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Easter A.D. 1915

Canadian Churchman

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The Outlook

The Empty Tomb

When the women came to the tomb and were told to "behold the place" where our Lord had been laid, they realized something of what the Church has understood ever since as the argument from the empty tomb. Of recent years, many appeals have been made that we should cease to speak of a physical resurrection on the third day. But such a view has this valid objection, that it does not represent the facts recorded in the New Testament. As Canon Simpson has wisely observed, any reading of the New Testament which does not allow us to declare that on the third day the tomb was empty is not only a departure from historical Christianity but tends inevitably to the evaporation of evangelical religion. The words in St. Mark's Gospel are clear: "He is risen"; "He is not here." To deny the empty tomb while holding the spiritual resurrection of Christ is an utterly impossible position, for it rejects the miraculous element in the whole story of Easter. There is nothing miraculous in saying that Jesus Christ rose again in the hearts of His disciples, and the doctrine of the resurrection must, therefore, begin with an empty tomb. Faith must rest on fact, and the historical circumstance of the empty tomb is quite inseparable from the Christian belief. We can-

not reject that fact without destroying the whole meaning of the resurrection. The Easter fact is the foundation of the Easter faith, and this in turn produces the Easter message which has been the life of the Church throughout the centuries.

The Clergy and the War

A correspondence has been proceeding during the last few weeks in the "Times" on the subject of the propriety of the Clergy enlisting for service in the ranks. The writer of the first letter reflected seriously on Clergymen in contrast with Roman Catholic priests and Nonconformist ministers, and spoke very severely about the supineness of Anglicans. But it is not at all clear that many, if any, Roman Catholic priests from England have joined the ranks, and it is not known that many Nonconformist ministers have done so. The fact is that thousands of English Clergy would have enlisted if their Bishops had permitted them to do so, and even as it is, a very large number are going as Chaplains or working in the Army Medical Corps. Rightly or wrongly the Archbishops and Bishops have deprecated Clergy enlisting, urging that the Clergyman was never more needed at home than at present for spiritual and pastoral duties, and also pointing out that the solemn assurances given at Ordination cannot be lightly set aside even for military service. But there are decided differences of opinions, even among Church people, and the sum total of the correspondence seems to be that the matter must be left to individual decision. One thing, at any rate, is certain, that it is absolutely untrue to say that our Church is lacking in patriotism simply because only a few Clergy are enlisting. There is much to be said on both sides, and a leading Christian man in England, a well-known General, has urged with striking force the opportunity open to the Clergyman who is in the ranks. It is, therefore, obvious that the matter is one for individual consciences to settle. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Prayer Book Revision

There are indications of serious trouble in England on the subject of Prayer Book Revision. For some time past proposals have been made and carried in the Canterbury Convocation which have tended to cause great differences of opinion among English Churchmen. There is an overwhelming feeling in favour of such revision as will give elasticity, freedom, and a modern tone to the Prayer Book, but the proposals of Convocation involve a doctrine and practices which have not been known legally in the English Church since the Reformation. It was thought that the war would lead to a truce on this subject as on so many other points of controversy, but efforts have been recently made to provide a new Prayer Book embodying these proposals, to be used optionally side by side with the present Prayer Book, choice being given to particular Clergy and congregations to use the one or the other. The result has been to rouse an immense amount of feeling and strenuous opposition, headed by the Dean of Canterbury and seconded by other leading Evangelical Churchmen. It is a pity that England cannot learn from Canada in this matter, for the fact that our Prayer Book is to be revised, without any change of doctrine, is an indication of the way in which such work can and ought to be done.

There is no doubt that if these proposals are persevered in they will cause a rupture in the Church of England, and the unity which leading men in Church and State are endeavouring to maintain will be destroyed. But it is not at all likely that the proposals will pass Parliament, though the situation is admittedly serious and calls for the thoughtful consideration of all who wish to see the Church of England doing its best for the spiritual welfare of the nation.

"A Modified Christ"

Easter-tide is a reminder of the element of the supernatural in Christianity. The phrase above quoted is used by Mr. G. G. Trumbull, Editor of the Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, in a chapter in Volume 12 of "The Fundamentals," that valuable series which, by the munificence of two laymen, has been circulated free to Christian workers throughout the English-speaking world. During recent years many have noted with deep concern the introduction into some of the Helps for Sunday School Teachers, statements based on the uncertainties of Higher Criticism, especially in the tendency to eliminate the supernatural from Holy Scripture. More particularly is this the case in connection with our Lord's Person and Work, for it tends to argue that He is something less than Divine revelation declares Him to be. But any such idea of "a modified Christ" can only produce modified Christians. Anything which does not emphasize our Lord's Deity and Atonement is sure to produce weakness in the Church, paralyzing evangelistic effort and destroying spiritual energy. In the unconverted it lessens the consciousness of sin and in the believer it checks the realization of the power of Divine grace. The entire article is worthy of the most careful attention by all who are concerned with the work of preaching and teaching. When Christ is not given His proper place and anything like a modification of the Divine revelation concerning Him is attempted, the spiritual results are sure to be disastrous to the individual and to the community.

Is Conscience a Safe Guide?

This is a question which is debated from time to time, and the problem will be solved much easier if it is remembered first that conscience does not possess any power of determining what things are right and what are wrong; and second, that conscience is intended simply to constrain a man to do what he believes to be right, and to condemn him if he does what he thinks wrong. This shows that what men call their conscience is often not conscience at all, but another faculty. When a person says that he is bound to do a certain thing that his conscience tells him is right, he is really confusing conscience with something else. Conscience never informs, it only acts as the result of information. When a man decides to buy a certain piece of property he is depending on his own judgment and when he goes on to decide that it would not be right to deceive the owner as to the worth of it, he is using exactly the same judgment that settled the business question. So that if it were realized that the actual question in these circumstances should be "Is judgment a safe guide?" much of the confusion would disappear, for everybody knows that whether judgment is safe to follow depends altogether on what judgment it is. Some men have the ability and the patience to gather information

which will enable them to form a proper judgment. Others are unable, through hastiness or thoughtlessness, to sift any question to the bottom. So that the only man whose opinion amounts to anything is the one who puts his whole mind to the study of what is right. Hence, when anyone undertakes to set up his conscience against the Bible it is perfectly clear that he is not a safe person in regard to moral judgment, either for himself or others. But a man who studies the right with every light that Scripture and life can offer him may become almost unerringly accurate in judging ordinary cases of right and wrong. The result is that following conscience does not make a thing right nor can a man's opinion change God's truth. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and what is essential for the conscience is that it should be properly instructed and trained so that it may witness to what the judgment believes to be right.

Lest We Forget

The war so monopolizes attention that we are only too apt to forget other matters which, in the long run, are even more important, such as world-wide missions, temperance reform, evangelism, support of the Church, abolition of child labour, philanthropy at home, not to mention other campaigns against physical, social and moral evils. While, therefore, we are compelled, and rightly compelled, to prosecute the war to the utmost of our power, we must take care that even this does not drive other good causes to the wall. In a very real sense all Christian people and communities must insist upon the application of the motto to their own specific work, "business as usual."

RESURRECTION LIFE

By (the late) Rev. Canon N. Jones, M.A.

The Services for Eastertide bring before us the Resurrection of Christ under various aspects. But they also remind us that we are partakers of His Resurrection. The present Resurrection life of Christians is a theme that is found running through the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for the whole of the Easter season. Easter Even gives us the starting-point of this resurrection life. Easter Day sets before us the life itself. The Sundays after Easter afford us an opportunity of dwelling upon some of the characteristics of this life.

Let us look for a moment at the Collect for Easter Even. It suggests the starting-point of our Resurrection life. It is life out of death. We are not thinking now of forgiveness, but of holiness; not of justification, but of sanctification. If we ask where the life of forgiveness and acceptance begins, the Bible takes us to the Cross, and shows us Christ dying for us. If we ask further where the life of holiness begins, the Bible takes us back to the same spot, and tells us that not only did Christ die for us, but we died with Him there. He died for us in order that our sins might be forgiven; we died with Him in order that we might rise with Him and walk in newness of life.

This is the truth so strikingly set forth in the symbolism of Baptism. As the Collect states, "We are baptized into the death of . . . our Saviour Jesus Christ." By the plunge beneath the water we are reminded of our identification with Christ in His death and burial; by the rising up out of the water we are reminded of our rising with Him to walk in newness of life. So St. Paul says, in the sixth chapter of Romans, a passage on which the language of our Collect is based, "We were buried therefore with Him through baptism

into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also may walk in newness of life." These words show that Christ's death is not only a point to which we must come, but also a point from which we must advance. We were buried with Christ, not to remain so, but to share the power of His Resurrection. For if we become one with Him by undergoing an experience resembling His death, then we must be one with Him by realizing an experience resembling His Resurrection. (See Rom. vi. 5, R.V.)

"Buried with Christ" and raised with Him too; What is there left for me to do? Simply to cease from struggling and strife, Simply to "walk in newness of life."
Glory be to God.

On Easter Day itself we are occupied with the life itself; the life which has its starting-point in the grave of Jesus; the life which St. Paul describes in his expressive phrase, "Walking in newness of life." The risen life of the Lord Jesus we can, in measure, understand. We are familiar too with the truth of the future risen life of His people. But *this* risen life is a present experience. How are we to explain it? What is this Resurrection life of believers?

The Collect will help us to define it. The connection of the petition in the Collect with our theme is not at once evident. We pray: "That as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect." But a little thought will show that we could not get a better definition of Resurrection life than is suggested by these words, namely, that it is a life in which good desires are brought to good effects. We shall understand this definition better if we look for a moment at the contrast between the seventh and the eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. In the seventh chapter we have the picture of a Christian with good desires. It is evident St. Paul had a Christian in view here, for, as our Collect implies, it is only by the operation of grace that such good desires can be implanted within the soul; it is only the regenerate man who can truly say, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man" (ver. 22). Nevertheless, these good desires are fruitless; he says, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not, I practise" (ver. 19). And he cries out, "O wretched man that I am, Who shall deliver me?" (ver. 24).

Now let us pass on to the eighth chapter. We are at once in a different atmosphere; we are "more than conquerors" here; our good desires are being brought to good effects here. How has the great change been brought about? Because self has been supplanted by the indwelling Christ; because the Christian has learnt to say, "I have been crucified with Christ, yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." The key to the failure of the seventh chapter of Romans lies in the words, "I myself" (ver. 25); the key to the victory of the eighth chapter lies in the words, "in Christ Jesus" (ver. 1). It is as we learn to walk in the power of the Living Christ, as we learn the secret of Christ dwelling in the heart, that we are able, because He is able, to do the will of God. The Resurrection life of the believer is a joyful, victorious, overcoming life.

The Epistle (Col. iii. 1-7) further describes this life. It does this by dwelling on its obligations. Resurrection life is a life which calls for lofty aspirations. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." To "seek the things above," says Dr. Moule, "is to go out in spirit towards a Christ

triumphant and reigning, and therefore all competent to save and bless. On the other hand, it is a life which involves the putting to death of sin, "just as the rising sap of the tree makes the dead leaf fall." "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth." The meaning of the verb is to reduce to a state of death; and its tense points to a decisive act. "Give them over to death." It is somewhat startling to find the apostle apparently identifying "members" with sins, when he says, "mortify your members which are upon the earth—fornication, uncleanness," etc. It is clearly the carnal functions of the "members" that must be given over to death. And here is the secret of walking in separation from sin. St. Peter lays down the same remedy: "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves with the same thought (R.V. marg.); for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin" (I. Pet. iv. 1).

The Gospel supplies us with a suggestive illustration. We are told in it how that Peter and the other disciple ran to the sepulchre, and how they found the linen clothes lying there, and the napkin that had been about His head, but the Lord Himself had gone. He was risen, and He had left His grave-clothes behind. Now if we are to be partakers of His Resurrection, we too must shake ourselves free from the grave-clothes of death, the habits and besetments of our old unregenerate life. Too many Christians are like Lazarus, when he came forth out of his sepulchre at the call of Jesus, but was bound hand and foot with grave-clothes. He had life but not liberty till Christ said, "Loose him and let him go." So these Christians have life, but they can neither walk, witness, nor work. They are fettered by the force of old habits, and the Christian life is paralyzed. But those who are walking in the power of the Risen Lord have left behind them their grave-clothes. They run in the way of God's commandments. They have put on beauty for ashes, the oil of gladness for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

ON THE ROAD TO EMMAUS

And they said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way?—Luke 24:32.

By the Right Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, D.D.,
Late Bishop of Exeter.

Slowly along the rugged pathway walked
Two sadden'd wayfarers, bent on one quest;
With them another, who had asked to share
Their travel since they left the city walls;
Their converse too intent for speed; and oft,
Where lingered on the rocks the sunset tints,
They check'd their footsteps, careless of the hour
And waning light and heavy falling dews.
For from the Stranger's lips came words that
And lit the altar fuel on their hearts [burn'd
Consuming fear, and quickening faith at once.
God's oracles grew luminous as he spoke,
And all along the ages good from ill
And light from darkness sprang as day from
night.

We, too,
Are weary travelers on life's rough path.
And Thou art still unchangeably the same.
Come, Lord, to us, and let us walk with Thee:
Come and unfold the words of heavenly life,
Till our souls burn within us, and the day
Breaks, and the Day-star rises in our hearts.
Yea, Lord, abide with us, rending the veil
Which hides Thee from the loving eye of faith,
Dwell with us to the world's end evermore,
Until Thou callest us to dwell with Thee.
("Yesterday, To-day and Forever.")

IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST

Letter from the Ven. Archdeacon Whittaker, Fort McPherson

(Through the kindness of the recipient we are permitted to give our readers the benefit of this interesting communication.)

MY last general letter was written two years ago, while on furlough, and I feel impelled very heartily to thank God and to thank the many friends also, in all parts of the country, for the many acts of kindness done us, and knowing these were but the measure of your love and interest, I assume you will be glad to hear of our further welfare.

From Toronto we journeyed by easy stages, in all modern luxury of travel, to Athabasca Landing. The new motor boat "Atkoon," starting later from Collingwood, carrying our goods and

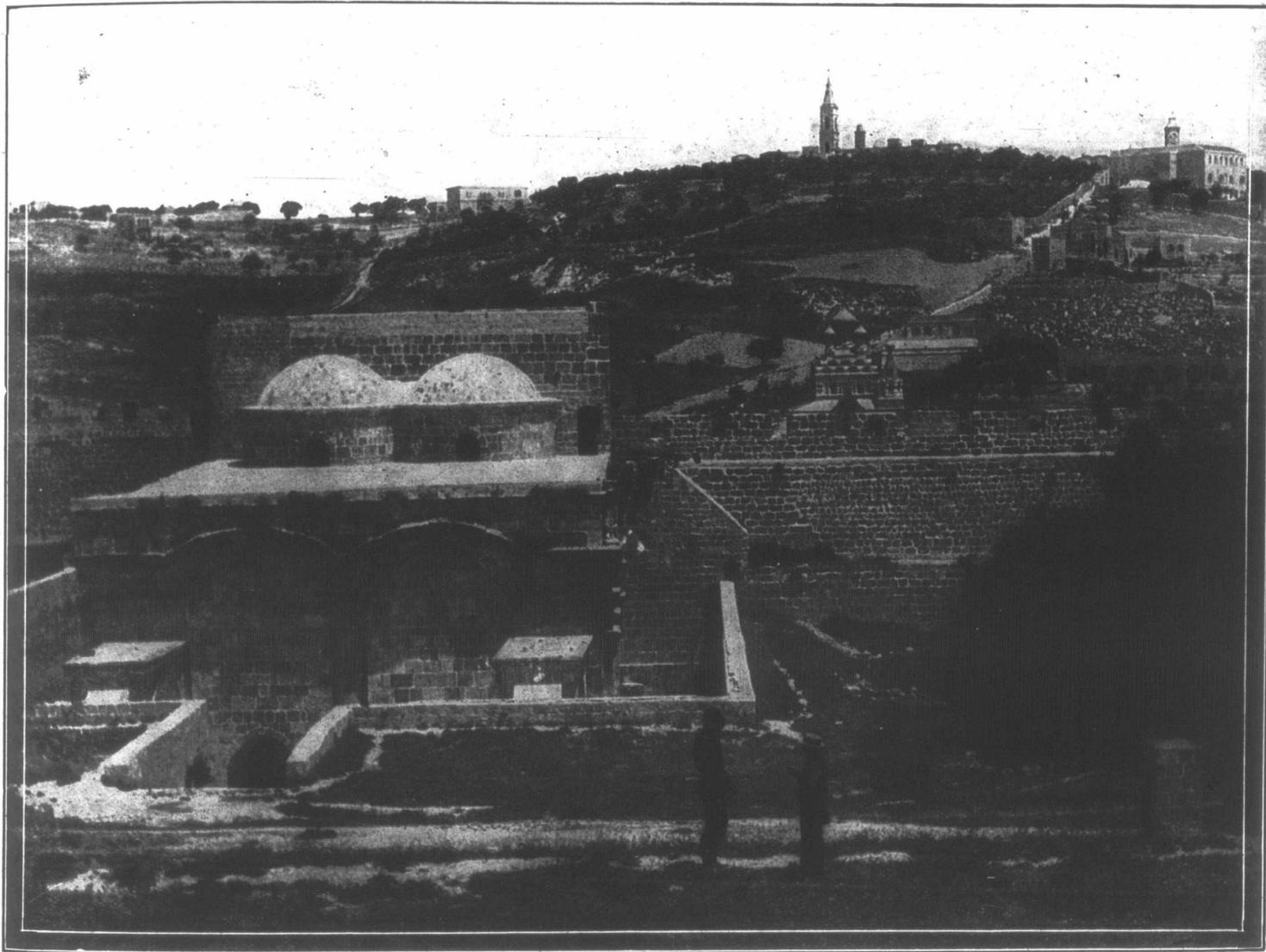
heavy rains and head winds made both travel and camping uncomfortable. Altogether, the Athabasca part of the journey was tedious and disastrous; a distance of 550 miles occupying seven weeks to cover. From Fort Smith the Mackenzie steamer brought us home, another 1,300 miles, in nine days. Five days after our leaving, Mr. Hoare reached Fort Smith with the Atkoon, but unable to get transport across the portage, the boat is still there, to be brought over during the winter.

At three vacant Missions the Bishop was able to place agents in charge, Rev. C. H. Quarter-

hewn logs, and put the roof on, laying the last shingle just a month from the day we began. But floors and doors, stairs and windows, ceilings and partitions, took another month before we could even move in, and during this time we lived in tents, through rain and snow and howling gales.

The house is 25 ft. by 40 ft., with 12ft. walls; has five rooms and pantry below, and three large rooms upstairs. Both in appearance and comfort it is a great improvement on the old one, which had done duty for over 40 years. The paints and furnishings supplied by the W.A. have been a very great help, for which again, sincere thanks. Unfortunately, the six decent chairs were destroyed in the wreck.

Mr. Fry returned from his unsuccessful effort to reach the Blonde Eskimos, and owing to the non-arrival of the "Atkoon," no further attempt could be made this year. He has therefore taken his furlough. Mr. Girling, who came to assist or relieve Fry, has zealously taken up his work, and is making good progress with the language. He and Mr. Young are wintering at Kitigagjuit,



The sealed Golden Gate, the place shown where our Lord made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

in charge of Mr. Hoare, arrived before us. It is very gratifying to be able to say that nearly all the funds needed for the boat were in hand before she was launched on her northward voyage, for which also many thanks to the kind contributors.

Here also we were joined by the recruits, who with the Bishop and ourselves, made up the largest party in the history of this Diocese. We were 12 persons, including two wives and two babies.

In launching the boat, I narrowly escaped losing a foot, getting my leg caught in a rope and badly burned, but soon recovered.

Low water in the river delayed us a week, and later caused us to leave the "Atkoon," still in Mr. Hoare's care, at the head of Grand Rapids, while we went on in scows with the passengers and goods. This upset all our plans, and ate up the saving we had hoped to make.

Then one of the scows broke on a rock, and caused us a personal loss of goods damaged or destroyed of nearly \$300.

man, at Chipewyan; Rev. G. Bowring, at Simpson; and Mr. W. S. Tremain, at Norman. The last is the only married man among the recruits.

On the way we secured and brought with us 5,000 feet of lumber and 12,000 shingles for the house we shall have to erect before we are able to quit our tents. On arrival, we found a few Eskimos and all the Indians gathered, and received a very hearty welcome from them. The Rev. W. H. Fry and our Mr. Young were also awaiting our arrival.

The Bishop could only spend one day with us, but found time to address both tribes, and to administer the Holy Communion to some of them, then taking seven of our young folks for the Diocesan School, he returned, leaving us to our own resources again.

After landing our goods, and seeing the steamer off again, we began our building, destructive and constructive. With the efficient help of Messrs. Young, Girling and Merritt, and a few Indians, we pulled down the old house, dug a cellar, laid new foundations erected walls of

where we have an outpost. Mr. Merritt is serving his apprenticeship with us, and proving himself capable.

During our absence, besides the work Mr. Fry did among Eskimos, where he performed 85 baptisms and many marriages, the Indian services were well looked after by Edward, the native deacon, a capable and very faithful man. He will now go with the other Indians to their hunting grounds, and minister to them as they move about seeking their food.

The Eskimos are proving a very self-reliant people, adapting themselves readily to altered circumstances, and taking advantage of all opportunities. They are now reading the Scripture portions recently published for them. I hope also to have a class of them to present for confirmation at the Bishop's next visit.

When we were able to open the many bales so kindly supplied us, we were pleased to find that none of them had been damaged. The bales were full of most useful goods, and enabled us to secure much help. The groceries were useful in

giving variety to the frugal fare of the country. The freight charges net nearly 20c. per lb. on bales, and over that on most goods.

There is little to say about our work here. It is more settled than formerly, and in most aspects encouraging. The people now are all worshippers of God, but still need much instruction and prayer.

Early in September we heard a terrible war had begun in Europe, involving most of the nations, and at this date we have no further news of its progress. It might be thought we are so far out of the world, as not to be affected even by a great war; but the world is smaller than of old. Furs, the one article of trade produced by this region, have become almost valueless, and times are hard in consequence, though there is yet no actual suffering. The people have always depended on the woods and waters for the bulk of their living, and can do so still. But we anxiously await news of the war, and sincerely hope it may have a favourable ending before this time. We can but dimly imagine the misery ensuing.

We have all enjoyed good health since our return, except Mrs. Whittaker, whose frequent attacks of neuralgia cause her much distress. Little Agnes is growing well, walking and talking, and

keeps us from being lonely or idle. Good health has prevailed generally among our people, and food, while not abundant, is sufficient for their need.

It is generally believed here that the explorer Stefansson and two men, who left last February for a journey northward over the Arctic ice, are lost. There is no word of them since. Stefansson and I disagreed on matters of judgment, but he was doubtless seeking what appealed to him as the greater good of the Eskimos. He was a clever linguist; and I am sorry if he is lost.

December 26th.—Yesterday, at the morning service, 70 Indians partook of the Holy Communion, many having come 10 to 30 miles to be present. There will be some festivity at New Year's, after which the Indians will mostly disperse to their hunting grounds till the spring.

We have had a delightful winter so far, scarce any really cold weather, and now the climax of dark days is over, and though afar off, summer is surely coming.

Again, would we thank God for his abundant mercies, and again ask our friends to continue to pray for us, and for our people, that fulness of joy may be theirs.

Beyond these speculations, the influence of German theology on Anglican Christianity has not been considerable. Their effect has been to render the existence of Christianity precarious. The adoption by an atheistic society of the "Encyclopædia Biblica," which emanates from this school, shows that this statement is none too strong. Released from the "terror of the Germans," we shall be able to consider these matters on their merits.—("Church Family Newspaper.")

Women and the War

By BESSIE PORTER HEAD.

I AM sure there are numbers of women to-day on whose hearts there is a great burden, not alone respecting the dear ones they may have at the front or on the sea in constant peril, but whose hearts also are burdened over the condition of our country. It seems to many as if, as a nation, we have not yet realized the seriousness of this terrible time; there is still much frivolity and pleasure seeking amongst certain sections of society, not to speak of the great evil of increased drinking both by men and women, which is already becoming a national scandal, and other equally grave delinquencies.

Some weeks ago the women of France set the women of Britain an example in intercession, and we have heard from reliable sources of how the women in Russia and Germany are praying "day and night." Surely the women of Great Britain should not be less importunate at the Throne of Grace in this hour of our nation's gravest crisis.

I would venture to suggest that there could easily be formed groups of praying women all over the land. We have all circles of women friends who could be invited to our homes, say, once a week for an hour's intercession, when, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, definite prayer could be offered unitedly to God for our country, our soldiers and sailors, our individual needs at this time, and for mission lands where the effect of the war is being sorely felt. I myself have been led to invite some of my praying friends to unite with me in my own drawing-room once a week, and the response has shown how eagerly such a time of united quiet intercession is welcomed. May I therefore suggest that this thing is possible and urgently needed? We cannot go to the front to fight our country's battles, but we can go into the quiet room and "pray to our Father who seeth in secret," and He surely will give the open reward, and enable us to pray our country "through" in these perilous times.

"OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE."

Confession—Intercession.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 Jno. 1: 9.

"The effectual prayer of the righteous . . . availeth much."—Jas. 5: 16.

N.B.—Let us not forget to thank God for the many righteous in the nation, and for the various evidences of the working of His Holy Spirit amongst us.

Confession.	Intercession.
Growth of worldliness.	For our King and Queen.
Love of pleasure and luxury.	For those in authority in the government of our nation.
Selfishness and extravagance.	For our Army and Navy.
The spirit of lawlessness.	For those at the Front and in the Field.
Increase of drinking habits.	For all wounded and prisoners.
Gambling and impurity.	For the bereaved and anxious.
Individual and National pride.	For the Doctors and Nurses.
Neglect of public worship.	For the Allies and Indians.
Neglect of family worship.	For speedy termination of the War.
Neglect of private prayer.	For our enemies.
Neglect of the Word of God.	For our country specially in relation to the sins confessed.
Disregard for the Lord's Day.	For the spread of the Gospel in Europe.
Sectarian divisions.	
Party spirit and strife.	
Feeble witnessing for Christ.	
Slackness in sending the Gospel to non-Christian lands.	
False teachings, such as:	
Theosophy, Christian Science, "Millennial Dawn," &c.	
	Intercession
	for the following Mission Lands
	Asia Minor. Africa, East
	Persia. " West
	Palestine. China.
	Syria. Japan.
	Egypt. S th America.
	Turkish Arabia. The Islands of the Sea.
	India. Africa, North No th America.
	South
	Always remembering the large number of faithful German missionaries in different lands.

THE EFFECT OF GERMAN TEACHING ON CHRISTIANITY

By Professor D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, D.LITT.,

(Laudian Professor of Arabic, Oxford University.)

IF it be, as we hope and pray, the Divine pleasure that the civilization of Europe may survive the catastrophe brought upon it by German ruthlessness and aggression, the events which we are witnessing are likely to have consequences in spheres far apart from those of politics and commerce. In the regions of literature and archaeology, the German mailed fist has often displayed itself; undue weight has constantly been given to opinions of German origin, and free criticism of the works which embody them has been discouraged. There is now a possibility that all this may be changed, and the taboo of German goods be extended to German theories. It would be better still if the theories and books could be considered entirely on their merits, and the noble maxim of our Foreign Minister be generally followed; in matters of truth and justice not to count the costs.

The enormous output of German theological literature dates from near the beginning of the nineteenth century, and has steadily maintained itself until now. For the first half of that century, as appears from the writings of Carlyle, the language was little studied in England, neither were translations numerous. About the middle of the century translation of German theology, on a vast scale, was started by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh. The works admitted to their series were mainly, if not entirely, such as represented evangelical orthodoxy. Some of these were valuable as aids to devotion; some had considerable historical merit; and some, notably the commentaries of Delitzsch, were monuments of the best scholarship of the time. In the main, they were conservative, and so signalized no movement of the human mind.

CHARACTER OF GERMAN BOOKS.

The works which were destined to prove more influential emanated from a different school or schools. Their common tendency used sometimes to be designated neology; other terms in use were naturalism, rationalism and higher criticism. The first of these meant the elimination from Scripture of the supernatural element known as inspiration or revelation. The second was a short-lived attempt to treat the Biblical records by the methods of Euhemerus—i.e., to maintain the historical character of the narratives, only first to reduce them to commonplace occurrences. Thus the miracle at Cana of Galilee was to be accepted as historical, on the assumption that water was mistaken by certain topers for wine. The third is a metaphorical name, derived from the process of tracing rivers to their sources. This can only be done by following them upwards; only so can we ascertain from what channels their water comes. In the case of the rivers, the sources and the channels are actually in existence, whence the exploration leads to certain results; one who had no means of actually ascending to them would achieve little

by guesswork. And we rather fancy that the case with books is not very different.

POLICY OF WRECKING.

Naturally these ideas did not originate in Germany; and indeed there appear to be few subjects wherein natives of that country have been the actual pioneers, at least where the subject has been pursued with profit. Their output, however, has usually been greater than that of others. The tendency of their "neology" was to wreck the authority of the documents whereon Protestant Christianity is based, though, as might be expected, not every author followed his principles to extreme conclusions. Thus H. Ewald, whose works at one time were widely read, but are now almost forgotten, claimed to steer a middle course between "false liberty" and false conservatism. In actual learning he was probably superior to most of his colleagues; in self-assertion, violence and fantastic extravagance he was somewhat below the usual level.

Works emanating from these schools were rendered into English by various sympathizers; in the famous (or notorious) Essays and Reviews they obtained representation in the Anglican community, and at a later period something like official recognition in Lux Mundi. The difficulty of maintaining Protestant Christianity while rejecting its fundamental documents as untrustworthy has been met in various ways; one method is to substitute for the authority of the reason and of the Scriptures that of "a consensus of devout experts." It may be doubted whether any of the three words which make up this phrase is properly employed. On the one hand the consensus extends a very little way; it may be agreed—e.g., that the oracles ascribed to Isaiah are by more than one hand; but there is no agreement whatever as to the number of the hands. On the other side devoutness is a quality which the chief exponents of these views would not claim or even care to have associated with their names. And, besides, the expert of one age is the non-expert of another; for knowledge somehow increases. And things are either known or not known; where "experts" guess, they are very likely to be mistaken.

EXAGGERATION AND INACCURACY.

In reviewing works translated from the German, the writer has frequently had occasion in these columns to express regret that such works are seriously marred by exaggeration and inaccuracy. This appears to be true even of such classics of German theology as Wellhausen's "Prolegomena to the History of Israel." Dr. W. L. Baxter took the trouble to verify sixteen quotations adduced in that work on one occasion in support of a supposed rule; his result was that not one text out of the sixteen gave the rule the least support!

THE WARFARE OF THE KING

Meditations for Good Friday on the Seven Words from the Cross.

By CANON VERNON, Halifax, N.S.

AND I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. . . . And He was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; and His Name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen white and clean."

Thus the poet-prophet of the Book of the Unveiling saw and described the moving picture, cast upon the curtain of the vaulted skies, of the warfare of the King, and the warfare of the King's loyal followers. Wherefore as Passiontide comes round with each revolving year the Church sings with undying devotion:—

"The royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;"

and chants that other hymn of Fortunatus,

"Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray;
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay,
How the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day."

The warfare of the King was a lifelong struggle, but "the last, the dread affray," was fought and won on Calvary. The spirit with which the King fought, and the purpose of His fighting are revealed, perhaps, as nowhere else, by the King's words upon that blood-stained field of fiercest fight and glorious victory.

THE FIRST WORD—THE CONQUEST OF HATE.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The true warrior, the soldier whose cause is faithful and true, who makes war in righteousness, must count as his first triumph and the earnest of all future victories, the conquest of hate. The passion of hate blinds the judgment, chokes the affections, and enervates the will. Impeded by it the warrior's blows are misdirected, his vision dimmed, and his success impossible. The King's first victory then upon Calvary's Hill was the hard-won conquest of that instinct to hate the evil-doer rather than the evil. The King's followers, if they would tread in His footsteps and win with Him the well-fought day, must learn that the first triumph to be won lies in literal obedience to the King's command, "Love your enemies."

"By the spirit which could render
Love for hate and good for ill,
By the mercy, sweet and tender,
Poured upon Thy murderers still:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me."

THE SECOND WORD—THE VISION OF VICTORY.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

"Lord, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me; Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears; O faith, which in that darkest hour could see The promised glory of the far-off years."

And the reward of faith was the promise and the gift of vision, the greatest, possibly, of all gifts for the warrior, the ability to see in the gloom of midnight, the coming glory of the dawn; to hear in the hour of bitterest fighting the music of the glad triumphal lay. For the gift of vision is it which makes progress possible, defeat impossible and victory certain. In the very Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Crucified could see, and by His seeing make real to the eye of faithful followers, the radiant calm of Paradise the blest. Amidst the jeers of mocking priests, the taunts of the impenitent thief, and the ribald jests of the populace, the King could hear and make audible to the ear of faith the chanting by the celestial choirs of the triumph song, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

THE THIRD WORD—THE KNIGHTLY INSTINCT.

"Woman! behold thy Son. . . Behold thy mother."

Since at least warriors have worn the symbol of the Crucified, the true warrior has been marked by courtesy to all, gentleness towards women, consideration for those in distress. True chivalry was one of the fairest products of the religion of the Cross. The true soldier has ever the knightly instinct:

"Whose glory was, redeeming human wrongs."

The bravest warrior is ever the truest knight; the leader in the battle line, the first in courtesy and sympathy. The King in the very thick of the last great fight found time to give the tenderest of messages to those he loved above all others, His mother and His friend. The Christian warrior will learn of the King that the fierceness of the fight must never lead to forgetfulness of others, that in the most momentous of all moments, love and sympathy, courtesy and kindness, have their place.

THE FOURTH WORD—THE SEEMING DEFEAT.

"My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

"Throned upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.
Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin."

The Warrior King has tasted all the agony of seeming defeat, has known what it is to be cut off from all human succour by the forces of the enemy, hemmed in on every side, alone with the myriad hosts of evil, no help save that of God, and the call upon God seemingly unanswered and unregarded. Yet in the moment when overwhelmed by the opposing hosts, He yet remembers that God is His God and calls upon Him "out of the depths."

What strength should come to the King's follower, who tastes the bitter cup of loneliness, of failure, of defeat, when he remembers that the great Captain of His salvation has drained the same bitter cup to its bitterest dregs. "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

THE FIFTH WORD—THE ENDURANCE OF HARDNESS.

"I thirst."

"His are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
And yet He saith, 'I thirst.'
All fiery pangs on battle-fields
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry he yields
To anguish on the Cross."

He, who in the battle of life, had often not where to lay His head, knew in the fiercest and the final battle all the agonies of thirst. The good soldier must learn to endure hardness, his body must be in subjection, and in enduring hardness he is but following in the footsteps of the King. All who would "manfully fight under His banner" must be content to have the Cross marked not alone upon their banner, or their foreheads, but on their lives.

THE SIXTH WORD—THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

"It is finished."

The longest and the fiercest battle has its conclusion. The agonizing struggle of the King is not unending. The perfect life of the perfect warrior, "without fear, and without reproach," the atoning battle waged on Calvary's Hill, is finished.

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
Now is the Victor's triumph won.
Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed."

The Christ Himself can say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." But what of the battle we are waging? When that is closed, shall we too, as good soldiers, have fought a good fight? Or shall we, as recreants and cowards have yielded to the enemy, and basely surrendered the post the King gave us to hold, if needs be with our life's blood.

THE SEVENTH WORD—THE KING'S RETURN.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."

Sweet is the hour of victory, the moment of conscious triumph, but sweeter yet the warrior's return. Glorious indeed is the triumphal entry

of the victorious hosts. Splendid the victorious return of the King and His triumph, laden with the spoils of the vanquished. But sweeter yet the warrior's entry into His home, the Father's welcome to the victorious Son, the calm, sweet gladness of the home-coming, and all the victory and all the hardships retold and yet retold. We can picture to ourselves the triumphal entry of the warrior soul of the Warrior Christ into the calm of Paradise the blest, and see the glad welcome that patriarch and prophet, warrior and wiseman, all the armies of Jehovah's Israel, give to great David's greater Son, the Anointed of Jehovah. Such a triumphal welcome to the glad fields of Paradise will be the lot of every faithful warrior of the Cross. The vision of this must nerve the arm and fill the heart with hope.

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph's song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
The golden evening brightens in the west,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest."

And even greater triumphs are to follow for the Warrior King and His warrior followers;

"But lo! there breaks the yet more glorious day,
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way."

May the King bring everyone of us to that glad day; to the Crown, the only road to which is the way of the Cross.

Had Primitive Man a Religion?

THIS was the subject discussed by the Rev. D. Gath Whitley in a paper read before the Victoria Institute on Monday, February 15. By "Primitive Man," Mr. Whitley wished to designate man of the earliest Stone Age, man of the Pleistocene period. It has been emphatically denied that the men of this age possessed any religion at all, but it is evident that the fact that no religious memorials had been preserved to our times would not in itself prove the absence of religion in any particular people. Tasmanians, now extinct, believed in a supreme God with minor deities; they practised prayer, and sang religious hymns, and believed in a future life, but they left no temples or other religious monuments. If Europeans had not been contemporaneous with them in their country we should have had no evidence of their religious belief. But the progress of discovery has shown that there is some direct evidence that Paleolithic Man not only possessed a religion, but probably had in some cases a recognized priesthood. Thus seven small statuettes were found in the cavern of Brassempouy, in a deposit clearly paleolithic. Of these seven, the most important represented a completely clothed human figure, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, with arms folded on the breast.

Mr. Whitley's main argument is concerned with the proof that Primitive Man buried his dead, and he brings forth a number of cases of paleolithic burial where the skeleton had been buried with food, weapons, ornaments and paint, placed by its side. These are instances of cave burial, and appear to point to a belief in the existence of the soul after death. The chief instance of burial in graveyards is that of Solutré, where the enormous number of the remains of horses, together with the skeletons of men, buried with their implements and carvings suggests that, like the Tartars, the men of the Stone Age sacrificed the horse at the funeral feasts of their chiefs. Numerous figures of animals, carved on slabs of slate, or pieces of bone or ivory, have been found, which may be interpreted in different ways, but the representation of the sun with divergent rays, on carved batons of manifest importance, may indicate a form of sun worship. A remarkable picture of a fragment of reindeer horn in the cave of La Madelaine appears to represent the sacrifice of a horse to propitiate the sea-god as indicated by a gigantic serpent. The occurrence of serpents, carved with such care on the sceptres of the paleolithic age, is remarkable, for the serpents of that time were very small and insignificant, so that the emphasis placed upon the serpent form seems to imply that some special symbolic value was attached to it. These traces of some sort of worship and of a belief in the conscious existence of the soul after death are, it is true, only slight, but it is more remarkable that any such hints should be found, than that there should be so few. If the natural deduction from these facts is adopted, it follows that Primitive Man was a higher and nobler creature than many theorists have imagined; for religion, however debased, is the sign of Man's special nature—the possession of religion is characteristic of Man alone.

WINDOWS

A Column of Illustrations

THE GREATEST EVENT.

While speaking at Birmingham, Mr. Higgins, the British Commissioner of the Salvation Army, related the following story: "One week, not so very long ago, a most important event took place, which tended to the making of history. A certain teacher, wishing to test the up-to-dateness of the general knowledge of her scholars, asked them, 'What is the most important event that has taken place during the past week?' The hand of one little boy in the class shot up, without the slightest hesitation, as he eagerly said, 'Teacher, I know!' 'Well, my boy,' said the teacher. 'Father got converted, teacher,' came the triumphant reply. Important, indeed, to the boy, important, indeed, to the father; far more important to God Himself than the making of glorious history is the salvation of one precious soul.

GOD SEES.

"Robert," said a man, winking slyly at a shop assistant, "you must give me good measure; your master is not in." Robert looked solemnly into the man's face and replied, "My Master is always in." Robert's Master was the all-seeing God.

HUMILITY.

One day as I lay in the woods I heard a strange voice speaking. It was a tall foxglove which grew on a sunny bank. It was addressing a violet, and this is what it said: "Oh, you poor wee mite! Why don't you grow tall, like me? Then you would be seen and admired. Nobody sees you down there, and if it were not for your perfume we would not know of your existence." Before the violet could reply along came a rude boy swinging a stick, which struck the stalk of the foxglove and cut off its head. As it lay prostrate by the side of the violet, the latter said: "Had you been content to be small and humble as I, you might have had a happier fate."

SAFETY.

Before the collier descends into the pit his safety lamp is given to him, and, lest he should open it by accident and do harm, it is carefully locked. Everything is done to render him safe in dangerous places. But say he wants to light his pipe, and for the sake of this selfish pleasure opens his lamp, he may perish and others along with him. And it is thus with us in human life. In our conscience God has locked a lamp and made us as safe as free agents can be amongst dangerous elements. But if for the sake of some selfish sensual gratification we violate this precious gift of our nature, we endanger our own souls and the souls of others as well. And whatever names we may call the foolish pitman—idiot, lunatic, madman—we must apply to ourselves.

MISSIONS.

A missionary in India tells of visiting a village that had never been reached by the Gospel. The people listened eagerly to the message. When it was finished, they asked to have it repeated, and again the story was told, and again they asked to have it repeated. At last one of them asked how long it had been since this Jesus had died. "Was it two years or three?" "Do you wonder," says the missionary, "that I felt ashamed to tell those people how many centuries had passed since God so manifested His love for the world?"

THE PROOF.

"Missionary," said a stubborn opposer, as at length he yielded and became a Christian, "I accept the religion of the Book because I have seen your love for me and for my people. You gave medicine to cure us; you divided your food with us when my gun failed to kill the deer; you helped me with your own hands to get my land ready to plant, and then you gave me potatoes to plant; you gave us good advice during the week days; and so I have decided that as what you say on the Sabbath is from the same heart, I must receive it."

LOVE.

"Aunt," said my tiny niece, a few days ago, "I have brought you a flower. It hasn't got a long stalk, but it is very sweet." We may not be able to bring to Christ as costly a gift as Mary's ointment, but the smallest child may give the sweet, pure gift of its own love.

PRAYER.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was interviewed on his fiftieth birthday by a poor woman. Accom-

panied by her neighbours she came to my vestry in deep distress. Her husband had fled the country. She told me her story, and a very sad one it was. I said: "There is nothing we can do but kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband." We knelt down and I prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert his soul, and bring him back to his home. She went away, and I forgot all about it. Some months afterwards she reappeared with her neighbours, and a man whom she introduced as her husband. He had, indeed, come back, and he had returned a converted man. On making enquiry and comparing notes we found that the very day on which we had prayed for his conversion, he being at that time on board a ship far away on the sea, stumbled most unexpectedly on a stray copy of one of my sermons. The truth went to his heart. He repented and sought the Lord, and as soon as possible he returned to his wife and to his daily calling.

CONSISTENCY.

Some time ago there passed away Sir Charles Frederick a high official of the King's House-

hold, described once by King Edward as "a grand seigneur." In the midst of Court splendour he preserved a simple Christian faith. It is told of him that he sometimes left a brilliant Court function at Buckingham Palace to comfort a sick friend and speak words of Christian consolation to a dying man. He was a strict disciplinarian where etiquette was concerned, and did his duty with rigid care. But there was a tender aspect to his character which won a real affection. He passed away, honoured and regretted by his Sovereign and all who knew him.

THE BEST GIFT.

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was accustomed to receive large sums from his pupils in return for his instructions, was one day approached by a poor youth, who asked to be admitted as one of his disciples. "And what will you give me in return?" said the wise man. "I will give you myself." "I accept the gift," replied the philosopher, "and engage to restore you to yourself at some future period, much more valuable than you are at present." Those who seek God and give themselves to Him will become day by day more like Jesus Christ.

THE COST OF WAR

It fell to my lot to see a wonderful picture the other day, the memory of which will never fade. It was not hung in a place of honour at the Academy, nor the National Gallery. It was a living picture—or rather a series of living pictures—yet it was not in a gaudy cinema that I beheld it, but amid the dull greyness of a January morning, on a crowded railway station.

Not a very likely place to see a vividly haunting picture, some will say. And yet, if one has the perceptive faculty, a railway station is the stage upon which many a tragedy of life's drama may be witnessed. On this particular morning the platform was crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, but chiefly with fine, well-set-up fellows in khaki, who, after brief leave of absence, were about to return to their perilous task. For a few golden days they had been permitted to turn their backs on the din and horror of war, and to taste the sweet home joys once more. It had been heaven to exchange the cold, wet trenches for a comfortable bed, and instead of dining on bully beef, to be fed with home-made dainties in lavish abundance.

But none of these material comforts could vie for one moment in those loyal hearts with the bliss of seeing the love-light shining in dear eyes, or feeling the close clasp of clinging hands, and basking once again in the pure atmosphere of peace and love.

Yet now all these delights were past, and at the stern call of duty they rallied to arms, ready to do and dare, and die, in their heroic fight for justice, truth, and righteousness.

My attention was first arrested by an old man, who looked far too ill and feeble to be out on such a wintry morning. His clothes were threadbare, and a violent cough racked his frame. Yet a wonderful look of pride shone in his faded eyes, as he lifted them to the face of his son—a sturdy giant in khaki—panting bravely:

"Goodbye, my lad. God bless you. Keep up your courage. I know you'll win."

The soldier did not reply, but clasped the old man's trembling hand in his own. Perhaps he was thinking it was the last time he would ever gaze upon that dear, worn face. And, suddenly as a whistle sounded, and there was a stir upon the platform, all the father's splendid courage seemed to forsake him, and he clung to his son, crying piteously:

"My boy! My boy! 'Tis terrible hard to let you go."

I saw there were tears in the soldier's eyes, and I turned away from the sight of grief so sacred.

When I could see clearly once again I found myself standing just behind a family group, clustered about as attractive a specimen of English manhood as I have ever seen. He looked almost too young and sensitive to go into the horrors of battle; yet he was every inch a soldier, and there was no sign of flinching upon his handsome, eager face.

A gentle little lady nestled close to his side, clasping her boy's hand beneath the shelter of her big muff, and I knew that her mother-heart was pierced with a great fear, and a great pain.

A jolly young sister was also in the group, who strove to dispel the gloom of parting by her lively sallies, and to veil her tears with flashing smiles.

But there was another maiden, too, who stood white-faced and silent beside the stalwart young soldier, with a look of patient anguish in her great brown eyes, which scarcely left her lover's face. Would she ever see him again? And, if so, how would he return? Would he come proudly, victoriously, with the coveted V.C. upon his breast? Or crippled, wounded, perhaps maimed for life?

Perhaps he read her unspoken fears, for he turned quickly, and smiled down into her sad, brave face with a whispered word of tenderness. Once more I turned away, and found myself praying fervently that this brave young soldier might be preserved amid the deadly perils of war, and brought back to his dear ones with his splendid manhood unscathed.

But perhaps the last picture was the most moving of all. This time a gallant officer roused my special interest. He was accompanied by his beautiful young wife, and a sturdy little laddie, who might have seen six or seven summers. The lady was quietly, but elegantly dressed in velvet and furs, and the boy was clad in khaki, just like his father. Every detail of the officer's uniform had been accurately copied on a diminutive scale, from the tiny puttees to the toy sword which hung by the youngster's side. It was hard to say which was the prouder of the two, father or son.

It would have been amusing to see such a perfectly equipped officer of His Majesty's Forces, in miniature, had I not glanced at the mother's quivering lips, and perceived the pathos of it all. Hers was a noble patrician face, revealing tender womanliness, combined with heroic self-sacrifice, the very ideal of a true soldier's wife. She made no moan or lament as she waited the cruel ordeal of parting, and read in her husband's troubled glance the pain which wrung his heart.

At last the dreaded moment came. Amid the general confusion the gallant captain bade his fair wife a tender farewell, and gazed into her yearning eyes. Then he strained the boy to his breast, and solemnly kissed his fresh young face, while above the roar and din rang out the child's sweet parting words:

"Good-bye, Daddy. Come back soon."

There was no time for more, and the train glided smoothly out of the station. But as the little laddie caught sight of his father leaning from an open window, once again his clear, ringing voice echoed the pathetic cry:

"Good-bye, Daddy. Come back soon."

I turned homeward with aching heart, and misty vision. Truly the cost of war cannot be estimated by millions upon millions of money, but by the heroic sacrifices of anguished hearts, who withhold not their best and dearest in the hour of England's need.—(Selected).

The worst kinds of unhappiness, as well as the greatest amount of it, come from our conduct to each other. If our conduct, therefore, were under the control of kindness, it would be nearly the opposite of what it is, and so the state of the world would be almost reversed. We are for the most part unhappy, because the world is an unkind world. But the world is only unkind for the lack of kindness in us units who compose it.—Frederick Wm. Faber.

Brotherhood St. Andrew

From Head Office.

Bishop's College Chapter, Lennoxville, Que., has recently undergone a complete change of officers. Its past director, Mr. R. H. Waterman, B.A., and its vice-director, Mr. Jas. A. Lobban, volunteered for active service, and with another Chapter member, Mr. J. Vokey, are now with other students of this University in barracks at Sherbrooke, with the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles. One-fourth strength of the College is divided between the Canadian Overseas Contingents and the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles. At a special meeting on March 5th, the following were elected:—Director, Mr. A. R. Merrix; vice-director, Mr. T. V. L'Estrange; secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. E. Gardner. This Chapter undertakes and is responsible for a weekly Sunday School at the Moulton Hill Mission—a school-house about 2½ miles distant from the college. Another regular feature is the weekly visits to the Sherbrooke General Hospital. Members are engaged on special Sunday duty, two acting as

EASTER HYMN.

Rev. C. Lemont Hay.

Shout, ye worlds, the Lord is risen!
Join the glad exultant strain;
For the grave no more shall triumph;
Christ the risen Lord doth reign!

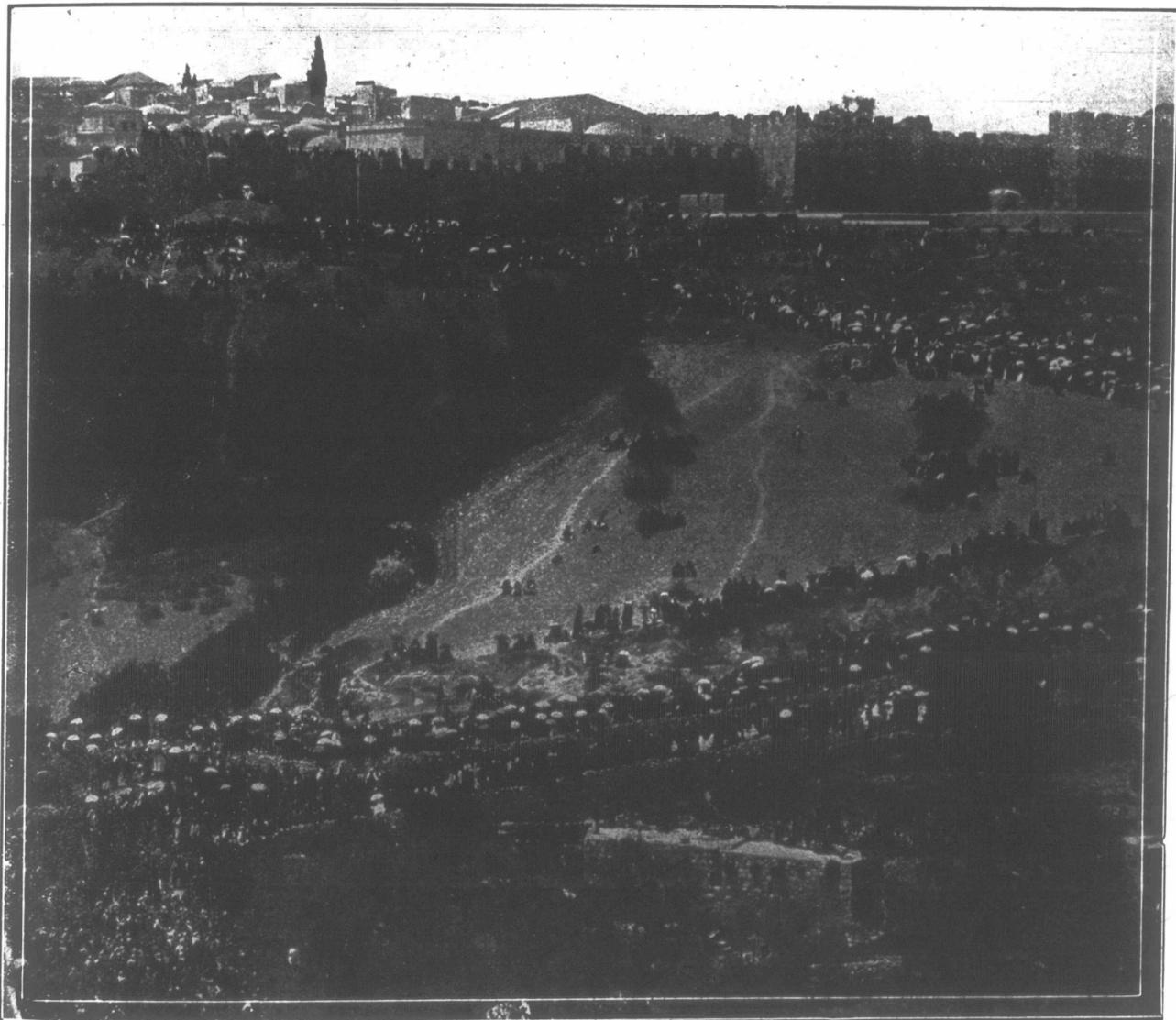
Shout, O earth, the Lord is risen!
Sound His name from shore to shore!
Let His praise be never-ending!
Christ is risen to die no more!

Shout, O heaven, the Lord is risen!
Angels, glad rejoicings sing!
Bend the knee in adoration!
Christ the risen Lord is King!

Shout, all works of His dominion!
Echo back with glad acclaim,
"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"
Glory to His holy name!"

The Churchwoman

CHAPLEAU.—ST. JOHN'S.—The reports of W.A. work in this parish, presented at the recent annual meetings, show a most encouraging state of affairs. The parent Branch, St. John's Parochial, has now 51 members, and so much has the work increased of late years that there are now nine officers in charge of the different branches of effort. During the year 1914-15, 30 meetings were held—devotional, business, and sewing. The total income was \$1,609.17. Out of this was paid \$500 to the church debt, \$25 for the support of the cot in Honan Hospital, given in 1913, \$25 in answer to an appeal from the Bishop of Mackenzie River, \$34.55 for Dorcas work; about \$50 balance left on cost of installing hot water heating system in the rectory. This last expenditure, over \$600, was paid for by the united efforts of all the branches, the greater part, however, being raised by the Parochial. A sum of \$200 was voted towards the church debt and will be placed in the offertory at the anniversary services on Palm Sunday. The thank-



Vast throngs of Pilgrims visiting sacred sites outside Jerusalem during Holy Week.

teachers in the Sunday Schools of each of the Anglican parishes in Sherbrooke; others are sent out to neighbouring towns and villages on mission work, the prospects for a strong and flourishing branch being very bright.

The future of the Brotherhood in Canada would seem to rest in a very special and significant sense on the attitude and efforts of its present members. The Brotherhood of a few years' hence will be what its members make it now. And where is there a Brotherhood man worthy of the name who does not earnestly hope to see the movement an aggressive power, a dynamic force, a storehouse of energy and virility; emitting electric currents of its life, making its presence felt, and extending its influence far and wide across the land—for "the spread of Christ's Kingdom among men, especially young men"? Its progress at the present time may appear retarded, its activities may seem limited to narrow confines, its extension hindered temporarily by the withdrawal of its field forces and the contingen-

cies of the present state of the country and Empire. But this condition can only be temporary. We see its complete recovery and restoration to revived life and quickened energy not far distant.

To officers and members of the Brotherhood. Let us prepare and perform our duties with one eye, as it were, on the present; the other, looking to the future. One, turned first like a searchlight on the individual life, to examine its wholeness (and its holiness), to reveal its weaknesses, and guide the work of repairing, restoring, rebuilding "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ"; then, to conduct a thorough investigation into and overhauling of the Chapter, its work and methods (and to be the especial guardian of our impregnable bulwarks, the rules of prayer and service); to watch jealously and direct judiciously the training of our present members. The other, clear, bright, steady, gazing intently and penetrating into a vision of the future—"for Christ and the Church."

offering boxes yielded \$18.79. The officers for 1915-16 are: President, Mrs. Soanes; Vice-President, Miss Sutherland. St. John's Junior Branch had 38 members on the roll at the annual meeting. They held 17 meetings during the year, some being sewing meetings, where plain and fancy articles were made by the members, which they sold at the annual garden party and at a Christmas sale. They also got up a most successful missionary concert, which realized \$50 profit. The total income was \$125.10 and expenditure \$60.05. This includes \$24 for the year's support of a blind girl at Gifu, Japan, whom the Juniors have adopted, \$10 towards Junior pledges, and \$1.25 fees to Diocesan Board. Out of the balance of \$65.60 will be paid towards the blind girl's support for the coming year, pledges for 1915, etc. Many of the girls who have been members of the Junior branch since its inception having reached an age when they wish to launch out into broader work, desired to have a Girls' Auxiliary, and after the Junior Annual it was

decided to form one, leaving the younger girls to continue the Junior work. These older girls have had excellent training as Juniors under their able and energetic Superintendent, Mrs. Soanes, and no doubt the work of the new Girls' Auxiliary, with its 17 charter members, will go forward with the success attending the other branches. The members of the Second (Cree) Branch of St. John's W.A. have suffered to a considerable extent from the financial drop, but their work nevertheless has been most faithful. They held 38 weekly meetings during the year, 10 for devotion and business, the others for sewing. There are 26 members, and the result of their efforts was the payment of \$24, their apportionment for General Board Pledges, and \$60 towards the church debt. Their 14 thankoffering boxes yielded \$8.35, and 12 members take the Leaflet. The officers are: President, Miss Sutherland; Vice-President, Mrs. C. Saunders.

HAMILTON.—ST. THOMAS'.—This branch of the W.A. held its annual meeting on Tuesday, the 2nd inst. There are at present 117 names on the roll of membership. During the year a silver Communion set was donated to the Burlington Beach church in commemoration of the 25th year as a branch of the W.A. The treasurer's report showed total receipts for the year \$318.04. Satisfactory reports were presented by the different secretaries, which showed all branches of the work to be on the increase. Officers elected were:—Hon. pres., Mrs. Etherington; pres., Miss Francis; 1st vice-pres., Mrs. Hatch; 2nd vice-pres., Mrs. B. J. Morgan.

VAN WAGNER.—ST. JAMES'.—The amount raised by this branch was about \$260; members, 16. Contributions were sent to the Belgian Relief Fund, barrels of apples to Chapleau Indian Boarding School, and the usual bales and pledges were sent in. The balance on hand will be expended in alterations to the church building on the beach.

BURLINGTON BEACH W.A.—During the year this branch raised the sum of \$225 and worked for the Red Cross Society, met their usual pledges in full, sent bales to Day Star Indian Reserve and the Deanery bale, besides helping in the general expenses of the church. There are 20 members on the roll, and all the meetings were largely attended.

INGERSOLL.—ST. JAMES'.—At the annual meeting of the Woman's Guild of this church, which was held recently, the following officers were elected:—Pres., Mrs. M. T. Buchanan; vice-pres., Mrs. W. J. Elliott.

HAMILTON.—There was a good attendance at the Diocesan Board meeting of the W.A. on March 24th, at St. Peter's Church. This is the last one before the annual, which will be held April 27, 28, 29. There was a celebration of Holy Communion by the Rector, Rev. J. W. Ten Eyck. The Missionary Litany was read by the president in the Sunday School, followed by an address by the Rector on "The Hastening of the Kingdom." The Dorcas secretary reported 4 bales, expenditure on the same, \$75.45; Juniors, 1 bale, expenditure, \$16.30; one Prayer Book, \$3. The receipts this year exceed those of last by \$49.71; total, \$290.68. Editor, "Leaflet," recorded \$207.97, being some 70 subscribers less than last year. Secretary for Babies' branches thanked the branch secretaries for their promptness. Receipts for the month, \$175.80. There are 102 new names on the Babies' list. Treasurer reported receipts for month, \$43; expenditure, \$50; receipts for the year, \$6,480.72. Miss Jacob gave an encouraging account of her work among the foreigners. There is now organized work among the Armenians and one Pole and one Roumanian have come in and there is an increase in attendance at every meeting. A letter of thanks was read from the Bishop of Yukon, for the money donated for building purposes. A resolution of sympathy with Mrs. and Miss Ambrose on the death of Mr. J. R. Ambrose was carried standing. The meeting closed with the Doxology.

Church News

FORT WILLIAM.

House of Bishops will meet on April 14th.
M.S.C.C. will meet on April 15th.
S.S. Commission will meet on April 12th and 13th.

THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS.

The members of the Provincial House of Bishops met in the Chapter House of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, on Wednesday of last week, Lady Day, for the purpose of electing one of their

number to succeed his Grace Archbishop Hamilton as Archbishop and Metropolitan for the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario. But after holding two sessions, they adjourned without reaching any decision. It was announced that they would meet to consider the matter again at Fort William on April 12th. In the meanwhile, the Bishop of Algoma, as Senior Bishop of the Province, will act as President. Those present were: Bishop Bidwell, of Kingston; Bishop Mills, of Ontario; Bishop Clark, of Niagara; Bishop Farthing, of Montreal; Bishop Thorneloe, of Algoma; Bishop Sweeny, of Toronto; Bishop Reeve, Assistant Bishop of Toronto; and Bishop Williams, of Huron.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D., Archbishop, Halifax, N.S.

HALIFAX.—C. OF E. INSTITUTE.—The concluding lecture of the special Lenten series of lectures was given in this Institute by the Archbishop of Nova Scotia on Thursday evening last, his subject being "The Religious Life of France." On Palm Sunday afternoon the Rev. S. H. Prince gave a descriptive address on the celebrated Oberammergau Passion Play, which was illustrated by lantern slides.

St. Paul's Mission Hall has been renovated and repainted throughout, and the platform presents quite an attractive appearance by the addition of a new carpet, the gift of friends of the Mission Hall. The services on the 21st ult. took the form of re-opening services. Archdeacon Cody, before beginning his address, congratulated Mr. Patton, who has done so much towards the development of the Mission, upon the success of the undertaking.

FREDERICTON.

John Andrew Richardson, D.D., Bishop, Fredericton, N.B.

FREDERICTON.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—The Very Rev. Dean Schofield has been offered, and has accepted, the Deanery of Columbia, in succession to the Bishop of Kootenay. He made a public announcement of his coming departure from Fredericton in his sermon on Sunday evening, the 7th ult. He expects to complete his work here on Sunday, April 16th.

ST. GEORGE.—The Rev. J. Spencer, Rector of this parish, has been chosen as one of the prospective Chaplains of the 55th Infantry Brigade, and he will go to the front shortly, if all be well.

ROTHESAY.—The old Kingston Deanery S.S. Teachers' Association, which in the past has done such good and effective work, held a meeting lately in this place, at which six clergy and 24 teachers were present and seven parishes were represented. The Rev. Rural Dean Lawrence, Rector of Kingston, preached from St. Matthew 10: 42. The meeting opened for business in the Sunday School room of St. Paul's Church. The president, Rev. A. H. Crowfoot, addressed the meeting, and in a few strong and earnest words called upon the teachers to help in the task which had been set before them. He paid a very high tribute to the old association and testified to the great work it had accomplished in the past as a pioneer in Sunday School work. A paper on Church History, written by Rev. Canon C. P. Harrington, Rector of Norton, since deceased, was read by the president. The Rev. F. J. Leroy then read a paper entitled "Is the Study of Church History Necessary in Sunday School Work?" Rev. A. H. Crowfoot followed with a Teachers' Class. He chose the lesson for the following Sunday, and gave an illustration of the method he follows in his own class. To look for the one great truth the lesson is meant to teach, set it as the one aim of the lesson and let everything else lead up to it, should be the object of the Teachers' Class. Miss Paddington and her class of children then gave the crowning feature of the meeting in a Model Lesson. The next meeting of the association will be held in the summer at Hampton.

QUEBEC.

Lennox Waldron Williams, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, P.Q.

QUEBEC.—CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY.—The fifth of the series of special services for men was held in the Cathedral Friday evening, the 19th ult. The Right Rev. E. J. Bidwell, D.D., preached on "Men Under Authority."

ST. MATTHEW'S.—Mr. W. B. Scott, son of the Rector of this church, has been wounded on the firing line in France.

MONTREAL.

John Cragg Farthing, D.D., Bishop, Montreal.

MONTREAL.—ST. MARTIN'S.—The Rev. Canon G. Osborne Troop, M.A., the former Rector of this church, was formally instituted and inducted into that benefice on March 6th, by the Lord Bishop of Southwark. There was a large congregation present and the service throughout was most impressive. The Bishop, in the course of his address, said that on that afternoon, they met to open a new chapter in the life of the parish and were there to hold out the right hand of fellowship to his fellow servant of Christ. He came to them with a very full and rich experience of church problems, of difficulties to be faced and overcome, and the building up of Church life right away across the ocean in the West. His Lordship expressed his deep thankfulness to him on whom the very solemn responsibility of seeing the spiritual ministrations carried on in that parish, for the care and sense of responsibility with which he had discharged his duties and the way God had rewarded him. The service concluded with the singing of "The Church's One Foundation." On the following morning Canon Troop preached his first sermon, choosing for his text, Hebrews 12: 1-2.

ONTARIO.

William Lennox Mills, D.D., LL.D., Bishop, Kingston.

Edward John Bidwell, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Kingston and Coadjutor of Ontario.

KINGSTON.—ST. JAMES'.—At a recent meeting of the A.Y.P.A. Miss Bessie Corner read a most interesting paper on the subject of Medical Missions. She dealt especially with those in China and Africa, emphasizing the still great need which exists for the work of those missions in these countries.

ST. PAUL'S.—Canon and Mrs. Fitzgerald entertained the members of the choir of this church at a banquet on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, at the Randolph Hotel. A very pleasant evening was spent by all present, which was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA.—ST. MATTHEW'S.—The Lenten season has been a very busy time at this church. Services have been held daily, and all the different societies have been most active. Confirmation classes for both the young and adults have been held weekly, and on Wednesday, the 24th ult., the Rector, Rev. G. S. Anderson, presented to his Grace Archbishop Hamilton, a class of adult candidates for Confirmation, numbering 27, 18 of whom were converts to the Anglican faith. A large congregation was present at the service and his Grace delivered a very interesting and instructive address on "The presence and the power of the Holy Ghost." His Grace confirmed two aged candidates (one was in her 87th year) privately, on Wednesday, the 17th ult. A large class of young people is being prepared for Confirmation and will be presented to Bishop Roper, the new Bishop of Ottawa, some time in May. The young men of the congregation have organized an athletic association, which gives promise of becoming a very large and strong influence for good among the men. The church property, eight lots, is being put into shape for tennis and other games and pastimes.

TORONTO.

James Fielding Sweeny, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop, William Day Reeve, D.D., Assistant.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.—The preacher at the daily services during Holy Week will be the Rev. Canon Plumtre. On Tuesday evening Stainer's "Crucifixion" will be given by the choir. The services from Monday to Thursday will be at 12.30 p.m. and on Good Friday there will be morning and evening services at 11 and 8. On Easter Day there will be celebrations of the Holy Communion at 7, 8, 9.30 (choral) and 11 a.m. There will be a Children's Service at 3 p.m.

On Sunday evening last the choir, under Dr. Ham's leadership, sang selections from the "Passion" music by Gounod, Stainer, Goss and Handel.

ST. PAUL'S.—On Wednesday evening of this week the choir of this church rendered Stainer's "Crucifixion," under the direction of Mr. Healey Willán, F.R.C.O., the organist and choir-master.

HOLY TRINITY.—The Rev. Canon Powell, the Rector-designate of this church, will take the Three Hours' service on Good Friday.

The Rev. Professor Boyle, of Trinity College, was the preacher at the daily services from Monday to Thursday of this week. The Rev. Dr. Lewis was the preacher at the morning service on Palm Sunday.

ST. STEPHEN'S.—The Divisional Cyclist Corps at the Exhibition Park attended morning service at this church last Sunday (Palm Sunday) morning under the command of Lieutenant G. T. Denison, Junr., who is the people's warden.

The Rev. R. J. Moore, the Rector of St. George's Church, preached in this church last Sunday evening, and the Rev. H. F. D. Woodcock, M.A., the Rector of St. Jude's, Oakville, was the preacher at the Wednesday evening service.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.—The choir of this church, under the direction of Mr. R. G. Stapells, the organist, gave Maunder's cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," on Sunday evening last.

GRACE CHURCH.—An interesting little collection of paintings, consisting of copies in oils of some of the great masterpieces of Italian art, is now on view at the Tyrrell Art Rooms, 95 King Street East. These paintings were brought from Europe some years ago by the late Rev. J. P. Lewis, for twenty-eight years Rector of old Grace Church. Mr. Lewis was known to possess a great love of art in its various forms. The pictures in question, on his death, became the property of his heirs, who have united in presenting them to Grace Church as a memorial of the late Rector. They include: Raphael's "Transfiguration" and "Sistine Madonna"; Andrea Del Sarto's "Madonna of the Harpies"; Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome," and others. Mrs. Lennox has kindly loaned a fine portrait of Mr. Lewis by an Italian artist, which is also on view.

ST. LUKE'S.—We regret to announce that the Rev. G. F. B. Doherty was obliged to undergo an operation for appendicitis at the General Hospital on Saturday last. The operation was successful and the latest reports concerning his condition are of a favourable character. We beg to express our sincere sympathy and trust that ere long, D.V., he may be fully restored to health and strength again. The services on Sunday last were taken by the Rev. J. H. Hopkinson, of Holy Trinity, and the Rev. Provost Macklem. The Rev. Dr. Lewis will officiate at this church at the services on Easter Day.

EXHIBITION PARK.—The Rev. Canon Dixon, honorary captain and assistant Chaplain of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, officiated at the camp service on Sunday morning last. The preacher took for his subject discipline, and for his text, the words:—"And as thy servant was busy here and there, behold he was gone," 1 Kings 20: 40. These were the words of the guard who was remiss in his duty to King Ahab. Discipline, the preacher pointed out, is the very basis of life. All men are under the commands of God, which they must obey.

Y.M.C.A.—The Broadview District Association held their annual banquet on Thursday last. The principal speaker was Archdeacon Cody, who in a stirring address, scathingly denounced the German military system in the following terms:—"By the living God, every man in the British Empire is called to see that this selfish, brutish thing must not exist any longer." This declaration was made following references to the German espionage system, which, he said, had spread over the world and was like the slime of a venomous snake, and the official war books of Germany, which were pervaded with cruelty. He urged his hearers not to under-estimate the force the Empire had to contend with, and made scathing reference to the German hatred of anything British as compared with the pity expressed for France and Belgium and contempt for Russia. "The brand of Cain is on your brow, emperor," he declared, after asking the question how a man who was a lover of peace could decorate with the Order of the Red Eagle the author of such a

diabolical effort as the "Hymn of Hate." He prophesied a new era for Russia, and characterized as further evidences of German bluff the stories which have been circulated about Muscovite barbarism. He paid tribute to the work which is being accomplished at the firing line.

WESTON.—ST. JOHN'S.—The Rev. R. Gay, of St. Monica, Toronto, preached in this church last Friday evening.

PORT HOPE.—TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.—Plans are being arranged for a jubilee celebration of the Old Boys of Trinity College School, at Port Hope, on May 24. A special train will leave Toronto in the morning, and a large number of the alumni have intimated that they will attend in order to renew old associations, and take part, or watch, the time-honoured cricket match between the present and past scholars. At the annual meeting of the Old Boys, held recently, the secretary reported that one out of ten of the alumni was serving in the forces of the King. The following officers were elected:—Hon. pres., Rev. F. G. Orchard, M.A.; pres., F. Gordon Osler; vice-pres., D'Arcy Martin; D. W. Saunders, K.C.; and Rev. Canon Rigby (ex-Headmaster).

CARTWRIGHT.—ST. JOHN'S.—OBITUARY.—On Saturday, March 20th, there passed away from this parish, at the age of 77 years, an esteemed resident, Mr. James Parr, who for many years was a leading member of the congregation. Mr. Parr had been in declining health for some time, but last December he was suddenly stricken with an illness from which he never recovered. He leaves a widow, four sons and three daughters to mourn their loss. He was a lay representative of this parish in Diocesan Synod, and took an active interest in all Church work. A public-spirited man, who for 24 years occupied positions as councillor, deputy-reeve, reeve and warden of the united counties of Durham and Northumberland, and was also a police magistrate, notary public and justice of the peace. In the death of Mr. Parr, the community has sustained a great loss, as he will be much missed in the parish.

HURON.

David Williams, D.D., Bishop, London, Ont.

LONDON.—CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.—In this vigorous young parish, under the energetic lead of the Rector, Rev. H. B. Ashby, the A.Y.P.A. has had a busy and profitable Lenten season. Lectures on National subjects by Rev. S. E. McKegney, A. S. H. Cree and Dr. Tucker; lectures on literary scientific subjects by Dr. Tamblyn, W. O. Carson, Rev. R. W. Norwood, Prof. Dearness, H. S. McKellar, Dr. Wolverton and Canon Gunne; lectures on other special subjects by Canon Craig, the Rector, Mrs. Graham, Rev. E. Appleyard, Prof. Young, Prof. Wright, J. K. H. Pope, Rev. A. L. Beverley, Prof. Willgoose and Rev. E. Hawkins. All this and more make up a programme of exceptional interest, and the good attendances show the people's appreciation of it.

EAST MIDDLESEX DEANERY.—Rural Dean Appleyard announces his next deanery meeting to be held in Cronyn Hall, London, May 4th and 5th. On the evening of May 4th, there will be a men's banquet, to which all wardens, delegates, S.S. workers and A.Y.P.A. men are invited, and it will be addressed by Messrs. Allin and Rose, of M.S.C.C. and Laymen's Movement. This deanery meeting promises to be of unusual interest.

CHATHAM.—CHRIST CHURCH.—An impressive memorial service was held in this church on the 23rd ult. at noon in memory of the late Lieutenant W. N. Gallagher, who was killed re-

cently in action in France. The Rev. Canon Howard, the Rector, conducted the service, and the Mayor and members of the City Council attended officially in a body.

CHATHAM.—CHRIST CHURCH.—The A.Y.P.A. programme for the past season has proved an interesting one, including addresses on "Hymns," "Lent"; illustrated lectures on "Pilgrim's Progress," by the Rector, Canon Howard; and on "Gray's Elegy," by Rev. C. C. Purton (Detroit); and an illustrated "Travel talk," by Mr. Andrew; a debate on "Compulsory military training"; Bible studies on "Moses" and "David"; also special addresses by Rev. A. A. Trumper and Rev. P. H. Streeter. Mr. Streeter's subject was "St. Patrick," which is a favourite in March in many A.Y.P.A. branches. This association and Wallaceburg exchanged visits.

BURFORD.—HOLY TRINITY.—The Bishop of Huron confirmed a large number of candidates in this church on the evening of the 22nd ult.

MORAVIANTOWN.—Special evangelistic services, conducted by Mr. Monteur, of Hagersville, an experience Indian evangelist, began March 22nd. The church presents an attractive appearance since its renovation under the direction of the Rector, Rev. J. Tully, of Thamesville. Mr. Monteur conducts service both in English and in the Delaware tongue and is a universal favourite among the Moraviantown Indians, among whom he has conducted annual Missions for years.

NORTH OWEN SOUND.—Rev. Charles Langford contemplates an extension of his work in the stations adjacent to his parish, and made application at the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the diocese for a grant to assist him in this work. His plans were cordially approved, and the grant made, and this new work will begin this summer.

PORT STANLEY.—OBITUARY.—The Rev. Canon Downie, B.D., the Rector of this parish, died on Saturday morning last, aged 76. The deceased clergyman was very well known and held in the highest esteem throughout Western Ontario. He was the earnest and energetic Canadian representative of the S.S. publication, entitled "Our Empire," which is published in England. The funeral took place on Tuesday last, the first part of the service being held in Christ Church, Port Stanley. The body was taken by train to Toronto, to the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. R. A. Williams, of the M.S.C.C., and from thence to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where the interment took place. Two sons and three daughters survive him. The late Canon Downie was an honorary Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton. He was ordained deacon in 1869 and priest in 1870, by Bishop Cronyn. He came to Canada from Ireland in 1862. Previous to becoming Rector of Port Stanley, he laboured at Colchester, Morpeth, Lucan, Berlin and Watford.

RUPERT'S LAND.

Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop and Primate, Winnipeg.

MORSE PLACE.—At a meeting of the parishioners of this Mission on Friday of last week, plans were adopted for the erection of a new church, the work to be taken in hand immediately. Through the generosity of the C. and C.C.S. and S.P.G., together with one or two other friends in the Old Country, as well as a number in Winnipeg, a sufficient amount of money has been raised to meet the payments on the lots, and to pay for all the material needed for the building. The work will be done by members of the congregation gratuitously, and it is expected that the church will be opened free from all debt. The meeting was presided over by the Rural Dean of Winnipeg, and was a most harmonious one. Mr. Hall, of St. John's College, who began this work about a year ago, is to be congratulated on the excellent results.

CALGARY.

William Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., Bishop, Calgary, Alta.

CALGARY.—The presentation of a silver Communion Service to the 31st Battalion was the occasion of an interesting event in the officers' mess room at Victoria Park, Friday, the 19th ult. In spite of the short notice there was a good attendance of those interested. Bishop Pinkham introduced Mrs. W. L. Bernard, honorary vice-president of the W.A., who presented the Service

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on behalf of the ladies. Colonel A. H. Bell and Captain Walker, Chaplain of the regiment, on behalf of the officers and men of the 31st, thanked the W.A. members for the gift. The Service is a very handsome one and complete in every respect. It is fitted in a leather case, which bears a plate of silver with the following inscription:—"Presented to the 31st Battalion, C.O.E.F., from the Calgary Diocesan W.A." The beautiful set of linen, which accompanies the set, has been worked by the members of the W.A. These vessels were consecrated by the Bishop at a special celebration of the Holy Communion held at 9 o'clock on Sunday, the 21st, in the Pro-Cathedral for the officers and men of the 31st, at which the Bishop gave a special address. The Bishop held an ordination of priests in the Pro-Cathedral lately, when Revs. W. E. Herbert and F. R. B. Leacroft were ordained to the priesthood. The preacher was Ven. Archdeacon Tims, D.D., who also presented the candidates. The Dean and Canon Hayes were also present and assisted. At 2 p.m., a military service was held in the Pro-Cathedral for the 50th Battalion. The church was packed. The service was taken by Rev. Captain Walker, Chaplain. The Dean gave an address. The same evening the Bishop confirmed a class of 21 in St. Barnabas' Church, Calgary, Rev. H. Montgomery, Rector. There was a very large congregation present.

ATHABASCA.

E. Robins, D.D., Bishop, Athabasca Landing.

ATHABASCA.—After a prolonged visit to the Mother Land, the Ven. Archdeacon White lately returned, and stopped off at this place to visit some friends. The Rector, Rev. Spencer B. Baron, obtained his services to give a lecture on "England in time of War," on the 6th ult., and an address on Sunday night, the 7th ult., in All Saints'. On both occasions the buildings were filled. The former lecture was attended by the more cosmopolitan audience, the Bishop presiding. In the course of his lecture the Archdeacon said that in his view three words epitomized the attitude of England to the war—the people were determined, united, cheerful. Everywhere one went the war was the topic that was first and foremost. Nothing had occurred, or was likely to occur, to shake the determination of the people to see the end of it, and there was no other thought in their minds but that the enemy must be compelled to sue for terms. Political and class distinctions were largely obliterated. The war had now brought them together. One saw the change it had made in this respect while travelling by train. In peace times persons travelling very seldom talked to each other. Now, without distinction or class, they made the theme one for serious conversation, and there are so many who have interests in the war or who have suffered by it that the tone of conversation also makes for something more human than the usual topics indulged in. The disasters that had overtaken Great Britain had not moved her except to stimulate recruiting. When the "Bulwark" was destroyed, there was at once a rush to the colours. It was the same when the raid was made upon Scarborough. The people were united. The speaker said that he saw no sign of any party feeling. Even the Labour men were among the foremost in urging men to enlist. Every public man was a recruiting agent for the Government. Ramsay MacDonald had even gone as far as to state that there may occur a necessity for some form of conscription. Then the people were cheerful. It was true that they were sad. Some were ruined. The rich in this respect had suffered more, proportionately, than had the poor. The Archdeacon enriched his address by many interesting incidents, perhaps the quaintest being the story of the boy saying grace at the table, thanking God and the navy for his very good breakfast. Dealing with some of the great men he told a story of Kitchener's love of discipline when he insisted upon an officer of high rank being shot. The King came in for a meed of praise. Two of his sons were on active service. Sir John French had proved a great commander, but in his view the man who would live the longest in history as a hero of heroes was King Albert of Belgium.

COLUMBIA.

J. C. Roper, D.D., Bishop, Victoria, B.C.

VICTORIA.—ST. JOHN'S.—On the 9th ult., a very interesting illustrated lecture, being one of a course of Lenten lectures being arranged by the Ladies' Guild of this church, was delivered by Mr. Napier Denison, director of Gonzales observatory. The lec-

turer was introduced by Major Walsh who presided at the meeting, and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered at the close of the address, being moved by Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick and supported by Mr. D. R. Kerr. On the following Tuesday evening the lecture was given by the Rev. W. E. Collison on "Indian Life in Northern B.C."

Correspondence

HYMNS AND HYMN TUNES.

Sir,—We see all round us the compilation of new hymn books. I do not mean to say that ours is old, but events are hastening; not only are new books being prepared, but there is a gush of melody evoked by the war, and there will be another when this cruel strife is over, so it behoves us to be preparing.

In December I cut from the "Church of Ireland Gazette" a letter which pleased me much. Might I give some extracts?

"Nothing could possibly be more out of place in a popular hymn book (and a hymn book is useless if not popular) than pedantry of any sort, whether musical or literary. The lamentable failure of the new edition of Hymns A. and M. was due to nothing else. The perverse pedantry which would insist on changing (e.g.) 'Hark! the herald angels sing' into 'Hark! how all the welkin rings,' merely because the latter version was the original; and regardless of the dear and sacred associations which had grown up around the other, was justly avenged by the utter failure of the book. I hope and trust nothing of the kind will be allowed to creep into the new edition of the Church Hymnal."

Besides the hymns the tunes are equally important. I am not alone in regretting that in our book two tunes are provided as a rule for each hymn. If you wish to put a congregation out of conceit with, and even to dislike a good old hymn, adopt this plan. From the day that the old rolling strain was alternated with others it seems to me that "All hail the power" is not sung so fervently as before, and the last time I heard "From Greenland's icy mountains" it was to a tune which the organist and choir knew, but it fell dead. In the old days whoever heard the tune knew the words for it, and vice versa. The writer says:—

"A hymn tune may be everything that is excellent from the point of view of the musician; but if it has no appeal to the popular ear, it is a hopeless and irredeemable failure as a hymn tune. Hymns are meant to be sung by the people, not usually by choirs or trained musicians. If, therefore, 'they won't be sung,' they are useless. On the other hand, a tune may be open to severe criticism from a musician's point of view, but if it tempts the people to sing and remember the words to which it is wedded, and above all, helps them to feel them, it is doing its work, and doing it well, and should not be deposed in deference to any pedantic considerations."

"Archbishop Magee's famous classification of preachers, 'the man you cannot listen to, the man you can listen to, and the man you must listen to,' holds good of hymn tunes also. There is the tune people cannot sing, there is the tune people can sing, and there is the tune people must sing. The tune which lives in the hearts of the people, which the carpenter hums at his bench, the dairymaid while milking her cows. We have many such in the Church Hymnal, and they are not always such as musical pedants approve of, but to sacrifice them to the dictates of pedantry would be a kind of sacrilege, and folly as well, defeating the very purpose for which a Hymnal exists."

I need only add, "Them's my sentiments."
R. A. E.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

Sir,—Mr. St. George's curious questions in yours of December 31st, not having been replied to, permit a word from "the front."

He prefaces them by saying:—"I do not believe that there is a soul on earth that really believes that the Lord 'may come to-day,' though I am sure many honestly think they do." In this he himself states that he believes what he denies, for if he is "sure" that many "honestly think" they believe, is he not stating that they not only believe, but that their belief is a subject of conscious thought with them? Allow me to assure him, making it thus a triple assurance, that the writer believes that the Lord "may come to-day," and that that is the reason why I am where I am, and where many more ought to be who are not

there, in "the uttermost parts of the earth," "hasting the coming" (2 Pe. 3: 12, *speudontas ten parousian*), by fulfilling the testimony the Lord left to His Church to deliver (Acts 1: 8), thus making "herself ready" "for the marriage of the Lamb" (Rev. 19: 7).

He thinks we are "as mistaken as the disciples in St. John 16: 30, 31," but let him read that passage again; the Lord does not say they were "mistaken," but accepts the disciples' statement of belief as a present fact, warning them as to the future. In any case the fact underlying those disciples' belief was an absolute truth, as the "blessed hope" will be found to be.

The truth of Mark 13: 32 is evident and involves the fact that the Lord's return is possible at any time, so far as our knowledge of it is concerned; that time only being known to God and not to us. Can anyone know that it may not be today? If not, they must admit that it may be. (See verses 33-37.)

His second question is confused. We shall have to ask the Apostles to clear it up when we see them, which may not be long according to the signs referred to in Mark 13: 28, and now being seen in the fig-tree (the Jewish nation).

As to Edward Irving and the "demons" (!!!) it is better to "judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, Who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness and make manifest the counsels of the heart; and then shall each man have his praise from God" (1 Cor. 4: 5)—including even Edward Irving.

As to the statement that "no one ever heard of the taking away of the Lord's people before the final troubles . . . until 1830." Why, Mr. Editor, it is older than the time of Noah, for was not Enoch "translated" before wickedness became ripe for judgment? And as to Noah himself, did not the waters "bear up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth"? (Gen. 7: 17). And what does the ark typify in this connection?

Noah's preaching was surely "heard" even if not "believed." Then Lot's case is a further example. Our Lord's own statement is plain that "As it came to pass in the days of Noah . . . likewise even as it came to pass in the days of Lot; . . . after the same manner shall it be in the day that the Son of Man is revealed." (St. Luke 19: 26-30, R.V. See also 2 Pe. 2: 5-9.)

Time and space would fail me were I to attempt to give the many statements of Scripture, direct and indirect, with reference to the carrying out of the Divine principle of action, of which the translation (or rapture) of the Saints is a manifestation, the separating of the wheat from the chaff before judgment, the gathering of the good into vessels before the bad are cast away. A complete catena of passages from the Scriptures as to this precious truth should convince the most incredulous. (Isaiah 26: 20, 21, is but an earnest of what there is. Here I would only quote Psalm 50: 3-6, with which 1 Thes. 2: 1 may be compared. I give the Prayer Book version as being more familiar to some:—

"3. Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: there shall go before Him a consuming fire, and a mighty tempest shall be stirred up round about Him.

"4. He shall call the heaven from above: and the earth, that He may judge His people.

"5. Gather my saints together unto Me: those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice.

"6. And the heavens shall declare His righteousness: for God is judge Himself."

A Missionary.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Sir,—Although my letter of last week was practically a reply to the main points of J. M. B.'s letter, perhaps you will permit me to comment on some of the other questions he raises.

1. J. M. B. has quite misunderstood the reference in Professor Pollard to the growth of nationalities. The Professor might fairly be credited with at least an elementary knowledge of history. I should have thought that J. M. B. would have seen from the use of the plural, "nationalities," that Professor Pollard was not referring at all to English nationality (singular), but to a state of affairs in the Middle Ages, which is familiar to the veriest tyro in history. But to make it quite clear to J. M. B., I will quote Professor Pollard's words in full. He speaks of the Reformation as "an ecclesiastical counterpart of the growth of nationalities at the expense of the mediæval ideal of the unity of the civilized world." He also points out that the Church up to this had only been enabled to wage a conflict with the State on equal terms by the support it received as an integral part of the visible Church on earth, but that the nationalization of the Church

in the time of Henry VIII. "brought to a sudden end the mediæval struggle between Church and State. From the time of the submission of the clergy to Henry VIII., there has been no instance of the English Church successfully challenging the supreme authority of the State."

2. Then as to the use of the term "Church of England in Magna Carta," J. M. B. uses it in an entirely different sense from the original. In reality, as I pointed out last week, the use of that phrase by Langton meant the Church as identified with Rome in opposition to the English Crown. J. M. B. ought to have made sure of this before writing. Contexts as well as texts should always be studied.

3. As I have already remarked, the question is not one of names but of realities, and Professor Pollard is undoubtedly correct in pointing out that a distinct change took place in the 16th century, whereby the Church in England became the Church of England.

I am afraid that there are other persons than Professors who are not as careful as they should be in their statements, and even clergy, as presumably is J. M. B., need to be on their guard against views of history which are only possible when there is a determination to follow one's own prejudices. To adopt and adapt J. M. B.'s own words, we see now in Germany only too plainly the length to which bias can go, when people are determined to see nothing but their own preferences. Student.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the following sums received for Church and Mission house at Carmacks in Yukon diocese in memory of Bishop Bompas:—Previously reported, \$272.53; St. Thomas' S.S., Granton, Ont., \$3.25; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Coffey, Forest, Ont., \$5; Rev. W. L. Baynes Reed, Toronto, \$1; "Clergyman," \$1; total, \$282.78. Contributions may be sent to me, (Rev.) T. G. A. Wright, 95 Maple St., London, Ont.

"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

Sir,—Never, from early morn till late at night, are the workers at the Church of England Deaconess House suffered to forget the fact thus stated. At eight a.m. Mr. J. arrives. He has come to do a day's work, for we have long since adopted the "Give a man a job" system. Mr. J. has a wife and three children, the youngest a nine months' old baby girl has struggled hard to maintain a hold upon life. Just recently, the doctor at our clinic has found a suitable food for her, largely composed of cream. The two boys are hale and hearty, and ready for more food than usually falls to their share, boot leather, too, they consume in large quantities. The youngest one is just now confined to the house for lack of proper protection for his feet.

Eleven a.m. brings a big, burly fellow to our door, his quest is for work. "I know all about 'osses," he says, was a coachman in the Old Country. I ain't used to this kind of thing." The tears come into his eyes as he speaks of his wife (a member of our Mothers' Meeting), without proper food and clothing; here again there are small children. How shall we help him? As we do not boast of a carriage, and are innocent of the possession of 'osses, what is to be done? A brilliant idea comes! A Baby Carriage is to be conveyed from one end of the city to the other, shall one test his sincerity and ask him to propel it? Glad to earn the promised 50 cents he consented to do it. Meanwhile our nurses and students are busy in the homes of the poor, where much and varied need presents itself. Little Lily has known much suffering in her five years' experience, and is now a prospective inmate of "Weston Sanatorium." Her father is out of work, her mother too poorly to earn anything, two other little ones must share the provision of the House of Industry. L. and her mother are not attracted by the fare, their longing is for a cup of tea, but alas they haven't a cent in the house, and how is it to be procured?

In one of our city hospitals Mrs. C. has just undergone a serious operation, at the sound of a familiar voice she opens her eyes with a bright smile on her face and says, "I wasn't a bit afraid," "Underneath are the everlasting arms"; after years of suffering she hopes for full restoration to health. It is hard to be separated from her baby just a year old, but he is being well cared for, and a Christian mother has undertaken to give a hot meal daily to her little girl of 11 years. "I'd never miss it," she says, "among my crowd." She is the happy mother of six girls

and one boy; it will be some weeks before Mrs. C. can take up household duties again.

In response to the appeal entitled "City Sparrows," about \$100 has been subscribed, this has all been spent largely on employment of fathers and mothers, but still the need is with us, and more urgent than ever before.

In your Easter thankoffering, for the blessings of work to do, and health to do it, will you remember the needs of the unemployed and those dependent on them, as they are met and cared for by the Church of England Deaconess House.

Miss T. A. Connell, Treasurer.
179 Gerrard Street E., Toronto.

Books and Bookmen

"The Sacraments of the Gospel." By the Rev. J. G. Simpson, D.D. London and New York: Longmans and Co., 1s.

Three lectures recently delivered in Liverpool dealing with the problem as to how the primitive community, accepting faith in the risen Christ for salvation, was able to correlate the Sacraments with the Gospel. Canon Simpson's solution is indicated from the Old Testament, not from pagan religion. He has two remarkable gifts, clearness and terseness, and they are here seen to advantage. The small size and the paper cover may easily suggest the unimportance of this booklet, but, on the contrary, the lectures provide material for ample thought and thorough study. They should be read, especially by all clergy, for they will clarify minds and solidify convictions on New Testament lines.

"Citizens of the Universe." By the Rev. Robert Killip, F.R.A.S. London, England: C. H. Kelly (3s. 6d. net).

A posthumous volume of sermons well worthy of careful study. It seems to us a pity that Mr. Killip did not publish sermons during his lifetime, but we are told that he had a sensitive dislike of anything approaching publicity, and habitually effaced himself. If the sermons in this volume are typical of the sermons of his regular ministry, our homiletical literature would have been enriched by more of them. They are marked by breadth and depth of thought, spirituality, loyalty to the vital truths of our Christian religion, and often by real eloquence and force. Mr. Killip was a scientist of no mean order. He is in absolute sympathy with modern thought, and while this may lead him at times to lack of sympathy with those who cannot feel that certain modern ideas are compatible with the teaching of Scripture, yet he continually harks back to Scripture and insists upon the proclamation that "Jesus is the Christ" as alone justifying the Church's existence. It may be that those who collaborated in the production of this volume will give us more of these vigorous and stimulating sermons.

"Paul's Message for To-Day." By the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society (\$1.25 net).

It is almost superfluous to use words of commendation in speaking of any book by the late Dr. Miller. It seemed well nigh impossible for him to write anything that did not at once touch the deeper hidden springs of thought and motive. His counsels are always helpful, his teaching earnest and true. This book is in two divisions; the Message of St. Paul's Life, and the Message of his Letters. Beginning with the Apostle's conversion, we are taken through the main incidents of his career, and the lessons of these incidents are applied for us to our own Christian life. The main topics of the Epistles, such as Redemption in Christ; Abounding Grace; and Christian Liberty, are treated with real expository insight in Dr. Miller's own inimitable way, and enriched by apt illustration. There is a real spiritual feast and uplift for those who will read these chapters and let them speak to their souls. Much useful material will also be found for Bible Class lessons.

We have received a copy of the "Year Book and Clergy List of the Church of England in the Dominion of Canada" for 1915. In addition to a large amount of general information which it contains regarding the Church of England in Canada in general, including a list of the Bishops with a short descriptive paragraph in regard to each diocese and a list of the Canadian clergy alphabetically arranged, there are also special articles dealing with the leading agencies of the Church. It should have a wide circulation throughout the Dominion. It can be obtained from the publisher, Mr. J. P. Clougher, Toronto, price 30 cents per copy.

The Family

SPRING'S REVERIE.

I'll come once more across the hills,
To clothe the world in robes of green,
Perchance some heart will sorrow less,
Some agony may be less keen.

Because the cowslip is abloom,
Because the robin sings above
The lonely place where dear ones lie,
So far away from home and love.

Mahap some little lonely child,
Whose form was held to heart now cold,
May miss his father's kisses less,
When he has clasped my fairy gold.

When he has pulled the buttercups,
When he has found the willow bloom,
His baby heart may sing once more,
And sunshine take the place of gloom.

Yes, I will come across the hills,
Will touch the hearts of men at strife,
With the Redeemer's words, "I am
The Resurrection and the Life."

—L.A.B.

"AN OLD SERMON."

The following exquisite passage is a translation from a sermon on "The Creation," by Basil the Great, Bishop of Cæsarea, who lived from 329 to 379. "But while I am conversing with you about the first evening of the world, evening takes me by surprise and puts an end to my discourse. May the Father of the true light, who has adorned day with celestial light, who has made to shine the fires which illuminate us, during the night, who reserves for us in the peace of a future age a spiritual and everlasting light, enlighten your hearts in the knowledge of truth, keep you from stumbling, and grant that you may walk honestly as in the day. Thus shall you shine as the sun in the midst of the glory of the saints, and I shall glory in you in the day of Christ, to whom be glory and power for ever and ever. Amen."

WOMEN OF INDIA SACRIFICE THEIR MEN, MONEY AND PRINCIPLES.

The part that the ladies of India are taking in the present war is important, writes Saint Nihil Singh, an Indian gentleman, in a London journal. The Ranis are gladly giving their husbands, sons, brothers, and other male relatives to lead the Indian contingents in the firing line. Ladies of nobility and wealth are parting from scions of their families who, as members of the Imperial Cadet Corps or otherwise, are seeing action on the Continent. Indian women of humbler station likewise are offering their men-folk on the altar of the Empire. Those who for one reason or another cannot contribute fighters are helping to fill the war-chest and give subscriptions to the relief funds, and organize philanthropic associations to aid and comfort the soldiers ill or wounded in action, and ameliorate the misery and hardships of the relatives they leave behind them.

To a great many of India's soldiers the crossing of the "black water" means the violation of their most cherished principles. The Hindu religion, as it is interpreted by the present-day priests and law-givers, the Brahmans, positively forbids its followers to leave the shores of Ind. All the canons of caste and all the dictates of custom that have been followed by the Hindus for age upon age are opposed to permitting them to set out on voyages. Of late years, many men and a few women from India have outraged these prejudices by going abroad, but still the sentiment against voyages is cherished by the majority of the Hindus. The women especially cling to these conventional notions. Therefore it could not have been an easy thing for the women of India to let their men-folk cross the oceans to Europe.

But the women of India are taught, from the cradle upwards, to obey the call of duty without hesitancy or murmur. They fulfil their obligations, no matter how dear it may cost them in trouble and agony to do so, not only without complaint, but, what is more, without any ado. On the present occasion the Indian ladies have responded to the call of the Empire with alacrity and enthusiasm. They have repressed their affections and their prejudices alike, and sent their men to fight the battles of their King-Emperor in distant Europe.

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On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

Easter Monday next, the Church will take stock!

The Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Mills were the guests of Archdeacon and Mrs. Cody last week.

The cost to the British Admiralty of one hour's firing by H.M.S. the "Queen Elizabeth," if firing to her full capacity, would be \$1,250,000.

Provost Macklem conducted the service in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning for the soldiers of the University O.C.T. President Falconer gave the address.

The Hon. and Rev. O. St. M. Forester and Hon. Mrs. Forester are staying with Canon and Mrs. Plumtre at St. James' Rectory, en route to Japan, via San Francisco.

The Provincial House of Bishops did not reach a decision as to the selection of a successor to Archbishop Hamilton. The matter will be further considered at Fort William on April 14th.

Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, widow of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, America's famous general, died at her home in North Carolina on March 24th. Mrs. Jackson was born near Charlotte, N.C., July 21, 1831.

The death of Canon Downie on Saturday came as a great shock to his many friends. Fuller particulars will be found in another column of this issue. We extend our warmest sympathy to his family.

In presenting a class for Confirmation of 27 adults in St. Matthew's, Ottawa, the Rev. G. S. Anderson stated 18 of these were converts to the Anglican Faith. This is a most interesting and unusual occurrence.

An amusing greeting for St. Valentine's Day appears in a Cambridge paper to Messrs. Krupp:—"Das Reich Gottes ist nicht Essen . . . sondern Friede."—Rom. xiv. 17 (in Luther's version). "The Kingdom of God is not eating (Essen) . . . but . . . Peace."

Sir Robert Borden left the capital early Saturday morning for Grand Pre, N.S., to be present at the bedside of his mother, who is dangerously ill. The Prime Minister's mother is nearly 90, and has been a resident of the beautiful and historic village of Grand Pre for many years.

Later.—Mrs. Borden died on Monday.

Archdeacon Forneret received word on March 23rd from his son, Lieut. Forneret, who left here with the first Canadian contingent, announcing that he was suffering from a slight concussion of the brain as a result of being hit with a piece of shrapnel shell. He said the injuries were not serious.

A record of remarkable progress was placed before the Toronto Humane Society at the meeting last week. Since the commencement of the year, the society has received 575 stray, injured or unwanted cats, 158 dogs, of which 104 had to be destroyed. The number of complaints of cruelty investigated by the officials is 444, and 115 wornout, suffering and injured horses were painlessly destroyed.

The bugler wore a proud smile as he turned out on guard for the first time. "Have you learnt all the calls yet, my boy?" asked the officer encouragingly. "Nearly all, sir." "Do you know the sergeant's call?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know the assembly?" "Yes, sir." "And the fire alarm?" "N-no, sir." "H'm! Well, now, what would you sound if a fire should break out?" "Er-sir, 'lights out,' I suppose," he stammered.

Glass, of which we are threatened with a scarcity through the closing of Belgian sources of supply, used at one time to be made by a most aristocratic set of workmen. A French law passed under Louis IX. allowed none but men of noble birth to set up glass-blowing establishments, or even to work therein. For many centuries this was the only industry which noblemen could engage in without losing caste.

What was probably the last survivor of the Brontë family passed with the death at Hill House, Banagher, of Mary Anna, widow of the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, in her 85th year. The Rev. A. B. Nicholls was Curate of Haworth when he married Charlotte Brontë, the famous novelist, who died in 1855. Some years after her death Mr. Nicholls returned to his home in Ireland, and married his cousin, Mary Anna Bell. Mr. Nicholls died in December, 1906, at the age of 90.

An English journalist has worked out a piece of "kurious" Kitchener lore. "Have you noticed," he says, "that

Kitchener was born at Kerry.
Has a country seat in Kent.
As sirdar was employed by Khedive.
Fought the Khalifa

at Khartoum.
Krupp.
Kaiser, Kluk, Krupp, Kultur."

Miss Margaret Harvey, of Harrow-on-the-Hill, since Christmas has sent many parcels to our prisoners in Germany, and in many cases has had touchingly grateful acknowledgments from the poor men themselves. But in one case a parcel she addressed to the loneliest British prisoner of war, was politely acknowledged by a German official, who wrote that the contents of my parcel 'had been distributed among the British prisoners, it being utterly impossible to find out which is the loveliest of them.'

An Ottawa contemporary, speaking of the new legislation of the Ontario Government, calls it "Class Legislation," and strongly disapproves of the regulation against serving soldiers wearing the King's uniform. It says, "The only way for the Ontario Government, or any other government, to treat the liquor question, would seem to be to place all on an equal footing." Also, "In the proposal to cut off the sale of liquor to soldiers the Ontario Government admits the evils of the liquor business. If it is bad for soldiers it is bad for civilians as well."

A Vicar was one of the committee of a certain school in Lancashire, and his visits were usually accompanied by strings of questions relating to any untidiness observable in the schoolroom. On one occasion the Vicar's eagle eye noticed as soon as he entered a picture that was hanging a trifle askew, and he put the question to the scholars: "Now, can any of you tell me something that is not right in this room?" Many and varied were the answers given, until, almost losing patience, he said: "Come, come, now; I am surprised at your lack of observation, for this mistake is very glaring." Up shot another hand. "Well, my lad?" said the Vicar, amiably. "Please, sir, you have forgotten to take off your hat!"

The death is announced of the Rev. C. L. Burrows, of Bournemouth, England, who was a member of the Mission of Help to Western Canada in 1912. He was a cousin of the Bishops of Sheffield and Truro and of the Principal of King's College. He was ordained in 1882, and, after two short curacies, was invited in 1885 by the present Dean of Windsor (then Canon Eliot) to join the staff of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, in charge of St. Paul's Church, which was then but

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partially built. St. Paul's was made a separate parish in 1890, and there he remained till his death, working quietly and unobtrusively, much beloved by those who knew him well and respected by a much larger circle. Six years ago he lost his wife, who had been his right hand in every good work. Possessed of considerable means, he and his wife lived the "simple life," spending very little on themselves, and devoting their wealth to the glory of God and the good of others. Western Canada knows something of Mr. Burrows' generosity.

A German missionary, Dr. Ludwig Schmeller, of Cologne, whose life has been largely spent in the Levant, was in Palestine for some time after war broke out. He has published a little book on his impressions in Palestine, and the following extract is from a copy smuggled into Switzerland. "The great desire of the Turks is naturally that Egypt and the whole of Africa should fall into their hands again, which, were it to happen, would have to be described as a positive misfortune not only from the point of view of the position of Christianity in the world at large, but also from that of civilization in general. For Egypt herself it would be a reversion to barbarism. Were the English really to be permanently driven out of Egypt, then Islam would rise its gigantic head from its powerful Universities in Cairo, in particular the Ashar Mosque, over the whole of Africa, and shut the door altogether in face of the Christian religion. Already the work of the Evangelical Mission in Africa, confronted with the oncoming waves of Islam, can be described only as a faint and waning light." It is good to get such testimony. Remember what it must have been to publish such sentiments in Germany at this time.

British and Foreign

A handsome brass tablet has been placed in St. Columba's, Crieff, by friends to commemorate the long, faithful and loving services of Mr. David Boyd as Verger (1866-1914).

The Bishop of London recently made the interesting public announcement that if the necessary permission were forthcoming, it was his intention to go to France for ten days soon, in order to hold Mission services amongst the troops somewhere at the back of the fighting line.

Out of a total population of 193 of the tiny Cotswold village of Elkstone, no fewer than twenty-nine men have volunteered for one or other of His Majesty's forces. The Rector, the Rev. T. S. Tompkinson, since the commencement of the war, has done his best to keep before his parishioners the duty of patriotism and the joy of service.

Mr. Reginald B. Loder, of Maidwell Hall, Northamptonshire, has offered to erect a village cross in the parish of that county which can show the highest percentage of men who were in the Army and Navy when war was declared and who have joined the Forces since. The award will be made by a committee of which Earl Spencer has accepted the chairmanship.

Cambridge has lost one of its most familiar figures by the passing on a recent date of the Rev. Edward Atkinson, Master of Clare College, at the age of ninety-five. Dr. Atkinson had been Master of Clare College since 1856, so that he had held the position for nearly sixty years. It is a curious fact that his predecessor was Master for forty years. For one college to have but two Masters in a century creates a record, we should suppose.

Mr. William Parsons, of Broadway, Dorset, has been presented with a purse of gold by the congregation of Broadway Church, in recognition of

his long services. In 1863 he became a member of the church choir; in 1886 he was appointed Sunday School teacher, an office he filled for twenty-six years. From 1876 till 1884 he was parish churchwarden, and from 1884 till 1900 Rector's churchwarden. In 1900 he retired and undertook the duties of sexton, verger, and clerk, which he still fulfils.

Bishop Mercer, who has resigned the See of Tasmania, was preaching a sermon in Cardiff at the beginning of Lent, on the invitation of Bishop Crossley, lately of Auckland. In the train Bishop Crossley invited a working-man to come to the evening service and hear his friend. "Why, yes," said the man, "I would travel many miles to hear that man, and so would thousands of us." "Indeed," said the Bishop, much delighted; "I didn't know that you knew him so well." "Know him! I should just think we did. Didn't he write that Pastoral Letter to the Belgians, and didn't the Germans clap him in prison for it?" There was a great congregation that night!

The First Easter A STORY

By Jessie Faith Sherman.

N AZARETH lay shrouded in misty darkness. Even the earliest of morning traders were yet unheard in her streets. It was the hour just before the sun breaks forth over the hilltop; the hour of expectation, and of hope.

Hagar stirred restlessly on her couch, and a soft sigh, hinted of troubled dreams. Then a sudden

smile triumphed over the expression of pain, and her lips moved; "— coming—," she murmured.

The shock of three sharp, clear blasts roused her. Before the echoes had exhausted their force between the hills, announcing the glad tidings of the Temple's preservation at Jerusalem, Hagar, with eager haste, arose. Throwing a scarf about her, with a new awe in her heart that made her breath short and her eyes feverishly bright, she bowed reverently toward the south, and gave formal thanks that the Temple still stood.

Hesitant, she waited a little while. "I have forgotten my prayers," she sighed. "Mercy! But Thou knowest I love Thee—Thou callest me; it is enough! Surely, it was Thou Who broughtest comfort in the night!" Unconsciously, she lifted her head until her closed eyes seemed gazing upwards, and she smiled.

A sudden thought arrested the smile, and she dropped to her knees.

"Oh, Mother!" she whispered, brokenly. "She cannot understand!"

With tired, halting movements, she arose and dressed. "Hagar," she charged, tauntingly, "thou art a coward!" The taunt braced her. She left her little room, and knocked with trembling hand at her mother's door.

Deborah, her mother, bade her enter.

"Mother—" The girl paused, irresolute.

Deborah looked up in surprise.

"What is it, daughter?" she asked, kindly; then, noting the pale

cheeks and the tired droop of the girl's shoulders, she held out her arms, and with infinite tenderness said:—

"Come, daughter—thy mother loves thee!"

Hagar looked yearningly at the outstretched arms. The comfort of them was so sure! All else so elusive!

"Mother," she said, and as she nerved herself to tell, an intense desire to do it quickly possessed her. words came fast and earnest, and feverish ardour tinged her cheeks with fire.

"The Boy—the Carpenter lad who told me tales in my childhood—hath appeared nightly to me in my dreams—and He has asked me to come to Him. I have remembered Him—loved Him, always—and, mother—I must go to Him—in Jerusalem! 'Hagar—Hagar! Lovest thou Me?' always He calls in my dreams—and sometimes there is sadness in the question that brings tears! And so—I go—mother!"

"But, oh—because God hath so honoured my father above all Nazareth—because he hath offered the incense of peace to God in the very Temple—mother, forgive thy daughter!" with tear-flooded eyes the girl looked beseechingly at her mother.

Deborah's face portrayed a chain of emotions as Hagar told her story.

"Thou—thou art ill, child!" she exclaimed, sharply. Then, more gently: "It is but a dream, Hagar; knowest thou not it is but a dream? Ah, I knew that lad was not fitting for thee! I tried to keep thee from Him—thou a daughter of a tribe of priests! Believe thy mother, and forget thy silly dream!"

The door opened. "Why this mourning and troubled language?" asked Simon, gazing wonderingly at his wife and daughter.

Deborah, with relief in her voice, confident in his ability to make things right, told him:—

"She would go to Jerusalem at this season of the Passover, to follow a Carpenter lad, and will not listen to me!" she exclaimed. "Speak to her, and she may hear thee, her father!"

"Oh, but—" Hagar spoke excitedly. "But He is the Messiah! I know He is the Messiah, for whom we look, my father!" She seemed to glimpse her vision again, for she gazed, enraptured, beyond her parents—beyond the confines of the walls—and she smiled through her tears. "He told me not—but my heart told me—and it is true!" She looked anxiously at her father.

Simon smiled. "I have not seen Him; nor hath He appeared in the Temple; then how hast thou seen Him?" he asked. "No, thou art mistaken, Hagar."

"Father," the girl spoke vehemently—excitedly—"I am going to go to Him! Thou wilt bless thy daughter—"

As she knelt before him, Deborah interrupted:—

"No, thou hast no father's blessing! Nor yet a mother's! We leave thee here to think of Herod's and Pilate's servants, watching for such lonely maidens as thou art—in Jerusalem! Though thou forgettest thy duty to thy parents, the thought of



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thy own danger may restrain thy foolish desires!" And, drawing her husband with her, she closed the door, leaving Hagar alone.

For hours Hagar lay there, a sobbing, grief-stricken child in her loneliness. Finally, she crept softly to the couch, and, with her face buried there, gained strength in the memory of her vision.

"Better than father or mother"—she remembered His words. "I'll—come!" she breathed softly.

With cautious step, she stole into her own room, and gathered the few things she might need for her journey. Then, imprinting a loving kiss on the door that shut her mother from her, she went out into the quietness of the early evening.

Already the road from her home was thronged with pilgrims to the Passover. If she could fall in quietly with them, her lack of friends would never be noticed. With anxious feet, fearful lest she should be seen, she hurried on.

No one noted specially the veiled woman who fell in behind the gay party bound for the Feast. Ashamed of being alone, shy at making friends, with downcast eyes and aching heart, Hagar followed them for many miles.

She had grown so used to the loneliness in the midst of the noisy throng that she was startled to hear a voice:

"Thou art alone?" it asked.

Hagar glanced up, for the voice was gentle and friendly. A woman with a small baby was beside her, struggling with the weight of the child and unable to keep up with the party.

"You, too, are going to the Feast? But why?" She glanced curiously at the girl. "I go to make the offering for this my first son!" She held him up proudly for Hagar's admiration, and the child smiled. Hagar held out her arms convulsively for him.

"Oh, please, give him to me!" she cried. "He is the first who has smiled on me this day, and another may not!" and, possessing herself of the baby, she clasped him tight, fearful lest he, too, should turn from her.

But the baby responded to the offered love. When she whispered to him, "Thou art Rachel's child but my very heart!" He smiled, so she declared he understood her. And when the night came, it was her arm that cradled the little head, as they spread their mats by the roadside and lay down under the sky.

The tired mother was glad to give up the burden to Hagar. She would not own it, but her step ever was growing weaker, and the baby had been far too heavy for her. Even without him, it was weary striving to keep up with Hagar's buoyant step. She lagged far behind.

"We will wait for thy mother," whispered Hagar, her lips against the baby's cheek. "Rachel hath not the strength of thy touch to lend power to her feet!" She turned, and beckoned. But Rachel did not hasten. Instead, she sank faintly to the ground.

Hagar ran back.

"I'm ill, I fear," she acknowledged, anxiously. "I hoped it would not last

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—but I cannot go!" She broke into tears. "And my baby cannot be redeemed!" she whispered.

Hagar put the baby on the ground, and, sitting down, comforted Rachel. "Thou shalt be well," she assured her. "I will nurse thee back, and we will yet bring our baby to the Temple!" She smiled as she claimed a share in his ownership. "Thou shalt stay here but a little while, until I have found a place where I may care for thee!" and, picking up the boy, she ran lightly toward a little dusty, sunburned hut that stood in the midst of a half-cultivated field.

"There is but a woman and a child there," she cried, joyously, as she hurried to Rachel's side again. "And we are welcome to the couch of the son, who has but yesterday gone to Jerusalem! And there is an olive tree with a perfect shade for our baby to play under!" and, struggling, with the baby in one arm and Rachel leaning heavily on the other, she led the way through the rocky field to the tiny house.

The baby was almost neglected in the anxious endeavours to reduce the fever. Hagar spent hour after hour bathing Rachel's head and hands in the cool water she drew from the nearby well, but the fever had been kept at bay too long to be thus easily thwarted. All remedies seemed useless, and Rachel daily grew weaker.

"Leave me here," begged the mother, just two days before the Feast. "I shall do well, and you will take my baby to the Temple?" There was pleading in her query. "Thou wilt have him redeemed, and bring him again to me? Thou shalt be blessed, Hagar, if thou wilt!"

And Hagar listened. She could not check the fever, and perhaps the fear for her child's future did but make the fever stronger! She made ready, therefore, and, begging the woman in the cottage to look after Rachel, and promising a speedy return, she set out on her journey.

"Thou art, indeed, my own son now, for these days!" she whispered to the child. And though the stones hurt her feet, and the sun beat hot on her head, and the half-leaved foliage of the spring gave little shelter, even at high noon, her heart sang.

"Thou, too, shalt know the Messiah"—the thought came as an in-

spiration, and she halted, in a newfound hope. "Thou, too, shalt see Him—touch Him—for He will meet us there!"

Then, hastening on, she forgot the child in rapt contemplation of her dreams. Though weary, she knew it not. There were few pilgrims so late to the Feast, and her haste allowed none to overtake her. Some, indeed, she passed by, and they wondered at the swift pace, and then smiled when they noted the baby. Mothers were sometimes like that, they realized, and blessed her in their hearts.

But the baby was very quiet; so unwontedly still that Hagar was recalled from her dreams by the very inertia of her burden.

"Ah, thou art my own son, and I could not love thee more!" she whispered, ardently. "Thou art tired of my arms, and I would not have it so! Perhaps thou shalt be glad to return, if thou hast felt the sharp stones of the roadside on thy baby feet?" She turned aside, and sat down on a great boulder, putting the child beside her, playfully.

But the baby refused to smile. And when she clasped him close to her heart again, in wild fear, he refused his customary caress. Hagar was frightened.

"Baby, dear!" she begged. "Smile at me, that I may know thou lovest me! Smile at me! Be thou not like the rest of the world! I have done thee no harm, but only have loved thee intensely! Baby!" She smiled pathetically, beseechingly, into the little face, while tears blinded her eyes; but he only closed his eyes wearily, and seemed not even to know who spoke.

Hagar held him close, and hurried on, fearful of what she knew not, but with a terrible fear in her heart.

When it grew dark, she stopped, and, placing him gently by her side, quite near the river's side, where she might bathe the little hands and feet, all too hot to be natural, she prayed:—

"Oh, Thou Messiah, my heart is troubled! and I fear for this baby I love! If only I may bring him safely to the Temple, then do Thou what Thou wilt with me—but, for his sake, redeem him!—and, oh, Messiah—comfort—Thy servant!"

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left things in trusted hands, she watched over the baby through the night. There was little to do, and her thoughts went on to the city so near. There was but a single day's journey left. Hagar felt a thrill of excitement and anticipation, a keen longing for the coming day and what it might bring.

"I wonder where—if it will be in the Temple, or at the gates, or, perhaps, just in the streets—or will He come again in the Vision to tell me where!" she whispered. "Perhaps," with awe, "He is here even now—for He promised—and, indeed, I need Him!"

A little cry at her side recalled her, and she bent over the baby. She could feel the hot, little body close to her; the hands were burning, it seemed.

Hurriedly, with sickening misgiving, though the dawn was half the night distant, she picked him up and stumbled onward, until she reached an old inn. She rapped, and hurried in, without waiting for response.

"My baby is ill!" she cried—and a woman prepared a place for them, without questioning. Together they worked over the little one. He was so tiny—so dependent upon her! His great eyes looked up so piteously into her's, as though pleading for help, and Hagar hovered over him without rest, striving to understand and answer his needs. She tried to feed him, to give him strength; but he turned from the food. A mild remedy suggested by the woman at the inn was also refused. But when Hagar had put the food or medicine away, always she found the eager eyes looking to her for something.

When the dawn broke, there was no change. It was the day of the Passover, and she should, even now, be entering the Temple. How wonderful Jerusalem must be! Hagar could imagine the crowded streets and the enthusiasm of the people. She could picture the wondrous Temple, with the sacrifices! And most real was the incense! How she should like to be there!

And He was there—somewhere among that throng. She caught a sigh before it was uttered, and bent lovingly over the baby. He was so still, the stillness clutched her heart. Visions of the past and future fled. Only the baby mattered. All the energy of her young body was given up to him afresh. She worked over him, unconsciously holding her breath lest she might breathe out the tiny flame of life. And when the agony was unendurable, she grasped him convulsively to her breast and walked with him until her arms were stiff and lifeless. With cooling ointment she bathed him; and constantly, in low, whispered tones, she pleaded with him to get well.

She knew no desire for rest, and when there was nothing else to do, her hands were busy smoothing the tousled hair and patting the little hands tenderly. She dared not waste a moment. The baby was entrusted to her, and she must bring him safely back, redeemed, to his mother! Oh, she must make him well! Bending

closer, she listened to his breathing. It told her nothing, only gave her employment; something to keep her busy! There was such a dire need of work!

Then, as she brushed back a strand of damp hair, she noticed the fever seemed lifting. His breathing became easier; he relaxed and rested a little while. Hagar felt her heart quicken with joy. She beckoned silently to the good woman of the house, who came softly to see.

Hagar bent closer, and, as his eyes opened and he smiled up at her, she whispered to him, oh, so softly—no one could have heard but he. He smiled again—and that was all. Hagar knew. It needed not to have been experienced to realize the presence of Death. She knew.

Gone! The baby was gone! She tried to comprehend it. She smoothed the clothing and arranged the pillows, as she had done a hundred times. But now it remained as she put it. There was nothing more to do!

She was appalled at the awful silence and stillness of things. The cessation of duty was too sudden. Dazed, she stood beside the cot, until a sudden overwhelming realization of her grief overcame her, and she threw herself down beside him, covering the little face with tears and quivering kisses.

But grief, too, has its crisis of life, and, as she lay there, she became quiet. Her thoughts took shape. The baby was gone, but she remained. There would be a to-morrow for her, and she must plan for it.

Jerusalem called to her with a hundred voices, all centred in the voice of the Messiah. Home, father, mother—now the baby!—all!—all she loved, save Him, had left her! But He had not left. Somewhere, just beyond her vision, He waited, she felt. He had promised His presence, in trouble, and He would keep His promise!

And yet, was He? Could He be, when she had told Him she would be in Jerusalem? Perhaps He was there, looking for her. Perhaps He was disappointed in her! Did He deem her insincere, and had He found another to serve Him in her place?

The Feast was already three days past. Would He still be waiting? Should she have let anything come between her promise and its fulfilment? Perhaps it might not be too late, even yet! She might even yet go and explain! He would understand! She had not purposely stayed away; the duty had seemed real; He might forgive her! With dawning hope she arose.

She would hasten to Jerusalem! She would —. But she had forgotten. There was the little thing that had been the baby. Her quick step faltered. Who would care for him? Who would take the mother such news? Who might ease the grief by telling of the smile that spoke of quietness and peace in the little body at last? Who might comfort the mother?

With torn heart, Hagar fell to her knees.

"Oh, Messiah! Messiah!" she

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whispered. Her tears choked further utterance for many minutes. "If Thou art He who should come to us, Thou knowest! Thou knowest I must go to Rachel!" and she arose.

Bent with weariness, now realized, with the slow, dragging step of one who knows not the future, save that it will be harder to bear than the present; troubled, wondering, doubting, Hagar prepared for her return.

"He will understand," she faltered, ever trying to convince her own heart. "He will understand when I tell Him!" But when might she tell Him!

She had no means to procure a cart, or even an ass for her journey. She must return her burden as she had brought it—in her arms. She dressed him, and wrapped a shawl around him, as though he were still as he had been. She whispered terms of love to him. He should live on that journey, she determined. She could not carry him otherwise. He was just a very wee baby, and must be well wrapped up; but he was her baby.

So she began the weary trip.

There was no joyous expectancy. There was no eager waiting for the first sign of dawn to make an early start on the day's allotment of travel. Rather was there a sickening dread in her heart, that grew in intensity with each step; a dread of appearing before the mother; a cowardice of heart and soul that rebelled at each step bringing her nearer her destination.

And she would tighten her arms around her charge, and kiss the covering softly.

"We're both tired," she would whisper, as she changed the weight from one shoulder to the other. And she stepped resolutely on.

Ever oftener and oftener did she find need of little self-deceptions that gave courage and strength, as she neared the hut where the mother waited.

"You will love the blossoms of yonder tree," she whispered. "They will be white and feathery, and their fragrance will cure your heartache, if you have one."

And, kissing her burden, she would point out to it the camels in the clouds, or tell a tale of the first star that God had sent to set a chair for the moon.

Yet the distance was too soon covered. The little gray-white building came into view, and grew ever nearer. Finally, Hagar stood on the very doorstep. She knocked with such a timid hand it scarce was audible to her own ears. Her heart pounded, and she pressed the baby close to it, to still the sound.

The door opened. Hagar saw Rachel's kind eyes looking into hers. With a little cry of pain, the girl held out her burden, and sank wearily forward. The need for bearing up was gone.

A sense of complete rest enwrapped her. An amazing joy possessed her. There was no sound. The past was forgotten—the future had no reality. The present was wondrously perfect! She had no desire to open her eyes. She lay quietly, afraid to move, lest the peace should fail.

Then, in the stillness, she heard voices. She opened her eyes. The walls of the cottage seemed transparent, for she could see out into the open, and the world was a riot of spring. The air was fragrant with it, and it seemed almost vocal in its essence of beauty!

There was a baby-voice. It brought back the memory of her baby, and she sighed, while quick tears seemed to come to her eyes. But there, suddenly, smiling into her very soul, was the baby! The baby, well and strong, with roguish eyes! Hagar drew in her breath, frightened. Had it all been a dream, then! What had really happened; what was reality, and what the dream, then? Where was she? Had she never left home, after all—and was the Messiah, too, a dream? No—a thousand times no! Rather all the experiences twice over than that the Vision should fail her!

The voices came nearer. In the stillness they were very clear. She recognized the mother's voice—Rachel's voice:

"She resteth quietly; she knoweth naught yet."

And another voice, a voice of thrilling beauty and power, replied:

"Through the valley and the shadow she hath proven faithful—faithful in little and faithful in much. She hath followed the pathway to Jerusalem, through darkness and fear, seeking no reward; stopping only to feed and clothe Me in My hunger and need; to comfort and succour Me; and she hath not lost the way!"

Hagar, listening, longed to go to Him. She slipped quietly out into the place where He was, and, guided by His voice, found Him. She knew Him from the visions.

"Master!" she said, eagerly. "Thou hast known? Thou hast come to me? And Thou wilt take me to Jerusalem with Thee?"

The Master looked down at the kneeling girl with understanding love.

"I have waited for thee," He said, and smiled.

"Thou hast suffered with Me, and thou hast been at My death—and thy faith hath not failed! Now, therefore, have I called thee, that thou should'st be partaker of My Resurrection, and I have brought thee to the New Jerusalem, whither I have called thee."

Hagar bowed low, and, as she arose again, Rachel threw over her shoulders a shimmering robe.

"I have woven it of thy love," she whispered softly.

And the baby, too, lifted up his tiny hands, full of flowers. The mother smiled.

"He gathered them for thee," she explained, "as they sprung up where thy feet made each impression as thou didst carry him!"

The Master held out His hand.

"Come!" He said. "A place hath been prepared for thee, and, as thy heart hath been fixed on Jerusalem while thou hast spent thy days in service of love, thou hast builded well, and I have crowned thy efforts. Come!"

And Hagar followed, out into the Brighter Sunshine.—From New York Churchman.

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