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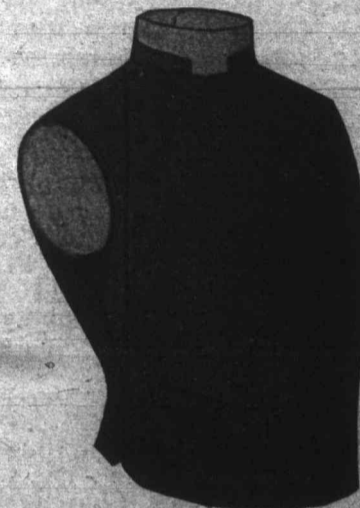
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Personal & General

Canon FitzGerald, of Kingston, Ont., is the guest of the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (Rev. Dr. Mahaffy). * * * *

Twelve thousand Oxonians have been serving in the war and of these one-seventh have won distinctions. More than 2,300 have made the great sacrifice. * * * *

Governor Brumbach, of Pennsylvania, on November 14th issued a proclamation designating December 7th as "British Day" in grateful acknowledgment of "the steadfast heroism of the British navy and army" in the war * * * *

A united thanksgiving peace service was held in Simpson Avenue Methodist Church, Toronto, on November 15th. Rev. Dr. Seager, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, preached, and Rev. J. R. Patterson, pastor, conducted the service. * * * *

Sheriff I. B. Aulph, of Bracebridge, received a cable from the secretary of the Minister of the Air Service informing him that his son, Flight-Lieut. Cecil T. Aulph, had been wounded. He has been flying in France for some months, going overseas in October, 1917. * * * *

Rev. G. Osborne Troop, formerly of St. Martin's, Montreal, has taken charge of St. Mark's Church, Vancouver, for one year during the absence overseas of the Rector, Rev. A. H. Sovereign. Mr. Troop went to England before the war and returned to Canada last June. His address is 1842 Larch Street, Vancouver. * * * *

Lieut. Llewellyn G. Cronyn, officially reported on November 14th as wounded on November 2nd, is a son of Mrs. Benjamin Cronyn. He belongs to the brokerage firm of Glazebrook and Cronyn. Early in 1916 he went overseas, and served at the front with the engineers. Lieut. Cronyn is a member of St. Stephens congregation. * * * *

A memorial monument to Edith Cavell and the Canadian nurses who were killed by the Germans in raids on Canadian hospitals will be erected in Ottawa in Major Hill Park. The monument will be erected by public subscription and grants from the Dominion. The monument is being executed by Hamilton McCarthy, R.C.A., the well-known Canadian sculptor. * * * *

The suggestion of ex-Mayor John H. Spencer that a memorial should be erected to the nurses and young orderlies who had recently given their lives in fighting the epidemic of Spanish influenza in Brantford was adopted at a public meeting. The memorial will be a civic one. Plans will be adopted at a later date to commemorate the deeds of Brantford soldiers in the war and to erect a suitable civic memorial in honour of the fallen. * * * *

Within the past few days Sir Frederick and Lady Stupart, Toronto, have received the pleasing intelligence that their son, Lieut. Allan Victor Stupart, R.A.F., has been decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. Lieut. Stupart is 21 years of age, and he went overseas in August, 1917. In October of the same year, whilst in England, he transferred to R.A.F. He was wounded in August last, after having been at the front for some six months. Lieut. Stupart enlisted originally in the Divisional Signallers' Corps. He is a member of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, congregation. * * * *

Capt. J. W. MacDonald, who went overseas with the 66th Battalion, of Edmonton, has been invalided home on account of pleurisy. He has been discharged, and expects to be sent north for some months. After he graduated from Wycliffe College he took up work as Curate with Canon C. W. McKim in Edmonton. He was attached to the 6th Training Camp in Westenhanger, Kent, for some months. Later, he went to Saloniki, where he stayed fourteen months. Afterwards he was Chaplain at the Toronto University Hospital at Basingstoke until he was invalided home. His many friends wish him a speedy return to active work. * * * *

Major Ernest Thornton, of the 5th Battalion, C.E.F., died at the General Hospital, Winnipeg, on November 9th, at the age of forty-seven after protracted illness from the effects of shrapnel wound in the lungs received at Ypres in April, 1915. The deceased was first general staff officer of M.D. 12. He was a veteran of the South African war, having served with the Strathcona Horse in that campaign. The deceased was prominent for many years in military circles, and among offices held by him was that of director of the Returned Officers' Association. He came to Western Canada from England thirty years ago and homesteaded in the Wapella district. Later, he entered the service of the Union Bank, Winnipeg. * * * *

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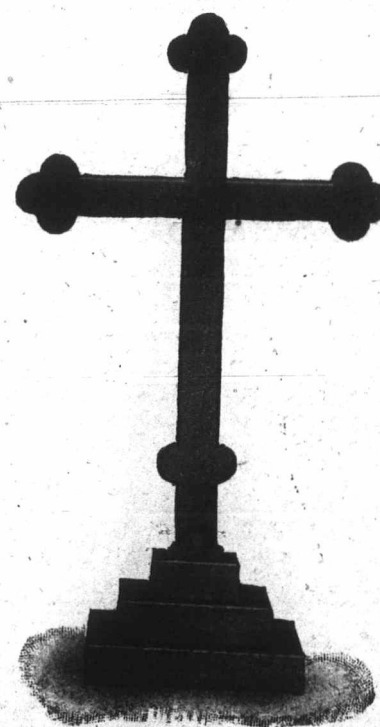
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Canadian Churchman

Toronto, November 21st, 1918.

The Christian Year

Editorial

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

AN UNSTATED GOSPEL.

THE Advent Collect never fails to thrill us with its trumpet call to awake and bestir ourselves in view of the transcendent event to which all Holy Scripture points, viz., the return of the Saviour Judge in glorious majesty. To those for whom Holy Scripture is a guide, no event is more sure—no event will be more far-reaching.

The First Coming of Our Lord is a matter of historic fact (*si monumentum requiritur*, e.g., "The cross on our soldiers' graves.") His Second Coming is a matter for our faith.

Though professed in our Creeds, the Return to Judgment is a belief often unrelated to the moral and religious lives of many Christians. In the past four years we have been surprised at ourselves for being so blind as to fail to believe in the intentions of Germany before 1914. We did not lack prophets or proofs of a scheme of world domination. Yet the Allies refused to believe, and when the predicted onslaught came they were unprepared.

The Second Coming to bless and to judge is revealed and heralded, yet many are unmoved at the thought. "Where is the promise of His Coming," they say. "All things continue as at the beginning."

The fact is Christ will come again in His glorious majesty. The time we know not, the manner baffles our imagination, but the fact remains, and for this creation waits. Christ comes even now. Have not the past four years been a time of judgment for the world? Are not the present days a time of opportunity, just as Christ's coming to Jerusalem, recorded in to-day's Gospel, had in it both judgment and opportunity?

In view of all this a call comes to each:—

1. Awake! Think rationally, i.e., think in the light of certain facts. Christ has come. Christ is ever coming. Christ will come in glorious majesty. When we realize that the purpose of His coming is to reclaim men to God and to vindicate the Righteousness of God and make it possible for men, there is but one course for the thoughtful to pursue. Cast off works of darkness. Doff the uniform and insignia, the ways and manners of the enemies of God, the devil, the world and the flesh. Make effective your baptismal vow of renunciation. Have done with thoughts, words and deeds which cannot bear the light of God's truth and purity—sins of flesh and spirit.

Put on the armour of light. Make effective your vow of faith and obedience by taking and training against the spiritual foes of man the whole armour of God (Eph. 6: 13).

"Put in Christ." "Let this mind be in you which is in Christ Jesus."

What will this mean? "Owe no man anything." Fulfil in love all your obligations: your full duty as parent, husband, wife, child, neighbour, Churchman, citizen.

Awake! Put off! Put on!

Do these words suggest anything to your conscience? May God give us grace to think and act in view of what He has done and will do!

RE-STATEMENT is a popular cry now. It is on the tongue of many a thoughtless speaker. That is the price paid for popularity. The grave need of re-statement is likely to be lost sight of in the hysteria of speeches and books, which try to prove that age-long human nature has been changed by the incident of war. It does not take long to gather the only contribution which some writers have to make—that the times are out of joint. That is true. A man would be foolish to say that things religious are as they should be. But what is to be done? Some of our prophets answer: "We are not quite sure, but upset everything, then you will find the things that ought to stay straight."

Theology makes a convenient tilting-horse for the careless of speech. They work themselves to a fine frenzy over the Articles. No such thing was ever suggested in the Sermon on the Mount. But if every theological proposition could be blotted from the mind of every man to-morrow morning, by the evening every thinking man would have started another theology. Not a man but has his idea, his philosophy of life, in few words or many. Everybody, to save themselves from lunacy, must bring their experiences into relation. So also with our religious experiences. The first question, "Why?" starts you moving towards a complete body of theology.

The careless thinker confuses theology and religion, and the superficial thinker imagines that there could be religion without theology. The one chokes over the fish bones instead of eating the fish; the other thinks that all fish should be amoebae, jelly fish and the like.

An unstated, not a re-stated, Gospel is the logical issue of their observations (if they have any logic). A *bonne entente* of humanity and good fellowship, a gospel of good intentions, would be basis definite enough for Christianity, as far as they can see. It would be a gospel with the statement left out.

Reality is the first essential of any adequate meeting of religious needs of to-day. Human nature, with its sad but hopeful mixture of good and evil, is the only starting-point. The statement of religion that denies or ignores the one or the other cannot be true. The Gospel of Jesus Christ fits men. It is uncomplimentary in its revelation of men as they are. It is magnificent in its plans for men as they should be. Humiliating is man's weakness when he tries to stand alone. Confident is His strength through Christ.

The new world can come only through new men. New men can come only through Christ. Repentance and Regeneration must be elements in the simplest statement. Christianity, in its lowest terms, must always be based on the needs as well as the visions of mankind.

Of course, we shall, we must, interpret our religious experiences in the terms we understand. Nothing else would be interpretation. It will be found as really serious thought is given to the stating of our conclusions that we differ from the best minds of the past in expression more than thought. For religion is not like science and philosophy, dealing

with the knowledge and theory of the world about us. The science and philosophy of another day have given little more than the framework and background of theological expression. Religion is an affair of the soul, in which David stands beside the men of to-day in his confession of sin, and the love of the child for God is kindred to that of the man.

* * * * *

WAR has been declared. Two days after the signing of the armistice with Germany the enemy opened fire. In Toronto and other cities cards were distributed advocating opening the bar-rooms. The lie told this time was that it was a measure necessary for the health of the people. The unholy haste made clear the origin. The men who want to make money by creating and pandering to the appetite for strong drink are ready to fight for the easy prosperity they once enjoyed. Every man who puts his hand to supply alcoholic stimulants as a beverage is in the same class, whether he be a rich distiller or a cheap tavern-keeper. Vigilance is the price of freedom from this blight. The men overseas have given us a free country. Let us keep it a sober country. Don't be a slacker in this fight. Line up and keep the conditions that everyone acknowledges are good for Canada. What would Victory Day have been with open bar-rooms? We were relieved from the silly cheers and stinking breaths of staggering drunks. We must have the best of conditions for the times ahead or there will be trouble easily aroused.

* * * * *

BOUND, beaten, bitten, pounded and choked into unconsciousness was the recent experience of the lady superintendent of the Toronto Jail. She was set upon by two of the women who were "trusties" when she went to close the cross gates in the corridor. She was a victim of desperate women who realized that one woman stood between them and freedom. The protection provided for the superintendent was absolutely inadequate. Such inadequacy is utterly foolish. It risks the safety and lives of the guards and it continually suggests to the prisoners the possibility of escape. In prison reform we must remember and insist that adequate provision be made for the guards as well as the prisoners.

* * * * *

GOOD roads are going to play a large part in the solution of the problems of our rural churches and the improvement of rural conditions. The scheme of the Ontario Government to put a Government highway through the entire province will be far-reaching in its effects on rural life. The chief obstacle to most enterprises of the country church is isolation and the lack of stimulus. Good roads will mean the possibility of frequent communications with larger centres and the breaking down of insularity and parochialism.

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

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The Judgments of God

Rev. Prof. ROBT. LAW, D.D., Knox College, Toronto

Preached in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, at the United Service of Thanksgiving, Nov. 13th, 1918

IT has been given to us of this generation to live through some of the greatest, most dramatic, most apocalyptic days in the experience of humankind. Never have events of such magnitude and moment followed each other across the stage of history in so rapid succession as during the past four years, more especially during the past few months, and, above all, during the last great week, in which the movement, gathering swiftness and volume all the time, has reached its stupendous climax. Nowhere in modern times has the hand of the Great Dramatist been so visibly displayed. The moral forces that rule the world operate for the most part by processes that are slow, silent and unseen. They write the destiny of men and nations, but usually it is with invisible ink. Now they are writing in letters of flame that all men may see and fear. For four years Germany and her confederates have carried out their programme of butchery, rapine and frightfulness. Now that career of horrors is at an end—thank God! at an end. They built their castle of iniquity high; they made strong its walls and battlements, and they deemed it impregnable; but they did not look to its foundations. For four years these foundations have been crumbling and crumbling; and now that the rains have descended and the floods come, the whole structure, with all its bloodstained walls and torture chambers, has crashed in hideous ruin upon their own heads. We stand awe-stricken at the sight, rejoicing, but with a solemn and a fearful joy, in the presence of the manifest judgments of God. "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name, for Thou only art holy." No other words express so well as these what ought to be our thoughts and feelings at this time.

MARVEL OF WICKEDNESS.

Great and marvellous have been God's works. It is not that he has wrought these things in one day by preternatural catastrophe. He has not decimated the ranks of the enemy by pestilence, nor hurled upon them the thunderbolts of His wrath. He has done a greater thing. He has shown that He can so use the forces of nature and of human nature as to raise them above the plane of nature, so as to accomplish through them results that are utterly marvellous and divinely just and true. When I think of the course of the war, there are three things that seem to me quite marvellous. The first is that there could have been, and should have been, such a war at all, falling, like a bolt from the blue, upon our peaceful civilization, turning our self-complacent, self-confident modern world upside-down. The war in its origin was a marvel—of wickedness. It is a marvel, moreover, that the war has lasted so long. How it came to pass that Germany, with its enormous advantage in preparedness and initiative—springing a surprise upon the world—did not, in the first months, walk over the comparatively feeble and ill-equipped armies of the Allies, remains a marvel. Still more is it a marvel that the war has ended so soon. Shall we ever forget the black months with which this year's campaigning began, when the thundercloud burst and the deluge beat

staggeringly upon us? It seems but yesterday that our troops were reeling under the gigantic blows that were delivered with the whole weight of the enemy behind them; and to-day we are praising God for victory—victory that is astounding and overwhelming in its completeness. What can we say but this? Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. We have cried unto Him through all these years of trial, and He has heard and answered. He has had regard to the wrongs of the oppressed; He has listened to the groanings of the prisoner; the cry of the innocent blood that has been spilt upon the earth has gone up into His ears. The Lord hath made bare His arm and gotten Him the victory.

MARVEL OF JUSTICE.

But the war is, above all, a marvel and a monument of Divine Justice. There are many words of Scripture which run in our minds in these days, and among them those which the Psalmist speaks concerning the people who imagine vain things, who act as if mortal creatures could actually resist the ordinances of the Most High and reverse the normal order of the universe; He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. What a colossal irony of Providence is that which has been enacted before our eyes! How it has made the consequences of the war not only different, but ludicrously—ludicrously as well as tragically—different from all that its authors contemplated! It is so in every aspect of the case. The war was intended to weaken and impoverish Germany's peaceful neighbours, who were to pay huge indemnities for daring to resist the irresistible; but, terrible as the cost to them has been, it is upon Germany that the double calamity of exhaustion and defeat has fallen; it is Germany that, instead of bestriding the world like a Colossus, will have to take a back seat among the nations for decades to come. Like the builders of Babel, the Prussian war lords said, Let us make us a name; and Germany has verily made for herself a name—a name that stinks in the nostrils of mankind. The war was intended to prove the supremacy of militarism as a world-power and an imperial policy; it was intended to prove the supremacy of Germany in the art of war; yet our improvised armies have beaten Germany at her own game; and the war that was to bind the yoke of militarism upon the world will prove, as we may confidently hope, to have paved the way for a reign of peace and for a League of Nations which in the future will deal with such offenders as the police force now deals with the hooligan. As for him who has been the responsible head and prime mover in this gigantic crime against humanity, he has lived to join the Pharaohs, the Sennacheribs, the Nebuchadnezzars, the Napoleons of history as one of the world's ever-memorable examples of the retributive and derisive justice of Providence. He has sown the wind of foreign war only to reap the whirlwind of domestic revolution; and, instead of living in history as William the Great, he will be known to future ages as the last of his tribe, the man who not only humbled the pride of the Fatherland to the dust, but undermined the throne of the Hohenzol-

erns and brought about the thing he most hated and feared, the triumph of German and European democracy. To-day, a fugitive from justice, driven out by the anger of his own people, execrated by all the world, what does he think of it all? What will be his future? Does he imagine that, by abdication of the throne, he can shuffle off responsibility for the crimes of the ruler? Justice, human and Divine, has still to reckon with the Kaiser and his fellow-criminals.

My brethren, these are not things to gloat over. There is a noble satisfaction, a righteous joy, in seeing a towering and tyrannous wrong brought to the dust, and that righteous joy it is ours to feel. God has cast down the mighty from their seats, and scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He has taught the nations that they are but men. And we will praise the Lord according to His righteousness; we will sing praise unto the Lord Most High. But that noble satisfaction, which every healthy mind feels at seeing the moral order vindicated, is at the furthest remove from any boastful or vindictive glee over the calamities of a fallen foe. Heaven's laughter is terrible, even when it is directed against our enemies. We must not be boastful, and we are not boastful. I do not think that we shall be boastful. We have been too near the fire. We are too like brands plucked from the burning to be boastful. To be saved from all boastfulness we have only to remember:—

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

But we speak to-night of marvels of mercy as well as of judgment. What thanksgiving shall we render to the Lord, what adequate thanksgiving can we render for His marvellous mercies toward us? For peace, for what is virtually, though not yet formally, peace. Peace! How welcome is the rustle of that angel's wings as it comes with healing for all the heartache of these bitter years! We never knew what the blessing of peace was until we knew the curse of war. Henceforth we shall thank God for peace. May it be ours to give thanks for it all the days of our life!

THE TEST OF WAR.

Yet I thank God that ever we went to war. Our thoughts go back to that fateful day, that 4th of August, 1914, when our great standard was given us; when we went to war, not because we wished war, not because we thought we were sure to win, but because, despite all our selfishness and self-indulgence, we saw, in a flash of moral insight, that materialism is wrong, that it is the soul of a nation that matters everything, and that for justice and honour no sacrifice is too great. That day opened, I will venture to say, the noblest chapter yet written in the history of our race and Empire.

We thank God for victory. He has not led us through a short struggle to an easy victory. That would have been a small thing for Him to do and for us to receive. The great thing He has done for us is that, throughout the deadly and prolonged struggle, He has so strengthened us with might by His Spirit. For the victory has, first and last, been a victory of spirit. That God has so inspired us and our Allies with an unshaken conviction of the righteousness of our cause and such fortitude to carry its burden, such unitedness in an iron determination to see it through at whatsoever hazard and whatsoever cost, that in the darkest hours the spirit of our people

(Continued on page 746.)

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Some Thoughts about Reunion

(CONTINUED)

by the Rev. W. G. BOYD, M.A., Victoria

RE-ORDINATION.

AS this series of articles has been issued at considerable intervals of time, it is perhaps permissible to preface that which follows with a brief explanation of the writer's point of view.

1. Unity is the most urgent of Christian needs. Until the unity of believers is reconstituted the world lacks proof of the Incarnation and of the Love of God: "That they may be perfected into one; that the world may know that Thou didst send me, and lovedst them, even as Thou lovedst Me."

2. We have a solid ground of unity in our agreement that truth has been revealed in Jesus, however much we differ in our apprehension of that truth and in the inferences we draw from it.

3. We seek not uniformity, but a unity large enough and free enough to embrace the various aspects of truth which different Christian bodies and different races of men severally apprehend.

Corporate reunion postulates some external nexus, a polity, a constitution. The part which it has occupied in the past history of the Church and its present wide prevalence compels the belief that this will ultimately be found in the Historic Episcopate.

It has been said that "the objection is not to episcopacy in itself, but to implications which seem to some to be involved in it." A Presbyterian said to the writer the other day, "We believe that we have all that is to be had in a ministry." To admit that Episcopal ordination could give him anything that he had not already received would be, he felt, to attribute to the Anglican minister a superiority not substantiated by the facts.

In meeting this difficulty it is very important that we keep in mind two different conceptions of ministry, the priestly and the prophetic. According to the first conception the minister is the official representative of the Church. His chief function is to act as "steward of the mysteries." He is the man duly authorized to lead the Church in her corporate worship and to administer the sacraments. If an officer of a society has been duly appointed his acts are "valid," i.e., they are legally the acts of the society which he represents. From the point of view of the priestly, the official conception of ministry it is clear that the value of the acts of a minister depends upon the regularity of the method of his appointment. If he is rightly ordained his sacramental ministry is "valid."

But there is another conception of the ministry, the prophetic; and, speaking generally, this is the dominant conception of the ministry in the Protestant Churches. The minister is the exponent of the Word of God. He is the man with a message. The value of his ministry depends upon the measure of his spiritual endowment. The proof of his ministry is in the fruits of his preaching. Ordination is, from this point of view, of secondary importance. In some denominations it is merely congregational in character. In some it hardly exists. Even in those Churches which have been strict in the past there seems to be a readiness to admit into their ministry without ordination preachers from other, even the least organized, denominations.

These two kinds of ministry may find embodiment in two distinct classes of men. In the Middle Ages the prophetic ministry was

largely in the hands of the preaching orders, and there was considerable friction between them and the official parochial clergy. At the Reformation many causes, political as well as ecclesiastical, combined to emphasize the official element in the ministry of the Church of England. The suppression of the free, prophetic spirit had much to do with the divisions that ensued. On the other hand, the two conceptions of ministry are not mutually exclusive, and, speaking generally, in existing Christian ministries they are combined. The Anglican priest is called to preach, and the Methodist preacher administers the sacraments. But the emphasis placed on one or other aspect of the ministry is not the same, and words are used and understood in different senses by men who have in mind mainly one or other conception. The Presbyterian, who resents the idea that episcopal ordination can give him anything which he has not received, is thinking in terms of the prophetic ministry and refusing to acknowledge that the preachers of his own Church manifest less spiritual power than those who have been episcopally ordained, an implication which was in nowise in the mind of the other. On the other hand, if the proposed reordination is considered from the point of view of the official conception of the ministry, it may be fairly claimed that something is given, viz., a new official position, a jurisdiction not possessed before. Episcopal ordination gives to the ministerial acts of the recipient a validity, an authorization, in the Anglican Church such as they had before in the Presbyterian Church. This is just a simple statement of fact, and in no way depends upon any supposed superiority of one system over the other. It would be equally true if an Anglican became a Presbyterian minister. He would thereby receive a fresh official position, an additional jurisdiction.

Two things, then, a minister needs: (1) Divine grace to live the life and to fulfil the work to which he believes that he is called, and (2) divine authorization to render legal and valid his official acts. It is part of our Christian faith that God gives to his people the grace which they need for the work to which He calls them, and a Christian minister will naturally think that his own prayers and

A MEMORIAL THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Written for our Canadian Churches.)
Tune: "Gounod."

Join would we with all the nations
In commemorative praise—
Brotherhood, intoned with patience,
Bidding us our voices raise
Unto Thee, O God of grace,
As we bless Thy gift of peace.

What is best for us is granted
By Thy love, which never dies;
And this gift of peace untainted
We would ever solemn prize:
If the past we celebrate,
Still Thy pardon we await.

Brethren we—no longer strangers—
Citizens of freedom's fold,
Would defy, as one, the dangers
Sin and Satan still unfold:
God, our fathers' God, is ours,
Aye to bless while time endures. Amen.

Written by J. M. Harper, Quebec.

those of the people on his behalf on the occasion of his ordination will be effective for his upholding in the responsibilities then laid upon him. The authorization which is given him by his Church in his ordination he will rightly believe to be of God, for the Church in which he serves he believes to be no mere human society, the Anglican, because his Church is one by historic continuity with the Church of Apostolic times; the Presbyterian or Methodist, because he believes that his Church, too, had its origin in a movement of the Holy Spirit and an apprehension of truth. These are claims that neither side need question, but they do not make the jurisdiction conveyed by the two Churches respectively the same, for the Churches are not one, but two. Their constitutions are divergent, and what makes a man an officer in one does not make him an officer of the other. We believe that the same Holy Spirit, Who, in other circumstances and other times, because of the hardness of men's hearts, permitted and used the divisions of the Church, is now moving us towards a union which He can use yet more effectively, and we are endeavouring to find means by which it can be brought about.

It is possible that it may be by some other process than that contemplated in these articles. But if reordination is to form part of the process, what is needed is some plan by which it is made clear that a man in accepting reordination is not thereby depreciating his previous ministry.

One method which has been suggested is that of "conditional ordination." Many have declared that for the sake of unity they would gladly submit to reordination (if it may be so described), provided that some such words as "if thou art not already ordained" preceded the words of ordination, the suggestion being that the ordinand himself is thus saved from admitting any deficiency in his previous ordination. But what is needed is something more than this, viz., a definite recognition on the part of the ordaining Church of the worth of the past ministry of the candidate for reordination. Conditional baptism is used where there is doubt of the fact of baptism having taken place. Here there is no question as to the external fact, and no desire to question the spiritual endowment conveyed.

Dr. Orchard, in his recent book, "The Outlook of Christianity," has a better suggestion. Amongst many pieces of sound advice which he administers to the Anglican Church, he says: "Let there be a special Ordination service for those coming from other denominations, recognizing and extending their orders." It was in this sense that the Rev. R. J. Campbell understood his ordination by the Bishop of Birmingham after twenty years of distinguished ministry in the Congregational Church. Canon Adderley, preaching on that occasion, said: "To deny the work of the Holy Spirit in your former ministry would be for me, at least, to risk the commission of the unpardonable sin." And Dr. Campbell writes: "No more than Canon Adderley did I think of it (his reordination) as the confession of the invalidity of my past ministry. . . . My action in submitting to reordination was no slight upon nonconformity in general, nor my own twenty years' previous ministry in particular. . . . That ministry was what it was, had its own value, and nothing that any ecclesiastical authority could say or do could make it different. To put the matter on the lowest ground, I was now receiving authority to minister in the Church of England, and that authority was conveyed by the laying on of hands." The recognition of previous ministry, which in this case was only given in the sermon preached at the time, might well be in some more formal way embodied in the Ordination service, as Dr. Orchard suggests.

The Judgments of God

(Continued from page 744.)

has never once flinched, but has only set itself with grimmer resolve to its terrible task—that God has inspired and sustained in us such a spirit is the great thing He has done; for by this He has lifted us to a higher level of life and made us better fitted, though still unworthy, to be the instruments of His purposes in days to come.

OUR SPLENDID MEN.

And if for our people as a whole He has done this, He has done it in a superlative degree for our soldiers. Would one attempt a panegyric on these men, words would be hard to find. The toughest of Nelson's sea-dogs did not surpass in daring the men of our fleets, in our submarines, our mine-sweepers, and, let us add, in our mercantile marine. The professional soldiers of Marlborough and Wellington did not excel in cool valour the men so hastily recruited from farm and factory, from the office desk and the shop counter. Their exertions and their courage have been almost superhuman. Nothing has been able to stop them—not masses of the enemy, not mines, canals or forests, not Hindenburg lines, with all their death-traps above the earth and beneath it. They have scorned the idea of the impossible. They have banished the word from their vocabulary. Who can estimate what we owe, what the world owes, what future generations will owe to these great-hearted men, to God Who made them what they are and gave them to us? And not alone for the men who have been so gloriously fighting and conquering in these last days and have placed the keystone on the edifice of victory, but for those who, in the earlier darker days, laid the foundations of victory and cemented them with their blood—for these also we give thanks. We cannot forget to-night the heroic dead, over whose graves their comrades have advanced in the march to triumph. Had they not died, these had not conquered. And shall they lie there in France and Flanders all unconscious of what their sacrifice has won? Is this their lot? Shall they have no part in the victory of right for which they fought and fell except to have filled a grave for its sake? My brethren this shall not be. Heaven is just. God is love. Those who died for humanity, for freedom, for the Kingdom of God—shall not God keep faith with those who have given their all for that? They come back to us no more; but what if now they are sounding their golden trumpets in unison with our hymns of thanksgiving! They will not see with mortal eyes the better days that are coming. They will not reap here on earth the harvest of their sacrifice. But, never fear, in God's husbandry there are other and richer harvest fields than here; and in some of God's great harvest fields they shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them—their blood-bought sheaves.

THE WINNERS OF THE WAR.

Who are the winners of the war? Marshal Foch, Sir Douglas Haig and the men under their command. Yes, and for them no meed of praise is too great. But no less the men who, through the winter of our discontent, held the dreary trenches—the men who never lost heart, who fought and fell with their backs to the wall; nor these alone, but the men, too, who have come back, maimed and mutilated or emaciated with sickness, for whom we can never do too much, for whom we are not doing enough; nor these alone,

but a vaster army still, the wives and sweet-hearts, the fathers and mothers, who sent their men and boys, while they stayed at home and suffered and prayed, all who are weeping for their dead, all who have shared the sacrifice, all who have kept a brave and patient heart and strengthened the soul of the nation—these are the winners of the war. And in the beginning and the end of all, He who has borne our burden and carried our sorrows and strengthened our weakness and wrought all our works in us. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and power and the glory and the victory and the majesty. For all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine, and Thou art exalted as head above all."

OUR FUTURE TASKS.

Great and complex problems remain to be faced, both in Europe and here at home. The great autocracies have gone to everlasting smash, and it almost seems as if the task of reorganizing Europe might fall upon the Allies' shoulders. Before final peace can come we have Germany and her accomplices still to settle with. That settlement must be gone about, not in any spirit of revenge, but in the spirit of justice. Our thought must not be of inflicting loss and humiliation on Germany; but just as much as it must not be that, it must be the thought of justice to her victims. And if we approach the problem in a spirit of justice we shall, I am persuaded, be authorized to deal more sternly than if we were to be governed by revenge. For we are not a revengeful people. We are not of a vindictive nature. We should soon grow sick of taking revenge, and should in the end deal leniently and slackly. But justice is imperative. Justice demands justice to martyred Belgium, justice to outraged and devastated France and Serbia and Poland and Armenia and to our own suffering people. There is no power that can confer the right to be lenient to the criminal at the expense of justice to the victim. It would be but an added wrong, and no true mercy to Germany herself.

In our national life our troubles will not be over with the war. After the plunge over Niagara we need not look to reach at once the placid waters of the harbour; we shall have the rapids first to traverse. There must come testing times in politics, in business, and certainly not least for religion and morals. Church and State alike will be put on their mettle, as they have seldom been. But if only we are willing to do our part we need not fear. If only the coming days might find the army of Christ as united, courageous, resolute, self-sacrificing as our armies in the field have been—for the evangelization of Canada and of the world, for purifying and elevating our public and our private life, for developing the noble uses of industry, commerce and society—if only this might be so there were nought to fear. Nay, if we set this before us as our earnest purpose and aim we need have no fear for the future. Has not this war taught us? Has it not taught us that God rules as well as reigns, and that hope in Him will never make us ashamed? Has it not taught us that materialism is not a conquering power, that idealism is not folly? Has it not taught us that the Cross still leads the generations on? Gratitude says to-night, hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Faith and Hope take up the word and add, Hereafter also He will help us; this God is our God for ever and ever.

News has been received that Captain the Rev. Stanley G. Wade, only son of the late Canon Wade, of Hamilton, Ont., was wounded on October 21st. He is serving as a Chaplain with an Imperial unit.

Who Are the Bolsheviks?

by a "Russian Clergyman"

THE Russian word "Bolshevik" has been coined comparatively recently to express the ideas conveyed to Socialists in Western Europe by the term "Maximalist," just as its counterpart "Menshevik" is intended to be the equivalent of Minimalist in Socialist terminology. Needless to say, there is not only nothing definitely Russian in the whole trend of the ideas implied in these catchwords, but anyone at all familiar with the development of Socialism here and abroad knows that Maximalism and Minimalism have for a number of years been the main lines of division among the exponents of this movement, which seems to be destined to agitate deeply the whole of Europe when the present war is over. Russia has merely had the supreme misfortune of having had let loose on her by the guile and intrigues of Germany a whole swarm of fanatical champions of every variety of Socialism and Anarchism, and the poor country became the happy hunting-ground of visionary and vogue alike.

ABOLITION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

The final aim of both Maximalists and Minimalists is, of course, the abolition of private property and the socialization of all means of production. But while the Minimalists favor evolutionary methods of procedure and advocate a gradual transition of society, and a step-by-step development of their social programme, the Maximalists clamor for radical measures and are the apostles of the "short cut." The evolutionary process is much too slow for their impatient and heated imagination, and is also apt, in its slow progress, to perpetuate our habits and customs, beliefs and practices, and a general outlook on life which the Maximalists consider incompatible with the only rational system worth speaking of, namely, their own. Society in their opinion is utterly rotten, and mankind has for many generations been developing along false lines. Not only are the ideas concerning property and physical well-being wrong, but our whole conception of morality is decried as twisted, artificial, and contrary to the dictates of Nature, which pursues but one aim, and that the perfection of the species by the elimination of the weak members and the survival of the fittest. This is the only morality that matters. The Maximalists demand, accordingly, with Nietzsche, to whose revolutionary philosophy they readily subscribe, the revaluation of all values—in other words, a clean sweep of our antiquated, old-world notions of God, faith and morals, conceptions of right and wrong, conjugal and family relationships, as well as the position of the individual in the State.

SPIRIT OF NEGATION.

It is one of the most ambitious and thorough-going schemes for breaking with the world's past and rebuilding society on its own ruins that have ever stirred the diseased fancy of irrepressible day-dreamers. All that is anti-Christian, all that is subversive of what loyal citizens prize most, seems by that very fact to appeal irresistibly to the spirit of negation and contradiction of these people. Hence the strange phenomenon of Socialists in England, France, and Italy carrying resolutions against the continuance of the war and urging fraternization with the Germans. It is not so much their own country and people they care for, as

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Lieut. at Toront for the brothers battlefield the congr Toronto.

the triumph of their insane ideas, and this, like the Russian Bolsheviks, they hope to achieve in the midst of the general confusion and dissatisfaction that would follow a "German peace."

It was, therefore, no rhetoric flourish on the part of Lloyd George recently to call upon the people to shun the teachings of the Bolsheviks in our midst like an attack of poison-gas. It must have come as a surprise to many in England to hear that "there were far too many men of the Bolshevik type here, and that they were, unfortunately, in a position to render mischief." It is not pleasant to be told "to shun their teachings like an attack of poison-gas, for it withers the vitality of nations." Most people seem to have considered Bolshevism, because of its foreign name, as something specifically Russian, and as a disease unknown in this country.—Church Family Newspaper.

The Moral Equivalent for War

Most Rev. F. H. DuVERNET, D.D.,
Archbishop of Caledonia.

WITH the coming of peace we need to discover the moral equivalent of war.

For over four years the war has furnished us with a cause larger than our selfish interests to which we have willingly devoted ourselves in a loyal spirit and in a practical manner, each doing something to further the great end. This has brought a certain amount of unity of purpose into all our lives and bound us together both as individuals and also as an empire and even as an alliance of many nations.

What in peace can take the place of this great unifying cause? What is to be the moral equivalent of war? Speaking ideally, it is the cause of righteousness founded upon the principle of mutual service.

Speaking practically, it is the cause of reconstruction in our economic and industrial world, especially in the way of bringing about a better relationship between capital and labor, the relationship of co-partnership in work and profit, and the granting as a right to every worker the opportunity to live a clean and human life.

Reconstruction in the social and religious world, the bringing about of more true fellowship between all classes in the community, the inspiring of more loyalty to every cause which helps to bind us together in mutual service, the creation of a league of nations to maintain the peace of the world, the revival of a less selfish and more brotherly type of religion in our midst, a more earnest recognition of God as the Father of us all and the Spirit of Christ as the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, and a practical drawing of the Churches together as one inspiring body. In a word—the establishing upon earth of the Kingdom of Righteousness.

This is a cause—large enough to lift us out of our selfish interests—grand enough to evoke our heartfelt loyalty—wide enough to enlist all classes and nations—and high enough to raise humanity to the Throne of God.

Lieut. J. A. Bethune, whose parents reside at Toronto, is reported to have been wounded for the third time. He and three of his brothers all won their commissions on the battlefield. Lieut. Bethune is a member of the congregation of Christ Church, Deer Park, Toronto.

Jesmond Dene's Correspondence

WHAT did I think of at four o'clock that wonderful Monday morning?" said Honora; "I thought of the men who had made it possible and who will not come back;—Charles, who went out at the very beginning, and was killed the week he got to the front; such a leader, so fitted by his gifts and experiences to interpret different parts of the Empire to each other, even different countries; Andrew, who had come through everything from the first days, and fell last month, willing I feel sure, to be part of the cost of the victory that he knew was near. But oh! all the sorrowing hearts and homes. I've thought often of one notice in the Roll of Honour; it ran something like this:—'Most gloriously, while leading his men, Francis, only surviving son.' Then it spoke of his brothers, one who went down with his destroyer, one who succumbed to wounds at Gallipoli, one who fell at Delville Wood; and there was this motto: 'For fellowship, not in hatred but in love.' It's a picture of oh! so many homes to-day. I believe they'd say, if we could ask the question,—

'Young soldier, what will you be When you're next abed?' . . .
'God knows what: and it doesn't matter, For whenever I think, I always remember The Belgians massacred that September, And England's pledge, and the rest seems chatter.

What if I am dead?'

England's pledge, redeemed. But oh! the cost. Yet they know that sacrifice alone is fruitful. They are with the immortals; with us too, giving us spiritual encouragement, even when we can't keep back our tears. . . .

"And Dick, so full of life, always the centre when any fun was going on; you know, he'll never walk again; and thousands like him, wounded, disabled, shell-shocked men. What profit is there in my blood, they might say. It's all 'part of the cost,' and they haven't grudged it, but . . . are we doing all we could to help them to carry on and to take their places in life again. Nothing can ever make up, but couldn't we do more? . . . Then George, who has been in prison so long and suffered so much, and Harry who was captured in the drive last spring, and all the others; that seems the greatest thing of all: the freeing and return of the prisoners; such pure joy about those who will return; but oh! so many will never come back. And then the returning men, who have shared in this glorious advance and will live to tell of it, the men who have actually been setting people free, and who have made it all possible,—our allied soldiers and sailors and airmen. But think what they've seen and known and lived through,—their comrades gone; 'All my young England died to-day in fight,' they seem to say;—the evil they have seen face to face;

... 'the things we dare not tell Poor father, sitting safe at home who reads Of dying heroes and their deathless deeds.'

Coming home. Are they going to find us still in the old ruts, or willing and prepared to adventure forth with them into the new conditions, into the difficult roads ahead where there'll still be 'many a fight to be won and many an awful hour.' When we talk of reconstruction,—and it began the day war was declared,—I wonder if we realize that it means reconstructing ourselves; that's the real problem of recon-

struction. Then I thought of Edmund and the boys in training, and Tom who was going to enlist this Christmas: now they won't be going, they'll be turning to other paths, and think what that means to all the homes where fathers and mothers have been trying to be brave about another boy going,—'The last boyhood of the world reprieved on the way from Mons.' "You know I don't think in large things," said Honora with her whimsical little smile; "I always think of persons rather than causes, and really I can't think of causes except through persons, but of course one couldn't help thinking of the freed lands and the removal of the horrible haunting fear from the world; and then of the work waiting for the people who have been devoting themselves so wonderfully to the war needs all these years. And that reminds me of something, rather prosaic, I know; but I often hope that some of the people who have been so splendid in war work may use some of their experience for starting clubs or social centres through the country, where there'd be papers and smokes and refreshments and a chance to sit and chat. Why couldn't the patriotic leagues take this up in co-operation with the churches, or better, the churches in co-operation with the patriotic leagues. That's just by the way . . . All that Sunday, when we were waiting for the news, I was thinking of that other Sunday when Belgium was called to make her choice: and now, in this tremendously swift and sudden stroke, as it seems to us, it is as if God had just stretched forth His hand to vindicate His righteousness in the face of men. That made me think of our enemies, and the bitterness of death for them now that it's all ended in failure, and the whole universe is rejoicing because they have failed. Think of the blackness to them, and pray to God to turn their hearts.

"Thanksgiving means responsibility, I think; for isn't God calling us through this deliverance to continue steadfast, to stand on His side, now, when we shall need courage and patience and boldness and unity. All the things He has blessed to be the means of victory and deliverance, and our thankfulness turns into a prayer that we may be not unworthy. A noble phrase comes to me from President Wilson's inaugural address,—*Not so much a day of triumph as a day of dedication.* Did you notice the Psalm on Sunday morning about 'those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice'? Isn't that God's call to us, and has He not pledged us in that covenant? And wasn't it a beautiful coincidence that the day the armistice was signed was St. Martin's, the one among all the saints who seems especially to typify the good soldier of Jesus Christ, called in peace as well as war to the fight for Right. . . . And I couldn't tell you all the other things I thought of," finished Honora; "one's thoughts so often lie too deep for words."

Mr. J. G. Greey, of Toronto, has received word from England that his son, Lieut. Allan Greey, of the 20th Battalion, C.E.F., has been awarded the Military Cross. Lieut. Greey belongs to St. Paul's, Bloor Street, Toronto.

Word has been received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gossage, Toronto, that their son, Lieut. B. F. Gossage, has been awarded the Military Cross for gallantry at the battle of Amiens. Lieut. Gossage enlisted as a gunner with the 13th Battery, and has since risen from the ranks. He was transferred in France. Lieut. Gossage is 24 years of age, and prior to his enlistment he was a teller in the Bank of Commerce, Bloor and Yonge Streets branch, Toronto. He is a member of St. Luke's congregation in that city.

From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

THE victory of the Entente Allies has been complete and triumphant. Righteousness, decency, civilization have been vindicated. The world is now safe or at least is in a state of salvation. The power of autocracy as a fighting organism is by no means omnipotent, and even in the game of war democracy can organize and fight victoriously. That is a point that must not be overlooked in the lessons of this great conflict. Britain, France and America are the three great democratic powers of the world, and their achievements in the purely military arena have been unspeakably glorious. Let no one say henceforth that governments depending upon the will of unmilitary people may not defend themselves even against the professional warrior—nations guided and controlled by supposedly expert militarists. The invincible armour of democracy is a righteous cause. From first to last the democratic allies, from the highest to the lowest, were convinced in their inmost hearts that their cause was just, and in that conviction they conquered. It was the great unifying force, the great illuminating ideal, the great armour of offence and defence. The victory of democracy has sent the crowns of autocrats hurtling into oblivion, and the world to-day may in a very broad and true sense be said to be a world of the people, proprietors to whom it rightfully belongs.

Another lesson emerging from this war, or, rather, emphasized by it, is the value of education and the right of education of the masses as a preliminary to self-government. Germany is the one conspicuous exception of autocracy flourishing in the midst of an educated public. Its achievement was possible only through the stern control and direction of education. The popular intellect was seized as a field for exploiting the supposed benefits of autocracy and from infants to grave professors and theologians the perpetual pressure of a single ideal was continuously exerted by those in authority. But now that shackles have been broken and eyes have been opened we need fear no such orgies in Germany as have followed revolution in Russia and may follow revolution in Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria. There will still be bloodshed, but that bloodshed will have at least a purpose behind it. There will be restraint and marching to a definite goal, for the people know the difference between aimless and purposeful strife. In the revolution in Germany "Spectator" looks for a mighty, steadying force controlling the actions of her late allies in their efforts to emerge from slavery into the position of free men. It is the manifest duty of the conquerors to curb senseless anarchy and throw into dark relief the methods of our enemies in their treatment of Russia, Roumania and other victims. Within our own Empire a mighty effort will have to be put forth to develop education in India and Ireland against the day of self-government.

It is needless to emphasize the magnitude of the problems that confront the Peace Conference about to be assembled to settle the affairs of Europe. There is one feature of the situation, however, that the writer would like to discuss. The German colonies in Africa and the Turkish provinces of Palestine and Mesopotamia have fallen to the pressure, almost exclusively, of British arms. What shall become of them. Ultimately the hope and desire of the Allies is that they become self-governing nations. But in the meantime under whose guardianship shall they be placed? England of necessity must continue to control and develop Egypt. India is hers and constitutes no small problem for her statesmen. Palestine presumably cannot be assigned to any other nation. What shall be the new responsibilities of France and America in the new political order that is taking shape? It would seem to "Spectator" that it is most important that the United States of America should assume definite responsibilities overseas at this time. Her record in Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines has been most beneficial and honourable. Why should she not be made to feel that it is her duty to assume control of some of the African states that cannot safely be returned to Germany, or perhaps the guardianship of the Baltic provinces? She has

broken the tradition of "no entanglements in European politics" to the benefit and blessing of mankind. Why not continue her good work in assisting in the permanent settlement and development of overseas states that must for years have the guidance of a country that has worked out its own freedom and knows the path along which to lead others. The ideals of Britain and America are essentially one, and in the blessed understanding that now exists between them, they would strengthen one another in the great work of reformation in the world by being neighbours in overseas continents as well as in America.

Every clergyman is naturally anxious to bring comfort to sorrowing hearts in these troublous times when the mortality through a world-wide epidemic and the ravages of war is of such startling proportions. The shadow of death has been thrown across the thresholds of so many homes, naturally the question arises in numberless hearts why does God permit such things, and what of the future of those that depart hence? In our anxiety to bring comfort and confidence there is a grave temptation to be specific and definite in our answers. But the wisest know that such efforts are full of danger not only to our own influence as comforters, but to the peace of mind of those whom we attempt to comfort. At the outbreak of war this line of explanation was freely followed, but as the war advanced even the very daring became more reserved. No specific explanation could be found to cover all the circumstances and confidence in any attempt was more or less discounted. If we do not know, it is far better to frankly say so, and, of course, much more honest. In like manner when we attempt to comfort the bereaved, is anything gained by entering into definite and elaborate details about the heavenly economy of which even the Master Himself revealed so little? Our very definiteness gives rise to complications and questions which wisdom itself seems unable to solve. Comfort that is based upon a flaw which the intellect, unclouded by emotion, can easily detect, may nurture the seed of scepticism. No man may specialize on the unseen world and carry lasting conviction. He may speculate and make beautiful guesses, but its mysteries have still to be explored by the specialist whose surprizes may be as startling and numerous as those of the less skilled. The hope of the world is its movement towards better things. Evil has not in it the essence of life. The ultimate power that holds and controls the universe is eternal righteousness, and to God's justice, mercy and love, we may confidently commit our virtues and our hopes here and hereafter. If we have a little He has much. This or that page of the loved author's book may be puzzling and obscure, but we read on confident that the difficulties will be dissolved. It may seem more agreeable to have all our spiritual difficulties explained as we go along, but confidence in ultimate righteousness must be our strength and stay. Our virtues, our hopes, loves, faiths, are but fragments which meet their completeness and perfection, in the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all things.

"Spectator."

WAR EPITAPHS COLLECTED

For the proposed national war museum in London a collection of war epitaphs is being made. Here is one from a British graveyard in France:—

"When you go home tell them of us and say
For your to-morrow they gave their to-day."

From the graves of men who went down at the battle of Coronel the following is taken:—

"If life's best prize be to end life well
Then envy us; we died at Coronel."

From a war memorial in an English city:—

"These, in the glorious morning of their days,
For England's sake lost all but England's praise."

The following is an epitaph for soldiers who died in the first battle of Ypres:—

"When might in scornful missions came arrayed,
Here a few English stood, and he was stayed."

Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such as you, and every life like yours, the earth would be God's paradise.—Rev. T. H. Ibbott.

The Bible Lesson

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

1st Sunday in Advent, December 1st, 1918.

Subject:

Watching for the Bridegroom, St. Matt. 25:1-13.

WE begin to-day a new series of lessons. They are arranged by the Sunday School Commission for the Senior Department of our Sunday Schools. The studies which appear in this column of the "Canadian Churchman" are not intended to be a detailed treatment of the Sunday School lesson, but a general survey of it for the use of Bible class students, and for those who do not attend Sunday School but like to follow the lessons at home.

The lesson course is taken from the Acts of the Apostles, but there is a special Advent lesson appointed for to-day.

1. **The Kingdom of Heaven.** The parable of the ten virgins is meant to teach certain truths concerning the Kingdom of Heaven. There are many parables grouped about the same great theme. Our Lord frequently spoke about the Kingdom. The great wealth of illustration contained in the parables of the Kingdom brings out various aspects of it which our Lord desired to make known to men. The chief points emphasized in this parable are, (1) the certainty of the coming of the King, (2) the uncertainty of the time of His appearing, (3) the need of watchfulness and faithful waiting, and (4) a warning against unpreparedness.

2. **Watching for the Bridegroom.** The Bridegroom is the Lord Himself. He is here pointing to the period of waiting which the Church is to experience between the time of His Ascension and His Coming again. The great emphasis of the parable is on the need of watchfulness—watchfulness over our conduct and character and expectation concerning the return of our Lord.

3. **The ten virgins** represent the Church and the attitude of those who believe in the Lord towards the fact of His Coming again. A Jewish marriage is used as an illustration. These marriages generally took place at the house of the bridegroom's parents. Thither the bride was conducted by her friends. The bridegroom was always away from home on her arrival, but some time during the evening he would return accompanied by his friends. The parable points to this period of waiting for the coming of the bridegroom. If the time were long the maidens who were waiting with the bride might have several weary hours to pass before the noise of the festive procession of the coming bridegroom would announce to them that he was near at hand. Then they would go out to meet him and, together with the procession of his friends, conduct him amid rejoicings and merriment into the house.

4. **The wise and the foolish.** The difference between these was that of preparation. The foolish virgins had their lamps but they had not sufficient oil. At the critical moment when the bridegroom came their lamps were going out and they could not replenish them with oil. The wise, on the other hand, not only had their lamps, but they had a supply of oil. Each one had a supply sufficient for her own lamp, but none to spare. In one respect they were alike. They all slumbered and slept, the wise as well as the foolish and the foolish as well as the wise.

5. **Behold the Bridegroom cometh.** When that cry was heard they all arose and began to trim their lamps. They had all been guilty of more or less forgetfulness. None was faithfully watching. Some had made no proper preparation. Five of the ten had been really prepared and when the announcement was made that the bridegroom was at hand they were able to complete their preparation and to meet him.

6. **The Church and the Coming Lord.** It is a vivid picture of the condition of the Church. We all believe in some fulfilment of our Lord's promise that He will come again. We all have our lamps which may be taken as the outward form of our religion. We are all more or less forgetful—slumbering or sleeping—of the Lord's promised return. Have half of us the real, essential preparation—the "oil" of the parable? The form of godliness is not enough without the power thereof. We must have as the Scotch used to say, "the root of the matter" in our hearts.

There are three principal things taught in Advent. (1) He shall come again. (2) Be ye ready. (3) Awake thou that sleepest.

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Correspondence

"BACK TO MUFTI."

Sir,—Upon request, the Publicity Representative of the Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment Commission, 22 Victoria St., Ottawa, Ont., has kindly consented to place upon the mailing list of "Back to Mufti" (formerly "Reconstruction") the names of my parishioners who have relatives overseas. A like privilege will doubtless be granted to those who care to make a similar request. "Reconstruction" is a magazine which well repaid perusal. "Back to Mufti" will probably be even more worthy of careful reading. This magazine, as most of us possibly know, is given gratuitously by the Government.

S. S. Hardy.

Warton, Ont.

SURGE ECCLESIA.

Sir,—In the Canadian Church to-day surely one of the primary needs is the revival of the pulpit. And by this one does not mean the preaching of more eloquent, or more scholarly sermons. Nothing of the kind. We speak of something that is as possible to the rural preacher as to the most popular of preachers in some great city church. We need, above all things, a new earnestness, a new conviction, a new courage, a new tone of power through a fresh contact with the Word, and a fresh reception of the power of the Holy Ghost. The preacher is ever to be a man with a message. Think of the glory of the pulpit to-day. Never were men so hungry for the stimulus of life, the uplift of hope, and the vision of strength as to-day. Think of the chance of the pulpit to-day. Think of the Divine right of the preacher to-day. Perhaps never again will men come to church with such longings for the riches of the spiritual life. After these weary years of war, men and women in every place will want to get away from the life of economics and politics and education and toil. They want to learn that life is something more than a wage-earning, house and lesson-learning affair. They are coming to realize that there is a world of wonder and mystery and infinite attraction, beside which simple matters like war, and world politics, and world contentions are of inferior interest. When the preacher ascends the pulpit, he ascends a throne, trans-

ending far the teacher's desk, the orator's stand, or the parliament floor. He is as a strong man rejoicing to run a race. He comes forth on the Lord's own day, as a seer who has seen visions of God. (Isa. 1:1; 2:1; 6:1; Ez. 1:1; 2 Cor. 12:1; Rev. 1:10; 4:1.) He appears as a hearer who has heard. (Deut. 5:27; Jer. 1:4; Ez. 3:10.) He comes before his congregation with this word from the Lord: "Stand in the Lord's house and speak unto all who come to worship in the Lord's house, all the words that I command thee to speak unto them; diminish not a word." Jer. 26:2. And after he has concluded, the people will say: "He hath spoken to us in the name of the Lord our God." Jer. 26:16. It is an insult to our Saviour to even think that the day of the preacher is gone, in the face of His eternal mandate: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Or in face of the last mighty word of His great apostle: "I charge you solemnly in the sight of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is about to judge the living and the dead at his Epiphany and his Kingdom—preach the Word." The glory of the open door to-day simply staggers the mind. A mass movement of the soul and heart, subconscious if you like, is going on beyond all we can ask or think. Impulses are waiting for the spur of life. Dull eyes are waiting to be opened to the visions of life for God in Christ. A soul mass, as needy as the prostrate millions of Russia, is waiting for the voice that will call them to take of the Bread of Life freely, and to go forth in its satisfaction and inspiration to conquer continents of thought and action, and to expatiate in ever wider and higher fields of sanctification, consecration and service. Let statesmen, editors and teachers do the work of economic, political and social reconstruction, but let ministers carry on His work Who said: "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." (Mark 1:38; read also Luke 4:18.)

Every preacher is a specialist. His speciality is interpretation, inspiration and, above all, salvation. His primary business is to save souls through the soul-saving Word. Then to lead them on in sanctification; to lift them to high and holy endeavour; and then to consecration, the terminus of life. One of the most appalling statements made in recent days, was made by a well-known leader of American Church thought, Professor Cole, of the Union Theological Seminary New York, when he said that, to a large extent, "the pulpit was saying about the war, substantially the same things that the newspapers are saying, and that our religion has not especially or distinctively a message for these days of war." It was one of the most revealing things that was ever spoken by a religious leader. One of the saddest things in the whole world is to see a man who has an opportunity to lead men to eternity, handing them a muck-rake to gather together a few thoughts about patriotism, social theories and war problems. There is only one message for this new day, and that is the old, old message of the old, old Book, which is ever new, 1 John 2:7, 8. And the new tone that is ever needed in the preaching is the tone that Pusey once spoke of in one of his great University sermons. He was defining that wondrous power, which not only convinces the understanding, but sways the human soul, not as clearness of reasoning or power of thought, or loftiness of conception, or beauty of diction. "These things," said he, "have their delight, but they will not move. Only when the soul goes out of itself, and speaks to the soul, can man sway the will of man. Eloquence, then, is all soul, embodied, it may be, in burning forceful words, but with a power above the power of words." The man who preaches with this power will never fail to have an audience. Scholarly or unscholarly, eloquent or ordin-

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ary, he will have before him every Sunday an inspiring vision of hungry souls, needy souls, dying souls, tempted souls, tried souls, to-be-saved souls, to-be-helped souls, souls young and old, souls poor and rich—just souls! Happy and strong is he who preaches to soldiers, not because they are militants, or patriotic, but because they are souls in need of salvation. Happy is he, yea, thrice happy is he who preaches from Sunday to Sunday to Churchmen, not simply as members of a particular branch of the Body of Christ, but as anxious, yearning, hungering and thirsting souls. Not echoes of the voices of statesmen, as the Archbishop of York so truly said to the clergy of Toronto (no, nor echoes of the voices of editors, or authors recent and original), but the spokesmen of the voice of God.

Dyson Hague.

THE STATE OF THE CHURCH.

Sir,—Rev. Dyson Hague has, it seems to me, sounded a true note of warning in calling attention to the easy-going way in which the Church is taking these crucial times. As he says, there are many members, both lay and clerical, waiting for the war to build up the Church. Many more are simply marking time till the war is over in order to do what? Fall back into the old ways that the war has proved were so very inefficient. Has there been more earnestness since the war began? Was there ever a time when luxury so ran riot? With 25,000 more automobiles in Ontario in 1918 than in 1917, does it look as if we were aware of the fact that thousands of men are dying every week in Europe in the war. Look at the selfishness which protested against, and which broke, the Fuel Controller's order against running automobiles on Sunday. Does that look as if we had learned the lesson the war is supposed to teach? Then why did the Fuel Controller pick out Sunday as the day on which to put the ban? Was it because the Fuel Controller was thinking of Sabbath desecration? Not at all, but because more gasoline was burned in the United States and Canada on that day in joy riding than in all the rest of the week. Just think what that means as to the thousands of nominal church members in Canada who are never in church so long as the roads are good. Look at the desecration on the golf links. Not as it used to be when a few boys with guilty consciences played baseball in a secluded spot, but leading citizens and church members playing openly and parading with their clubs and bags in front of the church even at service time. Can the Church be flouted in this way and not lose her self-respect? Can she look at the situation with equanimity? And all this has become ten times worse since the war

began. The fact is that as a nation Canada has not learned the lesson of the war yet and she must learn it after the war. We shall have plenty of teachers. Two years from now the year 1918 will look calm and peaceful and prosperous alongside the welter and anxiety that will then prevail. If we believe that God rules the world should we not take ourselves to prayer and to waiting on the Holy Spirit for guidance.

Ontario Layman.

The War's Aftermath

Tuesday, Nov. 12th.—The ex-Kaiser takes refuge in Holland.

Wednesday, Nov. 13th.—Emperor Charles of Austria abdicates. Germany declared a Republic. Red Flag floats over ex-Kaiser's palace.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Allied Fleet anchors off Constantinople. The Reichstag converted into an armed camp. The movement in German-Austria for union with the new Germanic Republic grows stronger daily. Mr. Lloyd George comes out strongly in favour of a League of Nations.

Friday, Nov. 15th.—The King of the Belgians made state entry into Ghent. The ex-Crown Prince of Germany has been interned by the Dutch. Fighting in Brussels. Peace Conference to meet at Versailles.

Saturday, Nov 16th.—Frederick Ebert, Chancellor, appointed Premier of the new German Government. Urgent appeal made by him to President Wilson to save the German people from possible starvation and anarchy. More than 100 men, mostly German officers, killed in the recent fighting in Berlin.

Monday, Nov. 18th.—German forces in East Africa surrender. German Naval envoys agree to surrender fleet. Admiral von Tirpitz and King Ludwig of Bavaria flee to Switzerland. Allied armies commence their march towards Germany. Forts in Alsace manned by French.

The Rev. C. S. Quin was consecrated in Christ Church, Houston, Tex., on the Eve of All Saints. Seven Bishops took part in the act of consecration, and Bishop Woodcock, the Bishop of Kentucky, preached the sermon.

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Church News

Memorial to Late Lieut. McCullough at Ottawa.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," St. John 15: 13, is the very fitting text inscribed on the artistically designed memorial window at St. Alban's Church, Ottawa, to the honour of the late Flight-Lieutenant Alec McCullough, son of the late Alex McCullough and Mrs. McCullough, which window was unveiled at an impressive service on November 10th. Rev. T. J. Stiles, the Rector, read the dedication service and preached, and Colonel Alan Palmer officiated at the unveiling. The subject of the window is Christ bearing the Cross, and the inscription, besides the text, reads: "In loving memory of Flight-Lieutenant Alex Fenton McCullough, R.F.C., killed August 16th, 1917." Lieut. McCullough was among the first Ottawans to go overseas. He enlisted in the autumn of 1914, going across early the next year. After a brief training in England, he went to France, where he served in action for over two years. He enlisted with the Mechanical Transport Section, and was later transferred to the Borden Machine Gun Battery. After this service at the front he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and won his wings on the night of August 15th, while on the following morning he met death in action.

Sunday School War Memorial

Reports to date are most encouraging; 146 schools have reported, and over \$15,000 has been contributed. The Sunday School of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, leads with \$1,760. It has a membership of 500. Many schools are contributing \$200 and \$300 bonds. Arrangements have been made for an extension of time. A block of bonds is being held for the M.S.C.C. which schools may obtain on application. It is, therefore, possible for every Anglican school to still go ahead and secure at least one bond. Further notices will be sent out in due time.

Thanksgiving Service at Montreal.

Simple, impressive services of thanksgiving were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Symonds at Christ Church Cathedral, on Victory Monday. The processional hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell," was followed by the Psalms, "Cantate Domino" and "Laudate Dominum." The Rev. H. Victor Fricker read the Lesson from Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." To the General Thanksgiving a special clause of thanks for victory and peace was added. The congregation stood, while the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the choir. The service was concluded with the singing of the National Anthem, the Benediction, pronounced by Bishop Farthing, and the recessional hymn.

A large congregation gathered in the Church of St. James the Apostle for a service of praise and thanksgiving. The Rev. W. J. Bradbury, who gave a brief address, urged that thanks be offered in a truly Christian spirit for the victory obtained through the power of the gospel of Christ. The national anthem and the doxology were sung.

The service conducted by Archdeacon Paterson Smyth at St. George's Church was one of thanksgiving and prayer for the guidance of the statesmen of the nation. The hymns were: "O God, our help in ages past," "Oh God of Bethel," and "Onward Christian Soldiers." The congregation and choir sang the national anthem. The service concluded with the reading of the 103rd Psalm, with the recessional hymn and the "Te Deum."

The Rev. Dr. Craig conducted services in St. Martin's Church. In a brief address, he emphasized the duty of remembering the heroism of the men overseas, the loyalty of the home folk, and the blessing of God. Appropriate prayers and hymns of thanksgiving made the service an impressive one.

Memorial Service for Lieut. Wilson at Christ Church, Chatham.

With a victorious peace in sight for a world devastated by four years of war, the enormity of the sacrifice which men have made in order that righteousness, liberty and justice might prevail, was borne out upon the large assembly in Christ Church recently, when the memory of Lieut. Maurice Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Wilson, who gave his life in France, was fittingly honoured. The

service was conducted by the Rev. Canon Howard and was attended by many friends of the deceased officer. Thirty war veterans attended in a body to pay honour to their fallen comrade. A glowing tribute to the late officer was paid by the Rev. Canon Howard. Maurice Wilson, when war broke out, was 17 years of age. As soon as he was old enough he offered himself for military service. He trained as a field officer and received his commission with the 186th Battalion. When the 186th Battalion went overseas it went not as a complete battalion but as a draft, and Maurice Wilson, being one of the youngest officers, was cut off without another position in the regiment. He reverted in rank in order to go overseas with the men with whom he had been associated. That one act showed the spirit of this young man.

This occasion, while one of considerable sadness, brings out many features worthy of our deep thought and consideration. It is a fact that one of the things is that we will have a different conception of the manhood of our country and Empire. We have heard a good deal said about reconstruction, but it seems to me that we are now undergoing a reconstruction of our ideals, and point of views in life. I am ready to confess that before the war, I did not have the conception of the manhood of the present age. This conception of manhood is entirely changed by deeds of British heroism in this war. The example of these men give us a new conception of the life beyond. Think of the multitude of very young men called into that other world beyond. I like to think of the life hereafter as one of activity, and service, not as one of rest, after long labours; but that power of living, beginning, as it were, a new era, starting in happier and better conditions to serve our God. These things speak to us at this time. The life of a soldier is lived on behalf of others. His service is for others, for Home, Country and King, as well as our own great cause, and even the cause of God Himself. This should touch our own lives and draw us nearer to God, and make us realize what life's service means, and make us look to the reward of God."

United Service of Thanksgiving at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston.

Addresses Given by Bishop Bidwell and Rev. Dr. R. J. Wilson.

St. George's Cathedral never before housed a greater gathering than assembled there on the evening of November 13th to take part in a united service of thanksgiving for victory. Every seat was occupied and the audience overflowed into the vacant places in the choir. In the vast crowd were Mayor Hughes, wearing his chain of office, W. F. Nickle, M.P., and Dr. J. W. Edwards, M.P., Judge Lavell and many other prominent citizens. The headquarters staff of Military District No. 3 was represented by Brig.-Gen. T. D. R. Hemming, G.O.C., Brig.-Gen. G. S. Maunsell, G.S.O., Major Kidd, Major McManus, Major Horsey and several others. There were one hundred and twenty voices in the choir, made up by members of the choirs of all the city churches. Following the choir came the city ministers, representing every Protestant denomination. This was a unique occasion in the history of Kingston's churches, for it is the first time the ministers have ever assembled in this way. Following the singing, the whole congregation joined in the General Confession, General Thanksgiving and the Lord's Prayer, led by Dean Starr. The reading of the ninth Psalm responsively followed, and then Rev. J. LeFlair, of the First Baptist church, read the first Lesson, from Isaiah, Chapter 40. The "Te Deum" was sung with great heartiness. The sec-

ond Lesson, from Rev. 7, was read by Rev. T. deCourcy Raynor. The whole congregation joined in the Apostles' Creed. Rev. J. D. Ellis (Methodist) offered a prayer of thanksgiving.

Bishop Bidwell took as his text the words from the sixth verse of the 126th Psalm: "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." His Lordship said that even while we have gained a great victory, we must remember that we sowed in tears. We must remember that the price paid in blood and treasure is a heavy one. We remember how light-heartedly we went into the war, how confident we were that we would very quickly overcome the enemy. But the light-heartedness soon changed to a stern resolve to see the war through no matter what the price might be. We can thank God that there was no hesitation when the call came and the price was demanded. There have been moments of depression and disappointment, but we have never looked back. There have been some cowards and shirkers, but not many. There have been base men who have plundered their country, but only a few. The mass of the people have tried to do their best and to go on silently and resolutely. We must use further self-denial in order that joy may be brought by our help to the countries in need, in order that our harvest may indeed be one of joy.

Rev. W. T. G. Brown (Methodist) then offered prayer. After a hymn,

The Authorized Lectionary in Canada

The BISHOP OF HURON, Chairman of the General Synod Prayer Book Revision Committee, writes regarding the Lectionary of the Canadian Church:—

"As some doubt has been raised as to what Lectionary is the authorized one for the Canadian Church at the present time, and some are using one Lectionary and some are using another, it might not be out of place to state the following facts:—

"(1) The only fully authorized Lectionary is the old Lectionary that is printed in the English Prayer Book.

"(2) In 1915, we had a Revised Canadian Lectionary, which was printed in the Prayer Book as approved in the General Synod of 1915, and that Lectionary was given provisional authority by the House of Bishops until the next General Synod.

"(3) At the last General Synod, we adopted a new Lectionary which is a modification of the Lectionary adopted by Convocations in England; and this new Lectionary, along with the new edition of the Prayer Book, has been adopted by the General Synod unanimously, and given authority and recommended by the House of Bishops for use until the whole Book is finally and formally adopted at the next General Synod. By the adoption of this new Lectionary and giving it authority, the temporary authority given to the Lectionary adopted in 1915 has, *ipso facto*, been discontinued. "Therefore, there are practically two Lectionaries now having authority in the Church in Canada.

"(1) The old Lectionary as printed in the English Prayer Book, and

"(2) The Lectionary adopted at the last General Synod, authorized and recommended for use by the House of Bishops."

Rev. D. R. Church, att vestments, based his re Lord hath c wherefore w in Canada w so self-centr dustrial wo spirit in labi there will b face the new lectual worl ing of the omic sophist the past. verization sweeping a shevivism. r up in Fran dians have century in a the spirit of "carry o in face of Ypres, wher of the agoi the diabolic spirit is th of the "Lla to their wa was torped sob. That and women which will lives. In a to Mons, o jective they never broke they could which has ada.

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Rev. D. R. J. Wilson, of Chalmers Church, attired in the Presbyterian vestments, entered the pulpit. He based his remarks on the words: "The Lord hath done great things for us, wherefore we are glad. He said that in Canada we can never be so selfish, so self-centred as we were. In the industrial world there will be a new spirit in labour. In the religious world there will be a great new impulse to face the new conditions. In the intellectual world there will be a smashing of the old philosophy and economic sophistry which has held sway in the past. And there will be a pulverization of social distinctions, a sweeping away of autocracy and Bolshevism. A new idealism has sprung up in France and Flanders. Canadians have felt the experiences of a century in an hour. The new spirit is the spirit of her heroes; the spirit of "carry on," as the Canadians did in face of the deadly gas fumes at Ypres, when they held the line in spite of the agony and soul torture of all the diabolical enginery of war. Her spirit is that of those heroic nurses of the "Llandoverly Castle," who went to their watery grave, after the ship was torpedoed, without a scream or a sob. That was the spirit of the men and women who won the war, the spirit which will never die while Canada lives. In all their fighting from Ypres to Mons, our boys never faced an objective they did not take. Their line never broke under them. They knew they could do it, and that is the spirit which has been released all over Canada.

The service was concluded by the Benediction given by the Bishop of Ontario.

St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto.

The addition to St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, which was commenced some time ago in order to accommodate the steadily increasing congregation, is now being completed and will be opened shortly. It will give an added seating capacity for 500 people. At this service, Mr. R. W. Allin, M.A., Finance Commissioner of the diocese of Toronto, was admitted as a lay-reader.

Holy Trinity Church, Toronto.

The Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, on November 13th, conducted a 20-minute service of thanksgiving for victory. It opened with the singing of the National Anthem, and at the suggestion of the Rector the time was spent "on our feet praising, or on our knees praying to God." A number of the large congregation remained afterwards and heard "O Canada" and the "Marseillaise" rendered by the organist.

A Peace Thanksgiving at Hamilton.

A service of thanksgiving for victory and the near prospect of peace was held in Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, on the evening of November 12th. The Very Rev. Dean Owen conducted the service and the address was given by the Bishop of Niagara. The band of the 91st Highlanders, under Lieut. H. A. Stares, assisted the choir in the musical portion of the service. A large congregation was present.

New Curate Appointed.

To succeed the Rev. Richard Lee, Curate of All Saints' Church, Windsor, Ont., who has been appointed to the rectorship of Christ Church, Adrian, Mich., the Rev. Joseph Chapman, of Theford, has been named by Bishop Williams of the diocese of Huron.

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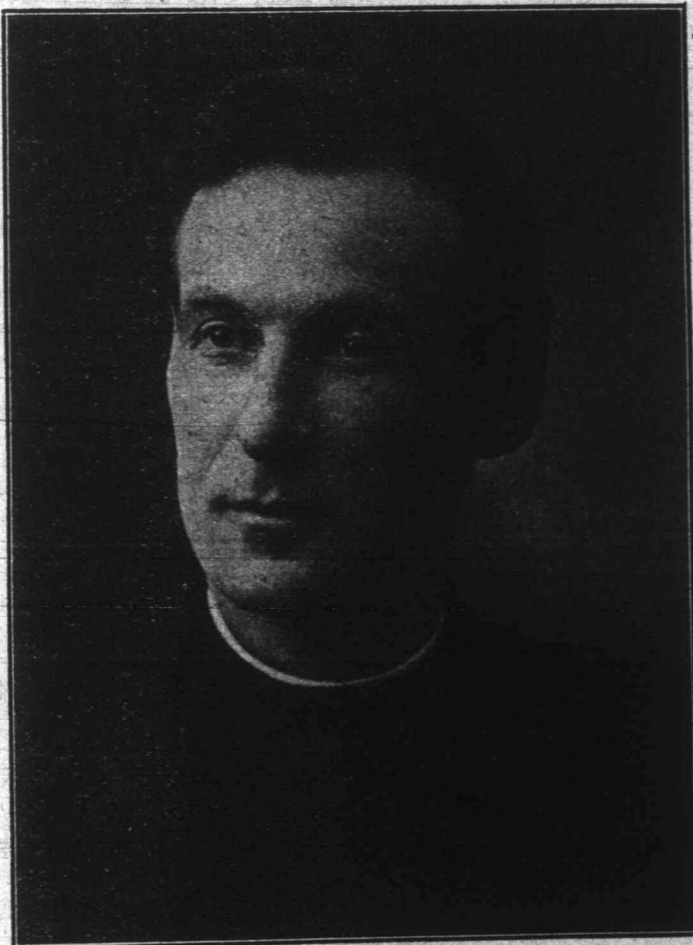
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IN MEMORIAM

Rev. T. Beverley-Smith

ONE of the noblest of men was the Rev. T. Beverley Smith who died last Thursday in Toronto. In every parish where he had worked the same tale is told. "Ministry" was the aim and ambition of his life. In the early years of his service that motive was giving shape to his work. An old parishioner who had known and worked with him in one of his first charges,—Curate at All Saints', Windsor,—said, "We never found out half of Mr. Smith's work. After Mr. Smith had left the town, a street-car driver said, "That man was one of



THE LATE T. BEVERLEY SMITH, B.A.,
Former Rector of St. John's, West Toronto.

God's good men. Why, he took the coat off his back and gave it to me. I was standing on the front end in the sleet and snow. I had no overcoat. Mr. Smith heard me coughing. He gave me his own overcoat." The old parishioner said "That explained something, for we had wondered why the young minister had stopped wearing an overcoat in the winter time and he would not tell us." Other tales of chivalry and service the old parishioner told us. "Minister" was the word that describes Beverley Smith's life.

At Chatham it was the same story. At West Toronto, in the hard times a few years ago, Mr. Smith organized and distributed

relief. He worked so hard that his health was undermined. No one who met him then could escape the infection of the burning zeal for service. In his student days at Toronto University and Wycliffe College he was marked by the same trait.

Another aspect of service was his unflinching opposition to the Liquor Traffic. He had seen too much of its effects in his parishes to be silent in the face of so great a wrong. At West Toronto He threw himself into the fight and held the ground already won by Archbishop DuVernet, the former Rector.

The Church is poorer for the passing of such an earnest man as this. He lived the devotion and warmth of the Gospel of Love among his fellows. But our life is richer for his noble example of sterling, courageous, unselfish, uncalculating service for the Master.—W. T. H.

Victory Day at Halifax.

Impressive services, celebrating the good news of peace, were held in all the city churches at midday on Victory Day. Services, long to be remembered, celebrating the greatest event in the history of the world. It is needless to state that the churches were thronged with people. The hymns of thanksgiving were sung with a heartiness and deep feeling that was most impressive. His Grace the Archbishop of Nova Scotia delivered a stirring address at the noon service, held at All Saints'. The Very Rev. Dean Llwyd was in charge of the service and the full choir was in attendance. The officials representing the various departments of the Province and nation, as well as a large number of soldiers and sailors were present. The offering was taken on behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund. Flags of the allies were artistically draped over the front of the chancel.

At St. Paul's, when the noon-day gun boomed announcing the hour set by Royal Proclamation for public thanksgiving, the doxology of praise rang forth in Old St. Paul's from a chorus of two thousand tongues. None will ever forget the moment. A pause, and then the voice of the Archdeacon was heard: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise," and again a hymn of praise arose from the vast congregation, "O Worship the King, all glorious above." Prayer, and chant, and Lesson followed, and then the ascriptions of the multitude broke forth in hymn again, "Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand." Sailors and soldiers were there, too. Mothers and fathers were there whose hearts' anxieties had been stilled by the tidings. Many, too, who wore the habiliments of mourning telling of their sacrifices, great and painful. More than ninety St. Paul's families lost sons. There were judges, officials, presidents of societies, and men from every walk of life. The Governor's proclamation was read by the Archdeacon, and he also gave a stirring address upon the words: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The sermon was instinct with a true patriotic fire, and gave fine expression to the sentiments bursting in every heart. The honour roll containing 1,473 names, more than twice the number of any church in Canada, hung upon the vestibule and was much admired. The church was suitably decorated with flags of the allies. There have been many great services held in historic Old St. Paul's since the war began. In all these there has been a minor chord, but to-day the hearts of all were thrilled with a joy quite impossible to describe.

Ottawa's Thanksgiving to Last a Month.

The churches in Ottawa have decided to hold a series of thanksgiving services for victory and peace during the next four weeks in four of the central churches. The Clerical Guild, at its meeting last week, expressed the conviction that the joy which is felt on all sides at the victorious accomplishments of Canada's heroic men after their long and splendid contribution to the great cause, will wish to find fitting expression through such a succession of services of praise and thanksgiving as is now planned. The first in the series was held in St. Matthew's Church, on Wednesday night, when Dean Starr, of Kingston, a Chaplain to our men overseas, was the preacher. The services to follow will be held on Thursday of each week in St. John's, the Cathedral and All Saints'. The Bishop and the clergy will attend each service in a body, and the services are intended for the people of the city generally, who are all invited to be present, and so make each occasion worthy of the great object in view.

The Duchess of Marlborough has been elected a member of the London County Council.

British and French flags were used for the first time in St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, Wis., on November 3rd.

New St. Paul's, Woodstock.

On November 13th, New St. Paul's Church, Woodstock, Ont., was the scene of one of the most memorable and impressive services which have been held within its walls. It took the form of a service of praise and thanksgiving to God for victory and peace. The Mayor and Council and the Great War Veterans attended in a body. Rev. F. Ryott, Rector of Kirkton, read the Scripture lesson. An appropriate address was given by Mr. Ryott who emphasized the causes for public thanksgiving at this time. Mayor West also gave an address. Capt. the Rev. E. Appleyard dwelt on the fact that God had now vindicated Himself, and asked those present to remember those who would never return to their loved ones.

Presentation for Charlottetown Rector.

Before the Rev. T. W. Murphy, M.A., left this parish, where he has, by his diligent work, won not only the esteem but the affection of the people, he was presented with an illuminated address and a cheque of handsome amount from the congregation. Mrs. Murphy was given a purse of gold. On all sides great regret was expressed at their leaving, not only by the congregation, but by the city generally. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy found the leave-taking a difficult task, because they had become greatly attached to the church and people. Mr. Murphy commenced his work at All Saints', Toronto, last Sunday.

Notes from Rupert's Land.

Banned by the authorities on account of the "flu" epidemic, activities of all kinds in the whole diocese are practically suspended. Financially, the effect is most serious, and the usual receipts at the Synod Office for H.M.F. and M.S.C.C., are practically non-existent. Very great hardships will be experienced in many parishes unless the ban is soon lifted, though temporary means to meet exigencies have been devised in some cases. Many towns in the province are strictly quarantined as regards railway traffic and even motor traffic.

Mr. W. G. Murphy, for many years churchwarden of the church at Carberry, and one of the most prominent and popular laymen of the diocese, recently passed away. Ven. Archdeacon Thomas, who had been specially asked by his Grace the Archbishop, to represent him at the funeral, was prevented from attendance by the railroad quarantine.

The parish of Manitou, taking hold of their H.M.F. and M.S.C.C. apportionments in good season, this year raised the magnificent sum of \$900 for these objects, their apportionment being but \$200 for these objects. It is an eloquent tribute to the sterling work done by the Rector, Rev. F. Glover.

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Blood Thicker Than Water

Extract of an Address delivered by Mr. FREDERICK C. GILBERT of Detroit, before a meeting of Canadian Churchmen, held in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, on Monday, October 14th.

MR. Chairman, Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Toronto, Honorable Mayor Church and fellow Churchmen,—It is a high honour to be invited to speak before such a body and on such an occasion.

After all that has been said, I feel very much like the Mohammedan priest who was invited to a new mosque. Ascending into the pulpit and looking over the congregation, with a twinkle in his eye, he said: "Believers in Allah and followers of the Prophet Mohammed, do you know what I am about to say to you today?" With one accord they all lifted up their voices and said, "We do not." Then said he: "Neither do I. Depart ye to your homes in peace." After he had had gone they consulted together and said: "Yea, verily, this is a very shrewd man. The next time he asks us this question we will all say yes." So again at the appointed time, when he had ascended into the pulpit, and looking over the congregation said: "Believers in Allah and followers of the Prophet Mohammed, do you know what I am about to say to you today?" With one accord they lifted up their voices and said: "We do." Then said he: "If you do there is no need of my telling you, and depart ye to your homes in peace." Then said they among themselves: "Verily this

is a shrewd man; he has slipped one over on us." (I don't know whether this American slang appeals to my Canadian brothers or whether they understand it, but I guess some of you do.) Then they said: "The next time he does this, half of us will say "Yes" and half will say "No," and we will confound him." On the next occasion when the priest made his opening address, one-half of the congregation said, "We do," and the other half said, "We do not." Then said he: "Let those who know tell those who do not know, that ye may both be satisfied and depart ye to your homes in peace."

After listening to the eloquent speeches that have been made regarding our kinship with our Canadian brothers, I feel somewhat nonplussed as to what to say, and it occurred to me the situation is very much like that which obtained during the Civil War, or after the Civil War, when it was determined to resume gold payments. There was considerable discussion in Congress and finally one of our statesmen, Senator Sherman, stood up and said: "The way to resume specie payments is to resume." I think, therefore, the way to strengthen cordial relations with Canada, and to increase our friendship, is to do it.

It has occurred to me, in looking back over history for some 40 or 50

years, that we have been carrying out unconsciously this idea in a very practical way. We have heard a good deal about hands across the sea, Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, etc., and while we have been wishing that such things might happen, history shows us that in a very practical way they have been happening.

For instance; some years before the Spanish-American war a small British war vessel in one of the Chinese rivers was attacked by a large force of Chinese. An American boat was in the river. The British commander went to the American commander and asked him what he would do if the British vessel was attacked. The American commander said: "I have no orders, but blood is thicker than water."

During the Spanish-American war, or just preceding it, when our little fleet under Admiral Dewey, lay in Hongkong Harbour, expecting to receive over the cable at any minute the momentous words, telling him we were at war with Spain, and when this message did come, our Admiral Dewey went to the British Admiral in command at the Port of Hongkong, and asked him what his attitude would be. He replied: "Officially I am neutral, but if there is anything I can do for you, let me know." Dewey said he was short of coal. A short time thereafter, colliers were moved alongside of the American war ships, the ships were coaled and put to sea for Manila.

After Manila was captured by the American forces, the German Admiral Von Detrich sailed into the harbor and with the usual Prussian effrontery proceeded to make himself obnoxious to everyone there by sending his launches all over the harbour in an attempt to establish communication with the Spaniards. After earnest protest from Admiral Dewey, and on one occasion the firing of a shot across the bow of one of his launches, he stopped, but he went to the British Admiral Chichester and asked him what his attitude would be if he fired on the American ships. Admiral Chichester answered: "Only Dewey and myself know," and there was no further trouble.

Later there was a disturbance in Samoa. A German ship, I think it was the cruiser "Adler," sailed into the harbour. There was present there a little wooden American war vessel with smooth bore guns (a relic of the Civil War) called the "Adams," under Commander O'Leary, a good American of Irish ancestry, who was full of the fighting courage of his race. Clearing his ship for action the American commander sailed between the German cruiser and the shore and told the German commander that if he fired it would be across or through the American vessel and that O'Leary would return his fire. The German was bluffed and left.

These few instances illustrate the point I am trying to make. While we have been talking in an academic way about these splendid possibilities our Anglo-Saxon brothers in times of trouble have always drawn closely together, just as a family does when they are in trouble. I have used these instances merely as illustrations to convey to you the point I am trying to make—viz., "blood is still thicker than water."

A few years ago some of your statesmen and ours negotiated a reciprocity treaty between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America, which was defeated because some of your people were afraid that it meant a step toward annexation. We were sorry it was defeated, because we desired that the relations between the Dominion of Canada and ourselves might be of the closest and warmest character and we felt that increased trade relations between the two countries could not help but stimulate a warmer and kindlier feeling.

As a matter of fact, I think I am safe in saying that to-day, while the far-thinking men on both sides of the



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ANNOUNCEMENT TO HIS FELLOW-ELECTORS

Mr. W. H. SHAW, President Shaw's Business Schools, announces that he will be a candidate for Mayor of Toronto in the next Municipal Campaign.

line, do not want to consider any question of annexation, the feeling of respect, goodwill and affection between business men in their respective countries is much stronger than it is among those in political or professional life.

The previous speakers have all touched to a greater or less degree on the general situation. I believe that as Canadian citizens, you will be interested in hearing some of the inner details of our own problem and with your permission, I am going to draw aside for a few minutes the curtain in order that you may see a side of the picture, with which I do not believe many of you are entirely familiar.

We realized, when the "Lusitania" went down, that sooner or later we would be in the war, and those of us Americans who believed this began to do our best to prepare for what we saw before us; to set our house in order and to bring about such conditions as would enable us to stand a united people in favour of this action.

We realize that our country and our people were the subject of considerable criticism. Some of it was good-natured and kindly, and some of it the reverse, but we had to take our medicine and bear it and grin, because we had conditions at home which you knew nothing about and which it was necessary for us to right, before we could take our place in the fighting ranks beside those already engaged in the fight for liberty and democracy.

The city of Detroit has approximately 1,000,000 people. Of these, 200,000 are native Poles. In other words, one in every five persons you meet on the streets of the city of Detroit is a Pole. We have approximately 75,000 people of German birth. About 150,000 Austrians, Hungarians and Allied nationalities. So you can realize that we had a problem to meet in lining up these people so that we might present a united front, and that our Anglo-Saxon civilization might not be submerged and overturned, because we people of Anglo-Saxon origin and ancestry determined from the beginning that our ideals should not be altered or challenged by those people who have come to our country for an asylum and to make a livelihood, and who were in a great many instances, as we well knew, disloyal and seditious.

Through the efforts of a group of business men an organization was perfected and the situation was handled in such a manner that leaders of these people and all who showed any disposition by their actions or words to be other than loyal, were under constant surveillance. Many a man was taken from his house, quietly in the dead of night and disappeared. Some of them are rusticated behind barbed wire in our detention camps, where they will stay until after the war. Then we hope that public opinion will be sufficiently aroused to enable us to send them back to the place from whence they came.

We have always been a peaceful people. We were not prepared for war, and as a matter of fact, I think when the history of this war is written, those of us who are most deeply concerned, will stand aghast, when we realize the helpless and unprepared condition we were in and the steps which it was necessary for us to take to put us in a proper position to defend ourselves. But I am happy to say that the energy and resources which have been devoted heretofore to the arts of peace, were turned to the arts of war, and the preparations for the same, and with a grim determination the whole American nation is to-day on a war basis. The preparations which are going on are so absolutely titanic that they stagger imagination.

What has happened in Detroit is being duplicated in a hundred other cities and every railroad track and every road leading to the seaport is to-day crowded with material, all mov-

ing toward the shipping point, as a support line to our first-line trenches in France.

These are the people of whom we are representatives and who come to you to-day, thankful that on the long border line between us, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, nearly 4,000 miles in length, there is not a fort, soldier or war ship, or any preparations between these two great friendly sister nations and we pray God that there never will be, and there never will be if those of us who are Americans and who love their country can prevent it.

Now just one word in conclusion and that is this: We are facing or are to face very shortly, a critical period—the period of reconstruction. It will require time, the utmost patience, great commonsense, to work out these problems and to avoid friction after the war. I firmly believe, you and I, as citizens of two great countries, ought to make it our business and make up our minds, not to let politicians, for selfish ends, create questions of difference, but if questions of difference arise we will settle them in the same kindly spirit as one brother would with another.

Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, N.B.

Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, N.B., was completely filled at the Thanksgiving service on November 17th. The Bishop of Fredericton preached an eloquent sermon. After referring to the significance of the victory to the world and our nation, he spoke in praise of those who had paid the supreme sacrifice. He drew attention to the tremendous tasks of the future.

"Because we believe that God has given us the victory," he said, "therefore we come to Him to-night in prayer that He who has helped us hitherto will continue to guide and bless us in the days that are yet to come. For the end of the war has come, and we thank God for it, but the work which God has given us to do is yet unfinished. I am not sure, indeed, that it might not be truly said that the most important work of all has only now begun. I do not underestimate the tremendous nature of the task that has been accomplished, the earnestness, the effort, the struggle, the sacrifice, but it is only the beginning. We have been so far like settlers in a new land, fighting a hard battle with the stubborn forces of nature.

"The new world is waiting for the new men. One thing is sure. The new problems will not be solved in the old way. More personality, more effort, more initiative, more earnestness, more perseverance, all these things will be needed, and they will be needed from us all. In the past, it was only from a part of men and women that they came. If that is true of the immediate future, and it makes no difference whether the problems are those of education, or politics, or social service, or religion, the new world will be new only in its new opportunities. The old failure will be with us. The world will present a picture to remind us of that scene in the inferno, where a man was sentenced to make a rope of hay by means of which to reach the world of light and liberty, but whilst the man was busy twisting the rope, there stood behind him a flock of asses which devoured the string. There is danger here. We shall be tempted to say to ourselves that these vast problems are too great for us, that they concern the men and women of light and leading in the world, that there is nothing we can do to solve them. It is not so. There is no life that does not count. The glory that is thrown heavenwards by the surface of the storm-tossed sea is only the sum of countless bits of glory that shine from the surface of the

tinest ripples. Remember that when God wants to make a great leader He places under tribute a multitude of lesser souls. Great tasks in national life are done by the whole body corporate, and not by any single section of the nation."

An experimental effort, in the shape of "A School for Clergy," was recently made at Wimbledon with encouraging results.

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The Jolly Animals' Club

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

XIX.

Kidnapped.

HOMEWARD through the rose-purple twilight flew Mr. Mockingbird and Jewel-In-The-Sun. Neither of them spoke, but both were thinking very hard. Just before they separated Mr. Mockingbird said to his little friend: "If you have any plan in that clever head of yours as to how our little singers could be brought to the Cave of Fireflies, I wish you'd tell me. I do want every member of the Club to hear that song."

Jewel-In-The-Sun shook his head. "I can't say I have any real plan," he replied, "but I have an idea. It may not work out at all, but I'll see what can be done to-morrow, and if I have any luck I'll go to the Club and tell them about it."

"All right," said Mr. Mockingbird. "I'll be there, too, and will be looking for you. Good-night."

Everybody was at the Club the next evening, and after the meeting had been opened in the usual way, Professor Owl, the President, made his "Chairman's Address." "For our next number," he said, "we have something a little unusual. Our friend, Mr. Mockingbird, has promised to give us a speech. He has several times delighted us with music, but tonight he has something of particular interest to say, and I have much pleasure in calling on him to say it."

Then, after a little clapping and flapping, Mr. Mockingbird began: "Mr. Professor, and all the Jolly Animals,—Making speeches isn't much in my line, but I do want to tell you of something that happened yesterday. My little friend, Jewel-In-The-Sun, known to most of you as Rubythroat, took me quite out of the Merry Forest to hear the greatest treat of my life—a song sung by two little children in a swing, a boy and a girl. I'm just dying to hear it again, but I want you all to share it with me. The only way

to manage that would be to bring them here. But how could that be done? Mrs. Black Bear and Puck, the monkey, could carry them easily, but if they tried it in broad daylight they'd never get back alive; and at night the children are in bed, out of our reach. Little Rubythroat has something to suggest, I believe, but first we'd like to know if everybody is in favour of having them here."

There were some rather strong objections to this plan. Mr. Mockingbird was reminded that it was a boy who had killed Dearie, the poet and singer of the Merry Forest, and a girl who had walked around with his poor, dead body on her hat. Now, to bring a boy and girl to the Club and ask them to sing seemed nothing less than crazy.

"This case is altogether different," Mr. Mockingbird hastened to explain. "These two are good and kind, and they love us. The song tells you that, and you feel it as soon as you go near them."

Most of the members of the Club were soon won over, though some were still doubtful, and then Jewel-In-The-Sun told his plan.

"I've got it all arranged," he said brightly, "but I mustn't tell you everything, because it is a secret. You know the flowers and I are pretty good friends. We are always helping each other. They give me their honey, and I sprinkle their pollen dust where it helps the blossoms to grow into fruit and seed. The bees do this for many flowers, but some of them no one but I can reach."

"Perhaps some of you think the flowers can't talk; but you are mistaken. They have a lovely language, and they say the sweetest things to me. They are wonderfully wise, too. I told them what we wanted to do, and they were so interested. They told me in a minute just how it could be done, but it's a secret, and I may tell only those who are to help. Mrs. Black Bear and Puck will have to do the kidnapping, but it will be quite safe and easy. Swooper, the Nighthawk, and Mr. Whip-poor-Will are to do the rest, and if these two will come with me to the big tree on Tamarack Hill I'll tell them what to do. If they are willing, we'd better go at once, as soon as the meeting is over."

Mr. Whip-poor-Will and Swooper, the Nighthawk, were ready enough to

go, and at the close of the meeting they didn't wait to talk to anybody. Rubythroat's directions were very short and clear, and in a few minutes the two birds, who were quite at home amid the night shadows, began to carry out these directions.

First they found a pitcher plant, with two nice green pitchers partly filled with fresh rainwater. These were growing in a springy bit of ground on the shore of Lake Lonesome. Next they flew to a hill-top on which grew starry white flowers with a very delicate perfume. These they picked—it was important that they should be gathered in the starlight—and dropped into one of the green pitchers. On another hill they found some blue flowers, also faintly sweet, which they gathered and dropped into the other pitcher.

"There, that's all we can do to-night," said Rubythroat. "If the sun shines on these pitchers to-morrow they will be all ready by evening."

The sun did shine all day, and just before it set, Puck and Mrs. Black Bear, guided by the two night birds, very carefully carried the pitchers to the edge of the wood.

"Now," said Rubythroat, "you must sprinkle a very little of the blue flower perfume on each other, and it will make you invisible. You will be quite safe anywhere, and there will be no danger of your frightening the children. I left them in the swing a minute or two ago. When you get there, sprinkle the white flower perfume on them, and also the rest of the blue. They will at once be hidden from sight by a soft, blue mist, and will go to sleep. Now go ahead and see how quickly and how well you can finish up your job. We birds will fly back and see that all is ready for them in the Cave."

"Isn't this a lark?" said the Bear as they went on.

"It may be more of a lark than we bargained for," returned Puck. "I shouldn't wonder if those birds are playing a joke on us."

They soon found, however, that it was no joke. There were Little Doll Dimple and Little Boy Blue, just like two flowers swaying in the wind. They sprinkled the magic perfume, and it did not fail. The children's eyelids drooped sleepily, and in a minute they were being carried away in two pairs of furry arms. Puck and Mrs. Bear almost ran into the lady in white, but she could not see them through the soft blue mist.

Everybody was at the Cave of Fireflies when they arrived. Rubythroat sprinkled the sleepers with pink flower perfume from another green pitcher, and they were wide awake in a moment.

Oh, how surprised and delighted they were at the wonderful sight! "It's just a lovely dream," cried Doll Dimple, clapping her hands.

"Or a real, sure-nough fairy tale," added Boy Blue.

They were quite sure of this when the birds and animals began to talk to them, and they were not a bit afraid. They were so sweet and good that everybody fell in love with them on the spot.

"Won't you sing us your Swing Song?" Mr. Mockingbird asked after a while.

"O yes! we will if you like," said Doll Dimple, "but it will seem funny without the swing."

"Would it be any help," asked Rubythroat, "if I swing for you as you've often seen me swing in the garden?"

The children thought it would be lovely, so while they stood hand-in-hand and sang their song, the tiny, shiny bird swung back and forth in the firefly light, keeping perfect time to the music of the clear, sweet voices.

Everybody was just wild with delight, and to satisfy them the children had to sing it all over again. Afterwards, they were given a deli-



cious supper of mushrooms, blueberries, cream and honey, and, having promised to come again, were carried safely home to their own doorstep.

"O my darlings! Where have you been?" cried the White Lady, snatching them up and kissing them. "Mother thought she had lost you. Where were you all this time?"

When they told her all about it she laughed and said they had been dreaming.

"It's funny they both dreamed the very same dream," said a stern-eyed neighbour, who had been helping to hunt for them. "If they were mine they'd be well spanked instead of kissed."

But the White Lady knew better than that. She just took them both into her arms again and held them close, close, close to her heart.

Memorial to Lieut. Charles Arthur Bell GRACE CHURCH ON-THE-HILL, TORONTO

Recently there was unveiled in Grace Church, Toronto, a Memorial Stained Glass Window to the Memory of Lieut. Charles Arthur Bell, of the 58th Btm., B.E.F., who was killed in action at Courcellette in 1916.

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Boys and Girls

My Dear Cousins,—I've had six letters already this week from my old cousins, and you've no idea how glad I was to get them, and see the familiar names again. I was especially glad to hear from some cousins who wrote and said their competition answers were coming later. I always like letters, but letters written because somebody wanted to write, and not simply because they were sending answers and thought they might enclose a note. Why, I can't tell you how glad they make me. You all seem to have been very energetic during the summer. You'll see from Gordon Bland's letter how busy he was in the barn. I can imagine something of what it would be like when "the neighbours helped with the mousing." It made me smile when I remembered my fun in the barn this summer. Three times a day I used to go to a certain grain sack for chick feed, and three times a day, just as I put out my hand to loosen the top of the sack, Mr. Mouse used to jump out like a flash, run up the wall so fast I couldn't see his feet and wait on a cross-beam or somewhere till I'd gone. Then, I suppose he came down. I got very interested one day in trying to find out where he *did* hide, and became so absorbed in this that I didn't notice the barn door blow softly open, or those Ply-

mouth Rocks come stalking in behind me. By the time I *did* catch sight of them they had explored one or two forbidden sacks and had a lovely time, but I wish you could have seen them run when I got after them!

I suppose the one great thing that we have all been thinking about this week is the wonderful news that came last Monday. In the middle of all the rush and business of the day's work it was hard sometimes to realize that it was the first week for four years when no fighting was going on in France and Flanders. I thought that directly I got a chance I must get away to somewhere quiet to try and think what Peace means, so as soon as I could on Saturday, off I went to a place I know by a lake, and I had a beautiful time. I saw some queer things, too. To begin with, while I was waiting for a street car, of all things in the world, a big, fat bee came and sat down on my coat sleeve and refused to budge. I blew him away once, but he came again, so I let him stay till he decided to go himself. But a bee in the middle of November is very strange, don't you think? I expect really it was *his* day off from the office, too, and he was out celebrating. All the same, I can't help thinking it was a bit risky—he ought to have been in a cosy hive somewhere. Then when I got to where I was going to (this sounds a bit like a letter from France, doesn't it?) I saw a wild strawberry plant with one white

blossom on it—also out celebrating, I suppose, but it looked very queer all among the old dried grasses and leaves, peeping out, watching the lake all day. So I got to my little place on the cliff, and had a berry hunt all to myself. I didn't find many. They say there aren't many this year, so some people think the winter isn't going to be very bad, as if it were. Mother Nature would have made plenty of nuts and berries for the squirrels and chipmunks to put away for hard, cold days. And I had a big think all to myself as well. I couldn't tell you what I thought about—all kinds of things, from how I was going to tell my cousins all about it when I wrote to wondering what kind of men and women cousins they were going to be in a few years. Do you ever go away to a nice, quiet place for your big thinks? They make you feel ever so much better when you get back to your office, or wherever your day's work takes you. All this week now I shall have that lovely afternoon to think about, and I don't know that the best part of it wasn't that dog I met. I had to wait half an hour for a street car, but it only seemed like ten minutes, because I found an Airedale at the crossroads—or he found me. Anyway, in two minutes he brought me a stone to throw for him, and we had a grand time. Sometimes I just covered the stone with my foot, and it was a great game for him to try to dig it out and burrow for it—just like my old Airedale in England. I must tell you about him some other day. His name's John, and he was twelve years old last Monday—Victory Day.

Now I must stop and leave room for a letter or two. I haven't had any tales or poems yet!

Your affectionate
Cousin Mike.

Gordon Bland's Letter.

Malton, Ont.,
R. R. No. 3.

Dear Cousin Mike,—I was glad to hear from you again. I had the "Flu," too, but am better now. I was picking potatoes, and I took sick the day after we finished. I finished Public School, and I passed my Entrance in the summer and am going to High School now. I built all the loads of grain this summer except the oats, and our neighbours helped with these and I helped to do the mousing.

I think I will close now. Hoping you and Mrs. Cousin Mike are well,

From your Cousin,
J. Gordon Bland.

Joy Belt's Letter.

St. John's Rectory,
Stamford, Ont.

Dear Cousin Mike,—It seemed so nice to see a letter from you again, after weeks and weeks with no letter from you at all. In your letter you asked us to write to you and tell you what we thought of your idea. I think myself it is a very nice idea, and it certainly would be nice to have a page of our own. Hasn't this epidemic been awful? I am very glad to say that none of us in our family have had it, but I had better not brag.

Hoping this will find you quite recovered from the "Flu" and feeling quite yourself again,

I am, your loving Cousin,
Joy Belt.

P.S.—I am enclosing my competition and I hope you will find it all right.

Katie Bland's Letter.

Malton, Ont.,
Nov. 10th, 1918.

Dear Cousin Mike,—I am one of the cousins that the influenza caught, but I am now better. I tried raising ducks this year—at least, I fed them,



A few rubs with OLD DUTCH leaves the dishpan sweet and clean

put them away at night and let them out of their pen each morning until a few weeks ago, when we let them go with the old ducks.

I will be glad when winter comes so as to be able to get lots of sleigh rides. It is great fun, especially when there are lots of hills to ride on. I have been looking up texts for the competition, but have not found enough suitable ones yet.

Your Cousin,
Katie C. Bland.

St. Simon's, North Bay.

An English artist, a lady of much talent, has painted some beautiful pictures of devotional subjects, which she has donated for use in some of our Algoma churches. The Archbishop has apportioned one of them to St. Simon's Church. As the church did not possess a reredos in which the painting could be placed the Rev. E. H. C. Stephenson, of Sault Ste. Marie, very kindly made one, and this has now been placed in St. Simon's with the painting as its centre panel. The subject treated by the artist is that of the Resurrection, and is very grand in its conception and execution. The reredos is of rich oak and forms a splendid frame and background for the picture.

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ON BEING OBLIGED TO GO TO CHURCH
BY PRIVATE WILLY NILLY.

IT may or may not be deplorable, but it is a fact, that of all the parades in which a soldier has to take part, the one most hated by the majority is the Sunday morning Church Parade.

Those good people who almost suggest that the soldier spends his weekdays counting the minutes until the next Church Parade comes round, have no intimate knowledge of real life in the army. After five years' soldiering, the writer can declare, without exaggeration, that he has heard more hard swearing over this weekly event than any other.

A soldier in training in England puts in a considerable amount of hard (and often unaccustomed) physical work from Monday to Saturday. By the time Sunday arrives he is in real need of a rest—particularly if he is one of the older men (who have joined in their thousands during the last two years), and has passed that time of life when the training would have been a pleasure to him.

Many of this class are married and have led a regular, peaceful life for some years, and in addition have, for the most part, formed definite opinions on religion and the value of church services. Also, the conviction that by every law of nature and justice Sunday is their own day, to do what they like with, is rooted firmly in their brains. But once in the army these men are faced with a twofold injustice. Not only are they robbed of a large slice of their precious "day off," but in addition they are forced to "go to church."

Let those who think this an overstatement, picture a regiment of soldiers as civilians able to please them-

selves. Then let them calculate what percentage of these men freed from army discipline would be seen inside a church on Sunday morning. At the utmost, is it likely to exceed ten? That being so, why on earth should 100 per cent. of them be expected to enjoy going to church when in the army?

The military authorities, however, regard Church Parade as a highly necessary and disciplinary measure. It is one of those institutions, like saluting, without which, they will tell you, the British Army would go to pieces.

There is certainly more discipline than divinity about a Church Parade. The men have to turn out shaved and spotless—with gleaming buttons, polished boots, belts and badges. All this means work. They then have to fall in a good half-hour or three-quarters before the service begins, to be inspected—first by their platoon commanders, then by their company commanders, and lastly by the commanding officer or his adjutant. As a rule this is not got through without a good deal of cursing on the part of the sergeants and more than one "ticking off" by one or other of the officers.

This is the prelude to "Divine" service. When all these disciplinary measures have been carried out, the men are marched to church, where they are, more often than not, preached "at," or talked to in a way that would be an insult to the intelligence of an Eskimo.

These are a few of the reasons for the soldier's dislike for Church Parade. The soldier's religion! Ah, that is a different matter entirely: a matter with which his attitude towards Church Parade has nothing whatever to do.

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