knowledge He deals with us—ordains our joys and sorrows. This should help us to endure patiently.

There is a true, a right, a perfect will; and by it my will may and shall be healed. Amidst all the painted mists and empty boasts of this earth, amidst all its swelling waves and dark threatenings, amidst all the inner Babel-shouts of appetite and passion, there is a true and a right; and in Christ Jesus this I may choose, and none can take it from me. "The Lord sitteth above the water-floods, the Lord remaineth a King forever."—Bishop Wilberforce.

I know that I must strive before I can "enter in at the straight gate"; I must win the crown before I can wear it; and be a member of the Church Militant before I be admitted to the Church Triumphant. In a word, I must go through a solitary wilderness before I come to the land of Canaan, or else I must never be possessed of it. What then? Shall I let go my glorious and eternal possession to save myself from seeming hardship, which the devil would persuade me to be a trouble and an affliction? Alas, if Christ had laid aside the great work of my redemption to avoid the undergoing of God's anger and man's malice, what a miserable condition had I been in!—Bishop Beveridge.

"Looking at the matter, not historically, or speculatively, but personally—What is it for me to be a Christian? It is to know that my spiritual life is not an isolated thing, drawing simply upon its own resources. God the Holy Spirit has entered at definite moments of Baptism and Confirmation (and Communion) by definite acts of God into my innermost being. He dwells within the temple of my body; and by dwelling there He links my life onto the great system of redeemed humanity. I am a 'member incorporate in the mystical Body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people.' And every temptation, every need, every suffering, every disappointment is meant to drive me more inward and upward to realize and draw upon the hidden resources of my new life—which is 'Christ in me the hope of glory.'"—Bishop Gore.

## THE Confederation of Canada

Fifty Years of retrospect. God in History.  
The Semi-Centennial Service in Old Historic  
St. Paul's, Halifax.

THE special service of thanksgiving and prayer in historic St. Paul's, marking fifty years of the life of the Canadian Confederation, was altogether unique in character. No Church in the wide Dominion is so crowded with historic associations and memories, and yet none is in so close touch with the living present. It has contributed the largest number of men to the navy and army of any Church in all Canada in the Great War. From one pew in this ancient fane there went three Cabinet Ministers to the capital of the Dominion, two of whom became Prime Ministers of Canada. Two of the Fathers of Confederation were constant worshippers in old St. Paul's. The last of the Fathers of Confederation, one of the greatest—some think "the noblest Roman of them all"—was accorded a State funeral within this church. One of the keenest legal minds concerned in drawing up the British North America Act was that of a famous judge, long a pillar in St. Paul's. The only son of the president of the Conference held by the Fathers of Confederation in Charlottetown worships in this church to-day. Amongst the first to advocate a confederation were men who worshipped here in the eighteenth century. Their memorials are upon these walls. It is fitting that in the oldest Protestant church in the Dominion, in the mother parish of the Church of England in Canada, this great occasion should be celebrated with glad thanksgiving.

Archdeacon Armitage took as his text Deut. 8: 2, "Thou shalt consider all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee." The Scriptures of God are a revelation of God Himself in human history. They withdraw the veil and show us God working His purposes out in the world of life and action. Otherwise, the past becomes a bewildering dream. And history is a dark enigma which no one can understand. But this key unlocks all difficulties, and the Bible becomes a record of moral progress, the story of the sure and certain triumph of spiritual over material forces, and a prophecy of the truth that right will eventually overcome wrong.

"And behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch  
above His own."

The Bible also declares in word, and illustrates by innumerable examples, the way of national as well as individual prosperity. A nation's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which it possesseth, nor in the extent of the land which it controls. Nor can it find profit if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul.

The Dominion of Canada to-day celebrates fifty years of national life. The very name "Dominion" is significant. For Sir John Macdonald had suggested "Kingdom of Canada," but one of the commissioners preferred "Dominion," quoting the Psalmist, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea," and this won the day. It is, indeed, a great name to live up to.

And we may claim that God's blessing has been remarkably vouchsafed to this Dominion during its fifty years of national existence. The words of inspiration might well be adapted to suit our experience, "For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon Him for?" What seemed

to the French king when he heard that he had lost Canada but a "few arpents of snow" has become a great British Dominion, with capabilities and resources as great as that possessed by any nation in the long history of the world. And not only so, but it is blessed with free institutions, than which no freer this world knows, and a constitution the best that the wit of man has ever yet devised.

Canada has now passed out of the stage of experiment and far beyond the place of question and doubt. We are all able to see now the wisdom of the Fathers of Confederation. We are thankful that they faced the difficulties and overcame them by the sheer force of conviction. If they erred in judgment by seeming to force matters through without consulting the people, they at least displayed a courage which is beyond all praise. It is easy to be wise after the event and to be bold when the battle is over, but the Fathers of Confederation had to take their political lives in their hands when they ventured so far on the troubled sea of provincial politics. And while there was a fine spirit of patriotism in all the provinces of British America, it should not be forgotten that in 1844 there was a most determined movement on foot to carry the various provinces into the American Union. Even after Confederation, and when its benefits were patent to all eyes and the value of British connection everywhere in evidence, as late as 1893 there was a movement under way to establish an independent Canada.

We speak now of the Fathers of Confederation, but who was the author of the plan? The main idea would seem to have found a lodgment in many minds. Sir George Simpson, of the Hudson Bay Company, early in the last century had visions of united Canada. Chief Justice Sewell, of Quebec, in 1814 submitted a plan for the confederation of the provinces to the Duke of Kent. James Boyle Uniacke, of Halifax, looked far beyond the divisions which led to a series of scattered provinces to a wide Dominion, bound together by the closest ties, while Joseph Howe, with poetic imagination, pictured for all who were willing to see a Canada stretching from ocean to ocean, its provinces enjoying all their natural rights, but unified by a national life, while

"Still from either beach  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
'We are one.'"

The Fathers of Confederation are historic characters from the five original provinces of British America. This well-known group of men met in conference in Charlottetown, and, while many plans were discussed, this scheme, as Sir John Macdonald designated it, "like Aaron's serpent, has swallowed up all the rest."

The Confederation of Canada came not a moment too soon. The plan it developed had its difficulties, but they were but child's play in comparison with the troubles it cured. For instance, the political situation in the two Canadas was fraught with the gravest peril. The union of 1841 was one only in name, for it led to dual capitals, dual Premiers, and to constant fraction. There were frequent deadlocks, while Ministries lasted, as a rule, for only six months, and Ministries were dissolved practically every year. The physical disabilities were just as great. The provinces were all isolated units. They were without cohesion, and in many respects the most primitive conditions prevailed. Sir Richard Cartwright has left us a picture of Canadian life in 1863. For instance, Upper Canada had no communication with the outer world except through the United States. There was no cable, no connecting railway, and but imperfect means for reaching the Maritime Provinces. There was no



North-West and no thought of one. To make a journey from Quebec to Toronto was as far, comparatively, as from Ottawa in the present day.

The scattered provinces before Confederation were like a rope of sand. They were without common interests, they had no bond of union, while any one at any time could sow broadcast the seeds of dissension. They were without unity of purpose; they had no common aim, and every Province had its own policy. There was always the danger that they might drift further apart, and that the peoples so widely separated, would become estranged from each other and from the Motherland.

The gains brought by Confederation were enormous. In the first place the maxim was found to be true: "Unity is strength." After fifty years we need to remember it again, and we may well make words used in another connection our own:—

"A song for our banner; The watchword recall  
Which gave the 'Dominion' her station:  
'United we stand, divided we fall';  
It made and preserves us a nation."

The blessings of national unity were clearly seen from the first. Sir George Cartier, who, in a speech at the banquet in the Halifax Hotel, drew a picture of the Provinces united in one great body. He saw a great British-American nation. Prince Edward Island was its regal head, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were its splendid arms stretching out into the Atlantic to gather its wealth, Quebec and Ontario its giant body stretching from the sea in the east to the shadow of the Rocky Mountains in the west.

In growth and development the Dominion has made most rapid strides. Ottawa fixed as its capital, which was styled by "Bystander," "an Arctic lumber village," has become a city worthy of a great nation. The expansion of the country is almost like a fairy tale. The mind fails to take in the figures the statistician offers. They glitter in millions before the imagination. Does it mean anything to us when we say that the bank deposits, which, in 1867, were 37 millions, are in 1917 1,236 millions? or when we state that the total insurance in force in 1867, which was 224 millions, had grown to 4 billions and 843 millions? or when we learn that our manufacturing capital, which was 78 millions, is now two billions? or that our agricultural exports, which were 12 millions, are now 250 millions? or that our mineral production had grown from less than 10 millions to more than 170 millions? Canada, which in 1867 was but a name, has become a Dominion with world-wide commerce, with a foreign trade more than two and one-half times as much per capita as that of the United States, deemed by many to be the most progressive as well as the richest nation in the world.

Canadians have a noble heritage. God has put us in possession of unbounded resources by land and sea. Our coast line exceeds that of any other nation. Our forest wealth is greater than that of any land. We have one-half the fresh water on the globe, and the finest water power. We form the natural high-way between the East and West, and with our transcontinental railways possess the means of communication. Even New York is nearer Japan and China by way of Vancouver by many hundreds of miles. If we turn to the field, the best wheat grows here. If we look at the forests they are the noblest that grow. If we put out to sea the finest fish are found. If we delve beneath the earth we reach the most useful mineral supplies. If we breathe the air it is the atmosphere of freedom. If we look up to the sky we have the Father of love and power. And if we look around we find our common brethren bound to us in national unity.

It would seem as if Canada was God's great laboratory for the development of man at his best. On the far-flung battle line of this great fight for freedom, Canadians have shown a spirit beyond all praise, they lived and fought like heroes, and many made the supreme sacrifice of all:—

"Set in the splendour of death,  
Breed of our breed, we shall not forget,  
Life of our life, 'breath of our breath."

Let us then as wise and true stewards of God's bounties, make our Canada a home of freedom built on righteousness, with its foundations on the holy hills. Let us place it under Christ's banner, and make His life and truth our guide. Canada then will be truly great.

"God then uplift us; God then uphold us; Great God throw wider the bounds of Man's thought;  
Gnaws at our heart-strings the hunger for action;  
Burns like a desert the thirst in our soul;  
Give us the gold of a steadfast endeavour; give us the heights which our fathers have sought;  
Though we start last in the race of the Nations,  
Give us the power to be first at the goal."

**"To the Mothers of Germany"**  
An Open Letter on Reprisals  
By HALL CAINE.

MOTHERS of Germany, all the world knows how dearly you love your children. Some of us (now your enemies) who in the unbelievable days before the war (Ah God, can it be!) used to sleep and eat and laugh in your German homes, as you slept and ate and laughed in our English homes; have memories of little domestic scenes in Germany which were sufficient to prove it. Two or three such memories come back to me now, and not all the fiery passions that have burnt up the sweetness of the years between can quite blacken the tender grace of them.

The first is of a Christmas Eve spent in the house of a beautiful young German woman with three or four sweet young children. Like Ibsen's little mother she had spent the morning in mysterious journeys to the village shops, in smuggling strange-looking parcels into the house, and in certain solitary occupations in the drawing-room. But toward the early dusk of the winter day the blinds were pulled down, the folding doors were thrown open, and then the little people, dressed up in white, tingling with excitement and holding each other's hands, were allowed to go in as to some magic cave, with our black-coated contingent of older folk following in the rear.

**The Christmas Scene.**

There in the middle of the floor stood the Christmas tree, glittering with red and blue candles, all alight, glistening with crackers, laden with toys, and crowned with the welcoming face of the Christmas man. And there, too, was the young mother, herself, waiting and watching with eager eyes for the wonder and joy in the eyes of the children. After the first moments of breathless awe were over, and the "Stille nacht, heilige nacht" had been sung, she called on the governess to play something on the piano. Then there was a romp round the tree, the young mother taking the hands of her youngest on either side, and all laughing and shrieking with delight. I stood in the open doorway, I remember, and, if there was anything more moving for me in the fairylike scene than the happiness of the children, it was the searching sense of the mother-heart throbbing through and through it.

**—What English Mothers Feel.**

Mothers of Germany, if I have not spared you the pain of these descriptions, it is because I want you to realize for yourselves what English mothers feel about the murder of their innocent children, who knew nothing of the war, and had done no harm to anyone. Who manned the legion of devilish engines that dropped death on them from the sky? Your sons, and some of them are still so young that it must seem to you only as yesterday since you nursed them on your knees. Who directed them? Your fathers and husbands, and some of these are the rulers of your nation, and therefore responsible for the cowardly outrages. But motherhood is the supreme power in a State, always has been, always will be, always must be, and if you mothers of Germany had set your faces against the doing of such things they would never have been done.

**No Military Advantage.**

Were they worth while? Has the military advantage gained to the arms of Germany by all her air raids put together been worth the golden head of one darling child? It has not. You could walk for a week through the thousands of miles of the streets of London, without seeing a trace of Zeppelin damage. Only one real result has come of these barbarities from first to last—a hundred and fifty little coffins have been carried to the cemeteries of South London and Poplar, and the hearts of English mothers are afire as with burning coal.

And have you thought, also, that if our Christian faith counts for anything, these helpless little ones who have been so cruelly done to death are mightier far than the whole of the German Empire now? Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. If it is to God only that they can look for justice, their victory is sure. He who is too weak to fight for himself has God to fight for him. Is it only an idle thought, a foolish superstition, that until the trump of doom they will be waiting at the bar of God, at the feet of the Mother of all mothers—

these slaughtered innocents, with eyes that are as the eyes of your own children?

**Reprisals are Revolting.**

I will not speak of reprisals except to say that, logically or illogically, nearly all that is best in our country is against them. But it is a fearful thing to play with the human soul, and of all the souls the mother-soul is at once the sweetest and the most terrible. Therefore, not as a threat, not even as a warning, but only as a light to light up the heart of the British mother, I tell you, mothers of Germany, that if further air raids over England should kill still more English children, no Church, or Press, or Parliament, or Government, or backward thought of Freiburg, will be able to withstand the demand of British motherhood (bleeding for the loss of its dead and trembling for the safety of its living) for justice and retribution, and that the only result will be that thousands of your German children, just as sweet and innocent as our own, and living now in the fullness of their childish joy, will soon (God knows how soon) be carried to their graves.



**THE HOME.**

**The Greatest Asset of the Church.**

What is true in the case of all big and prosperous concerns is true also of the Church. A very large corporation was started some years ago and the whole success was dependent upon the fact that the company had an enormous asset in the shape of an almost unlimited supply of iron ore, and from this fact and this beginning great and lasting things have been achieved. Now the success of any great enterprise can be traced to the fact of their having a good asset, and the greatest asset the Church can have is that of the home. The home has been in existence since the earliest ages of the world and was in existence before the Church, and when Christ formed his Church upon earth he drew largely upon the home for his supply, and as the home is the place that God honours and especially blesses, it is the beginning and making of the Church. Now, if the Church therefore, can see this plain and simple truth, and will at once commence to start work in the home, no one can measure the fruit or the immeasurable benefits to be derived therefrom. The first thing, therefore, I contend, is that the greatest asset for the Church to draw upon, is the home, and unless this is the case and is acted upon at once, the Church cannot grow or develop as she would. The cared-for-home, where the Church seeks to plant its seed that it may grow and bring forth fruit to the honour and glory of God is the virgin soil. Out of the home comes the Sunday School and out of the Sunday School comes the Church and out of the Church comes the ministry. Why is the ministry lacking to-day? All on account of the home. Plant the Gospel, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in the home and leave the rest to God. It is as simple as sowing seed in the virgin soil in expectancy, and how true and how sure do we see the sign of life in God's good time. The Church and the home are one, and should be one. You cannot separate them. If you do they become antagonistic. The home in itself is waiting for the Church to enter and sow the seeds of eternal life. Oh, what a chance for the Church to-day to rise from her lethargy with renewed vigour; vigour that has been wasted and that wants refreshment and power. Show me the Church that is intent on going into the home of the poor and rich and laying before the parents the necessity of training their children into the knowledge and love of God, that they may grow thereby; then you will see in time the outcome of this vital work and the overflowing of Sunday Schools and congregations and a ministry of well prepared men to carry out the great commission handed down to her through the Apostles.



**MISLEADING.**

The unfortunate man had been induced to relate a portion of his life history. "I have seen changes," he said. "Once I was a doctor with a large practice, but owing to one little slip my patients began to leave me, and now I am just living from hand to mouth." "What was the slip?" was the natural question. "It was a slip of the pen," he said. "In filling in a death certificate for a patient who had died, I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space, 'Cause of death.'"



## NEW BOOKS

## Chain-Reference Bible.

Revised Edition, 1917. Edited by F. C. Thompson, Ph.D., D.D. Cambridge University Press, England; The Abingdon Press, N.Y. (1,550 pp.; \$5.35.) Mrs. A. Popham, 223 Howland Ave., Toronto, Canadian Agent.

After twenty years of study Dr. Thompson has completed his task of producing a combination of Concordance, Glossary, and Topical Index with the Biblical text, so that in the margin of each page there is noted text, and subject references. That in itself is a great saving of time and labour. But Dr. Thompson has not simply printed the references found in the ordinary Bible, but he has enlarged the scheme so that from fuller references careful searching can be done with the minimum of effort. The admirable feature of the arrangement is that no matter from what verse the investigation starts the reference leads backwards and forwards so that the entire field of Scripture is covered. That is the advantage of the chain system of reference. By a pilot-reference, as it is called, it is possible to turn from any point to the first mention, or example in the Bible of the particular point in mind. For instance, on the first verse of the Twenty-third Psalm, there are these references: See God's sheep, Ps. 74:1; Christ, Shepherd, Isaiah 40:11; for "Providence," Job 38:41 is the pilot-reference; for "Divine Supplies," Deut. 2:7 is the pilot-reference.

In addition to the references, practically every important verse is analyzed and topics representing the main ideas contained in the verse are printed on the margin. These expository marginal topics throw a flood of light on the deeper meaning of the text and suggest helpful themes for meditation and study. The reference-chains are of great help in tracing topics and characters. The topics are the fundamental, not the obvious, lines of thought.

The new feature of the 1917 Revision is the Condensed Cyclopedia of Contrasted Topics and Texts (150 pp.). 4,002 subjects are treated which sufficiently cover the range of Bible Study. A fruitful departure is the presentation of contrasted subjects, with texts and examples; for instance, Blessings and Afflictions, Blindness and Vision, Penitence and Impenitence, Profit and Loss, Faith and Unbelief. Teaching by contrast is an admirable way of clarifying and enforcing the truths of the Scripture. Many practical and modern topics have been given very full treatment; for instance, World-wide Missions, Work and Workers, Poverty and Riches, Business Life, etc. This scheme is well fitted to give the reader accessible and accurate information regarding what the Bible itself actually teaches on every vital question of life and faith. It is especially adapted to people who have not large libraries. It is a whole library in itself. A Bible must be a piece of good book-binding to stand the constant use. This Bible is bound in Morocco-grained Keratol for \$5.35, a cheap and durable binding. A better material is the French Morocco for \$7.35, the same, red under gold edges for \$8.85. A splendid edition is the Alaska Seal for \$9.85. All these have the Dennison Patent Thumb Index which reduces the wear and tear on the book. Without the index, the prices are fifty cents less in each style. A special Bible paper is used in all these, which is thin, opaque and tough. For those who prefer the India paper, a Persian Morocco binding is available at \$11.85. The opportunity of personal examination can be easily arranged with the Canadian Agent for persons in Toronto. Full information can be secured by mail. This Bible is not sold by retail book-stores. The Canadian Agent would like to hear of available persons who could handle the book in their community.

Dr. Thompson's Chain-Reference Bible is a book which will prove an indispensable help to clergymen and Sunday School teachers. It is worth a great deal to have placed in one's hand the results of a life-long Bible-student's patient and careful toil, opening up immense Scriptural riches. It will render unnecessary in a great measure the laborious system of card index which some serious students have been building up for themselves. As a time-saver it is invaluable, because on one page is printed what a man generally has to search through several books of reference for. It will be well to keep this in mind particularly when making presentations to church workers. It would be a life-long treasure.

## The Bible Lesson

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

Ninth Sunday after Trinity, August 5th, 1917

Subject: Finding the Book of the Law.—II. Chron. 34: 14-19, 29-33.

LAST Sunday we were studying the good character of the young King Josiah and the reforms he instituted in the kingdom of Judah. To-day we have the story of the finding of the Book of the Law of the Lord, which appears to have been unknown to the people of Josiah's day. To what a desperate condition religion was reduced when men had altogether forgotten the teachings of the Law of the Lord. There must have been some tradition that such a book at one time existed. Nobody, however, knew the contents of it. It was the new discovery of an old treasure and must have created great interest, excitement and some dismay, when it was known that Judah had departed so far from the standard of the Law.

1. A great discovery was made, apparently at the very beginning of the work of repairing the House of the Lord. There are many means by which men are led to do the Will of God. We do not know what influences brought Josiah into the right way, but we do know that, after he had sought the Lord and while he was doing his best to bring his kingdom into the way of righteousness, the discovery of the Book of the Law justified his actions and strengthened him in the fulfilment of his task. A providential discovery it was. It came at the very time it was needed most. To the king it showed what else required to be done, and to the people it gave an authoritative standard which supported the will of the king.

2. The Book of Deuteronomy, in whole or in part, was contained in the parchment roll that was then discovered. We cannot read that great book to-day without feeling its power. All the literature that has been written since has not dimmed the glory of that old book. Hilkiah, the priest, who found it, realized how valuable it was. With what fear and triumph he must have announced to Shaphan the Scribe, "I have found the book of the Law"! In the midst of all the busy work of gathering money and making repairs Shaphan was so moved by the importance of the discovery that he carried the book to the king. The king commanded him to read it aloud, and when the king heard the contents of it, he rent his clothes, because he saw how far Judah had departed from the Law of the Lord.

3. Reading the Book to the People. The king at once recognized the fact that this book was not only for kings and priests, but that it was for all the people as well. Verses 29-33 indicate how a great gathering of all classes was called together. The book was read publicly and, following the reading, Josiah made a solemn "covenant before the Lord to walk after the Lord and to keep His commandments." He also called upon the people to declare themselves bound by that covenant.

4. The progress of Reformation. The work of reformation was pressed with renewed vigour after the discovery and reading of the book of the Law. (See vs. 33.) The people were strengthened in their purpose to serve the Lord, so that there was no falling away all the days of Josiah.

5. The value of the Bible. What the Book of Deuteronomy was for Judah at that time is an indication of what the Bible may be to us. Perhaps we have not yet discovered the Bible!

(1) The Bible tells us about God and about God's Law. It is not the only means we have of learning about God. God has many Bibles. In nature and in conscience God gives us witness concerning Himself. God has also sent the Church to teach, to be the guardian of the Holy Scriptures and to interpret them.

(2) The Bible tells us about our faults and sins. We should be afraid when we realize how far short of God's standard we have fallen. Like Josiah let us be afraid and sorry when we find out how great are our sins.

(3) The Bible tells us about Righteousness. The Book of Deuteronomy set a standard for Josiah. So the Bible sets a standard for us. Even the Church may not go contrary to the Scriptures. The Bible is like "Sealed orders," which are sometimes given to the captain of a ship. He sails away, keeping and guarding them with every care. He must also read them and obey them and direct others to do the same. So the Bible is in the Church to be preserved, it is true, but also to be read and to be obeyed.

## FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

IN conversation with a layman a few days ago, the subject of a Sunday afternoon meeting for men was suggested by the writer. The idea presented was that, if we could get seventy-five or a hundred men together in a church, hall or theatre, or any other suitable place, and have a free and earnest discussion of some of the topics of ethical significance, that are of perennial interest to thinking men, and particularly important at the present time, it might do something to stimulate serious thought and activity. While quite sympathetic the layman at once suggested that a church building would not be a desirable place of meeting, for denominational prejudices were so strong, that men who spend their Sunday afternoons in the club playing billiards, would shy at a meeting in a building associated with a church to which they were not traditionally attached. His advice, no doubt, was based on knowledge and "Spectator" at once suggested: "Let us have it in the club room." To this he assented and an experiment will in due time be attempted. The human mind certainly works curiously. Men who proclaim their Protestant fealty even to the shedding of their blood will allow the churches, which expound the essence of their faith and proclaim its fruits, to languish without their presence and support. Men who rejoice in acts of unselfish benevolence and the fulfilment of their duty to their neighbour, will not listen to the message of their duty to God, which is the fountain out of which all spiritual and benevolent activity ultimately flows. It is like a mill-owner engrossed in the water that turns the wheels of his factory, having no regard to the conditions that may deflect or curtail his supply from above. It is a strange, untutored outlook that is satisfied with secondary causes and destitute of imagination or curiosity to inquire into first principles. The man who is so loyal to the brick and mortar of the church he habitually ignores, that he would decline to sit in another edifice where matters of importance are discussed, matters which might give him a fresh vision of true loyalty, has his own incomprehensible outlook. Just how far these idiosyncrasies of the human mind should be recognized and met is a nice question to decide. In going out into the wilderness to find a lost sheep we can understand the situation, for the poor sheep does not know any better, but in conforming too generously to the vagaries of human reasoning we may be confirming men in their pride and prejudice. The man who habitually absents himself from Divine service does not do so as a rule out of any sense of humility, but more often out of a conviction of greater enlightenment. He is like the man of affairs "practical." But the practical man some day finds that the visionary scientist who has spent many days in following out elusive principles, comes forth from his laboratory with a discovery that transforms communication and revolutionizes transportation. If our friend has understanding enough to comprehend, he learns that the student is the real "practical" man. Somehow or other it is this view of the Church of God that we have to get into the minds and hearts of men. It is the true prophets and priests of God that are laying the foundations for the practical virtues of mankind and revealing a sanction that gives them driving and uplifting power. \* \* \* \*

The subject of the hour of the celebration of the Holy Communion becomes a fruitful topic of discussion from time to time. Shall it be in the calm hours of the early morning, or the restful sequel to evensong. From "Spectator's" observation on this subject it appears to him that the question of fasting or non-fasting, of itself is now considered but a very secondary matter, and the matter of self-discipline is the point of serious consideration. In all our services we should do all to edification. If servants or workpeople, or those who have unavoidable and permanent duties to perform, rendering it impossible to come to communion in the morning, surely no one would exclude them because of this from all opportunity to communicate. A celebration would be arranged to make possible the participation of such at any hour of the day that would be mutually convenient: at a still earlier hour or in the evening. In ministering to the sick we have to observe the physical necessities of the communicant. On the other hand, and for by far the greater body of communicants, the element of self-discipline ought



WEEK

of Interest

few days ago, on meeting for er. The idea et seventy-five church, hall or e, and have a e of the topics perennial in- arly important something to ctivity. While nce suggested e a desirable al prejudices their Sunday rds, would shy ociated with a ionally attach- sed on know- ggested: "Let this he assent- ne be attempt- orks curiously. fealty even to v the churches, faith and pro- t their pres- e in acts of un- lment of their ten to the mes- is the fountain volent activity wner engrossed of his factory, ons that may above. It is a satisfied with imagination or ples. The man mortar of the he would de- matters of im- ich might give , has his own how far these ould be recog- to decide. In nd a lost sheep , for the poor out in conform- ries of human men in their who habitually ce does not do nility, but more enlightenment. ractical." But that the vision- days in follow- forth from his ransforms com- transportation. ough to com- ent is the real er it is this view to get into the e true prophets ng the founda- rank and re- m driving and

to be an important element in our teaching. To provide an evening celebration just for the convenience of people who are absolutely free to come in the morning, may be a serious encouragement to spiritual indolence. Every clergyman, no doubt, feels a special sanctity surrounding an early celebration, for he knows that every communicant has come for one definite purpose and has come at the cost of some slight effort at least. The man or woman who objects to an early service because it involves rising a little earlier, is hardly appreciating the inner significance of the sacred symbols. Weariness on Sunday morning because of a late theatre party or a prolonged game of whist on Saturday night is hardly an excuse for regulating Communion for later hours. It would be a most serious thing to stand in the way of a devout soul seeking the communion of the Lord's Supper by imposing hours that are impossible, but it is equally serious to encourage the idea in the minds of communicants, that personal convenience is the first consideration. That would be to approach the memorial of the great sacrifice in the spirit of selfishness. "Spectator."

COMMUNION.

How dear the moments, how divinely sweet, O precious Saviour, when with Thee we meet, The wine of love, the bread of life partake— Thy blood, Thy body broken for love's sake!

Here we may plead Thy perfect sacrifice, For Thou in agony hast paid the price Of all the sins that barred the gate of Heaven Against our souls, unwashed and unforgiven.

We enter now the heaven of Thy love; For Thou from out the glorious light above, The light ineffable that is Thy home, Hast leaned, and softly, sweetly whispered, "Come!"

We come, we come, and kneeling at Thy feet, Implore Thy pardoning grace, Thy mercy sweet; For in Thy robe of righteousness arrayed, Our timid souls are strong and unafraid.

The world recedes, all earthly visions flee; Each kneeling spirit is alone with Thee In close communion, leaning on Thy breast, And tastes the bliss of everlasting rest.

Here may we bring our holiest heart-desires, Purge Thou their dross in love's celestial fires! Our nearest, dearest, shield from all alarms; O hold them, fold them closer in Thine arms!

In grateful, loving memory of Thee, Thy death and passion, have we bent the knee In adoration. Rising now, we pray, Take Thou our hand and lead us on our way. —Lilian Leveridge.

TEN MINUTES WITH THE BIBLE.

Young people, you cannot be strong, useful Christians if you neglect your Bibles. Let that sentence be taken as an axiom of the spiritual life. But profitable Bible reading means more than a hastily read verse in the morning, and a sleepily read chapter at night. These, to be sure, are better than nothing; but there are many things better than these. Ten minutes spent with your Bibles, when your mind is fresh and free from all outside distractions, when you have risen from your knees and your heart is yet aglow with the joy of communion, are worth hours of study spent on any other book you can name. But remember the Bible is a Book, one organic unity from Genesis to Revelation, and must be studied as such. Try to divest your mind of all idea of chapters and verses, except as mere finger-posts, or milestones, to mark the way, and read as if they did not exist. Before you read any portion of it, find out, if you can, whom God used to write it when, where, to whom and under what circumstances it was written; then try to put yourself in the place of those for whom it was primarily intended, and find out what was the mind of the writer. Above all, do not forget that human commentaries are uninspired, but that the Holy Spirit has been given to "guide us into all truth," and that He is the Author of the Book.—Journal and Messenger.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Armenian and Assyrian Relief. A Friend, North Bay, Ont. .... \$5.00

The Proposition of the Red Triangle

By JAMES ADDERLEY in The Commonwealth

MANY are asking what is to be the attitude of the Church to the Y.M.C.A. after the war? To answer this question we must first of all discover what has been the attitude in times past before the war. It is quite true to say that the Y.M.C.A. itself will not be the same after the war as it was before. But it is the pre-war attitude of the Church which causes people to ask the question. Taking it all round the Church was not very friendly to the Y.M.C.A. in old days. It treated it rather as if it were a Nonconformist sect with which it was not concerned, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of its workers were nominally Churchmen. Perhaps the Church was not openly unfriendly, but it was certainly not enthusiastic. At any rate it did not consider it necessary to ask as it does now: "What is the right way to regard the Y.M.C.A.?"

The Y.M.C.A. is not, and never has been, a Nonconformist sect. It is Interdenominational, like the Missionary Students Union. No doubt the Church cannot help finding some difficulty in its dealings with an interdenominational body, especially in parishes. Extra-parochially the clergy can, of course, unite with the Y.M.C.A., just as they do with Toynbee Hall and the United Kingdom Alliance and many other societies, if they want to do so. But when it comes to ordinary and continuous parish work it is not so easy.

I stayed some time last summer with some Y.M.C.A. workers in France who had been in charge of the regular Y.M.C.A. in a large town in England, and who called themselves Churchmen. I asked the secretary why it was that, as he said, they had not got on very well with the clergy. His reply was something like this: "Whenever we had a meeting to which we invited all the ministers of the town, the clergy always had an engagement and did not turn up."

"The curate of the parish church used to come to me and say, 'Look here, you have got some of my Confirmation candidates here, they must make up their minds to come to my class or yours. They cannot do both.' The lads, who had all their sports and friendships in the Y.M.C.A., naturally tended to leave the curate."

Now the question is, "Will this sort of thing go on after the war, and, if so, ought it?"

Need we discuss the question? I venture to think we must and for several reasons. The Y.M.C.A. was always a big factor in the spiritual life of the nation. It is going to be a very much bigger one now. Through its war work the Y.M.C.A. has been introduced to the whole people of the United Kingdom and under circumstances which the people will not forget. Anyone who has casually met a Tommy in France and taken a message home for him or sent him a Christmas card knows what an extraordinary impression a little incident like that makes on him. He writes home in his next letter and says: "I met Mr. — out here the other day. He was awfully decent. He said he would call on you when he gets home." Now, consider how this sort of thing has been multiplied by millions in the hearts of whole families who have met the Y.M.C.A.

A thousand pounds worth of letter paper is being written upon every week in all parts of the world with the red triangle at the top. I remember some little Inniskillings coming out of the trenches one night in an almost fainting condition to our hut. It was easy and natural for us, of course, to give them warm drinks and make them comfortable. But they seemed to think it wonderfully kind of us to do it. The next morning one of them came back and wanted to pay us for what they had had. This sounds almost nothing, but it meant a great deal to them. They will never forget it. Nor will the relations of the wounded forget how the Y.M.C.A. provided everything for them when they came over to see their dear ones in danger of death. Theologians may tell the Britisher that this is not the whole of Christianity, but he will always remain convinced that it is the larger part of it, and, after all, he has the 25th Chapter of St. Matthew to lend considerable weight to his opinion. The Y.M.C.A. has undoubtedly given the cup of fresh water to millions and it will not lose its reward.

The red triangle has captured the imagination of the public. People have got thoroughly into their hearts and heads the idea that the Y.M.C.A. has discovered the way to bring Christianity to the masses. The National Church has flourished its

statistics, its beautiful cathedrals and parish churches, its stately ritual, its incomparable liturgy, the history of its good deeds in the days of Magna Carta, etc., before the eyes and ears of the public, and the public has remained cold.

Ten years before the war the Y.M.C.A. began quietly its army work. It knows its power and is about to flood England with huts and recreation rooms directly the war is over. It has the power to start a new Methodist movement in every parish. It does not wish to do this. Mr. Yapp has definitely disclaimed all idea of doing such a thing. But so did John Wesley and we know what happened. The Church drove Methodism outside and it might very well happen again, that in spite of itself, the Y.M.C.A. might become a sect. In pre-war days it did not very much matter when my friends were snubbed by the curate (except to the curate himself). After the war it will matter a great deal to the Church at large.

I think myself that the best way for the Church to act towards the Y.M.C.A. after the war will be to continue the extremely cordial relationship which has begun in France and elsewhere. My experience leads me to think that the Church of England Chaplains (with some exceptions) get on very well with the Y.M.C.A. They are in and out of the huts continually; they have their services there, they give out their notices to the Church soldiers quite freely. There is no idea of a rival institution setting itself up against the Church.

Also it is evident that a Churchman, whether clerical or lay, can work quite harmoniously in a Y.M.C.A. hut, not only with Interdenominationalists, but with Nonconformists also. I never had the slightest difficulty. My only trouble was that I was made too much of. I never knew before I worked with the Y.M.C.A. that I was considered a person of some importance, and the advertisements of my advents were strangely in contrast to the less flamboyant announcements to which I am used with the members of my own persuasion.

We talk a great deal about the "special circumstances" of the war and how we can do things in France together which we could not do at home in peace. Of course this is true up to a point. But many circumstances under which we do religious work are the same in peace and war. In my own phrase, the soldiers are "Our Parishioners in France." Very likely we cannot cooperate with the Y.M.C.A. in sacramental teaching or practice, but there is much to be done before we get to that. We can work together in recreational and educational work, in elementary evangelization. We are doing this in France. Why cannot we go on doing it in England?

There are people who shrug their shoulders at the Y.M.C.A. and say: "It is only coffee and cigarettes." "It is the club craze over again." "It is quite unspiritual." They said the same when we began our work at Bethnal Green thirty years ago. But though we began with billiards and dolly cakes, we ended with Bishops and deans. The Y.M.C.A. has somehow given a fresh start to the gospel of good works. It has done the thing on a huge scale with princely lavishness. It has dared to say: "We do think it worth while, as Christians, to spend a million in providing bodily comforts for the troops." In our ordinary parish work we have been too ready to put people off with the second and even the third best, with miserably equipped clubs and shoddy entertainments, or we have confined the membership to communicants or prospective converts. The Y.M.C.A. has boldly come out in the name of Christ with its chocolates and its cakes and its concerts for everybody, converted or not. It has claimed to be doing it because it is Christian. It has not forced religion upon anyone, but, on the other hand, has not hidden it under a bushel.

Is there not something here of the spirit of the first miracle, when our Lord showed forth the glory of God by making people happy at a wedding feast with plenty of good cheer and no sermon? I remember a meeting we held in 1884 to discuss the programme of the Oxford House. A parson shocked me somewhat by saying: "Don't come down to East London with your invitations to Communion and Confirmation. Come and make friends with the people."

The Y.M.C.A. has made friends with the army. When the army becomes once more the people, the villagers and town folk of England, it proposes to continue and enlarge that friendship. Woe be to the vicars and rectors who pass by on the other side!

I don't want them to give up their classes, or their sermons, or to serve behind the counter, but I do want them to give the Y.M.C.A. a cheerful countenance while it gives the people bread to strengthen their hearts. I want them to be in and out of the huts continually and to co-operate with the young fellows who run the show. How is it that



the Church has practically lost these men? (I am alluding to the Y.M.C.A. workers.) Many of them are nominally Churchmen, but their hearts are with the Y.M.C.A. as something quite apart from the Catholic Church. They are tremendously in earnest. They can pray; they can give quite good addresses; they read their Bibles and mark them; they are concerned about the conversion of souls, and all this without any offensive cant. We simply must secure them for the Church. The war has shown us how we can work with them without damping their enthusiasm and without starting another sect. But it depends much more on the Church than on the Y.M.C.A. Do not let us talk of "capturing the Y.M.C.A." Let the Y.M.C.A. "capture us." Just as the Church is the true "Salvation Army," so the Jerusalem Church was the first Young Men's Christian Association. We need not disintegrate each other. We must not suspect one another. We need only love one another. This the *Pons Sanctorum*, the Proposition of the Red Triangle. Who will help us to the Q.E.D.?

### Scripture Gift Mission

How a Lad of Nineteen Held Every Evening a Tent Prayer Circle by the Aid of Candle Light—  
"Somewhere in France."

**A** PRIVATE in an infantry brigade in France sends a most interesting story of his work for Christ among his comrades.

"I wish to acknowledge receipt of thirty-five of your New Testaments, and, as one of your conditions is for an account of the distribution, I am glad to write such out for you. A party of us left Wales for the front, and, as stated, it was my wish to give each one of them a New Testament, especially as I was going out with them. A few of the lads have now "gone up the line," and, as I have had the joy of preaching to them at certain times, they accepted the Scriptures with more earnestness. I wish I could have taken you to see a noisy barrack-room and a few soldiers away from the rush of war calmly reading the Word of God. Let me just give you one incident, which will be a little towards showing you the very extensive work of your gracious gifts. It is night-time. Fourteen of us are huddled up together in one tent. The raging wind and rain outside makes the tent rock to and fro, yet we do not heed that. In the tent are fourteen most varied chaps—circus men, public-house keepers, clerks, farmers, and men who in civil life were of all kinds of occupations. Every night we have a spiritual meeting. A staunch Roman Catholic reads a passage from your Testament, the rest read a verse also from your Testament, and a late circus hand held the candle for light! Afterwards I commented on the words and then led in prayer, and never have I had so interested or devout a congregation. This is carried on every night. You ask me how I have been able to get to the hearts of so queer and varied a gathering? How a lad of nineteen has found it possible to actually hold every evening a tent prayer circle by the aid of candle light 'Somewhere in France'? All I can say is, by the help and blessing of God, and the fact that I had a parcel of your Testaments, and as I gave it to each man I had the opportunity of speaking heart to heart about the deep things of God. Your Testament and distribution paved the way, and indirectly they have been the means of establishing the rare experience of tent prayer meetings."

Any gifts for the furtherance of this work may be sent to the editor, or to Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., or Miss Dickson, 850 College Street, Toronto.

### From a Chaplain's Diary Vimy Ridge, June 1st, 1917.

**Y**ESTERDAY, another officer and I set out to scale the famous ridge, and, if possible, to reach the front line trenches. My billet is at the foot of the hill. To one flank is the height which the French troops bought at so dear a price; to the other lies the valley, every foot of which was gained by stubborn fighting. Straight ahead is the ridge, grim and sullen, no trace of green upon its furrowed sides, but ploughed and pocked by a thousand shells.

For a couple of miles we cut across country. It was peace. The grass grew green and rich, the buttercups thick and a golden yellow, the trees heavy with hawthorn, brought back memories of days spent upon the English Downs, before the dogs of war were loosed. We walked on; jumped a trench upon the sides of which flowers were growing, stepped high over rusty barbed wire, skirted a deep crater and came to a ruined village.

First there was the cemetery. Stones were blown from covering graves, crosses twisted and bent in every direction, vaults laid bare to the light of day. A figure of the Crucified lay shattered upon a shell-ploughed grave, a vault turned into a dug-out, yawned at our feet. The town was beyond description, and, unless one has seen such sights, beyond imagination. Every home has been shelled. No brickwork so high as a man's head stands. For the most part, a mere heap of dust and rubbish marks where once was a happy home. We passed a French soldier, doubtless on leave, looking vainly even for the site of where, a couple of years ago, his wife and children dwelt with him. He had halted and was staring at a board surmounting a pile of dust and bricks. Upon the board was the inscription, "6 Men." That was no irony, nor attempt at humour, for beneath the rubbish was an excellent cellar, by virtue of the dead house above, rendered practically bomb-proof. We left him, staring, and pushed on. Again an old front line yawned at our feet; we scrambled across to No Man's Land, ploughed and cratered, an extinct Hell, past the Bosche front line, and to the foot of the hill.

The grass has grown again, and grown the richer. The buttercups are a more precious gold. The birds sing quite gaily, and no grim reaper stalks the earth. Suddenly, from beside us, leaps a spurt of flame; a roar; a hiss; and guns at our elbow are sending shell hurtling over the ridge. No reply comes from Fritz, so we go forward. The ground changes as one gets to the foot of the slope. Sand, chalk, gravel, are turned to the surface. Every yard is pitted with shell holes, some dry, most of them filled with water.

It was vain to attempt to walk in a straight line, one had to wind in and out, to the top. My emotions as we ascended the ridge cannot be expressed. We trod where the giants have left their footprints to the end of time. One could faintly imagine what it must have been like when thousands of men toiled upward and the shells dropped among them, scattering death.

Half-way up we turned, and looked at the ground we had covered. It was an awful sight. The country is pierced and pitted, until it looks like the inside of a nutmeg grater. One cannot imagine anything living through the hail of shells that must have caused such destruction. Our contemplations were cut short by a reminder from Fritz that he was still alive. Immediately above us came a whizz-z, a thud, and the roar of explosion. It is not the nicest feeling when bits of dirt go down your collar, and you realize

that it might be bits of shell. We scrambled to the top, skirting wide to avoid our own artillery fire, and stood upon the lip of the ridge.

Words are powerless to describe the scene. In every direction the earth was mangled and torn. Feet, feet down the shells had driven. The awful havoc of artillery fire!

Here, indeed, were souvenirs. German rifles, French bayonets, hand grenades without number, shells of every description and size, Bosche helmets, water bottles, mess tins, various implements for which I could discover no conceivable use, but which must have belched forth gas or bullets against our approach.

Here was a giant crater, yards deep. A Minnewerfer gun, sprawled on its back, lay halfway down the slope; at the bottom, in the water, we could see a German and a French helmet lying together. We scrambled down and looked around. A grisly hand protruded from the mud, a khaki sleeve proclaimed him one of ours. We climbed out, and went further afield. Here was the line that the Bosche had held for so long. It was well preserved in parts, but in others flattened out by our fire. Snipers' shields, gas respirators, braziers, bayonets, bombs, fuses, hand grenades, boots, rags of clothing, and articles too numerous to mention, lay everywhere.

We were raking around when again there came the warning whizz-z of an approaching shell. In a moment we were flat in a shell-hole. A few yards away the earth was flung up and scattered as the missile burst in a deafening roar. One does not feel frightened, there is no time for that, my chief concern was that my new field-boots were caught and torn in the barbed wire.

It was evident that the enemy was trying for our guns, so we sheered off again to give him room. There were dug-outs by the dozen, but we had no electric torch, so refrained from entering. In a gully lay a skull. Not long since its owner laughed and joked, and prayed, and swore. I turned it over with my stick and thought of Yorick. Thank Heaven, one gets callous. Now and again a dismal smell of the charnel-house would come to us, and we knew that we stood in the presence of the dead.

The burying parties have done their work well. How many "theirs' and ours'" they had to dispose of I cannot say, but the place is remarkably clear of bodies.

On the summit, most glorious sepulchre, are well-kept graves, marked by crosses bearing the names of the buried. Around the borders, clean, white-washed stones are carefully placed, and wire enclosures are made. It was a scene worthy of a poet's song. The dead on the height, and, above them, a lark singing his golden song as though his heart would burst. One understood why the gods were buried on a height, above the graves of common clay. These sons of God have gained their Pantheon.

"Here—here's their place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,  
Lightnings are loosened,  
Stars come and go. Let joy break with the storm,  
Peace let the dew send!  
Lofty designs must close in like effects;  
Loftily lying,  
Leave them—still higher than the world suspects,  
Living and dying."

We walked on until the country beyond came into view. "As the Canadians saw the land beyond, they cried and sang." I can imagine that "Thalassa" once again. It is a glorious sight. A short distance away, the German front line; beyond it, the vil-lages he is holding so tenaciously. Above us whistled the shells from our

guns; we could follow the flight from the rush through the air; see where they struck, sending up dust and debris in a cloud. We sat down on the edge until it became unwise to stay longer. Then we arose, to retrace our steps. Across the wide summit, down the slope on our side, past the guns, past the camps, out to the plain and the green grass. Through another village smashed to ruins; past the various camps of men at well-earned rest; and then, across the fields in the light of the setting sun; jumping trenches dug so long ago by hands so many of which now toil no more; past the troops marching up to take another turn in the line, and so, hungry, tired and dusty, to home and a welcome meal.

It was a wonderful afternoon. through scenes that will be visited so long as men live, and the heart of the world is thrilled by heroic deeds. We turned and looked back at the sullen ridge. "How did men ever get to the top of that?" I do not know, but they went through hell, and came out on the other side. We are too near to events to appraise the doers at their proper worth—that must be left for the ages.

"Not in the thick of the fight,  
Not in the press of the odds,  
Do the heroes come to their height,  
Or we know the demi-gods.  
"They are too near to be great,  
But our children shall understand,  
When and how our fate  
Was changed, and by whose hand.  
"Our children shall measure their worth,  
We are content to be blind,  
For we know that we walk on a new-born earth,  
With the saviours of mankind."

### A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE.

Remember, boy, who gave you this,  
When other days have come;  
When she who had thy earliest kiss  
Sleeps in her narrow home.  
Remember, 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she'd die to save.  
That mother sought a pledge of love,  
The noblest, for her son,  
And from the gifts of God above  
She chose a goodly one.  
She said his faith in that would be  
Sweet incense to her memory.  
And should the scoffer in his pride  
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,  
And bid him cast the pledge aside,  
That he from youth had borne;  
She bade him pause and ask his breast,  
If he, or she, had loved him best.  
A parent's blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing;  
The love that would retain the one  
Must to the other cling.  
Remember 'Tis no idle toy—  
A mother's gift—remember, boy.

### LILIES' SCENT 8,000 FEET UP.

A British officer on duty with the air service in East Africa includes in one of his reports a graphic description of an immense valley filled with the huge "Arum lilies," over which he flew somewhere in the region of Zanzibar. As he passed over the valley he was 8,000 feet high, but the perfume of the lilies reached his nostrils for a long distance.

By means of his glasses he observed that the lily flowers were "as large as elephants' ears," and that the whole of the valley had been monopolized by the beautiful flowers. The luxuriance of the vegetation was particularly remarkable. He learned later that the scent of the flowers was so overpowering in the valley that no native had ever dared to penetrate within its borders.



# Canadian Churchman

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### Eighth Sunday After Trinity.

Holy Communion: 242, 257, 262, 407.  
 Processional: 7, 376, 397, 653.  
 Offertory: 389, 619, 620, 753.  
 Children: 392, 402, 711, 731.  
 General: 400, 648, 654, 750.

### Ninth Sunday After Trinity.

Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 243.  
 Processional: 8, 476, 493, 601.  
 Offertory: 405, 485, 492, 680.  
 Children: 233, 238, 241, 725.  
 General: 11, 23, 219, 393.

## Church News

### Colours Deposited in St. Paul's Church, Kamloops, B.C.

An interesting and impressive ceremony never before witnessed in Kamloops (Diocese of Cariboo) took place recently in St. Paul's Church in the reception and consecration of the colours of the 172nd Batt., C.E.F., which, more than any other unit, belonged to this city. A church parade of the military left in the city was called for the purpose and the colours were brought to the church. At a suitable part of the evening service, escorted by a colour-guard, the colours were carried through the church, held aloft, to the Lord's Table, the King's colour being carried by Lieut. Orpen and the regimental colour by Lieut. Brakey. The flags were received by Capt. the Rev. Christopher Reed, acting Rector, from the bearers. The Rector then placed each colour in its proper place, accepting them as a sacred charge, and expressing the hope that they may always inspire all who may see them in the church through the noble purpose and fine work of the men to whom they were given. After a prayer of consecration and dedication the Rector preached a thoroughly patriotic sermon from 8th chap. St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 18th verse, the fact that the day was the anniversary of Confederation and Canada's subsequent history being referred to in terms of pride. A large congregation was present to witness the interesting event. Of the younger men of the congregation, most have volunteered for the front, some 140 names being on the honour roll, where the artistic ability of the Rector is in evidence, as it is in various other directions in connection with the church and its services. The colours of the 172nd were presented to the battalion at Vernon, B.C., on Saturday, August 26th, 1916. They were taken to England and sent back to Canada three weeks ago with instructions from Col. Vicars that they be deposited in St. Paul's Church, Kamloops.

### Letter from American Missionary in Syria.

"Your friend, the Rev. —, fasted twenty days that he might give his portion to others, and then died himself of hunger. His family is still living with us. The contagious diseases, hunger, and more work than we can possibly do, threaten the lives of all the missionaries here. We expect to die, and then this unfortunate people will be left with no one to help or serve them. In the Lebanon districts alone many thousands have starved in a village two miles distant did not have one inhabitant left alive."

### John McNeill in France.

"What would you think, men, of a surgeon who should come to you to cut out something that was killing you, and who should deliberately use a dirty lancet? Then why ask God to use us as His instruments, weapons to cut out this German cancer, unless we are prepared to be the cleanest and keenest that we possibly can?"

to his untiring zeal and energy in the parish. On the retirement of the Dean of the Cathedral he was called to that high office, and here again his wonderful organizing powers found great scope, and his nomination and selection as Bishop to the very island in which he was born and in which he has spent practically all of his ministerial days is a proof of the high esteem in which he is held. He has been a magnificent parish priest, a devoted counsellor and friend, always very strong in his views, which, on several occasions during his first year as Dean, brought him into conflict with the vestry of St. Michael's parish, but in the end he always won out, with the respect and admiration of the Board. His splendid voice, which has for so many years been devoted to the furthering of God's work, once heard in taking the services, is never to be forgotten, and fills the beautiful Cathedral, in which the consecration of both the Rev. E. A. Dunn and the Dean, will take place at the same time, with ease.

### Athabasca Notes.

The marriage of the Rev. Robert Little, of Griffin Creek, Alberta, and Miss Marion Gill, formerly of Athabasca and Alix, Alberta, was solemnized on July 5th in St. James' Church, Peace River, by the Lord Bishop of Athabasca. The Rev. Wm. Minshaw acted as best man, and Miss Estelle White, daughter of Canon White, of High Prairie, was the bridesmaid. After the ceremony a large company attended the reception, which was given by the Bishop and Mrs. Robins at Bishop's House, Peace River.

The Lord Bishop of Athabasca has left home for a few weeks' visit in the Athabasca district, where he will conduct several Confirmations. The Bishop expects to return home on July 25th.

The Rev. R. E. Randall has been appointed to act as travelling railway missionary on the E.D. and B.C. Railway.

The Rev. H. Hesketh is resigning his connection with the diocese and will return to the East.

### Meeting of Clergy and S.S. Teachers, Deanery of Kingston, N.B.

A combined meeting of the clergy and Sunday School teachers of the Deanery of Kingston, was held in Gagetown, July 11th. The proceedings began with a celebration of the Holy Communion at which the Rev. H. H. Brown, of Upham, gave an address on the "Smitten Rock." "That Rock was Christ." At the Chapter meeting papers were read by the Ven. Archdeacon Crowfoot, Rev. A. C. Fenwick and Rev. T. F. Marshall (Rector of the parish), on the general subjection of Liturgical Prayers. A discussion revealed the opinion that the Revised Prayer Book could not be regarded as final, but that for the present its permissive use was desirable. After lunch at the rectory the teachers' meeting began with a paper contributed by the Rev. H. E. Bennet on the Catechism. Then followed personal work on interesting boys in missions, by Miss Peters, inaugurator of the first Boys' Missionary Club, after which a discussion took place on the proposed Lesson Scheme, which was approved. The sermon at the evening service was preached by the Rev. Professor Harley, of King's College, and was a plea on behalf of that institution, the Church University of the Maritime Provinces, the oldest colonial university in the Empire. The Eucharist on the following morning was especially intended for the Sunday School teachers, and an address was delivered

## Progress of the War

- July 16th.—Monday—Russians continue their drive towards Lemberg. Canadian boat sinks submarine.
- July 17th.—Tuesday—French gain ground on Meuse. Shake-up in British Cabinet. Russians forced to yield ground.
- July 18th.—Wednesday—Disorders break out in Petrograd.
- July 19th.—Thursday—Russian forces suffer on Eastern front.
- July 20th.—Friday—Germans repulsed by French. Russians suffer reverse.
- July 21st.—Saturday—Kerensky becomes Premier of Russia.

by the Rev. W. P. Dunham, on the charge to St. Peter, "Feed My Lambs."

On June 26th, the Bishop again visited the parish of Gagetown for the purpose of confirming a class of twenty persons, prepared as one of the results of the recent mission. Five of these were baptized as adults the day previously by the Rector, the Rev. T. F. Marshall.

### Lieut. S. N. Dixon Wounded.

Lieut. S. N. Dixon, a veteran of the South African War, and well known among the Indians in the extreme north of Ontario as a missionary, has been admitted to hospital at Camjeres suffering from slight gunshot wounds in the leg and head. Lieut. Dixon qualified for his commission at Niagara while with the C.O.T.C., and reached England in October, 1916. He was transferred to a Canadian battalion immediately and sent into the trenches where he remained nine months without leave of absence. Lieut. Dixon, who was educated at Trinity College, Toronto, served with the Imperial Yeomanry during the South African War. His brother, who also fought in South Africa, was in New Zealand when the present war broke out, and he went over to England with a New Zealand battalion. He fell in action on the very day that his brother, now reported wounded, sailed from Halifax.

### Major A. K. Haywood Married.

The marriage of Major A. K. Haywood, C.A.M.C., Superintendent of the Montreal General Hospital, formerly of the original 3rd Battalion, the first Canadian born to receive the Military Cross, to Miss Florence Gwendoline Hand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Hand, took place on the 19th inst., at All Saints' Church, Toronto, the Rev. E. A. MacIntyre officiating. Major Edward Robinson of the original 1st Battalion was best man. Major and Mrs. Haywood left later for Algonquin Park before going to their home in Montreal. Major Haywood's family have long been staunch supporters of All Saints' Church.

### Bishop Jones Resigns.

The diocese of Newfoundland and Bermuda has learned with regret that the Rt. Rev. Llewellyn Jones, D.D., who has been its Bishop for nearly forty years, has acquainted the Executive of the Synod of his desire to resign his office. Bishop Jones is in his 77th year, having been born at Liverpool, England, on October 11th, 1840. He was educated at Cheltenham, Harrow, and Trinity College,



Cambridge. On June 11th, two years ago, he celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest, at which time he was presented with a handsome piece of silver plate by the clergy throughout the country. His appointment as Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda dates from 1878, and he arrived in St. John's on June 8th of that year. Up to within a brief period His Lordship was in good health and was able to conduct the pressing duties of his office; but last year he was unable to make his annual trip to Bermuda, and during the winter suffered from a very severe illness, from which he was happily partially recovered. During the many years that Bishop Jones presided over the diocese he has been content to spend and be spent in the service of his people, whose reverence and love for their Chief Pastor is shared in by tens of thousands of those who belong to other communions. A special session of the Synod will probably be held in October to choose a successor. In the meantime the Bishop's Commissary, Rev. Canon Smith, will act as Administrator.

#### Lieutenant Allan Lynch Home.

Lieut. Allan Lynch, champion junior swimmer of Canada, and one of Toronto's foremost athletes in basketball, rugby, lacrosse, hockey, baseball, and a member of the champion Parkdale Canoe Club crew that won the Dominion title in world's record time is back home on furlough after two years on active service. He is a son of the Rev. F. J. Lynch, Weston, Ont., (diocese of Toronto). He went overseas as a corporal with the 10th Toronto battalion in May, 1915, and for bravery on the field was awarded the Military Medal. He also won his commission on the field, and was given the rank of Lieutenant. He was wounded twice, once in the chest and once in the leg. When war broke out in 1914 this lad was among the first to enlist. He was always considered one of the foremost all-around athletes of Canada, and was a topnotcher in every line of sport he tackled, baseball, swimming, basketball, rugby, lacrosse, and hockey being his specialties.

#### A Chaplain's Description of the War.

Tears coursed unrestrainedly down furrowed and fresh young faces alike where a gathering composed largely of women listened to Major (Rev.) L. Burch in the hall of Little Trinity Church, Toronto. He spoke of the war. The simplicity and sincerity of his words seemed to go right to the hearts of his toil-worn hearers who are known to have given so lavishly of their manhood in the national cause. It was touching to watch how they hung on the words of the man who had been through fire and could tell them of some of the things endured by their loved ones. Major Burch went overseas with the 74th Battalion. He crossed to France with the 4th Division, the 10th Brigade. Systematically tracing the course of his journeyings after reaching the war zone he told of his first billet and of his initiation to gas and steel helmet practice. Even if a gas attack was made as far as 150 miles distant the alarm was sounded to the uttermost line in order that all might be prepared. Then the speaker pictured the men trudging towards the battle front and on their first impression of Belgium when they crossed the French frontier. So far they knew only the A.B.C. of war and, as Major Burch expressed it: "No one knows what kind of stuff he is made of until he is under fire." The Chaplain's work was to pass through the lines of one or two battalions at least once a day, cheering the men and gathering information. Major Burch told of

the first engagement he went through. He described the trench mortar and the German "sausage." In detailing his sensations, he said: "There is the fear of death that strikes a man once and when we felt absolutely sure that our last hour had come a terror came over me which I cannot describe. It was not so much that I was going to die, but that I was afraid that the others would see that I was afraid." This feeling is shared by all at first, continued Major Burch, but afterwards no fear is felt whatsoever. "Men go forward to meet death with a smile. I have not kept a record of how many I have seen killed, but every one was a man well worthy the name, and although it may be that some of these men when they were civilians had not squared their lives according to some Sunday School conception, or used the language of the University graduate, yet—rough and ready though they were—they often mentioned the name of Christ in their last hour. There is no doubt in the soldier's mind in these great hours of the reality of Christ. No explanations are needed. So simple it is! 'Do you believe in Jesus Christ?' 'Yes, padre.' 'Do you believe in His power to save you?' 'Sure, padre.' All theologies and sects and class distinctions are as naught. The cup of water to a dying man is as welcome from Roman Catholic as from Protestant. Telling of his experiences on the Somme Major Burch described No man's Land as being Hell. Men were chewing their tongues in their agony, yet they went on doing their duty. He gave a graphic description of aerial activities, of the dozens of balloons and aeroplanes reconnoitring, of an engagement which resulted in one aeroplane being brought down in a shell-hole, the pilot being killed and the observer shot, even as he watched. Then he told of the tanks and the German activity with explosives on these inanimate objects. In the opinion of Major Burch the Chaplain is of more use in the base hospital than in the firing line. The most cheerful place in God's garden is where those men lie suffering, some of them on the point of going into the operating room, others on the brink of death—yet all brave. "Courage? I don't know what to call it. Courage is too weak a term. But after all," he continued, "the bravest are the women who couldn't go—who stayed and bore the harder part. They're brave yonder and brave here. Surely this combination of bravery in both sexes will mean something for our beloved Canada." And to the words of Major Burch about the suffering womanhood Major (Canon) H. C. Dixon, Rector of Trinity Church, added this fine tribute: "He has heard the shells. We have heard the weeping. He has seen the dead, but we have beheld the broken heart when the message of death was cabled across the ocean. And the bravery, the patience, the endurance of our women have been beyond compare."

#### Canadian Flag Unfurled in England.

At the ancient and picturesque parish church of St. Cuthbert's, Peaseholme Green, York, England, there took place, on the evening of June 15th, the interesting ceremony of unfurling the Canadian flag, which has been placed in the sanctuary to commemorate the church's association with the mother of General Wolfe, and as a tribute also to the splendid loyalty of Canada to the Mother Country in the present war. The Archbishop of York took part in the service and dedicated the flag, and it was unfurled by Lieut.-General Sir John Maxwell G.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding-in-chief, the Northern Command. The scheme for providing a Canadian flag for St. Cuthbert's Church was initiated

by the Rector, the Rev. R. G. Pyne, and it received the warm approval of Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Premier, when he recently visited England. It is recorded as an historical fact that Mrs. Wolfe's parental home in York was an old timbered house, which still stands on Peaseholme Green almost opposite to St. Cuthbert's Church. A deeply religious lady, she attended St. Cuthbert's regularly as this was her parish church, and letters written by General Wolfe to his mother before and after his conquest of Canada, show the extent to which his character was moulded by the noble influence of his mother. His Grace the Archbishop dwelt upon this point in an eloquent address which he delivered. There is a particularly interesting passage, which was quoted by the Archbishop, in one letter written by Wolfe to his mother from Louisburg on August 11, 1758, concerning Canada. He then wrote: "This will some time hence be a vast Empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space." That service, said the Archbishop, at the conclusion of his address, was but a simple occasion on which we could offer to the people of Canada our gratitude for the readiness and the generosity with which they placed themselves on our side. His Grace hoped that somewhere and somehow notice or news of that simple and picturesque little gathering in an old parish church might reach some of those who were fighting with us as representatives of Canada. He hoped that they would read of the presence of the General Officer commanding the troops in the Northern Command, the Lord Mayor of this ancient city, and, if it was not too presumptuous for him to add, the holder of an office which was more ancient than the Crown itself. They thought it worth while to assemble there simply to make an act of common reverence in that ancient parish church, and he hoped they would realize that the occasion was to give the chance of showing what we felt about the people who, with such generosity, were at our side. He asked them to pray, not only for the future of the vast and undeveloped possibilities of the Canadian nation, but also to lift up to God our cause at the present moment. Were we remembering what was at stake? What lay upon the men and women of this present generation of the English people? The only thing we could do was to impress ourselves in heart and mind with the most High God to permit this cause of our free-speaking and free-governing English peoples throughout the world—that we might vindicate and justify the cause.

#### The Canada To Be.

The Rev. Dr. Cody, of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, in his sermon on July 1st, said that "the principles under which a new and better fifty years can be secured will include: (1) Personality will be regarded as of infinitely more worth than property, we shall care more for the development of persons than for the accumulation of property; (2) service, not self-seeking, is the true watchword of practical life, not how much can I grab or get but how much can I give; (3) principle will be more esteemed than party; (4) we shall seek rather to prevent evils than to cure them; (5) we shall realize that production, rather than speculation, is fundamental; (6) we shall judiciously control State as well as individual effort; (7) we shall seek to carry on a ministry of reconciliation between races, creeds, classes, sexes and nations; (8) we shall have a world-outlook and be freed from parochialism of policy and practice in Church and in State."

#### A Former M.S.C.C. Missionary on the War.

The Rev. R. H. McGinnis, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, Tacoma, Washington, who for several years was a missionary of the Canadian Church in Japan, and a graduate of Wycliffe College, Toronto, gave an address recently to a crowd of some 1,800 people in Wright Park, Tacoma, on the subject, "How to Win the War." "In this age of vast spy systems the public cannot expect to know all of the intricate workings of its government. We must have faith if we expect to win, faith that our officials are doing the best they can and that some day all will be disclosed to us. Loyalty is another requisite to victory. Do not be afraid to let everyone know you love your country for the spirit is contagious and with a whole nation of loyal people, of course, we will win the war." Dr. McGinnis declared self-sacrifice and more economical living must be practised, and mirth mixed with the serious as well as other necessary features in the conduct of the American people. "Our weapons and methods of warfare even up to the time of the Spanish-American war are obsolete for present-day warfare," he continued. "But while the United States will go into this great struggle in which 40,000,000 men are involved, with the latest methods of warfare and the latest weapons, it will send men who have burning in their breasts the spirit of the American revolution and the spirit of the Civil War; the spirit that shall preserve and defend democracy."

#### Anglican Boys' Camp.

The Anglican Camp at Gamebridge (diocese of Toronto) was held from July 2-13, when over 100 boys went up for a two-weeks' outing. They cabled their director, Captain J. E. Gibson, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Toronto, who is overseas as follows: "Greetings from one hundred Anglican Campers." The boys had a great time under the leadership of Messrs. J. H. Pogson, S. Price, A. Farmer, A. V. Snelling and J. Bunting.

#### Caledonia Notes.

Bishop DuVernet spent a fortnight in the Atlin District, taking all the services in St. Martin's Church, Atlin, on the two Sundays, July 1st and 8th, administering the Holy Communion on both Sundays and baptizing a child, as at present the church is in charge of a lay-reader, Captain Hathorne, a retired naval officer. Many American tourists were present at the services on Dominion Day and joined heartily in singing, "Our Loved Dominion bless." Sitting on the deck of the steamer on Lake Atlin under the shadow of Cathedral Mountain, an elderly American who had travelled extensively, exclaimed: "Bishop, I did not think that I should ever live to see such scenery as this." The conditions happened to be all favourable. Fleecy clouds were floating across the tops of the mountains. The colour of the water ranged from the lightest green to the deepest blue, and the reflections in the water were perfect. Lake Atlin is 2,200 feet above the level of the sea, and is almost surrounded by mountains which rise from one thousand to five thousand feet higher still. The lake is about eighty miles long and varies from three to six miles wide. The creeks which have cut their way down to the lake, and the reddish hills amidst the gray mountains all abound in minerals, placer and quartz gold, silver and lead, iron and copper, but the excessive cost of transportation keeps capital from investing heavily. Since the rush of '08 a steady stream of gold has flowed from the Atlin District, but the usual cry is: "Just paying expenses." One of the scenic



Missionary on the

Ginnis, Rector of Holy Communion, who for several years of the Canada, and a graduate of Toronto, gave an address at Park, Tacoma, to Win the War. "spy systems the to know all of its govern- e faith if we ex- our officials are an and that some sed to us. Loy- isite to victory. et everyone know y for the spirit is a whole nation of e, we will win the declared self-sac- onomical living and mirth mixed ell as other neces- e conduct of the Our weapons and even up to the American war are day warfare," he while the United his great struggle men are involved, ds of warfare and it will send men their breasts the an revolution and l War; the spirit nd defend democ-

Pans and Pots all Lose Their Spots



sights is the Llewellyn Glacier, which is three miles wide near the lake and extends in a winding course seventy-five miles. After the summit is reached the stream of ice flows the opposite direction towards the sea, and is known as the Taku Glacier. It is to be hoped that the many tourists who stop to wonder may be led to worship the God Who works through the forces of Nature. "O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord."

Nova Scotia Notes.

A service in memory of fallen heroes connected with the congregation was held in Christ Church, Dartmouth, on Sunday, the 15th inst., the Rector, the Rev. Noel Wilcox, conducting the service. There was a very large attendance. The 63rd band was present, as well as a detachment from that regiment, and the Church Lad's Brigade was also in attendance in charge of Lieut. Bailey. The Rector referred to the brave men who have given their lives for King and country, and paid a high tribute to their memory, referring particularly to Jas. I. Trider, John S. Waterfield and Edward George, for whom the service was held, they being three of those most recently reported as having given their lives.

The annual picnic of St. Paul's (Halifax) Sunday School was held on Wednesday of last week at Prince's Lodge; a special train being provided for the occasion.

The address at St. Paul's Mission Hall, Halifax, on Sunday evening, July 15th, was given by Dr. J. J. Hunt, who is always a welcome visitor to the Mission, and listened to with closest attention. The soloist was Mr. Rosborough. The service was conducted by Lance-Corporal Tucker, assisted by John Snow, Sr. Rev. S. H. Prince was also present. Mr. J. H. Balcolm was the speaker at the afternoon meeting.

Sunday School Observes Patriotic Sunday.

On Sunday, July 1st, the Sunday School of the Church of the Ascension, Toronto, observed "Patriotic Sunday" in a novel way. A new honour roll was unveiled by Mrs. Moore, the proud mother of the first boy to enlist from the School, Sergt. H. S. Moore, who has brought the greatest

BIRTH NOTICE.

On July 19th, 1917, to the Rev. and Mrs. G W. Fisher, Stonehaven, N.B., a daughter.

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honour to the School through having been awarded the Military Medal, and having been promoted successively from Private, Lance-Corporal and Corporal to the rank of Sergeant. The roll was read while all stood with bowed heads and this was followed by prayers and the singing of "Holy Father in Thy Mercy." Lt.-Col. Macqueen gave a very interesting address, recalling incidents of former wars. The school was prettily decorated with flags and bunting. A photograph of all the boys in khaki, except one, and also a number of souvenirs that the boys have sent home, among them a Military Medal, a piece of a Zeppelin, shot down near Chisleton Camp, a German officer's shoulder strap, cap, water bottle and other curios were on view. The Sunday School newspaper, "The Khaki Journal," a personal letter, and a copy of the Daily Bible Readings supplied by the Y.M.C.A., are sent to each boy each month.

Alma College.

Alma College will begin its 37th year September 17th, 1917. The rumour that the College had been requisitioned for a military hospital was not correct.

At the recent commencement eighteen diplomas, two post graduate certificates and many class certificates were given. There were four music and elocution recitals, a public display of students' drawings, paintings, modellings, sketches, and sewing, and a great rally of Alma Daughters. Miss Rhetta Treleaver, Ripley, Ont., Optima Medallist, read the valedictory.

The Domestic Science class and those who won prizes gave the cost of class dinner and prizes to patriotic fund. By help of these funds and work of Alma Red Cross, contributions have been made to Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, Chentu (China), hospital, Canadian Red Cross, Countess Limerick Fund, Children's Shelter, Returned Soldiers Aid, etc.

The College has not raised its rates since war began, yet the third year of war the regular revenue fully covered all expenditures and the College enters upon its 37th year free of debt and with a full staff of teachers. This is indeed a highly creditable showing.

Two Stories from India.

Dr. Ethel Landon, from the Canadian hospital, Nasik, tells of one house to which she was summoned. She found the room full of people, men included, and, having turned them out, she took the patient in hand. The room was very dark, but she heard some peculiar sounds which made her peer into the further end, and there she discovered three buffaloes!

Sir Andrew Fraser tells how once a Bengal friend, who was a widower, begged him to come and see his mother, who was the great staff of the house. He knew what that meant—himself on one side of the curtain and the lady on the other, but when he went his host took him into the women's quarters, and at last into the room where his mother was without any curtain at all! He said: "Ought I to come in here?" "Oh, no!" replied the man; "go back." But the mother said: "Why turn away the Sahib, my son? Is he not our father and mother, and am I not your mother?" So on the plea of their both being mothers he was admitted.

St. Mary's Church, Goudhurst, Kent, celebrated its 800th anniversary a few weeks ago. The first record of a church in this Weald parish goes back to 1117, but it is quite possible that there may have been one still earlier than that date.

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World Conference on Faith and Order BULLETIN No. 13.

THE world-wide interest in the World Conference on Faith and Order, as the best means to prepare the way for constructive efforts for the visible reunion of Christians, is steadily increasing, and more and more clearly it is seen that the task is beyond human strength, and that the immediate need is earnest prayer for God's guidance of the movement.

Therefore, the Commission appointed by the American Episcopal Church to issue to all the Communions throughout the world, which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, an invitation to unite in arranging for a World Conference on Faith and Order, desires to secure a world-wide recognition of the supreme necessity. It hopes for an outpouring, by Christians of every Communion and in every part of the world, of prayer that God through the Holy Spirit will fill our hearts and minds with the desire for the visible manifestation of our unity in Christ Jesus our Lord, and will so turn our wills to obedience to Him that, in oneness of faith and purpose, we may labour for the establishment of His Kingdom of peace and righteousness and love.

While our divisions still prevent the bringing together in one place of all the Christians in each neighbourhood for united prayer, it would be possible for them all to pray at the same time and for the same purpose.

The Commission, therefore, requests all who have been baptized into the name of Christ to begin to prepare now for the observance of the eight days beginning with January

18th, through to January 25th, 1918, (January 5-12 in the calendar of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Churches) as a season for special prayer for the Reunion of Christendom and for the blessing and guidance of all efforts for that end, including especially the attempt to be made in the World Conference on Faith and Order to bring Christians to such an understanding and appreciation of each other that the way may be open for increased effort in the way of constructive work for Reunion.

This period has been observed by an increasing number of Christians and is not far from a week which has for many years been observed by many others. It is hoped that it will be found convenient to all and that no preference for another time will be allowed to impair the spiritual value of simultaneous prayer throughout the world.

Copies of a Manual of Prayer for Unity will be sent, on application to the Secretary, to those who can use it either as printed or as suggestions for extempore prayer. The Commission will be glad to hear from all who will join in this effort, especially if they have suggestions to make as to how the co-operation of all Christians in their neighbourhoods may be secured. It may be helpful if the Commission is informed as to plans that are being made.

Replies should be addressed to Robert H. Gardiner, Post Office Box 436, City of Gardiner, Maine, U.S.A.

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## ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Not a word had interrupted the story, and a brief silence followed. The rose light had faded from the sky, and now a shimmer of moonshine made a silvery pathway across the ripples of the lake.

"June," said Brownie after a while, "I just know there's mer-children in this lake, and I 'spect I'll see one soon."

"Where did you pick up that yarn?" asked Hilda in a disapproving tone.

"Mother used to tell it to us," answered June, softly, and her eyes looked far out beyond the silvery hills. "We always liked that story, didn't we, Brownie?"

Brownie nodded. "It seems to me it's queer nonsense to put into a child's head," said Hilda.

"Why, it's in one of the lesson books, Aunt Hilda," exclaimed June in surprise. "It wouldn't be there if it was nonsense, would it?"

"What lesson book?" Robin asked.

"I never saw it."

"In the Fourth Reader," June replied. "That is, most of it. It's a poem, you know."

"Oh, I remember trying to learn that thing," Robin said, wonderingly, "but I thought it was awful hard. It isn't a bit the same as you tell it."

"I can't remember the words properly," June explained, "and my story begins a little sooner, that's all."

"I'm nearly asleep, June," Brownie reminded his sister just then. "Sing my hymn for me."

Without a moment's hesitation June began to sing, and Robin thought he had never heard so sweet a voice. Every word was clear and ringing, and seemed to require no more effort than ordinary speech. Perhaps it was only the mellowing effect of the moonlight, or perhaps it was the song that brought a softer look into Hilda's face as she listened:—

"Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

"Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

"Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

"Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.

"Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.

"Through the long night watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Standing round my bed.

"When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise,  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes."

"I've heard your mother sing that, Robin, years and years ago," said Hilda, softly, at the close. "Her voice was very sweet."

Robin looked up with a quick interest, but did not speak. He had never heard this about his mother before.

Brownie was fast asleep in his sister's arms. Hilda rose quietly and lit the lamp, then took the sleeping child gently in her arms and carried him upstairs to the little cot beside June's bed. She had spent few idle moments since the sudden arrival of her little guests, and, though the room was still bare and uninviting enough, the beds at least were comfortable and well aired.

June followed in a few minutes, for she had grown very tired. Hilda said good-night and closed the door on the two little motherless strangers in a strange land.

For a few moments June sat on her little trunk, too tired to undress; then slowly she took out the dainty little slip-over nightgown mother had made her just before she died. When she had put on the pretty garment and braided her hair she blew out the light and knelt by the window to say her prayers.

Half an hour later when Hilda was going by the closed door she heard a little, stifled sob. She opened the door softly and went in. There she found the slim little figure kneeling in a flood of moonlight by the window, her face buried in her arms, and her drooping shoulders heaving with the burden of her grief.

In a moment, too, Hilda was kneeling in the moonlight. "What's the matter, child?" she whispered.

"Oh, Aunt Hilda!" cried June, brokenly, "I'm so lonesome for mother. And you'll help me to bring up Brownie, won't you? I promised her I'd be a mother to him, but it's an awful responsibility."

"Don't you worry your little head. Of course, I'll help you," Hilda replied, soothingly. "Now you must try and go to sleep."

Very soon the child-sorrows were forgotten in sleep.

After gazing a few silent moments at the sweet, tear-wet face, Hilda stooped and kissed it tenderly. Then, leaving the door ajar, she went downstairs to her own room. Three times before she slept, however, she crept quietly up the stairs and peeped into the children's room to see that all was well. After the third visit she cautiously opened the door on the opposite side of the hall, tiptoed across the floor, and looked down for a few moments at the sunburnt boyish face. If Robin had not been sleeping so soundly he would have wondered what had come over Aunt Hilda.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Island Home.

"South, swing wide thy sapphire gate!  
Come, Spring-Ariel delicate,  
Play thy lute among the strands,  
Then shall bend the willow wands.  
As men followed Ariel  
With his shell invisible,  
Flowers shall frolic after thee,  
Bursting from the barren lea;  
Softer stars steal up and down  
In thy train by field and town—  
Nay, the sun for thee shall dance  
Like a courtier of old France."

—Isabella Valancy Crawford.

FOR a few days June was too tired to do anything, even to look around her new abode and taste its many delights. All day long she lay, pale and listless, on the lounge in the sitting-room looking out at the water and the green hills beyond. Water and woods and hills and valleys, the latter green or misty blue in the distance, was the view afforded by every window in the house. But, oh!

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what an endless variety that view represented! From her window June watched with real though quiet pleasure the many changes wrought by sunshine and shadow, wind and rain, sunrise and sunset, daylight and starshine.

Meanwhile, Hilda cared for her patiently. Though the child's too fragile appearance caused her many a mis-giving, never a word of complaint passed her lips.

The first day was not many hours old before Brownie had been over almost every foot of the island. Often he ran in to June, all rosy and happy, and bubbling over with the story of some fresh discovery. The first was of the vegetable garden down in a little flat near the water.

"There's a lot of little wee, wee plants coming up, June," he said, "and Robin says after a while they'll grow into nice things to eat. There's peas and onions and carrots and radishes and lettuces and potatoes, and, oh! a lot more. Won't it be nice to see them grow big?"

"You'll have to take charge of that garden now, Robin," Hilda said. "There's beans and corn and cucumbers and melons to go in yet. You'd better plant them to-day."

"All right," Robin answered, briskly. This was a task to his liking. He was fond of delving in the soil, and fonder still of watching things grow—especially things of his own planting.

"I'll help you, Robin," Brownie cried eagerly at the first mention of the garden.

Robin sought his aunt's eyes for an answer, and a little to his surprise she offered no objection. She found the seeds at once, and went with them to the garden plot to show Robin how the work was to be done.

"I always grow enough vegetables for our own use," she remarked to June when she returned. "There's a nice little garden plot, and they grow like weeds."

"Have you a flower garden, Aunt Hilda?" June asked.

"A flower garden! Oh, no! I never bother about flowers. There's enough wild ones most of the time. Just wait till the roses are out."

"Oh, Aunt Hilda! How long will it be? I love all the flowers, but roses, I think, are the best of all. Robin says there's lots of them here. I suppose that's why it is called 'Rose Island.'"

"Yes, Robin's mother named it so. They'll be out early next month, and they last on most of the summer."

With a brighter smile June turned again to the window.

At dinner-time Brownie came in, grimy and radiant. He felt very important, indeed, for he had been helping to plant beans and corn. "Aunt Hilda," he said, gravely, standing in the doorway with his hands in his pockets, "if I was a little mer-boy and you was to go fishing you'd catch me in less'n a minute. Guess why?"

"I never was no hand at guessin' riddles," Hilda replied. "I give up."

"Well, I'll tell you. It's 'cause I'm hungry enough to eat wiggly worms."

Hilda tried to look severe, but failed utterly. "For goodness sake, child," she gasped, "hurry up and wash yourself and come to dinner. I'm sorry there's no wiggly worms on my bill of fare, but maybe tomato soup and rice pudding will do as well."

(To be continued.)

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Toronto will help save what  
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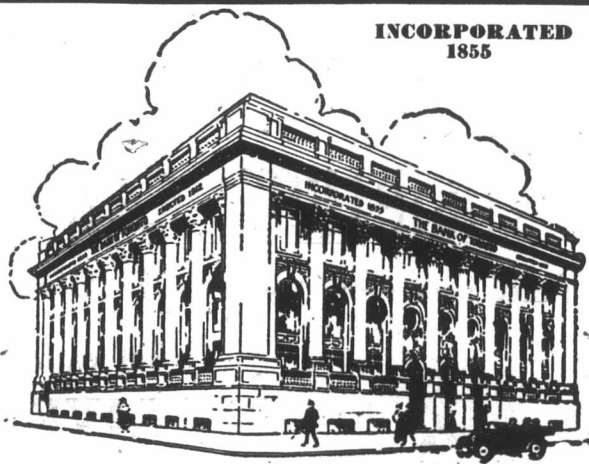
119 Branches in Canada

Capital, \$5,000,000 Reserved Funds, \$6,508,000

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THOS. F. HOW

General Manager



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**We Know How**  
New Method Laundry, Limited  
Telephone Main 7486



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Main  
aning Co.  
STREET

riety that view  
er window June  
ugh quiet pleas-  
es wrought by  
wind and rain,  
aylight and star-

ared for her pa-  
child's too fragile  
er many a mis-  
d of complaint

not many hours  
had been over  
he island. Often  
all rosy and  
g over with the  
discovery. The  
able garden down  
ne water.

f little wee-wee  
June," he said,  
er a while they'll  
s to eat. There's  
nd carrots and  
es and potatoes,  
Won't it be nice  
ig?"

ke charge of that  
n," Hilda said.  
corn and cucum-  
go in yet. You'd  
-day."

obin answered,  
task to his liking,  
ving in the soil,  
watching things  
ngs of his own

Robin," Brownie  
first mention of

aunt's eyes for  
tle to his surprise  
ction. She found  
id went with them  
show Robin how  
done.

nough vegetables  
she remarked to  
rned. "There's a  
ot, and they grow

ver garden, Aunt  
l.

n! Oh, no! I  
'flowers. There's  
most of the time.  
ses are out."

! How long will  
the flowers, but  
the best of all.  
lots of them here.  
why it is called

other named it so.  
y next month, and  
f the summer."  
smile June turned  
w.

Brownie came in,  
He felt very im-  
he had been help-  
and corn. "Aunt

avely, standing in  
his hands in his  
s a little mer-boy  
fishing you'd catch  
ute. Guess why."

hand at guessin'  
lied. "I give up,"  
you. It's 'cause  
h to eat wiggly

k severe, but failed  
iness sake, child,"  
up and wash your-  
dinner. I'm sorry  
worms on my bill  
e tomato soup and  
do as well."

continued).

Tea has been the  
nous sale.

### Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—A dreadful thing happened last week, for I suppose you were all looking for the answers to the last competition—and they weren't there! That comes of trying to do too many things in much too short a time, which is what I did in the two days I was in town: I had to leave in such a hurry at the end that I came away without the list of questions I had set for you, and so I had to wait until they were sent on to me here before I could attend to them. Hurrying doesn't always pay, does it? But I will try to be more careful another time. Anyway, here are the results, which were good, on the whole, and now you won't have another competition till September. Still, I suppose you are all busy with one thing or another, so you won't miss it much.

I have had two or three very nice letters lately from cousins in different parts of the country, and I am printing Henry White's in full. Eric Goodchild sent me a splendid description of a day's fern-hunting he had with a chum, but I fear it is too long to print. I'm sorry your prize hadn't arrived when you wrote to me, Eric—and Eveline Oram, too; I hope by the time you read this, that you will have them.

Well, I suppose you are wondering how I like farming. It certainly is a great change after the office, and also after my beautiful lake, but I like it very much indeed, especially because I can understand now how badly the farmers need help, and how useful even a person out of an office can be. Why, the farmers are only too glad to get any body to help, and they are so good and patient as they explain what they want done, and how it ought to be done that you just feel you want to help all you can. It's hard work. I have to be up at 5.30 every morning, and by 7 o'clock I am generally out in the fields with a busy day ahead of me. I don't stop work till about half-past five or six in the evening. And when the sun is hot, as it has been to-day, my word! you can guess what it's like. We wear the funniest hats you ever saw to keep the sun off our faces, but it doesn't seem to make much difference, for everybody gets brown, and as for our hands—well, I don't suppose mine will ever be clean again! I look at them sometimes and wonder if those grubby-looking, burnt hands are the same as the cityish ones that have been writing to you every week, generally, since January: I find it very hard to believe that they are. But what does it matter if one does something that is really needed? The country is beautiful, too, and I see some lovely sights on my way to work. There was one morning this week when we drove up a steep hill, and after going through heavy fog, suddenly found ourselves out in clear air, while the mist was rolling over the valley below: have you ever been on top of the clouds like that? It was wonderful. And I found a queer moth one day, a great brown fellow with a bit of pink on him, so I put him on my hat and carried him home that way, and he stayed with me till this evening, when I found he had died. I was sorry to lose him.

I shall have to stop now: the mosquitoes are simply eating me up so fast that if I stay here any longer there'll be nothing of me left to take this letter to the post—which would be a terrible thing, don't you think? So goodbye for a short time, and don't forget to write to me a few times.

Your affectionate Cousin,  
Mike.

## For Boys and Girls

You can earn a

Stylographic Pen with Filler	for 2 New Annual Subscribers
or, Fountain Pen, Fine or Medium or Coarse or Stub	" 3 " " "
or, Nickel Plated Cyclometer	" 3 " " "
or, No. 2 Brownie Kodak	" 4 " " "
or, No. 2A	" 6 " " "
or, Small Gun Metal Swiss Lever Wrist Watch, with Leather Band	" 10 " " "
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For further information and subscription forms, write  
Editor of Canadian Churchman,  
613 Continental Life Building,  
Toronto

#### Henry White's Letter.

The Church House,  
High Prairie, Alta.,  
June 23rd, 1917.

Dear Cousin Mike,—Thank you very much for the prize you sent me. I like the book very much. It is the first prize I have had for study.

We walk a mile every day to school. There are twenty-seven boys and girls at our school and some of them ride from four to seven miles on small ponies.

My brother Sinclair is coming home from St. John's College on Wednesday for his holidays.

Wishing you a happy time in the country.

Your affectionate Cousin,  
Henry Price White.

#### Prize List for Competition No. XI.

1. Mary Barton, age 13, 552 St. John St., Quebec. This is Mary's third prize for our competitions, so she is our first post-graduate! Congratulations, Mary!

#### Highly Commended in Order of Merit.

1. Mary Suttaby, age 13, Gravenhurst, Ont.
2. Eveline Oram, age 7, Markham, Ont.
3. Millie Miller, age 11, R.R. No. 1, Linwood, Ont.
4. Winnie Oram, age 9, Markham, Ont.
5. Eric Goodchild, age 12, 297 Joint St., Woodstock, Ont.
6. Freda McGachen, age 8, Collingwood, Ont.

Every 10c Packet of  
**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN  
\$8.00 WORTH OF ANY  
STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-  
gists, Grocers and General Stores.

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GEO. WILSON, Manager  
Main Branch - Toronto

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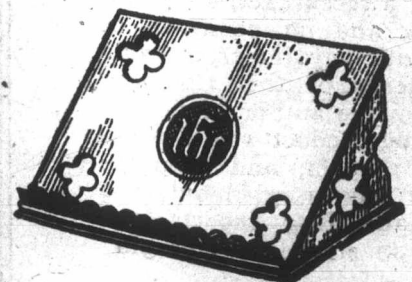
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The Perfect Communion Wine  
Cases 12 Reputed Qts. .... \$5.50  
Per Gallon ..... \$1.50  
F.O.B. Brantford. No sale less than 1 dozen  
qts. or 5 gallons. Complete Price Lists on  
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wick Brass Mfg. Co., of Hamilton. SEND FOR  
CATALOGUE.  
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KEEPS BABY'S SKIN  
HEALTHY

WHAT is so beautiful as the soft, rosy, delicate skin of the baby. And yet baby's skin is so tender and so easily chafed and irritated that it must have care and consideration.

It is a fine habit for mothers to have Dr. Chase's Ointment at hand for use after the bath. By its soothing, healing influence it soon allays the inflammation, brings relief and comfort, and prevents the development of eczema, for eczema is the natural result of neglected skin irritation.

Mrs. W. L. Barnes, Timmins, Ont., writes: "I want to tell you about the case of my little boy who had baby eczema when he was three months old. It started on the top of his head, on his forehead and around his ears. The doctors failed to do him any good, so I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment on the recommendation of a friend, and in a month's time the child was entirely free of this disagreeable skin disease. He is now four years old, and has never had any further trouble from ailments of this kind."

## Dr. Chase's Ointment

60c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.  
Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.



## Alleged Profits of The William Davies Company in 1916 on Bacon, as Indicated by Department of Labor to be Five Cents per Pound, Untrue: Actual Profits Two-Thirds of a Cent Per Pound

THE statement issued by the Department of Labor concerning the business of The William Davies Company Limited has been given widespread circulation throughout the country and provoked public unrest.

Whatever the technical wording of the report was, the effect has been that the newspapers have published that "the profits on Bacon alone" of this Company "for 1916" were about "five millions of dollars." This interpretation of the official report is not surprising in view of certain statements that the Commissioner of the Cost of Living makes. The Commissioner is reported as saying that "There were two individual cases of profiteering in 1916 and that had these cases occurred since the passage of the cost of

living Order-in-Council, he would consider it his duty to recommend that the facts be laid before the Attorney-General for consideration as to their criminality." The situation created by such erroneous and damaging statements is serious as emanating from a Government Official, from whom one looks for not only accurate statements but correct conclusions.

The William Davies Company, being a private concern, has followed the practice of all private corporations, except when it made a bond issue in 1911, in that it has not published reports of its assets and liabilities or profit and loss. The present circumstance, however, in which a Government Official has led the public to false conclusions, makes it advisable for this Company, for both the public interest and its own interest, to publish particulars of its business as well as point out the error of the statement of the Government Official.

For the last fiscal year ending March 27th, 1917, The William Davies Company bought and killed 1,043,000 head of Live Stock (Cattle, Hogs and Sheep). This, plus purchases of outside Meats, produced 160,000,000 pounds of Meats. The Company handled 6,550,000 pounds of Butter and Cheese, 5,650,000 dozens of Eggs, and manufactured 26,500,000 tins of Canned Goods.

The net profits on these were .68 cents (or two-thirds of a cent) per pound on meats, 1.04 cents on Butter and Cheese, 1.04 cents per dozen on Eggs, and .47 cents (or slightly less than one-half a cent) per tin on Canned Goods. These profits include profits on all By-Products derived from these accounts.

During the year the Company served at its retail stores 7,500,000 customers, the average purchase of each customer was 35c., and the net profit upon each sale was 5-8 of 1 cent.

The turnover of the Company from all its operations for the last fiscal year ending March 27th, 1917, was \$40,000,000. The net percentage of profit upon this turnover,

after deducting war tax, was 1.69 per cent., or including war tax 3.45 per cent.

The William Davies Company has assets of \$13,385,000, of which \$3,865,000 is tied up in fixed investments.

To provide the necessary facilities for the increased volume of business the Company expended \$750,000 in buildings and equipment during the year.

Companies of other character present no more reasonable statement of profit and loss based upon the investments made in the business.

The William Davies Company offered to the Imperial authorities as well as to the War Office Service (which represents the Imperial authorities in Canada) to place the output of its Factory with respect to Bacon supplies, Canned Beef and Pork and Beans at the service of the authorities, on the basis of cost plus an agreed percentage. These offers were successively declined as the authorities evidently desired to purchase in the open market, and on this basis The William Davies Company has secured War Office business by open competition with the world.

### Respecting the Report of the Commissioner on the Cost of Living:—

Last Winter the Commissioner, under authority of Order-in-Council, required packers to submit statements under oath for some years back and up to December 1st, 1916, of incoming stocks of meats and the cost of such, as well as statements of outgoing product and the selling value. This Company represented in writing at the time that the information as specifically required was not in accordance with Packing House Accounting methods, and invited the Commissioner to send an Officer to the Head Office of the Company to examine the books for any information desired, and to secure a viewpoint as to the best way of collecting data which would be of use to the Govern-

ment. This offer was declined, and there was nothing to do but fill in the information required as literally as we could determine it. For example, there was no recognition of the fact that a raw product may enter a factory under a specific classification and leave the factory as a finished product under some other classification.

We submitted a series of accurate figures based upon our interpretation of the official requirements which made no provision for charges of any description other than incoming freight and unloading charges to be included in the cost or to be deducted from the selling price. There was nothing in the report which could be read so as to de-

termine a profit and loss statement. The very fact that with only a statement based upon cost of raw products and value of sales in Great Britain a Government Official has deduced "Large margins," "Profiteering" and "Criminality" if it had occurred since the passage of a recent Act, shows too dangerous a trifling and incapacity to be permitted to deal with any important situation. The statements of this Company have been treated by the author of this report as if the outgoing product was identical with the incoming product, and from the series of reports he has singled out two items—the Bacon and Egg reports—and from them deduced an erroneous "margin"

*Continued on Next Page.*



*Continued from Preceding Page.*

which the newspapers have interpreted as "profit." The author of the inquiry shows a strange lack of even a fundamental knowledge of simple bookkeeping and a dangerous inability to co-ordinate figures. The following are specific and outstanding errors in the report:

The principal item that is causing excitement deals with cold storage Bacon. The term "cold-storage" is not defined, and the public is allowed to make its own definitions. As all Bacon in a packing house is under refrigeration it is really all cold-storage, and therefore this Company's figures of cold-storage Bacon represent the complete quantity of Bacon handled in its entire Plant, whether in freezers or in process of cure for immediate shipment. That some Companies interpreted cold-storage product as "freezer" product only is evidenced by the smallness or entire lack of figures on the Bacon list for some Plants, indicating that many Firms did not submit statements of their complete stocks, as did this Company. An Official of this Company pointed out this cold-storage distinction to Mr. O'Connor and Miss McKenna in Ottawa a few weeks ago, and the failure to make the distinction after having had it pointed out evidences lack of desire for accuracy of the real information desired.

It is true The William Davies Company, in 1916, exported 97,791,000 pounds of Bacon, but we do not know how the margin of 5.05 cents per pound is arrived at by Mr. O'Connor, as there were no figures to justify such a conclusion. The probabilities are that the margin is arrived at by taking the average cost per pound of incoming product from the average selling price per pound of outgoing product. This may be a rough way of estimating the gross margin when dealing with small figures, but when dealing with figures the size that Mr. O'Connor has to deal with, a very small fraction of a cent per pound of error makes a very important difference in the total, and one must be careful to make sure that the outgoing product is the same finished merchandise of the incoming product reported on.

Allowing it to pass, however, as a rough estimate, we wish to point out—(first)—the inquiry of the Commissioner allowed only for incoming freight and unloading charges, and made no provision whatsoever for operating charges of any kind, such as labor, curing materials, refrigeration, et cetera. Such actual charges on the 97,791,000 pounds exported were \$1,162,000—or 1.2 cents per pound. This amount covered all charges up to the point of placing the Bacon on cars f.o.b. packing-house. In addition to this was the actual cost to land and sell this 97,791,000 pounds in England after leaving the packing house, which involved charges of 2.9 cents per pound—or \$2,836,000. This 2.9 cents per pound included inland and ocean freight, landing charges, war and marine insurance, cables, and selling commission to agents. The ocean freight and war risk alone would make up 2.4 cents of the charge of 2.9 cents per pound. This 1.2 cents, plus 2.9 cents—a total of 4.1 cents—must be deducted from Mr. O'Connor's margin of 5.05 cents per pound, leaving a margin of .95 cents, or slightly less than a cent per pound, which still has to be reduced because of the error of premises and because of further factors which have to be considered to determine net profits.

It is quite evident some of the other packers did not show selling values in the country in which the goods were sold—a proceeding quite proper, as the forms submitted to be filled in were indefinite and ambiguous, thus permitting without charge of evasion a variety of interpretation as to the information required. It is thus possible that of all the figures submitted by the different packers that no two sets of costs and sales prices are determined at the same common point. It is this difference of interpretation of what was required that accounts for the difference of the alleged "margin" made by the different companies. Common conclusions, however, have been drawn by the author of the report from varying bases of premises.

The figures of the Egg business were submitted on the same basis as Bacon, and similar deductions must be made.

(Second)—The above margin is further reduced in that the author of this inquiry singled out the Bacon figures as an item in which the selling price shows an alleged improper advance over cost, but he did not give us credit for the statements of other products, of which figures were submitted, the selling prices of which were under cost. The reason of this was that, through failure to inquire, the Department entirely overlooked the fact that product may come in as pork and, through the process of manufacture, go out as Bacon, or, in another instance, enter the factory as beef and go out in the form of canned meats; for example: much of the product which came in as pork, and which was entered on the pork sheet submitted to the Commissioner—about which he makes no mention—was cured and left the factory in the form of Bacon, and was, therefore, entered on the outgoing side of the Bacon sheet—the result is that the Bacon sales are increased by this amount over the incoming stocks of Bacon, and, likewise, the sheet showing sales of pork is reduced by the amount that went out in the form of Bacon. If the Department takes one set of figures that show favorable to the Company they should take another set of figures that show unfavorable, as the principle in either case is the same, and failure to do so looks as if the author of the report was exercising more enthusiasm than sound judgment in his investigations.

(Third)—It is queried in the report, that "if the margin of 3.47 cents," alleged to have been made in 1915, "was satisfactory, why was it necessary to show increased margin in 1916?" Assuming again for the moment the soundness of the premises in asking such a question based on an erroneous "margin," it will be found that the increased margin is chiefly absorbed in increased ocean freight rates and war risk insurance in 1916, of which apparently the author of the report was in ignorance.

The Company does not challenge either the legal or moral right of the Government to investigate business enterprises when public interest directs such an investigation should be made. If an investigation of the packing and meat business is ordered, the Company will place at the disposal of the Government not only the data it would be required to supply under Order-in-Council directing that inquiry be made, but will place the experience of its officers at the disposal of the investigating committee, if it is considered they can render any service which will be of value. The Company has not now—nor at any time during the fifty years of its operation—anything to conceal in method or practice of carrying on its business. It does, however, claim the right to conduct its export business without abusive comment from Government civil servants—especially when the conclusions drawn from the data asked for are improper and false.

One of Canada's chief export industries is the packing business. It is essential to the live stock industry, and, along with other export industries, it maintains the financial stability of this country and should, providing it is on a sound basis, receive encouragement and not slanderous abuse. In view of the publicity given to the report of the Commissioner on the cost of living, the Company demands the same publicity in having an official Government investigation of this report to determine the truthfulness or untruthfulness of its conclusions. We do not seek public consideration as a company, but we do say that untruthful official statements, or statements the effect of which is to create an untruth, adversely affect the live stock industry

of this country, which is so valuable and essential a wealth-producing power, and, in the long run, are harmful to the very people that the statement seeks to benefit.

If the passing out of existence of a corporation such as The William Davies Company, or if nationalization of packing houses would materially and permanently reduce food prices, then in view of the present world tragedy it ought to be consummated without delay. The fact of the matter is, however, that with millions of people in Europe turning from producers into consumers because of war, and the tremendous destruction of food products incident to war, there is no remedy for the high prices of food while such conditions last; except the remedy of thrift and increase of production.

Long before there was talk of a Food Controller in the United States or Canada The William Davies Company urged the Government at Ottawa, in writing, to appoint a Food Controller with full power to do what he saw fit, as we realized at that time the upward tendency in the price of food commodities unless checked by official effort. At the most a great deal cannot be done in reducing food prices while currency is inflated and until the scale of prices of all kinds of commodities declines also. What can be done can only be done by a Food Controller. We wish to point out that nothing at all can be accomplished unless the data secured are accurately and clearly made and the deductions therefrom sound. Only public harm arises from dangerous incompetency in the haphazard collection and careless use of important figures.

As far as The William Davies Company is concerned this terminates all public statements of the Company, and it will pay no more attention to speculative and haphazard statements made either by newspapers or civil servants. The only further statement that will be made will be at an official investigation.

E. C. FOX, General Manager,

**THE WILLIAM DAVIES COMPANY, LIMITED**

Toronto, July 17th, 1917.



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