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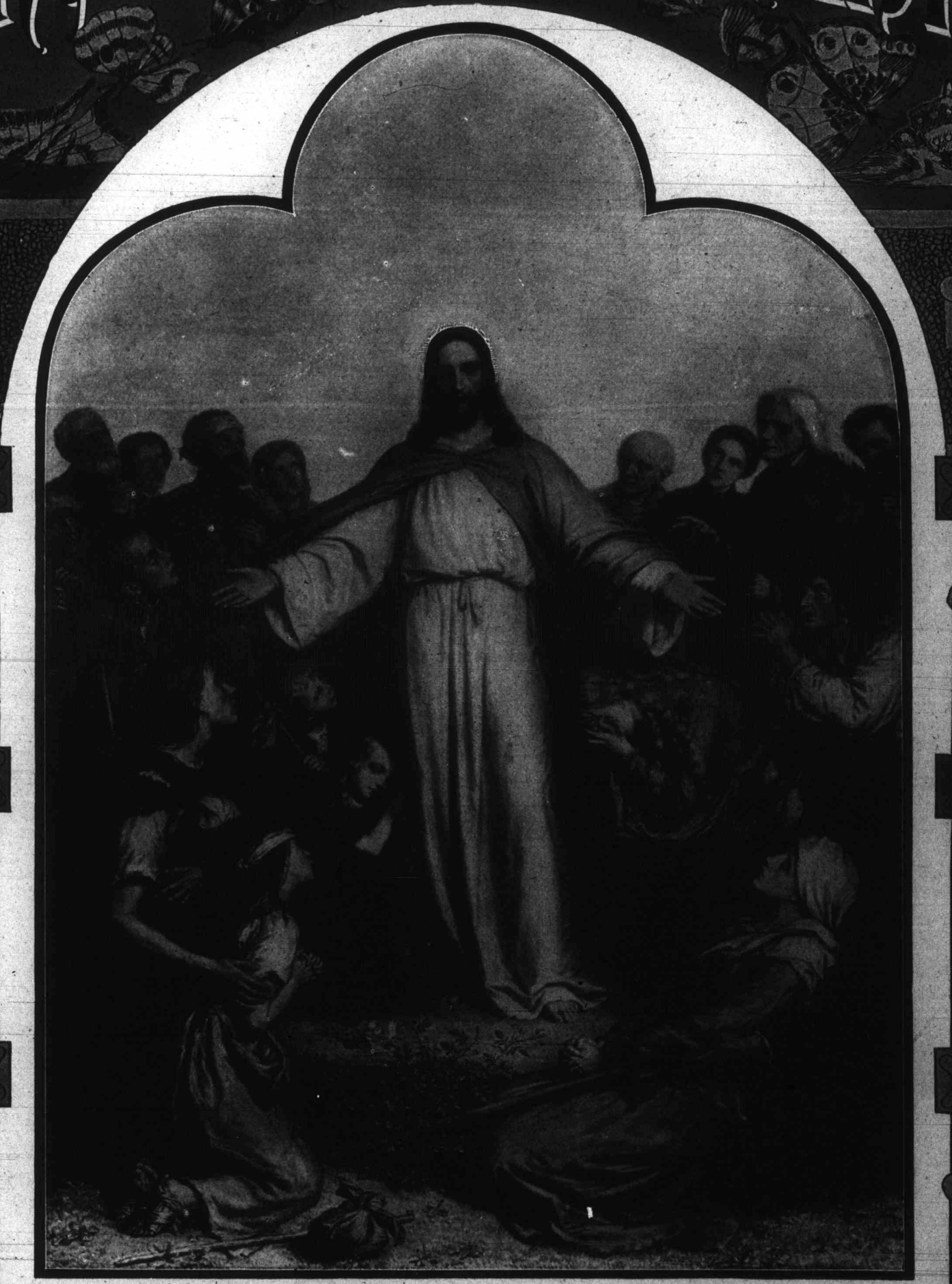
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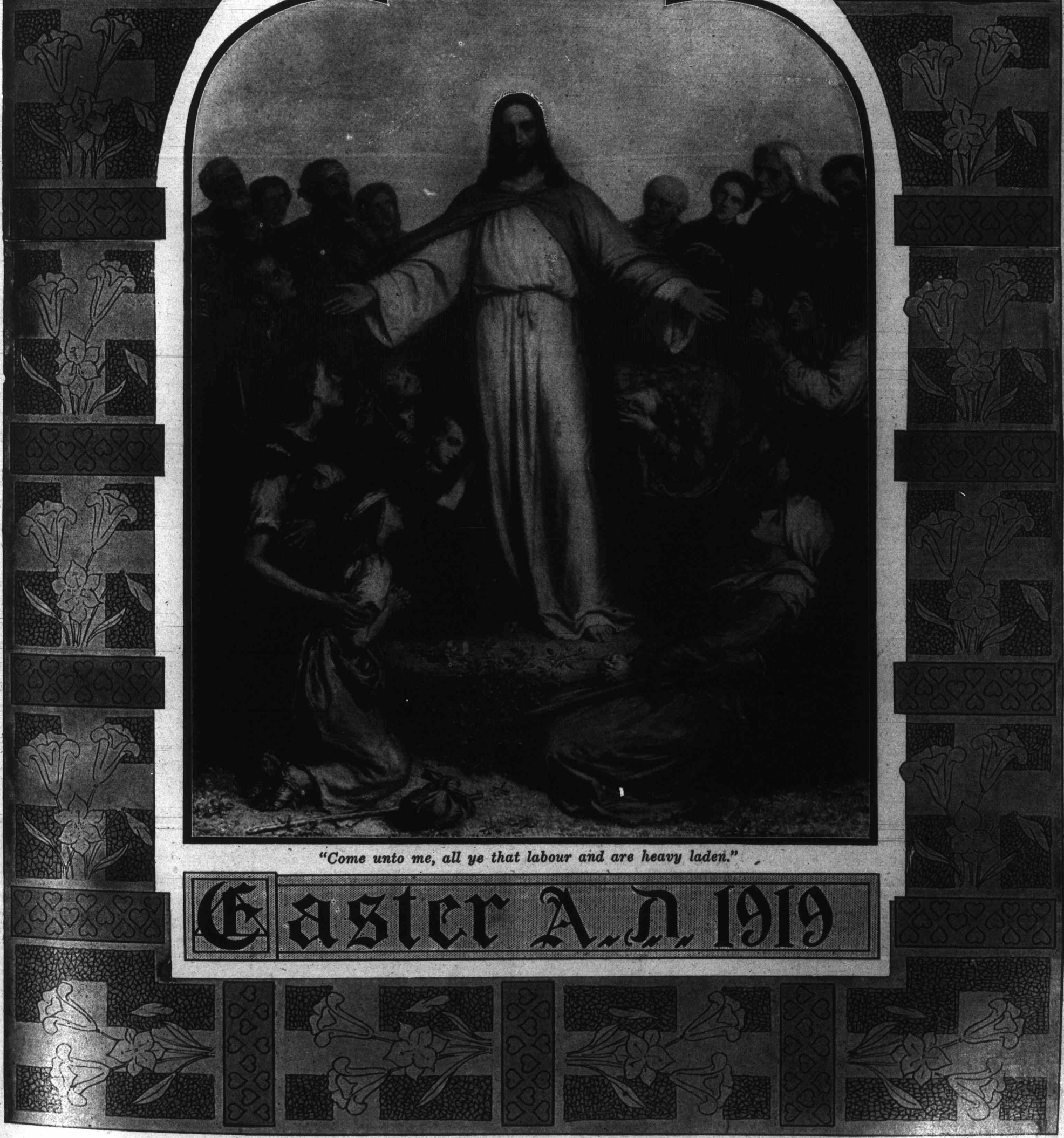


# CANADIAN CHURCHMAN



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## Easter A. D. 1919





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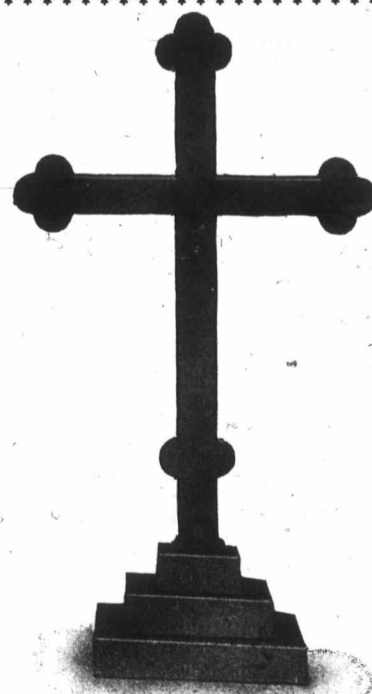
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# Canadian Churchman

Toronto, April 10th, 1919.

## The Christian Year

### Jesus and the Resurrection (EASTER DAY)

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS REASONABLE.

THE Resurrection of Jesus is an essential of the Christian faith. It has always been so.

The system that omits it is not the Christianity which has been known since Christ, but a new experiment. The French philosopher, Bergson, affirms that Christianity carries in itself such a presumption in its favour that the burden of proof is upon those who would deny its doctrines. It is not the province of science to deny, but to affirm laws which are confirmed by universal experience. A unique experience, due to the action of forces which are not available to scientific analysis or computation, is, therefore, not to be denied by consistent science. The Resurrection of Jesus, which is inexplicable on scientific terms, is, nevertheless, of one piece, and quite in harmony with His whole extraordinary and unique life. "Only once, and once for all," did God emerge under terms and conditions of human life, and that which was then achieved is effective for all time. That single and exceptional event, as is quite natural, carried with it exceptional and phenomenal occurrences within the realm of human experience, one of which was bodily resurrection from the dead. If we recognize God's sovereignty in the universe, together with His knowledge of, and care for, His creatures, it is but a logical sequence of belief that He should enter into human life and share its experience. It is, further, a natural consequence of that faith that He who was God and man should not only triumph over death in the realm of the spirit, but also demonstrate the completeness of that triumph on the plane of the physical as well.

THE IMPOTENCE OF OPPOSITION.

The omission of the Resurrection from the structure of the Christian faith would leave the world with an exalting ideal of great service and heroic sacrifice, with an example of unparalleled fortitude in the face of terrible trial, with a splendid vindication of the supremacy of truth and righteousness, but with no power, no living Christ, no Intercessor, no atonement for sin, no authority to carry on in His name, no certitude of commission, no assurance of His presence, and no Holy Ghost. Hence we recite in the Creed, "The third day He rose again from the dead."

His Resurrection was not seriously denied by His contemporaries. They were able to destroy His body, but they were not able to destroy the proof of His resurrection. The Jews could not do it, though it signified to them the end of the theocracy. The world-power of Rome, conniving at conspiracy and bribery, failed to suppress it. Greek philosophy was unable to resist it. Theories were advanced to explain or account for it, but none attempted to deny it. Classical cynics, like Suceair or Celsus, might pour the invective of scorn upon it, but even that deadly weapon was of no avail. The triumph over death was too great a thing to be resisted by human opposition, and "this thing was not done in a corner."

A DIFFERENT BODY.

His risen body was not the same as His former body. This mortal had put on immortality. "Touch me not," said He, "for I am not yet ascended." The old intimacy had gone. There was something strange and awe-inspiring about Him,

so much so that He found it necessary to eat with them to convince them that He was not a ghost. His body was in terms of spirit. It was spiritually volatilized. He could appear and disappear at will. The need of earthly sustenance was gone. Material things did not constitute a barrier to His movements. He belonged to Heaven, but paid forty days of Heaven's right to earth's need. These qualities of the risen Christ are all quite natural. It is just what we should expect. So it is a Gospel message of reasonable truth the Church proclaims on Easter Day—the message of sin defeated and death vanquished, and of an enemy no longer invulnerable. Sin's morale was forever broken by the bursting of the bands of the grave. Whenever the name of Christ is invoked sin remembers and trembles. Its "will to conquer" is forever destroyed. The power of sin was shaken during the great forty days, but the Resurrection delivered decisive defeat. That is why "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." That is why in Him we are freed from "the death of sin" and given the power of the "life of righteousness."

### THEY LIE IN FRANCE WHERE LILIES BLOOM

They lie in France  
Where lilies bloom;  
Those flowers pale  
That guard each tomb  
Are saintly souls  
That smiling stand  
Close by them in  
That martyred land,

And mutely there the long night shadows creep  
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep.  
While o'er them through the dusk go silently  
The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea,  
And lately round them moaned the winter wind  
Whose voice, lamenting, sounds so coldly kind,  
Yet in their faith those waiting hearts abide  
The time when turns forever that false tide.

In France they lie  
Where lilies bloom,  
Those flowers fair  
For them made room.  
Not vainly placed  
The crosses stand  
Within that brave  
And stricken land;  
Their honour lives,  
Their love endures,  
Their noble death  
The right assures,

For they shall have their hearts' desire  
They who, unflinching, braved the fire  
Across the fields their eyes at last shall see  
Through clouds and mist the hosts of victory.

Percival Allen, in the New York Times.

### WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM.

They sleep beneath no immemorial yews;  
Their resting-place no temple arches hem;  
No blazoned shaft or graven tablet woos  
Men's praise—and yet we shall remember them.

The unforgetting clouds shall drop their tears;  
The winds in ceaseless lamentation wail,  
For Gods white Knights are lying on their biers,  
Who pledged their service to restore the Grail.

For them the task is done, the strife is stilled;  
No more shall care disturb, nor zeal condemn;  
And when the larger good has been fulfilled,  
In coming years we shall remember them.

What need have they for holy sepulture?  
Within the hearts of men is hallowed ground—  
A sanctuary where they rest secure,  
And with Love's immortality are crowned.

And far-off voices of the future sing.  
"They shall remain in memory's Diadem";  
And winds of promise still are whispering  
That same refrain, "We shall remember them."

—JAMES TERRY WHITE.

## Editorial

IF the Gospels stopped at the Crucifixion would it make any difference to you? A writer offered a book on the life of JESUS CHRIST for publication to a Christian organization and never mentioned the Resurrection. It was returned to him as incomplete. "If your Christianity would be no poorer for the taking away of the first Eastertide and the Easter Hope, then it is not Christianity as Christ taught it, as the Apostles preached it and the Church believed it.

The tendency on the part of some writers and preachers to treat the Resurrection as a post-script, or addendum, to the Gospel, we regard as blighting and fundamentally non-Christian. It is no use to enlarge on the supremacy of the moral ideal presented by Jesus' teaching and to extol Him as the greatest and grandest man that ever lived. That is every bit true. But it is not Christianity. It is only part of it. The patient study of the background of Christ's life is illuminating. It is the husk, not the kernel. There is something in Christ which cannot be explained in terms of the background.

The unapproachable uniqueness of the teaching and life witness to the uniqueness of the Teacher. The moral supremacy of Christ's teaching and life is the expression of God-in-man. Deity is the only word we have which will describe such a one. The Resurrection is the evidence and seal of his Deity in another sphere than the moral and religious. It is one evidence in the realm of nature that the unprecedented has happened.

It is more than evidence. It is the first step in the consummation of the destiny of man as a spiritual being in perfect communion with the Father, a communion, not limited and conditioned by the flesh, when the body shall be the expression and not the hindrance of the spirit.

IN the passing of PROFESSOR ROBERT LAW, Canada loses a citizen who can ill be spared. By his sterling character, his zealous advocacy of good causes, and his unflinching condemnation of sin, both national and individual, he was a preacher of righteousness who, by voice and pen, has strengthened the lives of many. It is impossible even to read his sermons without being impressed with the fact that he brought all his scholarship and insight into human nature to bear on his task. Preaching was to him a responsibility so great that he dare not treat it lightly. He impressed one as always remembering upon whose behalf he was called to speak. Beside his influence he has left as a legacy two volumes of sermons and several books on New Testament exposition. They are marked by the fineness of scholarship and detail and the chaste imagination which have been elements in his powerful preaching. Faithful unto death he truly was. Less than a fortnight ago he was going about his tasks as Professor at Knox College and interim-moderator of Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto. With the same spirit which his three sons displayed in the service of King and country, he gave himself unceasingly to a ministry among students and people which will bear much fruit unto life eternal.

NONE of our readers will miss the point of the illustration on the front cover. It has an appeal and application for the times. To Christ Himself all serious-minded men must look for the relief and cure of our present distress. Nothing can be permanent which is not founded upon His Truth.

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## "THE CLASH" A Study in Canadian Nationalities

by W. H. MOORE

Reviewed by MAURICE HUTTON, L.L.D.,  
Principal, University College, Toronto.

THIS is an extremely interesting and a singularly well-written book; though polemical, it has neither of the worst vices of such books—it is neither demagogic nor yet is it perverse. I mean it is not written in the first place with a view to catch the majority of the people who speak its language, and to whom it might naturally appeal; it does not play to the gallery; it is not addressed to the groundlings.

If it appeals to British sentiment, it is only in the sense, to which the London "Spectator" refers, when, in reviewing this book, it remarks that it appeals to the British sense of fair play, to the British sympathy with the under-dog; to the British leaning towards small and oppressed nationalities; it appeals, in short, not to the British and selfish prejudices of British readers, but to all that is generous and unselfish in such readers.

There is no national characteristic more deeply ingrained in our people than this tendency to take the side of the weaker cause. It was present even in the old aristocratic government of Great Britain, when it was called British justice. It is doubly present to-day, when that government has been superseded by democracy; democracy which is simply the government of national character, unmodified and unrestrained by wider knowledge and deeper experience of life, shows the old British good humour, and good nature, and tolerance in excelsis, so that at the present moment we behold the British democracy and the American, which has inherited the same traits, parting company with the equally democratic or even more democratic government of France, in order to parley with, and to seek to come to terms with, the anarchists and Bolsheviks of Russia.

Neither is this book open to the other and opposite charge, that it is merely contradictory, perverse, and in the bad but usual sense, academic.

Writers who hate demagogism, as academic people invariably hate it, continually fall over on the other side; in their effort to walk upright they lean backwards; they are fair to every race except their own; the friends of every country except their own. There are always in Great Britain hosts of such perverse people. It is only during the agony of a great war that they are actively disliked, and actively mischievous; only then that their bias against their own country is a practical nuisance.

Even Mr. George Bernard Shaw was tolerable enough in peace and popular enough; it is only in war that we resent his remarkable likeness to Georg Bernhard. It is too bad, that when we

were struggling for existence, our national dramatist should be indistinguishable in his sentiments from his German homonym. But apart from such times of crisis his readers, if they have any sense of humour, bear with his academic perversities, and prefer them after all to demagogism.

Academic perversities may be a form of false doctrine, heresy, schism and hardness of heart, especially of the last-named quality, the fruitful source of the other three vices. They may be in war more mischievous for the moment even than demagogism; but war, after all, is a temporary and a very brief interlude in our normal life.

Mr. Moore then does not write like a captious Shavian sophist, though he contradicts the popular side; he does not contradict popular ideas just for the sake of writing "shilling shockers," just for the sake of offending the man in the street; just "pour epates le bourgeois." He has read widely, and carefully, and wisely, and gives sober reasons for his conclusions. Perhaps, the weakest part of his book is not any lack of evidence for his immediate conclusions, or any incorrectness in the points he makes, from chapter to chapter, so much as in a certain general irrelevance to the real points at issue.

After all, the real question is not whether Anglo-Canadians or French-Canadians are very different racially, still less whether Anglo-Canadians are better men of business than French-Canadians. One may grant that the greater business capacity of the Anglo-Canadian is partly an accident of the age, and an accident, in addition, of little real significance. That greater business ability, in fact, is only a defect from another and an equally sound point of view. It connotes deficiencies quite equal to its qualities; it connotes spiritual barrenness just as much as material wealth.

But all these large questions are not really the issue; the issue is rather two-fold.

Is Ontario unjust in resisting what some of her people take to be a more or less deliberate hostile scheme for weakening her British or her American spirit? For introducing, artificially and insidiously, another language and religion into portions of the Province which have been, not indeed originally, yet at least latterly—until yesterday—neither French-speaking nor yet Roman Catholic?

So far as the invasion of Ontario by Quebec is natural and spontaneous, the result of the soundest of all forces, a real love of the land and of the farm, which our English-speaking Canadians are deserting for the dollar, and the city, and the movies, how can it be lawfully resisted? How can it be, in fact, resisted at all? To resist it is merely to fight against the laws of life, and of nature, and of God. But so far as it is a political scheme organized by the French-speaking Romanists, why should Ontario submit to it?

That it is, in some degree at least, a political propaganda of this sort, is at least a suspicion emanating by no means only from Orange fanatics. Why, a large part of the resistance to it comes from other Catholics; from the Irish Catholics of Ontario. If they cannot live in peace with the French Catholics of Quebec, if they are driven to shake the dust of Ottawa from their feet and to migrate to Toronto to get University education for their sons, if they are crowding the halls of a Catholic College in Toronto, is it still easy to believe that the French invasion of

Ontario is only the innocent, natural, inevitable thing which Mr. Moore represents it to be? And why is the sinister figure of Monsieur Bourassa behind it? No Orangeman has done more to make Canadian unity impossible. Mr. Moore has mentioned Mr. Bourassa four times in his book; on each occasion he deals very gently with the fanatic mischief-maker. Australia has Archbishop Mannix, Canada has Monsieur Bourassa. In dealing with the general charge of a clerical crusade against British-speaking Canada, Mr. Moore is more successful. He quotes most aptly a circular calling for French-Canadian immigration to New Ontario and referring immigrants to French-Canadian clerical agents; and then he shows triumphantly that the circular was issued by the Dominion Government itself and that the curés were named as the natural agents for reaching French-Canadians expatriated in the United States.

Well then, for the sake of argument, or rather for the sake of peace, let us drop that side of the charge and take the other side, the less venomous and the less bitter side. We said before that the issue was twofold.

Why are the Irish Catholics, once more we may ask, resisting the French movement? Nay more, why, in the last few weeks has a movement arisen in the Quebec legislature itself against the education of the Lower Province? Why have French Catholics protested that the truancy and the illiteracy of Quebec are a danger to the youth of the Province? Is it not possible, is it not reasonable to suppose, that the policy of the Education Office of Ontario, a policy at first sight unnatural for Ontario Liberals and unnatural for Ontario Conservatives, inconsistent, *prima facie*, with the traditions of each party, a break with the principles of Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario, not less than with the principles of Sir Charles Tupper in Ottawa, is it not reasonable to suppose that a policy so distasteful for obvious reasons to the politicians of either party, was forced in some considerable measure on the Ontario Education Office by the inefficiency, the illiteracy, the truancy of the French Catholic school? Presumably, the directors of French education hold to the highest power the creed common enough in all Churches, and appealing still to members of all Churches, that character, and not education in the narrow sense, is the highest function of the common school. Presumably, they hold that French children acquire character, if not a narrow education, by learning their national creed and a spice of their national language, that so dowered they are happier than they would be with a wider and more modern education. Happier "contented" than haunted by that modern discontent, mis-called "divine." All Churchmen of all Churches understand that argument and have a broad sympathy with it. But there is an equally broad argument against it, once expressed in England by that master of reason and cool judgment, the late Duke of Devonshire, the uncle of the present Governor-General of Canada, "the great refrigerator," as he was once nicknamed, the man who put heated argument into the cold storage of his commonsense, and brought it out again in a form better fitted for wholesome consumption. "It is not a question of happiness," he said, "it is a question of efficiency and ultimately of survival." The world is governed, for this age of experiment at any rate, and especially for this great experiment of democracy, by education and by efficiency. A happy, but inefficient, illiterate democracy can not compete with other democracies, or with any other efficient people, democratic or aristocratic, and will lose first its happiness, then life itself in the struggle for existence. Perhaps, this is the secret weakness of French-Canadian education, at which even regulation 17, however clumsily, is aimed.



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# THE INVISIBLE CITY

Rev. R. J. RENISON, D.D., Hamilton, Ontario.

By special permission of the Annual Review Co., Ltd.

This selection is from a forthcoming book, "Canada at War," a Record of Heroism and Achievement, 1914-1918.

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

"Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also, they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them."—The Pilgrim's Progress.

EVERY road leads to some city. The white roads of France led the advancing armies to five cities which marked the mileposts of victory. There is one remaining. It has no name, but its mystic spires can be seen to-night more clearly than the Gothic arches of Amiens or the Belfroi of Mons. Its silent streets are scattered all over France and Belgium, but in an instant it assumes reality and once seen it is never forgotten. It is approached by the Road of Duty, which divides it from north to south, while the Way of Glory runs from east to west. The Temple of Immortality stands by the River of Life, where restful shade-trees grow.

Nearly sixty-thousand Canadians have given their lives for freedom and most of them are sleeping beyond the sea. After the second battle of Ypres the author of Canada in Flanders wrote: "The graveyard of Canada in Flanders is large. It is very large. Those who lie there have left their mortal remains on alien soil. To Canada they have bequeathed their memories and their glory:—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the Dead."

Since then the village has grown to a great city. In the eternal desolation of the Ypres salient, in the quiet field of Pozieres on the sand dunes of Etaples, between Cai and Rozieres on the Sunken Road. Under the lofty poplars in many a hallowed spot from Arras to Cambrai are fields which "will be forever England."

It is a Canadian city. Separated from Canada by three thousand miles of ocean, neither time nor space can ever alter its character. Hamilton or Winnipeg in the next hundred years may grow rich and forget, but every June the breeze that vibrates the poppies will be perfumed with the memory of Canada at her best.

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

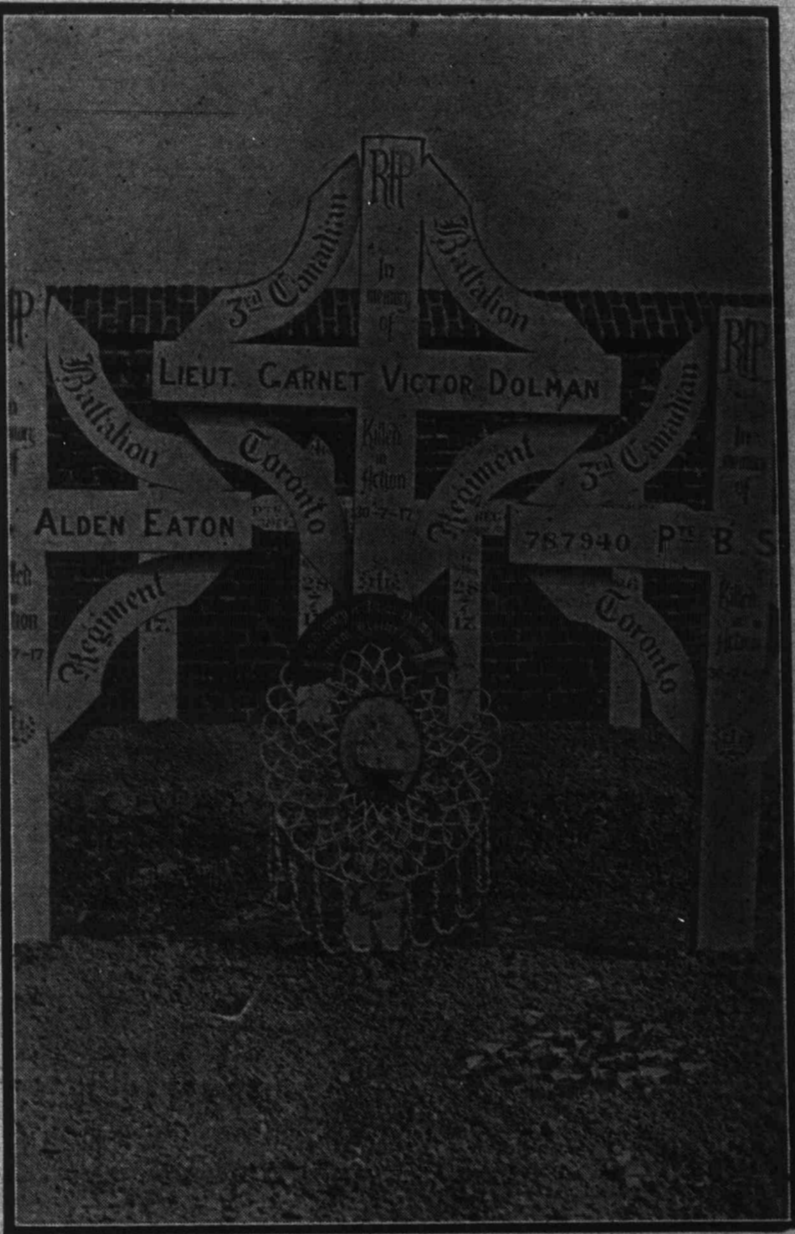
Outside the village of Tinquies, on the St. Pol road, a stadium was erected within sound of the German guns and thirty thousand Canadians gathered for their Olympiad. The Prime Minister of Canada was present and the Duke of Connaught was an honoured guest. Never were games celebrated with greater joyousness and spirit. The spirit of the Great Adventure was in the air. Everyone knew that great days were coming. As the teams of the various divisions stood in the sunshine, the thought "Morituri te Salutant Cæsar" must have touched their minds. But that feeling gave an indescribable zest to the pageant. The Spartans were playing again before their Thermopylae.

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

Let me give you a picture from the garden of memory on a glorious Sunday morning last summer:—

There is a sandy hill overlooking the sea in old Normandy where a field of wooden crosses marks

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



CANADIAN GRAVES AT FOSSE, NEAR GERMANY.

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

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

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

of the temple, while the galleries above looked down.

"For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest,  
Alleluia!

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

The lesson was from the vision of an exile on an Aegean isle, when the monster Domitian ruled the civilized world. I was standing at the gate 60 yards away, and I distinctly heard the words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Then followed a short prayer of dedication and for peace, and the Lord's Prayer.

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

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

"Be yours to hold it high;  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders' Fields."

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

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

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

It is a City of Youth. Listen! It is Rupert Brooke who sings, one of our poets silenced early in this strife—silenced, yet still speaking:—  
"Blow out you bugles over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have been  
Their sons, they gave their immortality.

(Continued on page 236.)

THE  
CATHEDRAL  
AND  
CLOTH-HALL  
AT YPRES.



## "The Lilies of Judea" (A Legend of Easter)

Rev. H. A. WEST, L.Th., St. Catharines, Ont.

**G**AIUS, the Centurion, brought his horse to a sudden standstill, as, looking down over the open country beyond the city, he beheld a multitude of dark figures, hardly distinguishable in the distance.

"By the gods, Marcus! What meaneth this gathering? Have these Jewish dogs found a new Moses that they flock out to see him?"

His companion spat contemptuously on the ground. "No; they witness the death of the Nazarene, whom Pilate sent to the cross to-day."

"The Nazarene?" His companion started. "Not the Prophet of Nazareth, the wonder-worker?"

"Prophet or no, I know not, but it is the Nazarene of whom so many wonders have been told. Why he dies, I cannot say, unless, as rumor hath it, it be the jealousy of the Priests, though, by Cæsar, I would send the whole nation to the cross, and the Empire would be the better for it."

"But Roman law sends none innocent to such a death. What hath the man done, for Rome itself hath none who doeth the wonders this man doth?"

Marcus laughed aloud. "Wonders! Every Jew would be dealer in the black art, methinks. This man is as the rest of his nation, and I think the world is the better for a Jew the less."

"But, Marcus, he is a worker of wonderful power. I, with mine own eyes, saw him heal a leper. Nay, more. Julius of Capernaum had a slave sick unto death. He sent word to the Nazarene, who, with a word only, restored him to health. He is a good man and dies unjustly."

"I know not," his companion replied, impatiently. "Let us on."

"Nay; I will ride out and see if he work not another miracle and save himself from this rabble."

"Go to! Thou hast seen a Jew die before," his companion jeered, but Gaius merely answered by turning his horse aside into the roadway leading down from the city.

A few minutes' fast riding brought him to the place where, gathered about three crosses, were a great multitude of men and women, amongst whom he saw many of the Priests and leading men of Jerusalem. By a free use of his whip and forcing his horse through the crowd, who gave way before him with many muttered curses as they saw his Roman livery, he made his way to the foot of the small hill on which the crosses were set up. One look at the tortured figure on the centre cross showed him it was, indeed, the Nazarene who was nailed there. Gaius was about to call to the officer in charge of the execution, whom he recognized, when a voice filled with agony rang out from the cross on the right hand of the Nazarene:—

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy Kingdom."

Gaius turned to the Nazarene, when, lo! the answer came in sweet tones of comfort and assurance:—

"Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Before Gaius could ask himself the meaning of these words, "Kingdom, Paradise," a sudden blackness seemed to settle down over the countryside, and he felt the ground heave beneath his feet, and the crowd about the crosses, with cries of terror, began to break and scatter in all directions. As they surged round about him, the Roman had all that he could do to hold in his frightened horse, that, rearing and backing, crushed through the fear-smitten multitude. Again the earth heaved, and Gaius felt the sudden fear that had fallen upon the people. Anxious only to escape from the place he felt was accursed, he urged his animal through the crowd and galloped back to the city.

When he finally reached the castle and entered the courtyard he found Marcus and several of his fellow-officers, who greeted him with a shout of mockery:—

"Hail, Gaius! Didst thy prophet send the earthquake, thinkest thou?"

The young soldier smiled. "Nay, comrades; I know not. But this I know, that though he be a Jew, and I love not these circumcised fanatics, a good man died to-day."

"A good Jew! a good Jew!" The mocking voices caught up the words. "Why, comrade, there never yet lived a good Jew. A rich Jew,

a shekel-grabbing Jew, a mad Jew, a trouble-maker, if thou wilt, but a good Jew! Ho! ho! Who ever saw such?"

During the next few hours the centurion turned over often in his mind the words he had heard from the two men on the cross. "The Kingdom of the Nazarene, Paradise." What kingdom could a dead man have? Yet the words had been spoken with full assurance and certainty. Gaius could find no answer, and with deep regret at the death of one whom he felt had been put to death unjustly, the young soldier let the whole matter pass from his thoughts.

But upon the following day it came back again to him with full force when he received orders from the Tribune to take a double quaternion of soldiers and guard the tomb of the Nazarene, who was buried in the garden of Rabbi Joseph of Arimathea, until the next morning.

Stern Roman discipline prevented him from either question or surprise, yet the soldier could not but wonder, "Why guard the grave of a dead Jew? Nay, one not even of noble blood, a peasant, an outcast of his own nation."

His question was answered unexpectedly by a summons to appear before Claudius, the Tribune, with whom he found two men, who, by their dress, he knew to be members of the Jewish Priesthood and prominent men of the city.

At his salute the Tribune turned to the Priests and said:—

"This officer will see that thy king be well guarded to-night and that he is not removed."

The Priests flushed angrily at the implied insult, but, turning to Gaius, the older of the two men said:—

"Thou wilt keep close watch to-night over the pretender's tomb?"

"Thou needst not tell a Roman soldier his duty," the centurion answered, haughtily.

"Nay, Roman, I mean no harm, nor doubt thy devotion to thy duty, but 'tis best to warn thee. This man, while he lived, promised that he would rise from the dead. Though if he could rise from the dead, why did he not prevent death? His resurrection we fear not, but his disciples, men of Galilee, ever turbulent and rebellious, may remove the body and proclaim that he hath risen. Thou and thy guard wilt be the answer to his claims. 'Tis by the noble Pilate's commands thou art sent. If thou canst arrest and bring any of these fellows to the High Priest, he will know how to reward thy service."

Gaius made no reply, but with the Tribune's signal of dismissal, saluted and retired.

Tramping that night with his guard in the first watch to the distant grave, the words that had puzzled him so often again filled his mind. "Kingdom, Paradise," and now, as the Priests had said, "The resurrection from the dead." Might not this man be one of the gods come to earth? His Roman faith in gods led him to believe that this might be possible, and the gods did many mighty wonders as had this man. Yet this man had not died as a god—nay, if a god, why had he died at all; and such a death! Why had he not smitten down his enemies and saved himself? He was no god, only a man, a good man, one who could do mighty signs and wonders, one who had died unjustly, but nevertheless only a man, and the words he had spoken were only the illusions of the dying.

Irritated by the constant return of these perplexing thoughts, Gaius determined to dismiss the whole matter from his mind and trouble no more about it. But when he had placed his men and made a strict examination of the grounds about the tomb, he found, in the long, silent hours of the night, that the subject would not be dismissed. As hour by hour he tramped back and forth before the cave in which the body of the Nazarene lay, he tried to turn his mind to other thoughts, but he could not. Finally, at the closing of the middle watch, he gave a short command to his men, and, turning down one of the many paths in the garden, began a further close inspection.

As he walked along in the darkness he suddenly paused, as he thought he heard the sound of a woman's cry. He listened for a few minutes, and, hearing nothing further, continued his tramp. But again he heard the sound, and this time was not mistaken. Somewhere near him in the garden he could hear a woman sobbing. He listened again, and following the sounds, at last found her, a dark figure, kneeling beneath one of the ancient cedars, and crying bitterly. She did not notice his approach until he laid his hand upon her bowed head and asked:—

"Who art thou? Why dost thou weep here?"

As he spoke he saw that she was a Jewess, one of the poorer class, and evidently, by her gray hair, quite old.

(Continued on page 237.)

## "The Gift They Gave"

JESMOND DENE

"Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,  
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow;  
But over hollows full of old wire go,  
Where among dregs of war the long dead lie. . . .  
There I low thy trumpet that the de. . . may know  
Who waited for thy coming, Victory. . . .  
Hundreds of nights flamed by; the seasons passed;  
And thou hast come to them, at last, at last. . . ."

Dick and I had gone to see the soldiers of course. It was Dick who took me, and his small form and little eager face and insistent questions attracted general interest. Thanks to this, everyone was ready to help him to a good place, and I as his caretaker, shared the privilege. His father had heard the very first call. Indeed he had had his ear to the ground, had heard the storm approaching, and made his heart ready before the summons came. He is sleeping at Gallipoli, and he has left a very gallant-hearted little son to bear his name and to carry the torch which he flung back as he fell. Dick's own interest was fervent and intense. He knew "Daddy" would not be coming with the returning men, yet he felt sure he would be there all the same. "We have such big talks, Daddy and I," he would say. His father's name was continually on his lips and in his prayers. "Would Daddy like this?" "Do you think he'll know?" And so to-day, this great day, he felt as a fact, that "Daddy" was really there.

The tramping columns came on, war-worn men, cheery and laughing; glad in the welcome of the people who had gathered in thousands to greet them that bright spring morning; thankful that the fighting was over; happy in being home again. Yet in each man's heart was living the memory of the comrades who would return no more. "Are the people cheering for us men returning, or do they remember the boys who won't come home, too? That was the unspoken thought, and beside these marching men with the crown of achievement on their brows, there marched other hosts,—boys who had gone singing along the road to death; men whose steadfast courage had met every chance unshaken,—these were marching, too; they were here at the home-coming, each man bearing the marks of his wounds, but each with "the joy of having given in the eyes, the light of consecration on the brow,"—for death was swallowed up in victory.

"When the blast is over-blown,  
And the beacon fires shall burn,  
And in the street  
Is the sound of feet,—  
They also shall return. . . ."

When that which was lost is found;  
When each shall have claimed his kin;  
Fear not they shall miss  
Mother's clasp, maiden's kiss,—  
For no strange soil shall hold them in.

When the *Te Deums* seek the skies,  
When the organ shakes the dome,  
A dead man shall stand  
At each live man's hand,—  
For they also shall have come home."

They march with the returning units; they are at hand; and as we return by degrees to the natural order of civil life, they watch to see what we are going to do with the peace which they have bought with their lives. Is it to be a better world,—a better England, a better Canada, a better Empire,—not a world just of bigger business and more money, but a world of braver adventure in that which is good; of wider kindness and truer fellowship; of more steadfast doing of "our bounden duty and service"—"God first; other people next; self, a long way behind"? Will the dividing lines of social, political and industrial cleavage be permanently undermined by the spirit of mutuality, which is the will to understand,—our fellow citizens; the people we employ in our factory; the men under whose orders we work there; the interests of "the others," in fact; of agriculture or manufacture; of east or west; of the returned men, comrades of those who thus keep watch; of the mothers, wives and children whom they have bequeathed to us? Is it

(Continued on page 237.)

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# "IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

CAPT. THE REV. J. J. CALLAN, C.F.  
Toronto, Ont.

IN the late spring of '17 our transport lines lay in Ablain St. Nazaire—a little village which nestles in between Lorette and Vimy Ridge. During the afternoon three of us—a Major, a subaltern and I—had toiled across the debris of the ruined houses, then up the hill-side, until we stood on Notre Dame de Lorette and looked across the line to Lievin and Lens. In Zouave Valley we could see the black crosses which marked where the Bosche had buried his dead. Around us lay uncovered bones and skulls. But the poppies were in bloom—a shimmering scarlet sea which seemed to try to hide the hideous sights from view.

We sat down—thank God men got callous—and began to pull the poppies leaf from leaf. "They look like the blood of the dead bubbling up into the air," said the subaltern. We stared and were silent. He went on to quote:—

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row . . ."

"Shut up," said the Major with sudden acerbity. "I can't get those verses out of my mind. They make me think of the dead."

That evening, as I sat in my tent, the mail from Canada came. It contained a letter from a boy at home, telling me that at last he had enlisted. "If you want to know what finally decided me," he wrote, "It was the enclosed poem." I unfolded the newspaper clipping and read "In Flanders Fields," by John McCrae. The verses had made another "think of the dead."

Much has been written about the poem which made McCrae a marked man. Whatever may be its value as verse, there can be no doubt that it was God-given and timely. It came as a challenge in the night to many; it echoed down the silences of many sleeping souls. By it, men were stung into action—made to think of the dead and what they owed. It will live when we have passed away.

Many have long been curious to know what manner of man McCrae might be. Few, outside of the medical profession, had heard his name until fifteen lines in *Punch*, published in December, '15, sent it echoing round the world. In 1917, another poem, "The Anxious Dead," appeared above his name. It was of the same thought as its predecessor and aroused small comment.

From the press of William Briggs, Toronto, comes the first collection of McCrae's poems. Two-thirds of the book are taken up by the *Essay in Character* by Sir Andrew Macphail. Fortun-

ately, he allows a few pages to the best part of the *Essay*—the extracts from the letters of John McCrae. These letters reveal to us a soul at once alive and human, impressionable and warm. They make us demand a better appreciation than Macphail has given—for the life of the doctor-poet should be known to all.

Born in 1872 on an Ontario farm, McCrae came of sound Scotch stock. Dr. Macphail, all unwitting, draws a formidable picture of the child, unable yet to read, toddling around the house with a copy of the *Shorter Catechism* in his hand, asking and answering the abstruse theological questions by which men tested knowledge of God. It was an austere beginning.

From the farm McCrae went to school and then to the University of Toronto. He entered with a scholarship, took Arts, the honours course in natural sciences, and graduated from the department of biology in 1894. Medicine followed, and, in '98, he graduated once more, this time with a gold medal and a scholarship. It stands on record that in the first eight months of practice he made the sum of ninety dollars. He died a consultant physician to the British Army.

John McCrae was greater than anything he wrote. His life was his finest poetry. He seems to have been by nature inclined to idle; he forced himself to work. "I have never refused any work that was given me to do," he said, and in that sentence is the secret of the honours he attained.

His letters reveal him as big and human, seeing more fun and joy in life than his poetry might show. He loved children, horses and dogs, and made friends with men, as they did with him.

Possessed of a sensitive nature, external things impressed him greatly. It is doubtful whether he ever really recovered from the awful days at Ypres. The foreboding mind, inherited from Gaelic ancestors, seemed to hear the cracking of the pillars of the temple of the world. Death came and found him at his toil. He unclenched his tired hands and slept.

"If night should come and find me at my toil,  
When all Life's day I had, tho' faintly, wrought,  
And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil  
Were all my labour; Shall I count it naught

If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,  
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?  
Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand  
Thy work; and the harvest rest with Him alone."

Almost every one of his poems deals with death or contains allusions to it. There can be no doubt that McCrae wrote much more verse than is presented in this volume, which covers the years from 1894 to 1917. Perhaps the editor selected in a morbid mood. At all events, we would that there were more of such lines as:—

### Disarmament.

"One spake amid the nations,  
Let us cease  
From darkening with  
strife the fair World's  
light,

We who are great in war  
be great in peace.  
No longer let us plead  
the cause by might."

But from a million British  
graves took birth  
A silent voice—the million  
spake as one—

"If we have righted all the  
wrongs of earth  
Lay by the sword! Its  
work and ours is done."

or, in another strain "*Recom-  
pense.*"

"*Unsolved*" is perhaps one  
of the best pieces in the  
book. It runs:—

"Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,  
Disdaining kinship with my fellow man;  
Alike to me were human smiles and tears,  
I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream  
ran,

Till as I knelt before my mouldered shrine,  
God made me look into a woman's eyes;  
And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine,  
Knew in a moment that the eternal skies  
Were measured but in inches, to the quest  
That lay before me in that mystic gaze.  
'Surely I have been errant; it is best  
That I should tread, with men their human  
ways.'

God took the teacher, ere the task was learned,  
And to my lonely books again I turned."



THE LATE COL. JOHN MCCRAE, M.D.

There is good word painting in "Then and Now."

### Anarchy.

"I saw a city filled with lust and shame,  
Where men, like wolves, slunk through the  
grim half-light;  
And sudden in the midst of it, there came  
One who spoke boldly for the cause of Right.  
And speaking, fell before that brutish race  
Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,  
While brute dishonour, with her bloodless face  
Stood by and smote his lips that moved in  
prayer.

'Speak not of God! In centuries that word  
Hath not been uttered! Our own king are we,  
And God stretched forth His finger as He heard  
And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.'

It is useless to speculate what McCrae might have done had he lived. "In Flanders Fields" was followed by one other poem; "The Anxious Dead," and that after nearly two years. It is no improvement on the more famous poem, though it is almost as good. Truth is that he was tired. From failing hands he threw the torch; others caught it and passed it on until it burnt to the illumining of the world and the cheering of the nations.

"Amid earth's vagrant noises, he caught the note  
sublime;  
To-day around him surges from the silences of  
Time  
A flood of nobler music, like a river deep and  
broad,  
Fit song for heroes gathered in the banquet-hall  
of God."

In *Flanders Fields and Other Poems, with an Essay in Character* by Sir Andrew MacPhail. WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO. (141 pp., \$1.50.)

I believe that every little thing that helps us is a Means of Grace. The blossoming hawthorn-tree, whose beauty and fragrance turned the mind quite away from certain irritative thoughts to something better; that little green hill, treeless, no more than great fields of growing corn, which turned so miraculously verdant in a short-lived gleam of summer light, and smiled in your worn face till the deepened lines went and the heart was calmed and smoothed; if Christ used these common things to make you gentler and kinder, to draw you away from a cold and graceless tract of spiritual contemplation; what were they but pleasant Means of Grace?

A. H. K. BOYD.



THE LATE COL. JOHN MCCRAE AND HIS DOG "BONNEAU."



## From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

THE investment of Syndical trust funds and the handling of the returns from the same, are subjects of the utmost interest and importance to the Church. In regard to investment, two simple principles are involved. First, there is security. It is essential that the utmost care should be taken that all investments are placed in such a way as to eliminate the element of possible loss. The law makers of the country have seen the necessity of this and have prescribed limits within which the guardians of trust funds may invest the moneys placed in their hands. If these limits be overstepped, presumably the trustees are personally liable for loss and further, liable to punishment for breach of the law. The idea is that those who have inherited estates and legacies that are not under their personal control, may be assured that they will not wake up some day and find that over zealous executors or trustees, in their anxiety for large returns have lost both capital and income. Different types of trusts have different limitations. Bank funds are a trust, but it is a different kind of trust from the execution of a will, or the investment of bequests or gifts to a church or Synod corporation. The bank has an obligation to promote the financial interests of the country, as well as to secure the depositor in the safety of his deposits. The Synod that handles trust funds has no such obligation to the country, except, possibly, in a very incidental way. Its obligation is to guard the perpetuity of the funds committed to its charge, while receiving therefor the best returns available within the limits of safety. "Safety first" is essentially the motto of the investment committee of Synod.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is just possible that absolute safety of investment is an impossible ideal on this planet. Had the war gone against us, presumably the security which this whole country could offer would have been insufficient to protect the investor. Neither would shining gold in the traditional stocking have been satisfactory, for our conquerors would have relieved us of stocking and all. Having, however, exercised the care which human wisdom and judgment dictate, the slight residuary chance has to be taken without fear and without regrets. There is no use in attempting to forestall a disaster that the human eye cannot see or the human understanding anticipate. Such things will have to be met, if they ever come, by trust funds as by everything else. Such eventualities are known as "acts of God," against which there is no possible provision.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having thus protected our Synod investments, the next question is that of revenue from the investments. From a plain business point of view, it ought to be as large as possible. Synod investment committees are not benevolent organizations and therefore must look for adequate value from the public that they accommodate with their funds. The writer has not a comparative statement of the operations of the various Synod investment committees of the Church in Canada, but he knows that there is considerable variation in the net returns. Some may possibly be stretching the limits of safety, others may be guided by unreasonable conservatism. Opportunities may vary in different parts of the country, but it doesn't necessarily follow that diminished revenue means increased security. Promptness in reinvesting loans, that have fallen in, very often accounts for increased returns. Economy in administration has something to do with it also. These points should be carefully watched. When the government of Canada is paying 5½ per cent. on untaxable bonds, and the Government of Ontario had to pay 6 per cent. on recent loans, it does seem as though the beneficiaries of Synod investments are justified in looking for a higher return than is forthcoming in many cases. It is all very well to say that loans placed ten or fifteen years ago, and still in force, did not participate in the high rates now prevailing, but money has not been cheap for a good many years, and a rate higher than that on bank deposits has been available for a long time. "Spectator" commends this subject to the serious consideration of members of the Synods of Canada. It can do no harm to have our investors aware that the eyes of the

Church are upon them, and that they are expected to be zealous on its behalf.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the handling of the revenues of invested funds "Spectator" has observed a curious feature in the Synod journal of the diocese of Toronto. The investment committee reports: "The committee has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of 1 per cent. per quarter. The average rate of interest at the end of the year was 5.63 per cent." This is in the journal of 1917. A similar report is made in 1918, with the exception that the average rate of interest on all investments was 5.42 per cent. Let us consider this merely from the point of view of parochial endowments invested through Synod. What is the situation? A parish within the diocese has been left a legacy of, say, \$10,000, which it hands over to Synod for investment, the revenue only to be paid to the parish, or the Rector, according to the terms of the will. In the diocese of Toronto, that investment earned in 1916 \$563, and in 1917 it earned \$542, and yet the parish or Rector only received \$400 each year. What became of the \$163 in one instance, and \$142 in another that was withheld? It is explained: "In order to pay the dividends, it has therefore been necessary to forestall the accrued interest. The committee think it unwise to increase the dividend rate so long as this is the case." What does this mean? In plain language it means that the Synod is in a position to pay at least 5 per cent., but inasmuch as interest on investments is received semi-annually or annually, and the dividends paid to parishes or Rectors are executed quarterly, \$163 was kept back in 1916 and \$142 in 1917 to finance quarterly payments on \$400. That looks like pretty high financing. Let us put it in this way. Suppose the Synod didn't receive a single copper for any of its investments throughout the year until midnight of December 31st, and on the 1st of January preceding it was foolish enough to borrow money at 10 per cent., sufficient to pay all dividends for the following twelve months, the amount required for the endowment fund referred to would be exactly \$440, at the present rate of payment, and there would be \$563, or \$542, at the present yield to meet it. If, however, interest on investments is paid half-yearly, as is usual, and we borrowed at 7 per cent., which is also usual, and suppose further that 5 per cent. dividends are paid instead of four, what would be the situation? At the end of the first quarter you borrow \$125 for three months. At the end of that time the half-yearly interest is due, and the loan, and second quarter dividends, are paid. The same is repeated at the end of the third and fourth quarters. Thus the extent of borrowing involved is \$125 at 7 per cent. for six months, which means \$4.38 interest and to meet that you have a balance, one year of \$63, and for another \$42. Wherein lies the risk of paying 5 per cent.? The money is there. It is honestly earned. Why shouldn't it go to those to whom it belongs?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Spectator sees grave heads shake in despair that a man so foolish and inexperienced should rush into the discussion of a subject that he doesn't understand. Is it possible that he has never heard of our reserve fund? Well he is glad to be reminded of that reserve fund, for it will furnish an excellent topic for consideration next week. He will have something further to say about the effect of such a policy in discouraging local endowment funds being placed in the hands of Synod because of the small returns, when tempting, but more or less uncertain investments, beckon elsewhere. In the meantime, it would be well for readers in the diocese of Toronto to consider carefully what has been here set forth, referring to page 130, journal of 1917, and page 135, journal 1918. Readers elsewhere might with profit enquire into their own investments and returns. As already said, it does no harm to let our representatives know that we are interested in their acts and efforts.

"Spectator."

\* \* \*

### SEPARATION.

"Alone at Easter, dear? Nay, not alone; Think on that lesson to the Eleven shown; Not death, nor aught in earth or sky or sea Can keep our Lord from where His children be. Thy loved are absent, yet our Lord can move 'Twixt them and thee in ministry of love. Whisper thy need to Him, and feel that He Doth seal thy love with His Divinity; Doth span the separation, bind thy soul With His, to that thou lov'st in sacred whole."

E. P. F. GRANT.

## The Bible Lesson

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

Easter Day, April 20th, 1919.

Subject: Resurrection Day, St. Mark 16: 1-13.

THERE are, in the Gospels, four narratives of the Resurrection of our Lord. These should be compared and their points of resemblance and contrast noted. They are all very brief and have untold many things on which our curiosity would like to have fuller information. The differences which appear are in details and are not more striking than differences which are found in the narratives of other great historical events. They all agree in the main facts—viz., that Jesus rose on the third day and that He appeared to His disciples and made Himself known to them by many infallible proofs.

1. Three women at the tomb. Early in the morning of the first Easter Day these faithful friends of Jesus came to the Sepulchre. There was Mary Magdalene, whose sins had been forgiven and who had become one of our Lord's most devoted disciples. The other Mary mentioned here was the mother of James the Less and was therefore the wife of Alphaeus. Salome was the wife of Zebedee and the mother of the other James and of John. They were all closely associated with Jesus during His ministry and came to the tomb to complete the work of preparing His body for burial. Thus, we see they had no clear understanding of the meaning of what Jesus had said concerning His resurrection on the third day.

2. The Stone at the Saviour's tomb. Many interesting and instructive lessons have been drawn from the fact that they found the stone rolled away from the door of the tomb, whereas they had expected it to present a great difficulty to them. In an allegorical way it has been taken to represent Ignorance, Unbelief, or anything which keeps people away from Christ. The fact that it was rolled away by an unseen hand has been regarded as teaching that God removes obstacles and difficulties as we go forward impelled by love and duty. No matter what we may think of this method of interpretation in general, it is, at least, suggestive, and may be legitimately used to illustrate truths we desire to teach.

3. The testimony of the Angel was the first intimation to the women that the Resurrection was an accomplished fact. The witness of the angel was followed by the appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene. Our lesson also tells of His appearance to two disciples. The reference is to His appearance to Cleopas and a companion on their way to Emmaus, and is told by St. Luke with considerable detail. (St. Luke 24: 13-35.)

We receive this testimony as from faithful witnesses. But we still have among us at least three perpetual witnesses of the truth that "on the third day He rose again from the Dead."

First, there is the witness of the Lord's Day. The apostles and most of the first Christians were Jews and would naturally cling with Jewish tenacity to every Hebrew custom—especially to the observance of the Sabbath.

Yet these first Christians, in the early Apostolic days, made the first day of the week rather than the seventh their day of worship. Some stupendous power would be required to cause such a change of ancient custom and commandment. The Resurrection of Jesus was such a power and every Sunday comes to us with its witness of this fact.

Second, there is the witness of the Church. The Church could never have survived the Crucifixion if the Resurrection had not followed. The disciples of Jesus were like a flock of frightened sheep after His death upon the Cross. The Resurrection brought them courage, faith and extraordinary vitality that can only be explained by the fact of the Resurrection. The very existence of the Church to-day is a testimony to this fact.

Third, there is the witness of the New Testament. The New Testament was, of course, written after the Resurrection. The first preaching of the Apostles was about Christ as a living Saviour Whom God had raised from the dead. (See Acts 2: 32; Acts 17: 18 and 31.) The Epistles were written, and, afterwards, the Gospels, with this as one of the great subjects with which they dealt. But the point to note is that these men who wrote the New Testament would never have had the heart to do it if they had not had the power that came from the fact of the Resurrection.



## PALESTINE OF TO-DAY

Capt. JOHN R. HOWITT, R.A.M.C.  
(From a letter to a Toronto friend)

"WE are in Beirut, but expect very shortly to return again to Egypt, and there to await demobilization. We were the first British troops in history to march, as an armed force, through the streets of Beirut, and the Corps Commander, standing by the side of the French Military Governor, in the Place de l'Union, took the salute as we marched past with the bands playing. We traversed historic ground on our march up country: Medjel Yaba, Athlit, Casarea, Acre, Tyre and Sidon. The Plain of Esdralon, which we crossed, is called the greatest battlefield in history. I believe, in all, about 17 of the world's conquering armies have fought over the Plain of Esdralon. It was not until we came to Beirut that we really had the opportunity of seeing something of Turkish methods of administration in Syria. Literally, the people were starving to death in the streets, and many of the sights were truly pitiful in the extreme. The lack of humanitarian instincts in the East helps one to understand so many Scriptural injunctions and parables in the Old and the New Testament. An Easterner would think nothing of sitting down to a meal, while knowing, perhaps, some child had crawled into his cowshed to die of starvation. It would be none of his business, obviously, and in truth.

"Just what the idea at the back of the minds of the Ottoman Government can have been I know not, but their grandiose methods of extermination must at least be acknowledged as successful. In the Hills of Lebanon wholesale massacre was obviously impracticable, owing to the extent and nature of the country, and, therefore, other methods than those used in Armenia were required here, and the sagacious Turk was not slow to adopt measures at least as efficacious, if less picturesque. By conscripting the men and commandeering the food and livestock throughout the whole district, the people of Lebanon were left to starve. I am told about 200 died a day in Beirut during the winter, and one man told us that during the past two years he had buried 173 people whom he had found dead on the roadside in front of his own property. But already the beneficent hand of the Allies has made itself felt, and in spite of all the difficulties, and in spite of all the needs of the army, already many tons of food have been distributed to the distressed population. The American Red Cross have established a civil hospital, open to all in need, and in one way and another, the general condition has been improved and hope has dawned at last in the ancient Hills of Lebanon. Moreover, now there is justice in the land, and a man's person and his property are secure. I believe there is a great future for Syria as well as Palestine. Syria promised to be one of the sticklers at the Peace Conference, and it will be of interest to see to which power it will be ceded.

"The other day I was fortunate in being able to get a few days leave to Damascus. The journey itself by train is rather trying, but full of interest, first winding up over the Lebanon Range, then across the lonely plain and over the Anti-Lebanons to the small but fertile plain, watered by the rivers of Abana and Pharpar, where stands the oldest city in the world, Damascus. The city was in the hands of the Hedjas troops,

of course, and it was of interest to see them for oneself. They are well dressed and well equipped, and, indeed, on the whole, exceedingly smart in appearance, and there seemed to be good discipline among them. It has been the boast of Damascus that for 600 years they have enjoyed unbroken Moslem rule, no Christian governor in that period having ever set foot in the city. The Crusaders, as perhaps you will remember, were sorely defeated at Damascus. If the city is to be given to the King of the Hedjas, as would seem probable, then the chain of Moslem rule will yet remain unbroken, and the city will return to the descendants of its original forefathers. I suppose, in few cities would one find



A BOUNDARY PILLAR BETWEEN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

a greater complexity of life than in Damascus: Moslems, Jews, Christians, Arabs, Druses, Armenians, some few Europeans, almost every type and race in the world can be seen mingling together in the bazaars. The Druses especially, and some of the Moslem sects were exceedingly wild and fanatical in appearance, and one could easily understand the great massacre of 1860. I believe the outrages perpetrated in that terrible massacre were indescribable. The remote possibility



THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

of its repetition was quite obvious. Evidently, Damascus had felt the war less than the Lebanon and food seemed very plentiful and business as usual seemed the cry in the bazaars. I visited the Street that is called Straight, and the legendary homes of Annias and St. Jude and of Naaman the Syrian leper. I also visited the traditional site where St. Paul was supposed to have been let down off the city wall and also the supposed scene of his conversion."

## CANADIANS IN VLADIVOSTOCK

Rev. J. D. MacKenzie-Naughton, M.A., B.D.,  
Secretary to Canadian Red Cross Commission,  
Vladivostock

VLADIVOSTOCK has a magnificent situation. It is surrounded on all sides by hills; and yet there is scarcely a place from which one cannot get a view of the sea. The main streets run parallel with the water and are fairly level, but the cross streets as a rule are terribly hilly. In its situation the city reminds one very much of Seattle. The city covers an enormous amount of ground. The principal street, Svyetlanskaya Street, is two or three miles in length, and has some very fine buildings on it. In fact, about the first thing that strikes one on arriving in Vladivostock is the number of magnificent buildings. The remainder of the city is scattered. The Canadian troops also are scattered. Some are at one end of the city and some at the other, while others are four or five miles out. My quarters are in the Pushkinskaya Theatre, right in the centre of the city. All the seats have been removed from the theatre, and iron beds with spring mattresses made of one-inch boards put in their place. It has been remarked that such a bed is bound to be soft as there is no hard wood in Siberia. As we are each allowed four blankets, I fold one of mine into eight thicknesses, and lay that where my hip and shoulder will rest. You would be surprised how comfortable such a bed could be. The theatre is a comparatively new one, clean, bright, warm and well ventilated.

The weather since we landed has been exceptionally fine. We have had bright sunshine every day, and on the coldest day the temperature has not been much less than zero. January 1st, however, was an exception. It was not any colder, but it had snowed all night and in the morning there was a great gale blowing. I went for a walk down the main street in the afternoon. It was almost deserted. The centre of the road was almost clear of snow, but on the sidewalks it had drifted, in some places to a height of fully six feet. At times the wind carried one along, so that one had either to run or be blown over. At one corner I saw a man have to make half-a-dozen attempts before he could cross the street. But on the whole the weather has been very much like that of Toronto, only there has been much less snow.

A walk along the main street of Vladivostock affords some interesting sights. About the first thing that strikes one is the fact that practically every man one meets is in uniform. There are soldiers of at least ten different armies here, to say nothing of the sailors of several navies. But even the civilians wear uniforms, from government clerks and high-school students down to the smallest schoolboys. At almost every street-corner you will see a Chinaman or Korean with a basket of small Japanese oranges exposed for sale. Walking along in the gutter are Chinamen, carrying on their backs a wooden arrangement that looks very much like a chair. On these they can carry tremendous loads. They crouch down so that the weight rests on the ground while they are receiving a load, then, when everything is on, they straighten themselves up and walk off. The street-cars are very amusing to the foreigner. They are narrow-gauge and short, though of the overhead electric type. An interesting feature is the division into two compartments, first and second-class. A

(Continued on page 238.)



## Westminster Abbey

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## LABOUR AND CAPITAL AFTER THE WAR

Edited by  
**PROF. S. J. CHAPMAN**  
Manchester.

J. M. DENT  
New York and Toronto.

Reviewed by  
**PROF. H. MICHELL, M.A.**  
Kingston.

IN a multitude of counsellors, we are told, there is safety; and if the same be true of a multitude of conjectures, it may well be that out of the great mass speculation as to the future relations of capital and labour we may find some clear conception of what really may be expected, and order our public and private policy in accordance with it.

The number of books being published on this most important, indeed vitally important, point is amazing, although perfectly natural. Everyone is agreed that a new era in our economic life opened with the end of the war. It was quite evident to all but the most undiscerning that the old order had changed and was about to give place to a new. But what everybody wanted to know, and what nobody knew, was what was that new order to be.

The multitude of counsellors was indeed there, but safety was conspicuously absent. Co-partnership of capital and labour, syndicalism, guild socialism, or just frank capitalism, or its antithesis, Bolshevism—what was it to be? The world is puzzled, and not a little troubled, indeed frightened, at the prospect.

To find a solution of this enigma, or perhaps rather not so much to find a solution, but at least to survey the problem calmly, Professor Chapman, of the University of Manchester, has collected, in the form of a symposium, a number of essays by well-known writers. The result is a book of striking merit. When such leaders of public thought as the Bishop of Birmingham, Mr. Clynes, Lord Leverhulme, Sir Hugh Bell, Mr. Tawney, Mr. Seeborn Rountree, and half-a-dozen others write to give their studied opinion on a certain problem, the conclusion cannot but attract the most careful attention. The ground common to all is that labour, (and what "labour" may mean nobody really quite knows) must not only receive a larger reward in future, but must also be admitted to an ample share in the management of industry; but beyond this common agreement there is little if any concurrence of opinion on general principles. Churchmen will probably be particularly interested in the Bishop of Birmingham's contribution to the volume. He draws a very sharp distinction between "moral" unrest and "immoral" rest, the first being that divine discontent that drives all true men and women to protest against the evils they see in the body politic, the second that apathetic indifference to evils, the carelessness that denies we are our brother's keeper, the deadness to all spiritual and moral values, the blindness and culpable neglect of those who care only for large dividends and never ask whether they have been earned honestly or humanely. "Moral unrest sees oppression and calls for the loosening of the burden; it sees injustice, and it appeals for righteousness; it notices the cramping of possibility, and it insists upon equality of opportunity; it dwells in a social atmosphere ignorant of or indifferent to the needs of the less favoured of human beings, and it forces knowledge and demands a living interest." And at the same time we must not forget that there is immoral unrest abroad over the earth. The frightful spectacle of almost the whole of Eastern Europe a prey to it cannot but impress it vividly upon us.

Lord Leverhulme, the manufacturer of Sunlight Soap, hopes by a six-hour day and system of co-partnership to secure for the worker greater leisure, less strain, more income, and better opportunities for education. Sir Hugh Bell points out very pertinently that increased production is an indispensable prerequisite to larger incomes for the working classes.

This is, of course, a sound contention, but labour might well retort that even without increased production its income might be greater by making the share of capital less.

Mr. Clynes argues, as is natural, from the strictly trade union viewpoint, and presents powerful arguments in favour of a system of works committees. Mr. Rountree examines the various systems of profit-sharing and rejects them, finding in carefully adjusted systems of day and piece wages the best means of giving the worker his just share in the proceeds of his toil.

It is, however, Mr. R. H. Tawney's contribution to the book which, by all odds, commands the most attention. This very brilliant young economist, who with Sir Leo Money and Mr. Sidney Webb was a government nominee on the recent commission of inquiry into the conditions in the coal industry in England during the war, has some very striking things to say. "The fundamental grievance of labour is that the government of industry and the utilization both of capital and land are autocratic. . . . If a firm can introduce into the organization of its works what changes it will, if it can alter piece-rates as it pleases, without having to justify the alteration to those affected by it, if it can rearrange processes and introduce new machinery without the workers being consulted, if it can dismiss whom it chooses, without being obliged to give any account of its decision, it can, in effect, stultify trade unionism, even while according it a nominal recognition. Thus interpreted, freedom of management carries with it a control over the worker which is incompatible with civil liberty." The problem, as envisaged by Mr. Tawney, is "to create in every industry a constitution securing in every industry an effective voice in its government." Based on a system of trade boards to guard the defenceless members, development must proceed through trade unionism to "the creation in the staple industries of permanent national councils of employers and workers, together with the establishment of district

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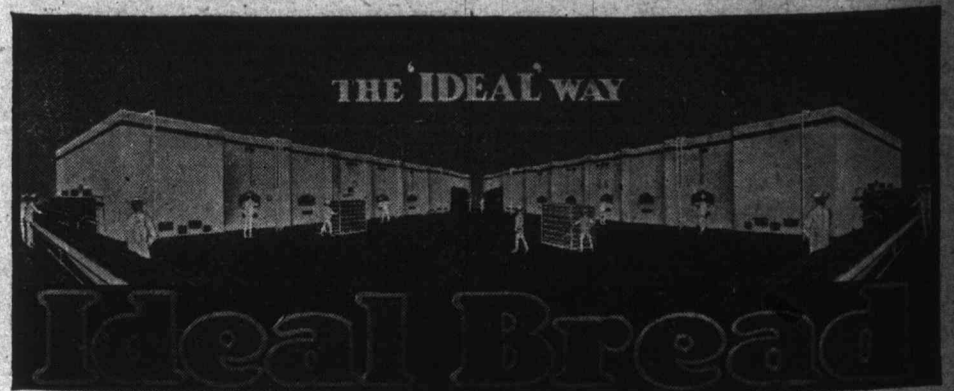
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and workshop committees in different districts and in individual workshops." This, of course, Mr. Tawney sees perfectly clearly will lead to "a radical transformation of industrial relationships . . . in substituting a relationship of co-ordinate service to the community for the present subordination of the hired wage earner to a master who employs him for profit." This leads ultimately and in Mr. Tawney's view inevitably to the public ownership of land and capital.

Thus do many of the thinking men and women in England view the problems of capital and labour today. Capitalist, labourer, economist, bishop, all are agreed on one point, we must think no longer in terms of capital and labour, but in terms of flesh and blood, men and women. If the war has made the world safe for democracy, we must see that now we make the world a better place for democracy to live in.

How we may best do that is, after all, perhaps a minor point. The great thing is that we should all be determined to do it; ways and means will present themselves as we tackle the task before us.

**New Books**

**Breath in the Winds.**—By Frederick F. Shannon. Fleming H. Revell Co. (\$1.00.)

Young clergymen will find these addresses illuminating, inspiring and suggestive. The old message with the new setting and expression are happily combined, and the treatment of his various themes will be found refreshing. A good, strong message rings through each address, and each in turn sets forth from a different angle the beauty and attractiveness of a living and personal Christ. The illustrations which Dr. Shannon makes use of not only appeal at the time of reading, but are illuminating, and seem to remain with the reader. "Life's Last Thirty Minutes" is worth the cost of the book.

The American Girl and Her Community (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 165 pp., \$1.25), is a well-written and very welcome contribution to one of the most vital problems of to-day, that is to say, the question of the modern girl and her future. It is all the more telling because the author has taken endless pains to put herself into living contact with the varying types of girls, and to record as accurately as possible the result of her experience. She diagnoses the question of the relation of the girl to the community as carefully as the question of the girl herself. She realizes, for instance, that Americans are only too willing "to make the greatest sacrifices for those things which seem to them to be of supreme importance," and that they reckon among those matters of supreme importance the welfare of the women of all classes of society.

It is interesting to know that she pleads, among other influences, for "a Church—a living, vitalizing Church—eager to give a girl what she wants," in other words, "the incentives, ideals and challenges" which the Church stands for and ought to give.

The book is full of telling illustrations, and brings out, possibly, the danger of the situation somewhat more vividly than suggesting the corresponding remedies.

**The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land.**—By "Ralph Connor." McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. (349 pp., \$1.50 net.)

Ralph Connor made one of his first successes years ago in the "Sky Pilot." In the present volume he starts with the familiar subject on familiar ground and follows him to the fields of France, through hopes and fears, through love to death. It is a well-told tale of the sincere efforts of a young man who lived the Gospel of noble deeds and won the admiration of men who had thought that he was built for the narrow gauge. In this book the story is not everything. The setting is heroic, for it is the response and deeds of men who counted not life dear if they could only serve and save their country. There are pages that are thrilling and passages which make the eyes misty. Real men and women live in the book.

Ralph Connor is thoroughly Canadian. Before the story has got under way the "Sky Pilot" is launched into a panegyric of Canada, which loses nothing by being addressed to an American girl. Who could escape the spell of Canada as the freedom and wonder of prairies and northlands are painted in Ralph Connor's books?

The author has made frequent use of lurid adjectives in the dialogues. They give colour, no doubt, but still there are soldiers who have been known to talk without them. The book halts a little on this question. "Swearing is merely a habit or a mere expression of high emotion," the author says. "A man that is giving

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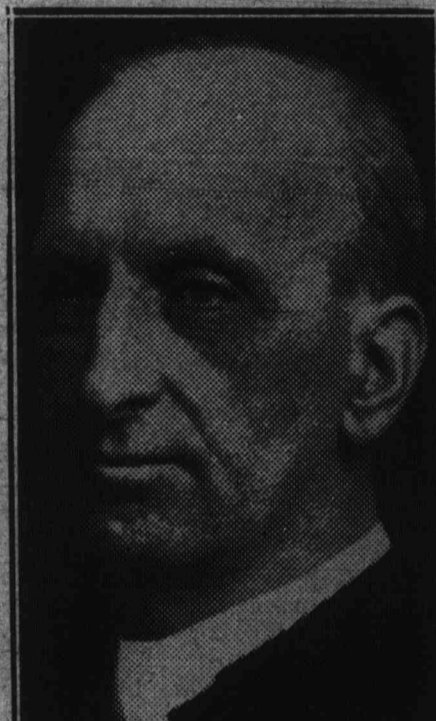
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Lewis, Rev. Owen G. C. F., late Rector of Shawinigan Falls, Que., to be Incumbent of the Mission of East Sherbrooke.

Templeman, Rev. E. M. W., in charge of the Magdalen Islands Mission, to be Incumbent of the Mission of Kingsey, Que. (Diocese of Quebec.)

Towle, Rev. W. H., Incumbent of Lansdowne Front, to be Rector of Bancroft, Ont. (Diocese of Ontario.)

Wilkinson, Rev. H. H., M.A., Rector of Hamilton, to be Rural Dean of Wellington, Ont. (Diocese of Niagara.)

**BIRTH NOTICE**

FRY—On Christmas morning at Herschel Island, to the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Fry, a son (Herschel Noel).

**MARRIAGE NOTICE**

LOFTHOUSE—FARGOOD—On April 2nd at St. Michael's Parish Church, Bournemouth, by the vicar, the Rev. S. Moore, M.A., the Right Rev. Joseph Lofthouse, Bishop of Keewatin, Kenora, Ont., Canada, to Kathrine Jane, widow of the late Geo. Fargood, Esq.

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his life for God may say what he likes." Unfortunately, some have said that he may do what he likes. But nobody really believes such talk.

The message of the book is the men's need of God. "Like as a father pitieth his children" is the word passed on. The book shows it to be the source of high spirit and endeavour.

**Out of the Silences.**—By Mary E. Waller. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. (354 pp., \$1.50.)

"The Wood-Carver of Olympus" showed that Miss Waller had real ability as a story-teller. This new book is one in which pathetic charm and robust action alternate. It is a good, wholesome story which follows the fortunes of a little orphan lad whom "Plunket," the sage of the book, takes to an Indian encampment on the Canadian prairies. Plunket's views on men and things and the "mystery ways" of the Indian medicine man are well done.

**Before the Wind.**—By Janet Lajng. J. M. Dent, Toronto. (352 pp., \$1.50.)

A capital story, with a decided element of surprise and adventure in the plot, which is well handled. The central figure is a young girl whom the death of her father left without any resources except her head and hands. "Wrack-straws" was her clever name for the useless people who reduced "efficiency" in war-time by retaining servants. A detective episode and love story give it additional interest.

**In Orchard Glen,** by Marion Keith (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 274 pp., \$1.50 net), is a story of a fresh, vigorous young lady, called Christine, which will be enjoyed by every girl

whose taste has not been spoiled by the modern novel. She refused to bow to all the humbug and humbugs around her and has a hard road for a bit. She even wins her lover by the same uncompromising stand against the things that displease her. Some more Christines would make the world more lively, and more wholesome, too.

**Historical Publications of Canada Index.**—University of Toronto Librarian. (218 pp.)

Miss Laura Mason, an assistant librarian at the University of Toronto, has done a painstaking piece of work for which all students of Canadian history are her debtors in preparing an index to the Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, edited by Prof. G. M. Wrong, H. M. Langton and W. S. Wallace, Vols. XI-XX. The book contains indices of authors, subjects and periodicals. It represents many hours of wearing work.

## Books for Boys

**The C.S.E.T. Manual for Tuxis Boys** is a capital book (446 pp., 60 cents), published by the National Council, Y.M.C.A., full of the things boys fifteen years and older want to know. Campercraft, Nature Studies, Gas Engines, Wireless Telegraphy, Story and Song, Group Games make up a book indispensable for boy leaders and fathers as well as for boys.

**The Trail Rangers' Manual** by the same source for boys thirteen to fifteen years of age is another book just as excellent for the purpose in view. Your boy will be glad to get a copy.

## THE INVISIBLE CITY Continued from Page 229

"Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness lacked so long, and Love and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our way again;  
And we have come into our heritage."

Maurice Maeterlinck writes to the "Daily Mail" concerning the young dead:—

"Our memories are to-day peopled by a multitude of heroes struck down in the flower of their youth and very different from the pale and languid cohort of the past, composed almost wholly of the sick and the aged. We must tell ourselves that now in each of our homes, both in our cities and in the countryside, both in the palace and the meanest hovel, there lives and reigns a young dead man in the glory of his strength."

Canada is the home of youth. We saw our destiny afar off, and the consciousness that our morning hours were only dawning made these boys of ours doubly dear to us. The world needed them and this new century was to be their arena, and now they sleep by the Arras-Cambrai road—but their youth has made their country forever young.

Society is a spiritual contract by which three parties are bound—the dead, the living and the unborn. Our sixty thousand kept it on the red fields of Vimy and Cambrai, above the clouds, where many died to make the Canadian name. Therefore, if we would be true to those who were true to us, honour binds us to keep our

contract. There is laid upon us a new obligation to make this dear land which men have died to save the hope and the blessing of the world.

"God grant we may be worthy of His trust,  
God grant the love and hope and earnest prayer  
Of all who suffer and who turn to Him  
May, in this war of spirit—good and ill—  
Conquer at last the hatred in the world."

Canadian graves in France will shortly be planted with maples. These maples have been raised from seedlings sent from Canada, at the Royal Botanical Gardens, London, England, and from thence will be shipped across the English Channel.

In a statement on the work of the Imperial War Commission by Rudyard Kipling, announcement is made that memorials to commemorate the part borne by various army divisions or regiments in the campaigns and battles, as, for instance, by the Canadians at Ypres, the South Africans in the Deville Wood, the Australians at Amiens and the British at the breaking of the Hindenburg line, will be considered by representatives of the military committee. It has been recommended that in each cemetery there should be erected a "cross of sacrifice" and an altar of stone in remembrance of the dead, and that the headstones of graves should be of uniform shape and size. On these would be chiseled the name of the dead and his regiment and also a cross or other religious symbol of the dead man's faith.



"THE GIFT THEY GAVE" Continued from Page 250

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true,—could it be true of any of us that we "just cheer and forget"? These silent battalions keep their watch to see what we are going to do with the peace; their peace, bought with their blood. "If ye break faith with us who die," they say. And to keep faith with them in the ways of civil life, when the great peril is removed, will mean that we must stand to arms every day in behalf of the great principles for which they stood to death.

"If we return, will England be Just England still, for you and me? Nay we shall dread, If we return, Dread lest we hold blood-guiltily, The things that men have died to free. O English fields shall blossom red For all the blood that has been shed By men whose guardians are we, If we return."

Dick was tugging at my hand. "Look!" he cried, as the men marched by, their ranks breaking to the surging crowd of friends. "Look! there's a little boy like me, and he's got his Daddy, and—and—" "But, Dick," I whispered, "aren't you glad? Your Daddy's helped to bring home that little boy's father and all these men. He's helped to bring everyone of them home. Aren't you glad?" Dick swallowed hard; then, "Yes," he said bravely; "my father was a soldier; a soldier gives himself for

others; I'm going to be a soldier and—I'm glad."

It was a long way perhaps from these reflections to the little eager lad beside me, but the future is in the gallant hearts of these children, whom it is our great, our happy task to help to lead into the ideals which moulded and moved their fathers and brothers. Reconstruction must be personal before it can be national; national before it can be international.

Again Dick's voice broke in upon my meditations. "When Daddy went west, you know,—do you think it was like this? sunshine . . . shoutings . . . everyone so glad? Oh, I do wish he could have had it like this," he ended wistfully. And later, when we were still thinking,—both of us,—of the ones who hadn't come back, this was what we read together:—

"Then, said Mr. Valiant, 'I am going to my father's. . . My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder.' As he went to the river side he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' and as he went down deeper he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

"THE LILIES OF JUDEA" Continued from Page 250

As she felt the touch of his hand upon her she started violently, and, springing to her feet, shook his hand off from her, saying:—

"I am a mother of Judah who weeps for her dead." Then noting that he was a Roman, "Whom thou and thine accursed countrymen hast slain."

"What meanest thou? Who of thine has been put to death?" Gaius asked. "My son, mine only son, Azor, who was crucified to-day." Saying this, she tore her long hair and began weeping again.

Gaius felt for her a sudden deep pity that surprised him. His service in the Imperial army had made him accustomed to death and suffering, while a woman weeping for her dead was an oft-familiar sight. Not unkindly he asked again:—

"Was thy son one of those executed to-day? Why was he put to death?"

"He was accused of robbing travellers on the Jericho Road. They would not listen to my pleas. My son! my son! mine only son!"

"Thou hast better begone to thine home lest one less merciful than I find thee and hand thee over to the guard. Why dost thou wait here?"

"Home!" she repeated, bitterly. "I have no home now. I am a widow, one forgotten by the God of my fathers, and desolate and alone."

"Thou canst not remain here," Gaius replied, gently. "Begone! There is none here to comfort thee. What will avail thee to stay in this lonely place?"

She threw back her long hair and said, "Noble Roman, I wait for the Resurrection of the Nazarene. He will help me if none other can or will."

"The Resurrection! Dost thou believe the Prophet of Nazareth will rise from the dead?" He could not hide the surprise in his voice. "Daughter of Judah, he cannot rise from his grave. I saw him die as a slave dieth. Thou art mad."

"O Roman! I saw him speak to one dead, the only son of a widow as was mine Azor, and lo! the dead lived.

If he can give back life to others, can he not return from the grave?"

"I doubt not that he did as thou hast said, for I, too, have seen him do a mighty sign with the word only, but he cannot rise. The Priests of thine own nation say that the dead he raised were not dead in truth, but in a trance by this man's evil power. This I know not, but the dead do not return. There be none to say to him, 'Rise!' Thou hast better go, for it is a vain hope, and, though he be a just man, none but the holy gods might come back from the dead."

The woman turned to him, her dark face alight. "Nay; I will not go. My son hath told me oft of the mighty signs of this man. I heard him on the cross promise help to Azor, and that he should enter his kingdom, and I believe—I will believe—that he spake truth and that he will come again."

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Gaius turned to her in surprise. "It was to thy son the Nazarene spake when he promised a place in his kingdom? What kingdom did he mean, thinkest thou?"

The woman shook her head. "I cannot tell, but I have none other hope. My son was not evil. He would have left the life those worse than he had led him into and served the Nazarene had he not been taken. I know not where he is, but I know that he will come."

Gaius, marvelling at her belief in the dead man, recalled his men wait-

ing at the tomb as he saw in the east the first faint glimmer of the morning.

"Thou art deceived. That he worked many wonders I believe, but again I say unto thee, daughter of Judah, the dead rise not. Go to thine abode and build not on the coming of the Nazarene. As soon will the rocky pathway beneath our feet be covered with lilies by the dawn as that this man will come from the dead to help thee."

Before the woman could answer him they both started as a bright light shone down from the heavens,

like a pathway of living fire, over the distant spot in the grounds where the soldiers guarded the tomb.

With a cry of wonder the centurion, closely followed by the woman, started towards the place. As they drew within sight of the grave they stopped. A strange power seemed to reach out of the darkness and hold him as if in bands of steel, while the Jewess, with a cry of fear and wonder, fell on her knees. The light now shone brighter than the sun at midday. In its brightness the garden, the very leaves on the trees, the grave, the soldiers stood out clearly. Gaius could see every detail of the guards' armour as they stood as though carved in stone, gazing at the bright light above them. The Roman felt a strange thrill pass over him, and the next moment he saw, in the pathway of the living fire that fell from the heavens, an innumerable company of glorious beings who passed down the path of light to the silent tomb.

As in a trance Gaius saw the soldiers on guard start to draw their swords, but ere they could bring them from the belts the men fell as though dead upon the earth, and lo! the great stone bearing the Imperial seal began to roll back from the mouth of the cave as moved by invisible hands.

Gaius could not think, could not feel, could not cry out. As if dead he stood, blinded by the dazzling light, while the words thundered in his bewildered brain, "The Resurrection and the Life."

Slowly the great stone moved back. Suddenly there came from the great company of bright beings a mighty outburst of praise and adoration as from the darkened tomb appeared in robes of shining light . . . the Nazarene.

Gaius felt the mighty power that held him up relax, and, with a sudden feeling of overpowering weakness, fell on his face. He could feel that someone was drawing near. He was conscious of the low weeping of the Jewess, whose joy was finding vent in heart-breaking sobs. And then a voice spoke, such as the Roman had never heard before, softly and sweetly:—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. Fear not, Daughter of Sorrow, thou who alone hast believed and waited. Thy son, though dead, yet liveth. In thy faith find peace."

The centurion would have cried aloud, but the words would not come:—

"Speak to me, too, Master, mightier than the gods, Thou who hast come from the dead. I have not known Thee, I doubted Thee, though I saw Thy mighty power. Have mercy and pity on me who knows Thee not, yet believes."

Again he felt the Presence near him, and was conscious of a hand stretched out in blessing, and then a great darkness as of death.

When he awakened to thought and consciousness he saw that the light had vanished. The Nazarene was no longer present, and he was alone with the woman, who was kneeling in silent prayer. Gaius lifted his eyes, filled with hot tears, and he felt a strange peace such as life had never given him before. He knew that henceforth life must be different. He did not know how or what might await him, but he felt no fear, no uncertainty, and, lo! as he looked down the long pathway of the garden, behold it was filled with lilies, as though the stony roadway had become a pathway of glory over which the Nazarene had passed.

It is good to have money, and the things that money can buy; but it is good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you have not lost the things that money will not buy.

## EASTER MORNING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Lilian Leveridge.

At a meeting of the Imperial Graves Commission which was held lately in London and at which all the British Overseas representatives were present, the Colonial Secretary, who presided, stated that all of the overseas governments had unreservedly agreed to bear their share in whatever expense was involved.

## CANADIANS IN VLADIVOSTOCK.

(Continued from page 233.)

necessary result of the smallness of the cars is that they are generally greatly overcrowded. The passengers squeeze in until you could not wedge a postage stamp in between them, the bell rings and the car begins to move, then at the last moment, three or four more climb on the step and hang on as best they can. If you do not care for such close quarters, you can hire one of the numerous Droschki that are drawn up by the kerb here and there. But before doing so you should learn to count in Russian. I came to the rescue of two Canadian officers on one occasion. They had hired a Droschki to drive out to one of the government buildings situated some distance outside the city. They did not know one word of Russian, and the driver could not speak a word of English. They stood looking at one another for a time not knowing what to do. Seeing their predicament, I took the liberty of "butting in." "Skolkah?" I enquired. That is about the first Russian word you learn, and means "How much?" The driver answered something which I could not understand, so I suggested "Pyat" (five), meaning "Roubles, of course." "Nyet, nyet" (no, no). "Shest," I ventured. "Vosem" (eight), from the driver. An offer of seven roubles on my part concluded the first part of the deal. The second part consisted in handing the driver a 40 rouble note and receiving the change; no slight task for a stranger in Russia. The monetary system here presents a somewhat complicated problem to the foreigner. In theory the Russian money is perfectly simple, one hundred kopeks equal one rouble, and the rouble is worth about 12½ cents at present. That is the theoretical side. The practical side is this. You go into a store and spend five roubles. In payment you hand a 40-rouble note. Your change will probably consist of a handful of paper. One narrow strip may be a coupon cut off a bond entitling you to



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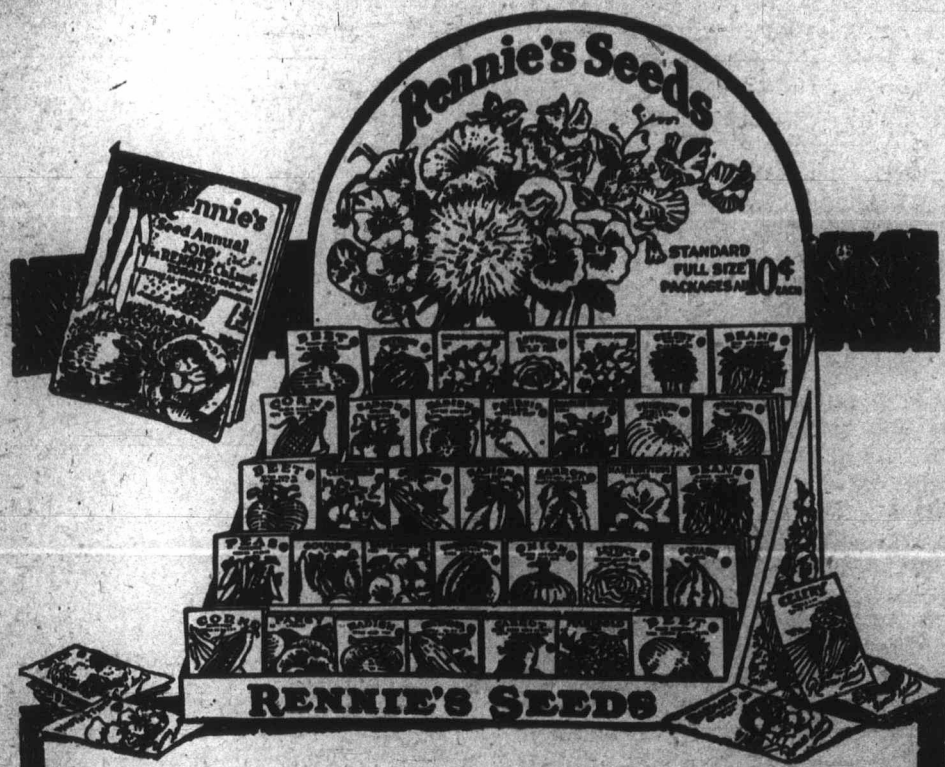
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interest to the value of 27 roubles and 50 kopeks. You must look closely at the date on this, for the interest may not be due until 1925. If this is the case no one will accept it from you. Or the figures may have been altered. I received one of these for 13 roubles 75 kopeks, which had been "faked" from 2.50. Fortunately I knew where I got it and was able to get the matter adjusted. To complete your change you may get a large 3 rouble bill, a 50 kopek note, and the remainder in a bundle of things like postage stamps, ten, fifteen, and twenty kopeks in denomination.

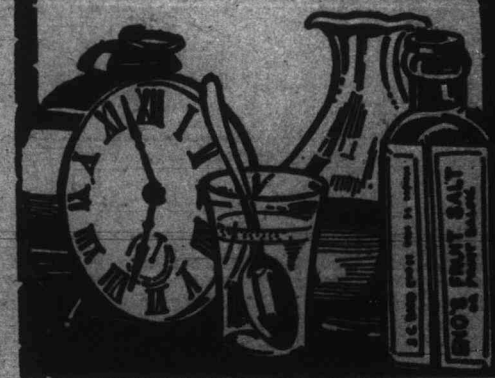
A word or two with regard to religion in this city. I have attended a number of services at the Cathedral. This building is of the Byzantine style of architecture, with white walls, green roofs, and gilded domes. The first thing that strikes one on entering is the entire absence of seats; the worshippers either stand, or kneel on the floor. All round the building, hanging or leaning against the wall, are ikons, the only representations of saints or apostles that the Russian Orthodox Church permits. Some of these are almost life-size, and with the casing which contains them, fully ten feet high. The chancel is separated from the nave by a screen. In the centre of this are huge gates of gilded lattice-work, and behind them a blue silk curtain. On either side of the gates are doors through which the priests and others pass when the gates are closed. In front of many of the more popular ikons are huge metal stands containing many candlesticks which are kept well supplied with candles by the worshippers. There is no organ, but the singing of the choir is magnificent. The priests and deacons, too, have fine voices, and their chanting is well worth hearing. The people, apparently, take no part in the service, except bowing and crossing themselves very frequently. There is no instruction imparted during the service, and one cannot but feel that with these people Christianity is a superstition rather than the "power of God unto salvation." A slight acquaintance with moral conditions in this city confirms that opinion. Judging from my own observations I should say that as a moral and spiritual force the Russian Church was dead.

There is one section of the city given over entirely to houses of ill-fame; every house in that locality is built for that purpose, and has its own peculiar style of architecture. The public bath-houses (scarcely any of the dwelling houses contain baths) make provision for the practice of vice. While on the streets and in the cafes everywhere there are women waiting to ply their trade.

Like a ray of sunshine in the midst of all this darkness was the home of a Christian Japanese to which I was taken by one of our interpreters. At nine o'clock on Sunday morning about 60 Japanese boys and girls are gathered there for Sunday School. When I arrived they were being taught and questioned in Japanese. In another room some young people were being taught in a Bible-class in Russian. At ten o'clock these came into the large room with the children, when a young woman taught them a hymn in the Russian language. They sang it heartily, yet most of them were under ten years of age. Just imagine; children of ten bilingualists! The hymn, by the way, was sung to the tune of "God sees the little sparrow fall;" and, as far as I with my limited knowledge of Russian could judge, the words were much the same. I was asked to address the school, which I did the following Sunday by the aid of an interpreter. After the school a number of adults gather together for prayer. This is the true missionary spirit. Here are these people away from their homeland, in

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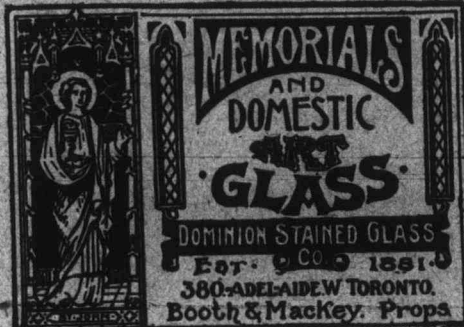
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## A True Easter Story

ONE day while teaching at R—, in Virginia, feeling tired and homesick, after a hard day's work at school, I took a stroll into the fields some distance from my rustic schoolhouse. As I walked I noticed an object bearing the human form approaching me, but crawling like an animal on his hands and knees.

My first impulse was to gather up my skirts, and, like the Priest and Levite of old, pass by on the other side. But when a plaintive voice spoke pleadingly, "Won't you please teach me how to read?" I paused and looked more closely. As my eyes rested on the suppliant I saw the twisted and distorted form of a young lad clothed in rags, with dirty face and hands and unkempt hair, who had never, as I learned later, been able to walk or stand upright. In the painful effort of locomotion two large lumps of flesh had formed on each of his hands, and altogether he was so repulsive that I thought I never could come near enough to him to teach him anything. But the admonition of the apostles, "Do good as you have opportunity," rang in my ears as I looked. "That is what you are down South for," I thought, and then said:—

"If you will clean yourself up and comb your hair, I will try to teach you. You may meet me here in this place after school to-morrow afternoon. Where do you live?"

"Come and see," he replied; and as he crawled ahead I followed to the home of this poor, unfortunate young lad.

I found myself in a single large room, with only the ground for a floor. It was a miserable home for a family of nine children, under the care of shiftless, drinking parents, and my heart was stirred to its depths by the sad spectacle. The mother, being the soberer of the two parents, I said to her:—

"Your son wishes to learn to read, and I have promised to teach him."

"He has such a bad temper," she replied; "you better not try to do anything with Jim."

But as I came away the son said: "If I had some soap I would try to wash myself," and at my invitation he went home with me and was well supplied with the necessary articles.

The next day he was on time, and much more presentable, for his first lesson.

His progress was very rapid. In two days he had mastered the alphabet, and I found him eager to gain knowledge. In a short time he had learned the greatest lesson of all: Christ's power to save from sin, and frequent visits at his home revealed the fact that his temper, which had been a terror to all in the home, had given place to such sweetness of disposition that all wondered, and the entire household was manifestly changed for the better, while his own countenance, so repulsive before, when lightened up with resurrection glory, was beautiful to gaze upon. In two short months he could read the Bible intelligently, and the rough speech gave way to gracious words "seasoned with salt."

Cold weather coming on, through the influence of others, Jim found a place where he could scour the sills in one of the city hospitals. Calling on him one day, he said:—

"Teacher, I scour them just as white as I can to please Jesus."

The rest of this true story is soon told. Jim, who had never been strong and well, was taken ill. He failed rapidly, and being suddenly sent for as I, with the hospital staff the day before Easter, gathered around his dying bed, one and another said: "We

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shall miss him. Jim has brought twelve of the boys to Christ since he came into the hospital."

Jim had an impressive funeral on Easter Monday, and when his remains had been laid away in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, we teachers lingered to decorate his resting-place with flowers.

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## Boys

Dear Cousins—  
This is my wish it may bring a you. As I had a few stray boys wandering my they were so good body Else who I could issue a he said yes. So the end of the glad?

These extra affairs. Some pictures of children and one young fixed printing. Another had minute spaces marks of what, pass-point all when I looked glad to find the chosen for 12 joyce with the weep with the

It always ha ite of mine, e eleven years o write a comp at school. I di first—seemed much about i mother and m least, I thoug she wouldn't d just gave me that sympathi mean being so were in trou course, but sh sympathize v are glad and that is, how it and be hi That had nev fore, and it They told me good composi them it was But I never that those o remember it, make a whol and everybod Next time have all sort because I'm country for s never been about it is and a cow, things may Yo

## Supple

1. Evelyn  
ray Avenue,  
2. Winnie  
Machray Av  
Hig

1. Robert  
Ont.

2. Paul A  
caygeon, Or  
3. Elsie  
Street, Tor





## Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins—

This is my week for a letter, and it may bring a surprise to some of you. As I had thought might happen, a few stray Scripture Clocks came wandering my way last week, and they were so good that I asked Somebody Else who lives in this office if I could issue a second prize list, and he said yes. So it's coming along at the end of this letter. Aren't you glad?

These extra clocks were wonderful affairs. Some busy people had drawn pictures of clock faces and stands, and one young man had cut out and fixed printed numbers for his hours. Another had carefully divided his minute spaces off. I could see the marks of what, I suppose, was a compass-point all the way round. And when I looked at the texts, I was so glad to find that several of you had chosen for 12 o'clock the text, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

It always has been rather a favourite of mine, ever since I was about eleven years old, and we once had to write a composition on "Sympathy" at school. I didn't like the subject at first—seemed to me I didn't know much about it, so I conscripted my mother and made her work at it. At least, I thought I was going to, but she wouldn't do my work for me. She just gave me an idea, and that was that sympathizing with people didn't mean being sorry for them when they were in trouble. There was that, of course, but she told me how you can sympathize with people when they are glad and happy about something; that is, how you can take a share in it and be happy because they are. That had never occurred to me before, and it struck me very much. They told me at school that it was a good composition, so I had to tell them it was all because of mother. But I never forgot it, and I do hope that those of you who chose it will remember it, too, and act on it. It'll make a whole lot of difference to you and everybody else if you do.

Next time I write to you I shall have all sorts of things to tell you, because I'm going to run off into the country for a few days to a place I've never been to before. All I know about it is that they've got a horse and a cow, so all sorts of exciting things may happen.

Your Affectionate  
Cousin Mike.

### Supplementary Prize List.

1. Evelyn Oram (age 9), 147 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
2. Winnie Oram (age 11), 147 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

Highly Commended.

1. Robert Blow (age 10), Whitby, Ont.
2. Paul A. Gardner (age 12), Bobcaygeon, Ont.
3. Elsie Asher (age 14), 60 Ann Street, Toronto.

## The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON  
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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

### TODE'S NEW START.

FORTUNATELY for his impatience, he knew that the Hunts and Nan would be early astir, and at the first possible moment he went in search of them. He ran up the stairs with Tag at his heels, and almost trembling with eagerness, knocked at the Hunts' door. Mrs. Hunt herself opened it, and stared at the boy for a moment before she realized who it was.

"For the land's sake, if it isn't Tode! Where in the world have you been all this time?" she cried, holding the door open for him to enter, while the children gazed wonderingly at him.

"I've been sick—got hurt," replied Tode, his eyes searching eagerly about the room. "I don't see Nan or Little Brother," he added, uneasily.

"They don't live here no more," piped up little Ned.

Tode turned a startled glance upon Mrs. Hunt. "Don't live here!" he stammered. "Where do they live?"

"Not far off; just cross the entry," replied Mrs. Hunt, quickly. "Nan's taken a room herself."

"Oh!" cried Tode, in a tone of relief, "I'll go'n see her;" and waiting for no further words, he went.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Hunt, "he might 'a' told us how he got hurt an' all, 'fore he rushed off, I should think."

"Jus' like that Tode Bryan. He don't know nothin'!" remarked Dick, scornfully.

His mother gave him a searching glance. "There's worse boys than Tode Bryan, I'm afraid," she said.

"There ye go agin, always a fingin' at me," retorted Dick, rudely. "How's a feller to git on in the world when his own mother's always down on him?"

"You know I'm not down on you, Dick," replied his mother, tearfully.

"You're always a hintin' nowadays, anyhow," muttered Dick, as he reached over and helped himself to the biggest sausage in the dish.

Mrs. Hunt sighed but made no answer, and the breakfast was eaten mostly in silence.

Meantime, Tode running across the entry, had knocked on the door with fingers fairly trembling with eagerness and excitement. Nan opening it, gave a glad cry at sight of him, but the boy, with a nod, pushed by her, and snatched up Little Brother who was lying on the bed.

The baby stared at him for an instant and then as Tode hugged him more roughly than he realized, the little lips trembled and the baby began to sob. That almost broke Tode's heart. He put the child down, crying out bitterly.

"Oh Little Brother, you ain't goin' to turn against me, sure?"

As he spoke he held out his hands wistfully, and the baby, now getting a good look at him, recognized his favorite, and with his old smile held out his arms to the boy, who caught him up again but more gently this time, and sat down with him on his knee.

It was some minutes before Tode paid any attention to Nan's questions, so absorbed was he with the child, but at length he turned to her and told her where he had been and what had happened to him. She listened to his story with an eager interest that pleased him.

"Wasn't it strange," she said, when he paused, "wasn't it strange,

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and lovely too, that you should have been taken into the bishop's house—and kept there all this time? Did you like him just as much in his home as in the church, Tode?"

"He's—he's"—began Tode with shining eyes, then as the bishop's face rose before him, he choked and

was silent for a moment. "I don't b'lieve there's any other man like him in *this* world," he said, finally.

Nan looked at him thoughtfully, at his face that seemed to have been changed and refined by his sickness and his new associations, at the neat clothes he wore, then at his bare feet.

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"I shouldn't think, if he's so good, that he would have let you come away—so," she said, slowly.

Tode flushed as he tried to hide his feet under his chair.

"'Twasn't his fault," he answered, quickly. He too was silent for a moment, then suddenly he sat upright with a look of stern resolve in his grey eyes, as he added, "Nan, I'll tell you all there is about it, 'cause things are goin' to be diff'runt after this. I'm goin' to live straight every way, I am; I've—promised."

Then he told her frankly the whole story; how he had deceived the bishop, pretending to be deaf and dumb; how Mr. Gibson had come upon him in the study, and what he had said, and how, finally, he himself had come away in the night.

Nan listened to it all with the keenest interest.

"And you had to sleep out of doors," she said; "I'm so sorry, but, if the bishop is so good, why didn't you stay and tell him all about it, Tode? Don't you think that that would have been better than coming away so without thanking him for all he had done—or anything?"

Tode shook his head emphatically. "You don't know him, Nan," he replied. "He's good, oh better than anybody else in the world, I b'lieve, but don't you see, just 'cause he's so good, he hates cheatin' an' lyin', just hates 'em; an', oh I couldn't tell him I'd been cheatin' him all this time, an' he so good to me."

"I know, 'twould have been awful hard to tell him, Tode, but seems to me 'twould have been best," the girl insisted.

"I couldn't, Nan," Tode repeated, sadly, then impatiently thrusting aside his sorrow and remorse, he added.

"Come now, I want to know what you've been doin' while I've been gone. I used to think an' think 'bout you'n him," glancing at the baby, "an' wonder what you'd be doin'."

"Oh, we've got on all right," answered Nan, "I was worried enough when you didn't come, 'specially when one of the Hunt boys went down and found that your stand had not been opened. I was sure something had happened to you, 'cause I knew you never would stay away from us so, unless something was the matter."

"Right you are!" put in Tode, emphatically.

Nan went on, "I was sure there as something wrong, too, when Tag came here the next day. Poor fellow, I was so sorry for him. One of his legs was all swollen and he limped dreadfully, and hungry—why, Tode, he acted as if he were starving. But just as soon as I had fed him he went off again, and didn't come back till the next morning, and he's done that way ever since."

Tag had kept his bright eyes fastened on Nan's face while she talked, and he gave a little contented whine as Tode stooped and patted his head.

"But tell me what you've been doin', Nan. How'd you get money enough to hire this room an' fix it up so dandy?" Tode inquired, looking about admiringly.

While Nan talked she had been passing busily from table to stove, and now she said, "Breakfast is ready, Tode. Bring your chair up here and give me Little Brother."

Tode reluctantly gave up the baby, and took his seat opposite Nan at the little table.

"You've got things fine," he remarked, glancing at the clean towel that served for a tablecloth, and the neat white dishes and well-cooked food. He was hungry enough to do full justice to Nan's cooking, and the girl watched him with much satisfaction, eating little herself, but feeding the baby, as she went on with her story.

(To be continued.)

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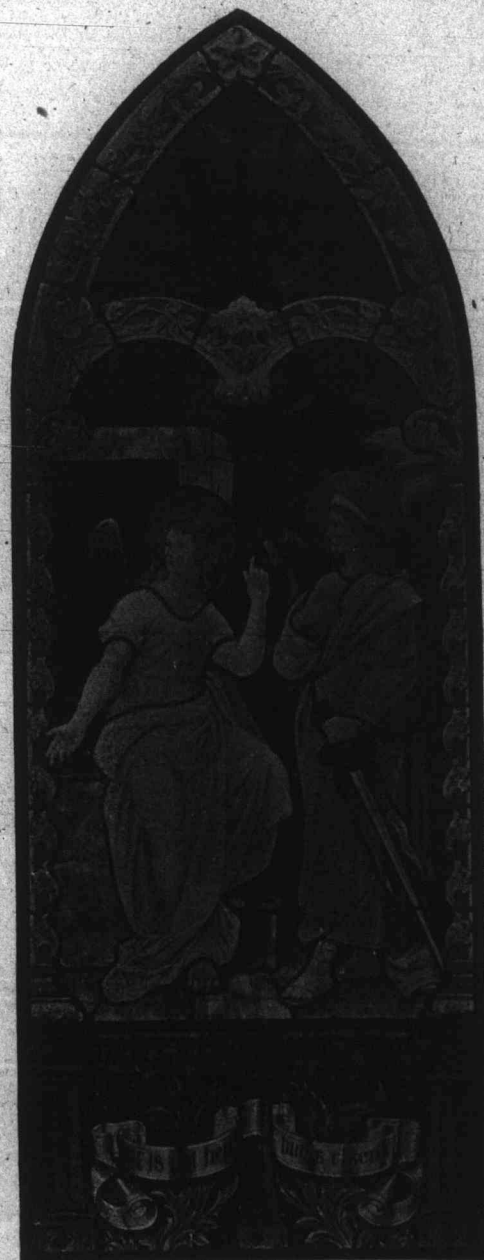
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