

Canadian Churchman

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Vol. 41.

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1914

No. 53

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NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

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SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

(January 10th.)

Holy Communion: 233, 240, 246, 397.
Processional: 94, 377, 378, 406.
Offertory: 92, 417, 652, 654.
Children: 705, 715, 760, 794 (Part I.).
General: 97, 98, 190, 621.

The Outlook

Sunday Next, January 3.

As these lines will be read by many before the day appointed for National Confession and Intercession, it may be well to add to the notice already given that the Dominion Government has officially appointed next Sunday as one for national observance. The Premier, Sir Robert Borden, in his fine speech at Halifax, pointed out that no limit can be fixed to the force to be sent forward by Canada, since no one can predict with confidence what the ultimate need may be. He rightly added that the preservation of our Empire is worth fighting for, and that Canada is prepared to send all the men that are necessary. But amid all the horror of the present War, Sir Robert is of opinion that we may yet discern hope for the future. He trusts that the present conflict will arouse the conscience of all the Nations to bring about concerted action for the reduction of armaments; and he aptly referred to the boundary line of nearly 4,000 miles between Canada and the United States, unguarded and unfortified, and yet that "we sleep securely, without thought of war or invasion." We pray that the coming day of united intercession will help still more to emphasize the solemn fact that, to use Sir Robert Borden's words, "there is

something greater than material prosperity, and something greater than even life itself." And we shall pray with all our hearts that the influences at work in our Empire at this time "will leave an enduring mark upon our national life."

The King at the Front

Since George II. fought at Dettingen, a British King has never visited his armies at the Front. The announcement that the King had gone was received with delight by the entire Nation and Empire, and it must be admitted that his safe return was welcomed with equal thankfulness. On his visit he went to the hospitals, paying special attention to the Indians and the wounded prisoners. That the King himself was glad to go to the Front, no one can doubt, and it is pretty certain that the visit was a great satisfaction to the entire Army. The action is but the sequel to what he has been doing from the opening of the War, and it is not too much to say that his Majesty's knowledge of the Army and Navy is as thorough and detailed as it can possibly be. Newspaper accounts of the King's inspections have given no true conception of what he has been doing in his work of encouragement; and both Army and Navy know that King George has the true instinct of one who fights for his country, whether on land or on sea. An English journal very rightly says that the personal characteristics of the King are surely and quietly building up in the hearts of his people goodwill and perfect confidence. "There may have been more popular Kings than King George, but none ever created a firmer sense of trust in the public mind."

Archbishop and Kaiser

In our last issue the words of the Archbishop of York were quoted, expressive of his resentment at what he regards as the gross and vulgar way in which the German Emperor has been treated in English newspapers. Dr. Lang also said that he had a very sacred personal memory of the Kaiser, which made him feel that it was only with great reluctance that the Kaiser accepted the War. The Archbishop puts the blame, not upon the Emperor, but upon his advisers. While the Archbishop's words will be received with the attention that his person and office demand, it is hardly possible to avoid agreement with the "Church of Ireland Gazette" in imagining that very few people will be inclined to endorse this defence. Indeed, as that paper goes on to say, no one who has read Prince Bismarck's Memoirs can accept the Archbishop's claim that the Kaiser went to War with reluctance, for these Memoirs prove conclusively that "the peaceful efforts of the best German statesmen have been persistently thwarted by the reckless interference and consuming egotism of the Kaiser." And the publication of the French Yellow Book, since the Archbishop's remarks were made, has gone to confirm a view opposite to that taken by Dr. Lang. We all deprecate in the strongest possible way anything gross or vulgar referring to the Kaiser, but, on the other hand, it is impossible even now to prevent people from endeavouring to discover the sources of the responsibility for the War. And all the facts known at present go to support the view put forth by the English "Nation," in commenting

on the French Book, that "it is impossible to glean from it that Germany made a single positive contribution to the settlement of the Austro-Serbian quarrel."

The Bishop of London's Testimony

In the course of his fine address at the recent Day of Confession, Intercession and Conference, the Bishop of London used these interesting words: "Dear old Andrew Murray, the Presbyterian, from whom I learned more about prayer than from any one else." This is a delightful and welcome testimony to one of the oldest and noblest Christian men in the world. The Bishop is undoubtedly right when he speaks of Andrew Murray as having perhaps taught the Christian world more about prayer than any one else has done. In this connection special reference may be made to the two most recent books by Dr. Murray, "The Secret of Intercession" and "The Secret of Adoration" (London, England, Morgan and Scott). They are both pocket companions, with two pages of helpful and pointed meditation for each day of the month. Their one object is to encourage Christians to realize their high calling, and to help them to take their place among the Lord's remembrancers. We sincerely trust that the Bishop's words may do much to call attention to these and other works by a venerable and beloved author, who, as the Bishop said, teaches that we are made kings and priests in order that we may plead with God.

The Bishop of Oxford and the National Anthem

In the December number of his Diocesan Magazine, Dr. Gore expresses himself strongly in favour of our singing only the first verse of the National Anthem in our Church Services. Here are his exact words:

But I hope we shall stop there. The verse which contains "Confound their politics, etc.," is surely for various reasons not suitable to be sung in Church. Of course, it is open to any of the clergy to use, if they think fit, the prayer from the Prayer Book "in time of war and tumult." But the frank judgment on our enemies there expressed is at least accompanied by an expression of penitence for our own sins.

We imagine, however, that the Bishop will not find many to agree with him in this recommendation. There was a time when feeling was almost universal against singing the second verse, but it is remarkable how decided and deep-seated is the change brought about by the action of Germany during the months of the War. We do not say that this necessarily justifies the use of the words, but in the light of brutalities and other actions absolutely subversive of the simplest moral dictates, it is hardly surprising if the verse is felt appropriate. There is, of course, no desire for anything merely vindictive, but only for such a manifestation of righteousness and truth as can come from God in answer to prayer.

George Whitefield

The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the great Preacher, George Whitefield, fell on December 16. He is the man who stirred England, Scotland, and the United States. Born

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of poor parents, he was educated at a Grammar School, from which he was admitted to Oxford in his eighteenth year. There he came in contact with Charles and John Wesley, and his work and speech so impressed the Bishop that he offered to admit Whitefield to Holy Orders, although but twenty-one years old. Wherever he went, crowds followed him; and whether in England or Scotland or America, his powers were marvellous. Indeed, some think that no preacher has equalled him since the days of St. Paul. He was no organizer, and founded no denomination. His power is not evident from the printed page, but was due to his personality with its profound conviction, his loyalty to the Scriptures, and his intense earnestness in view of the need and greatness of salvation. He was equally great in prayer as in work; and, while he often preached fifteen times a week, he never attempted to preach without earnest intercession. His life will always be one of the finest testimonies to the everlasting Gospel as "the power of God to Salvation."

Church Union

Everything that makes for oneness among those who profess and call themselves Christians deserves warm sympathy, and for this reason we note with pleasure the result of the Committee representing the three Canadian Churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational. The resolution passed by the meeting last week was couched in the following terms:

"This Joint Committee on Church Union, representing the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches, in commending the basis, so harmoniously amended, to the negotiating Churches, do so in the faith strengthened by this conference that this movement, so wonderfully carried on thus far, will be brought by the blessing of the Great Head of the Church to a cordial consummation."

This was carried by a vote of 56 to 7 after a conference extending over two days. It is said that a great spirit of unity and brotherliness was manifested; and the sessions seem to have passed off without the least contention. Anglicans everywhere will bid Godspeed to these efforts, feeling assured that they must be in the line of the will of Him Who prayed that all His people might be one.

New Year Watchwords

Two words at the present moment stand out from all others, and compel attention. The one is "Duty," and the other is "Sacrifice," and the two are intimately connected. For good or ill, the British Empire is occupied with the biggest War in history; and we know that sacrifices have already been made, and a great many more still have to be made. Never before has the Empire been called upon to face such a situation; and never before have we been engaged in a more righteous cause, or with a brighter prospect. And perhaps we may add that never has the call of duty sounded more loudly than to-day. It is an unspeakably tragic fact that no less than eleven different nations are at war. But for us in Canada this awful conflict centres mainly in the fact that we Britons are at war with Germany. Although so closely related by ties of kinship and intellect, we are now locked in a fearful struggle for life itself. Two things, however, will emerge clearly when the proper perspective is seen; it was not the British Empire that took the offensive, and when we engaged in the strife it was to save our very existence. No

one can doubt that Germany has had designs against Great Britain for a generation past, and these designs have been slowly but carefully maturing. In her view we have been the people who had everything and could do nothing, while she was able to do everything but had nothing. As Germany looked upon our Empire and then at her own country, she has longed for possession, and she has come to the conclusion that things should not go on for ever in this way. For years past she set herself against England, waiting and preparing, and then the hour struck. But the plan miscarried. Belgium unexpectedly put up an astonishing resistance. France, taken aback and for a while overcome, developed surprising qualities, recovering her spirit after serious initial defeats. Russia was not found sleeping or unprepared; and, greatest surprise of all—England came in, because she stood for liberty and justice. From that hour a terrible hate has burned in the German heart towards us; a hate which knows no control and will give no quarter. A distinguished citizen of a neutral country, writing recently in "The Times" said that no one can be long in Germany without finding traces of this ferocious fury of England in all classes of the population. England is blamed for the collapse of the German plan of campaign; and a stranger could hardly tell that Germany's enemies included France and Russia. It has become a fixed conviction among all the people of Germany that England organized this War and went into it because of jealousy of a commercial rival.

This, then, is the situation, and it is one that must be faced by all who love the deepest principles of right and truth between man and man, between nation and nation. Recent revelations in the French Diplomatic correspondence enable us to see more clearly than ever the underlying causes of the War. When the whole European position is surveyed, and all the elements of the tragedy appear in their sequence and connection, there is no doubt whatever that the entire trouble is due to what has been rightly called "the German Tragedy of Pride." And with the pride has come an utter disregard of the simplest moralities. How literally and terribly true this is can be seen in the unspeakable atrocities in Belgium, about which, after making all allowance, there is no real doubt. Then, too, the equally unwarranted bombardment of defenceless positions on the English East Coast, involving over one hundred deaths and five hundred injuries, to say nothing of great destruction of property, shows the entire callousness of the German authorities, because this action is entirely opposed to agreements made by Germany at The Hague Convention. It goes to show that the German word and the German character are utterly unreliable, and will cause distrust among other nations long after peace has been secured.

What, then, are we to do in this solemn crisis? First and foremost, we must continue to lift up our souls to God in prayer and trust, confessing our need of Him and our dependence on His grace. This is the reason why the first Sunday of the New Year is fixed throughout the Empire as a national appeal and testimony to God. It is probable that never before in the history of our nation and Empire have the whole people been so entirely united in believing that this War is as righteous as it has proved to be inevitable. Then, following confidence in God, it is essential that in one way or another every citizen of the Empire should be prepared to follow the pathway of duty and to make sacrifices. A handful of our noble men are fighting a desperate fight against great odds, and with indomitable courage. And this is to make it possible for us to dwell in safety,

to guard our shores, to preserve our liberty. Without the shadow of hesitation we believe that God is with us; and if we are able quietly to go about our work day by day, it is simply because our soldiers and sailors are pouring out their lives for us. The youth of our Empire has been offering itself in unstinted measure, and it is impossible not to believe that we shall get all the men that we need. But this will only be by continued effort. In Lord Kitchener's now famous words, "we want more men, and still more men" to fill up the breaches and to carry this matter through to victory. Every eligible man must heed that call. This is truly a time for sacrifices, and the sacrifices must be made at once. If only the Allies can meet the German strength with superiority of numbers, the result will soon be put beyond all question. No words can express the national gratitude for the men who have already rallied to the Colours, but there are tens of thousands more who are eligible to bear arms in defence of their mothers, sisters, children, and fatherland. And those who cannot go because of age or disqualification can stay at home and work for the cause. A magnificent opportunity is afforded of demonstrating to the world that Great Britain does not want or need pressed service, that her sons at home and throughout the Empire can respond to the call and reckon it a worthy thing to fight and even to die for liberty, righteousness, and peace. War is indeed awful, but still more awful would it be if the brutality seen in Belgium were to be repeated on our own shores, over-running our country, assaulting our women, massacring our children, and torturing our men by nameless devices. If anyone thinks that this is impossible, we have only to look at Belgium, four months ago prosperous and peaceful, and now a ruin. And if Germany could do that for a people against whom they had no grudge, what are we to suppose they would do against this Empire, in view of the insensate hate now felt against us? If this were an ordinary War, either for territory, or even for mere supremacy, not only would no word appear in these columns in support of it, but the strongest opposition would be shown. But the present is a truly spiritual conflict, a War of principle, a struggle for the right to live, to be free, and to be true. And because of this conviction, we know that the dawn of victory will break, and our brave Army and Navy return again with righteous glory. There shall be public rejoicing and national thanksgiving, but meanwhile, as we seriously and confidently front the New Year, we must take heed to the watchwords "Duty" and "Sacrifice."

ODDS.

By the Rev. W. S. Pakenham-Walsh.

Against us is a heart too free from fears,
Too confident in men of every clime;
Against us is the long planned start of years;
But on our side is Time.

Against us is the thunder of a voice,
That "scrap of paper" lying on our path;
Against us, that our gain may be our loss;
But on our side is Faith.

Against us are the barriers of our creed,
That wrong can never be atoned by might;
Against us the tremendous march of greed;
But on our side is Right.

Against us is our reverence for truth;
The horror which forbids to wade through
blood;
Against us are the powers of hell let loose;
But on our side is God.

The War of the Great Day of God

By the Rt. Rev. CHARLES H. BRENT, D.D. —REV. xvi. 14.

A sermon preached by Bishop Brent at the inauguration of the Union Church of Manila, composed of the Presbyterian and Methodist English-speaking congregations, Sunday, October 11, 1914.

A GREAT and good man was once traveling in an English railway carriage. A religious fanatic, young, it is needless to say, sitting opposite, eyed him for a while. Then leaning forward he said to his senior: "Brother, have you found peace?" "No," was the prompt and emphatic reply, "I have found war."

To-day your hearts and minds are filled with joy and peace as you reach the consummation of your long-cherished hopes and plans for unity. It would be an unbecoming and ungrateful thing for me upon whom you have bestowed the privilege of addressing you on this important occasion, were I to strike wilfully a jarring or unsympathetic note. Yet I would be untrue to my trust if I were to do less than speak the full truth as I understand it. So I have chosen as the starting point of my message to you a striking phrase, full of awe and splendour. If for a moment I have lifted it from its grim setting it is only that you may more clearly discover the meaning of the full context of which it is the keystone. The optimist is a man who wrenches brilliant truths from the stern defences of their setting; the pessimist is a man who flings away the gem and clutches to his bosom the thorny frame; the Christian is a man who estimates both gem and setting at their full worth.

Let me read you the whole passage in which the words of the text are enshrined: "They are spirits of devils, working signs; which go forth unto the kings of the whole world, to gather them together unto the war of the great day of God, the Almighty. (Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.) And they gathered them together into the place which is called in Hebrew Har-Magedon."

It is at moments of history like the present when the Revelation of St. John the Divine becomes intelligible and a source of comfort and inspiration. To anyone who has tried to live, this book is not without rich meanings. Indeed it is an unveiling, for such is the meaning of "apocalypse" or "revelation." It opens up the deep things of life. In it there are always two elements, as illustrated by this passage which I am quoting. There is the weird, ghastly, terrible, and the comely, noble, inspiring. They are always in close juxtaposition. You are swung rapidly from one to the other. The simple truth that is conveyed by the whole imagery is that for him who knows Christ the route to the best is by way of the worst. It is significant and instructive that the two characters, both of them well experienced in dark and dreadful disciplines, who have most successfully touched the heights of the sublime and stung men to fresh vision, are St. John the Divine and Dante. But they have done it only after painting with fearless and unsparing brush all that is terrible.

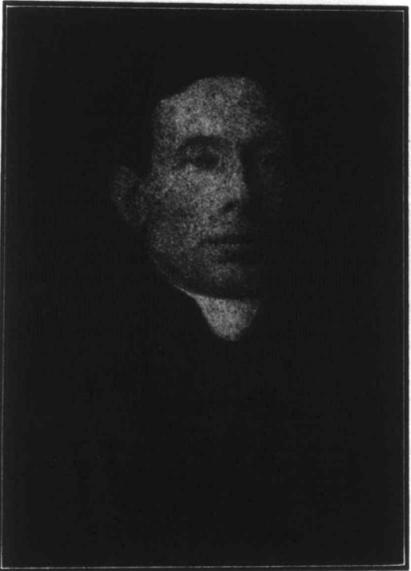
So it is that the words I have taken for a text on this day of hope and gladness blaze forth from a grim setting like a tongue of fire in the night. In language that is startling and revolting we are told of the wrath of God being poured out on the earth in seven plagues—or swift blows, for "plague" is but the Greek word for "blow." Things good in themselves become as poison—the earth is filled with ulcers, the sea is stagnant with blood, as are the majestic rivers and the merry little streams that streak the valleys, the blessed fertilizing sun becomes a destroying furnace, the air vomits lightnings, and the family of men gather for war. Yet this is the Great Day of God the Almighty.

The picture is of an existing situation. It is of a civilization without God, the life-giving, the preservative, the progressive Element, and of the fate of such a civilization—self-destruction. But in the very ruins God's war for a truer civilization begins. His trumpets summon men to join with Him to usher in a Great Day. It is not that men think that they are without God in the world. On the contrary, they pride themselves on their civilization being Christian. But the trouble has been, God has been put second instead of first. We have tried to perform that impossible

feat—marry God and the world-power or "beast." The world convulsion of to-day does not leave us outside of its upheaval. It is one of those swift visitations that come as a thief in the night and reveal our nakedness. It unveils us personally, industrially, socially, nationally, ecclesiastically. But to him that watcheth it is the blessed and great day of God—with a call to war.

The unveiling which Har-Magedon has already accomplished is well-stated in the words of one of my correspondents, a subject of one of the belligerent monarchs: "We are all very sad at the outbreak of the war—some of us at the proud boasting of our being free from blame and at the inability to see that we are not blameless because of our worship of the golden calf. That, with the same kind of worship offered to the same idol [our chief foe] for the past 20 years or more, is to blame, it seems to me."

Bishop Brent of the Philippines



The churches can say but little. Have they not been constantly at war with one another for centuries, with seldom a truce even? We are a kingdom divided against itself, and we have fallen. This war would have been an impossibility had the Church been one. If war is an evil in national life, it is a thousand-fold greater evil in Church life. Humbled and awakened the churches must renew their search for peace and unity according to God's will. But how?

1. Not by slurring over honest differences or by slighting convictions. There is one thing worse than war—saying peace, peace, where there is no peace. Twice that great statesman, Jeremiah, speaking of God's judgment on evil, counts the hurt of my people lightly; saying, Peace, where there is no peace." And Ezekiel likewise announces God's visitation on the prophets "because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace."

To create the appearance and use the name peace when there is no peace is insincerity, foolishness, a sand foundation. War is at least honest in its hates and rivalries.

2. Not for economic reasons. I have heard business men at home agree that the churches must get together in the Mission field, because of waste of money; if there were unity we should be able to do so much more with the money available. To plead this as a cause—it might be a convenient result—of unity is but a refined phase of the worship of the golden calf. Truth is al-

ways costly, and it were better far to be loyal to conviction in magnanimous separation than to heed such an argument for unity. We cannot come together for reasons of commercial saving.

3. Not for the sake of ease and convenience. Though I stand for and believe in peace, and wear the badge of the Peace Society, I am not an advocate of peace that has as its goal and motive ease, and the love of ease. There are those who in self-indulgence, disliking the austere and difficult, long for peace as a means of gratifying their indulgence. Peace, if I understand its meaning, has no room in its mansions for the idle or the cowardly. The demands of peace are more exacting than those of war. When we pass from war to peace we pass from compulsory to volitional effort, from necessity to choice. Because we forget this, peace falls into disrepute. The forces of evil are organized and active frequently when those of righteousness are lolling in slippared ease.

There were those among the abolitionists who after the Civil War folded their hands in smug satisfaction. The victory was won. True. But victory won is always a starting point for higher achievement if the victory is to live as a permanent force. The result of indolent peace after the Civil War was that the freedman in some respects was worse off than ever. Such men as General Howard and General Armstrong saved the situation so far as it was saved. The establishment of peace was for them the signal for a "war of the great day of God." "There is something in this standing face to face with destiny," says General Armstrong, "looking into the darkness, that is inspiring; it appeals to manhood; it is thrilling like going into action." He interprets the duties of peace in terms of war. "The day-time of our labour for the freed people is short. The North has not as yet done its full duty in this matter. . . . The education of the freedman is the great work of the day; it is their only hope, the only power that can lift them up as a people, and I think every encouragement should be given to schools established for their benefit." Later, when he found how grave his peace-war was, he said with that delicious humour that was his: "It remains to make the best of things. Those who are hopeless disarm themselves, and may as well go to the rear; men and women of faith, optimists, to the front. This is the Christian era. 'In hoc signo vinces' is the motto of the faithful, they are not afraid. But mere optimism is stupid; sanctified commonsense is the force that counts. Work for God and man is full of detail. It needs organization, requires subordination, sometimes painful holding of the tongue; gabble and gossip, even that of the pious, is one of the most fatal devices of the evil one; the friction and fuss in God's army does much to defeat it. Many people are good, but good for nothing. Working together is as important as working at all."

No one has more reason than the Christian to believe in the necessity of peace with tension. One of England's most accomplished philosophers, Mr. Bosanquet, holding the view that God is a "weary Titan" needing man's vigorous co-operation, maintains that "there is no satisfaction without tension. The celestial city has its problems. The object of the soul's quest is not happiness, but as Carlyle told his generation so often, blessedness."

The true motive for peace and unity is set forth in our Lord's profound prayer as recorded in St. John 17: "That the world may believe that Thou didst send me." It is a necessity for the knowledge of God, which is life eternal, blessedness, that for which man was made.

I have watched with interest and sympathy your brave and conscientious effort toward local unity. Though I differ from you strongly in certain matters pertaining both to faith and order, I differ from you in a constructive and not a controversial spirit. Organic unity between your respective communions and my own is not possible now, but there is a unity of the spirit in the bond of peace upon which I fall back even when it is necessary to emphasize differences.

You have met and braved no small difficulties in the course of your negotiations between church and church. Two particularly stand out in relief. First, you have done in a particular instance what your churches in their completeness have as yet been unable to do. You have achieved local organic unity. It is surely the first and simplest step toward wider unity, that like-minded communions, which have no deep difference in matters of faith and order, should unite. It would appear to be logic to maintain that what local congregations can do, the whole churches

our liberty. we believe able quietly it is simply re pouring of our Em- inted mea- believe that need. But In Lord "we want fill up the through to heed that es, and the If only the length with will soon be can express who have t there are ble to bear rs, sisters, e who can- ication can e. A mag- lemonstrat- n does not her sons at an respond ing to fight ssness, and still more een in Bel- own shores, ng our wo- rd torturing If anyone have only go prosper- And if Ger- ainst whom to suppose in view of ist us? If or territory, only would in support 1 would be ly spiritual ggle for the true. And w that the our brave 1 righteous joicing and hile, as we New Year, ds "Duty"

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of which they are units and representatives *must* do. Then in the second place you have faced and agreed to risk the danger of creating a new and rather nondescript church. The peril of drifting away from sacred associations and long-established traditions, without anything historic, dignified and massive to take their place, must not be treated lightly. Every man must secure to himself safe anchorage for his religious life in a permanent organization. These two considerations are important and I assume you have given them due heed.

But let me insist that your new-born peace must be a signal for war, the war for and with God. If your difficulties have been great in the past, they are bound to be greater still in the future. Whenever we have arrived at a great day of God it spells war. You will have to guard yourselves against any levelling down of convictions to a lowest common denominator. There must be no slighting of noble traditions, else you may find yourselves spiritually adrift. Make worship of and devotion to the living Christ the pivot of your life. We may not allow Christ to be reduced to a system by ultra-ecclesiasticism or to an adjective by philosophy. He must be to us what above all else He is, Personality both human and divine. Unity should find its expression in deepened moral earnestness that will reject with scorn the quibbles by which we allow

doubtful and more than doubtful amusements, practices and habits to continue in our lives. God's world is very good—earth, waters, sun and sky. But civilization turns into a curse instead of a blessing if the priority of God is trifled with by men, and the things that should have been for their wealth become unto them an occasion of falling—peace turns for them into a trap.

To-day in your triumph of unity and peace I sound the trumpet calling you to war. Men are made for tasks and in them they find their satisfaction. Manhood untaxed by problems falls into decay. Haste, then, to the war. "Take up the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints"—and so will you be great and victorious warriors in the war of the Great Day of God, the Almighty.

Rubrical Lawlessness

By the Reverend C. W. Holdsworth, B.A., Havelock, Ont.

THE following paper, which is published only at the request of the Archdeaconry of Peterborough, in conference assembled, is conceded to be merely an expression of the writer's convictions, formed after some years of observation and thought. It is not to be supposed that he claims to have realized in practice the requirements of the Prayer Book, in those few instances referred to. His object is rather to draw attention to the effect of certain modern tendencies on the life of the Church.

The word "rubrical" could have been spared from the title of this paper. It has only been retained as tending to hold the paper down for the most part to a narrower treatment of the tendency here described as "lawlessness." Looking first at the wider application of the tendency we find a good example in the use sometimes made of the Epiphany and Ascensiontide appeals. It is a common experience for clergymen to hear expressions of disapproval of these appeals. Sometimes we clergymen yield and remain quiet. Sometimes we have been led to think that a sermon from ourselves would prove more effective. Experience in the writer's case goes to show that neither of these courses will lead to good results. To permit your congregation to silence your missionary guns is the first sure step toward parochial selfishness and other serious consequences. To substitute a personal effort may not be wholly ineffective, at least it is to be hoped not. But there is one important consideration overlooked in this plan—namely, the fact that the work of Missions is now to be regarded as part of the policy of the whole Church, and this appeal is an official expression of that policy. Experience has revealed many congregations who all called themselves "Church people," and who have inconsistently objected to such official documents and have regarded their clergymen as of peculiar views, because he has declined to permit local needs to absorb his whole attention.

Once we adopt this broader principle of coinciding, we shall no doubt find ourselves committed to advocate the interests of all causes which may present themselves as stamped with canonical or rubrical authority. This attitude, to my mind the correct one, may find us in a dilemma. Foremost members of Synod are sometimes too ready to move for the creation of some office, or the launching of some scheme which shall be financed by "assessment of the parishes in the diocese." Many of these parishes are all but untouched by these offices and schemes. Reasonableness should at least be a large factor in the basis of the demand for obedience, and serious lawlessness can only be averted by the creating of only such offices and funds as can be shown to be reasonably necessary.

The same spirit of lawlessness is found when we turn to what is more explicitly liturgical. It seems to be generally conceded that the time has arrived for bringing the Prayer Book into closer

accord with Canadian needs. This we grant, since it will in no wise affect the substance of this paper. The writer is not concerned with anything that has demanded revision, but with principles and rubrics that still will remain in the Canadian Prayer Book, so far as at present we can see.

"The Preface" describes the wisdom of the Church of England as the "keeping of the mean between two extremes of too much stiffness in refusing and too much easiness in admitting any variation from the Publick Liturgy." It also recognizes the necessity for authoritative changes being made from time to time as occasion requires, but not without first remarking that "changes made without evident necessity, lead to sundry inconveniences involving evils greater than those intended to be remedied." These changes too are not to endanger the main body and essentials of the Liturgy. Only such changes are to be allowed as shall be recognized by authority to be for the good of all or necessary for the tender consciences of some. The Preface knows of no defence for the setting aside of directions to accommodate the physical convenience of insubordinate persons, much less their whims and fancies, no not even when these assume the proportions of a party in the Church and certainly not for allowing individual members to dictate the ways and means of our ministrations.

The preface "Concerning the Service of the Church," brings us at once to one of the results of the lawlessness we should regret. In this our attention is drawn to the neglect of Bible reading in pre-reformation days. The directions of the early fathers were being set aside, at the cost of Bible reading for which were being substituted ceremonies of much less spiritual benefit. To correct this evil a daily service was instituted in which at Morning and Evening Prayer, Christians might feed their spiritual life with confession, prayer, praise and the Word, which was accorded a very considerable place indeed. This splendid direction still stands. But who regards it? Here and there in some city church a Rector may listen to his own voice, possibly also his wife's, as he endeavours to carry out faithfully the orders of this preface. (See two last pars.) And even here where are his people? They have long since come to regard it as unreasonable that their presence should be expected. We are concerned with the effects. (1) We have been endeavouring to persuade ourselves that one or at most two week-day services must suffice. These too, are often weak efforts held in the evening, the morning being too much filled with other duties which "must be attended to." (2) We are appealing to our people to have family prayer and to study their Bibles at home. It would not be easy to say how far these appeals are successful either *per se* or as substitutes, but I think many of us believe they are not being responded to very generally, to take the most hopeful view possible. (3) It may

have been fondly hoped that the reduction of the number of services would find compensation in larger attendances at the few. The hope has not been justified. Were we to pursue this tendency and reduce our administrations of the Holy Communion to four annually, the attendance five years hence would not be appreciably better than at our monthly or even weekly services now. (4) In any case the idea of Weekly Bread has taken the place of Daily Bread and the appetite at first sharpened by fast becomes in time weakened by a repetition of that fast. Sunday observance has not gained. It has lost. Men who think only of worldly business for six days in the week will not therefore think the more diligently of heavenly things on Sunday.

Canadian conditions, geographical, commercial and domestic, may be urged as sufficient reason for departing from the system of daily worship. One's sanity might be questioned for presuming to advocate a return to it. My feeling is that the above conditions do not apply to a large number of residents in Canadian cities and towns. Another's circumstances do not excuse me. Be this as it may it would be a glorious achievement if the daily services could again be realized where possible. We have many Church people on whose hands time hangs heavily, to relieve which many devices are called into requisition, and which costs more financially than they return mentally. I am quite prepared to be laughed at for saying it were better that they spent more time in the exercise of pure worship which costs little financially and yields the truest joy in return.

I had not intended spending so much time on the above phases of the question. Rather, I had thought to have proceeded more directly to lawlessness as it bore upon some of the occasional services of the Church, and for which no Canadian or modern conditions, not even the anticipated revision of the Prayer Book, can justly be urged in excuse. Only one other thought will claim our attention before doing so—namely, the shortening process or habit. In country parishes where two or more congregations must be served, certain privileges have been granted and acted upon with episcopal sanction. This is not only justifiable, but essential to physical economics. But this does not justify ruthless inroads upon the service under all sorts of conditions. We have set the spirit of lawlessness or irregularity loose. Respect for order and authority has in consequence diminished and has as often as not tended toward a shortening of which the inspiration is rather of a desire to squeeze things spiritual to make room for things temporal. It is the nearing of the finish of that tendency which has abolished week-day services, banished religious training from the child's daily curriculum, and left us with only a few hours out of one hundred and sixty-eight in the week, in which to worship God in public assembly.

To my mind it is assuming more and more importance that we adhere more rigidly to the services as we have them and are to have them in the revised Prayer Book, in order that we may create a more loyal respect for the Church to which we belong. There will be enough of looseness both in ideals and in conduct without our helping it on by treating our directions, canonical or rubrical, with disrespect. Speaking of the occasional services. One of the most remarkable instances of lawlessness as it appeals to me, is seen in a growing attitude towards our baptismal service. It is one of the commonest of our experiences to be asked to perform baptisms at the homes of the parents, and as often without sponsors as with them. Sometimes conditions justify this. Frequently no justification exists. For various reasons, expedient rather than diplomatic, and which result in victory for the suppliant, we yield. We are concerned with the results: (1) Instead of baptism being regarded as the symbol of reception into the Church of Christ, the symbol of the pure and sinless life, it has been degraded in many a mind to be a matter of form traditionally necessary to the naming of a child or even of less consequence.

(2) The rubrics urging that baptism be administered in the Church, which let it be noted is the congregation rather than the church building, that the congregation may witness to the receiving of the candidate as well as that the members may have their own minds refreshed by hearing the solemn promises repeated, are being ignored every time a private baptism takes the place of a public one unnecessarily. In consequence, our congregations seem to be forgetting that they have any concern in the baptism of children. They have also become insensible to the sponsorship. It is not asked whether such have been provided or of what sort the sponsors

(Continued on Page 856.)

War Pictures

(Our daily and weekly papers, both Canadian and English, are filled with stories of the War, and as there are some of these of special interest, and are not likely to be as widely known in Canada as they should be, we propose to issue a selection from time to time of those incidents which are particularly revealing in their interest and value.)

ONE IN CHRIST.

"The battle of — was in progress, and our trenches were being raked by the enemy's fire," writes Private John Coombs, of the 1st Gloucester Regiment, in a letter to his wife. "We were expecting any

moment to be told that the German guns would have to be silenced, and presently along the line came the order, 'Charge!' We scrambled into the open and rushed forward, met by a perfect hail of bullets. Many of our men bit the dust, but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is a ghastly business!

On the way back to the trenches I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water-bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt down by his side. Finding his own water-bottle was empty, I gave him water from mine. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and saw my Salvation Army button. His drawn face lit up with a smile, and he whispered in broken English: 'Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation soldier.'

Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood. I think we both shed a few tears, and then I picked up his poor, broken body, and with as much tenderness as possible, for the terrible hail of death was beginning again, I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon he gave a gentle tug at my coat. Thinking he wanted to say something, I bent low and listened, and he whispered, 'Jesus, safe with Jesus!'

A ROMANCE.

Two Belgian refugee children, brother and sister, who had been adopted by a resident at Abercynon and his wife, prove to be the children of the lady's sister, a governess who went to Belgium years ago and died there. The identity of the children was revealed by portraits in a locket worn by the little girl.

A SORT OF SOLOMON.

The many Gordian knots in the administration of Lemberg are being cut in an ingenious manner by the Russian Governor-General, Count

Bobrinski. The following story presents an interesting illustration of how the difficulties are being surmounted so as to make the Austrian officials feel the friendliness of the Russian officials. A few days ago Count Bobrinski called to his office State Counsellor Przylinski, vice-president of the local Law Courts, and called his attention to the fact that in the future he must, at the beginning of the session, commence his statement with the words, "In the name of his Majesty the Czar." "You place me in a cruel position, Excellency," said the counsellor. "God

of two of the regiments, and had conversation with such men as I could lay hold upon, and finally settled down under shelter of the barn to wait. On the other side of the road was a burning house, its glare lit up the ruined church to my right, and as I looked at that I thought of Davidson. I wonder if the people in England have heard yet of Davidson, of the Gunners; perhaps not, for I do not know who would tell his tale, certainly not himself, so I will try, though I know beforehand that I cannot do it justice. Lieutenant F. Davidson, of the 19th Battery

Royal Field Artillery, had just been sent in wounded in one of the ambulance wagons. Early in the day our gunners had found it impossible to locate certain German guns which were fast rendering our trenches untenable. The country was so flat that there was no possible point of vantage from which the gunners could "observe," except the steeple of the church in Lourges. But the Germans knew that as well as we did, so the church was being vigorously shelled, and already no less than 12 Lyddite shells had been pitched into it. It was the duty of Lieutenant Davidson to "observe," so he calmly went to the church, climbed the already tottering tower, and seated on the top, proceeded to telephone his information to the battery. In consequence, German battery after German battery was silenced, the infantry, which at one time was in danger of extermination, was saved, and the position, in spite of an attack in overwhelming force by the enemy, was successfully held. The church was reduced to a scrap-heap but still Davidson sat tight on the remnants of his tower. For seven solid hours, expecting death every moment, he calmly scanned the country and telephoned his reports. At dark his task was done, and he came down to rejoin his battery. As he left the ruins a fall of timber in one of the burning houses lit up everything with a sudden glare, there was the crack of a rifle—the German trenches were only a few hundred yards away—and a bullet passed through the back of his neck and out through the mouth. But, without hurrying his pace, he walked to his battery, gave them his final information, and then, "I think I'd better go and find the Field Ambulance, for the beggars have drilled a hole in me that needs plugging." And he walked half a mile to the nearest "collecting point." In the infantry of the 14th Brigade men can talk of nobody else but "Davidson of the Gunners." They themselves face death every hour of the day

The Right Rev. F. E. Ridgeway, D.D., preached November 19th to the Canadian troops at the Memorial Service to Lord Roberts in this Cathedral.

ON November 19th the memorial service to Lord Roberts planned for the overseas contingent in Salisbury Cathedral, Salisbury, was held. Twenty-four men from each regiment were chosen and assembled shortly after breakfast at their brigade headquarters, and the entire party was conveyed in the large motor trucks used by the ammunition division to Salisbury, where they congregated in the city square. At the cathedral the entire main body was reserved for the Canadian troops. The 48th Highlanders and Q.O.R. occupied seats about a third way from the front. The side portions of this magnificent cathedral were filled with college students and people of the city anxious to bear honour to the Field Marshal. Every minute from 11.30 to 12 o'clock there sounded the mournful note of the great cathedral bells. When all officers and men

were assembled, the choir opened the service with portions from St. John 11:25-26:

"I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord, "and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," from Job 19:25, 26, 27.

"We brought nothing into the world—Blest be the name of the Lord.—1 Timothy, 11:7.



The Canadian Churchman.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—THE CHOIR

These opening sentences were sung by a finely balanced choir of men's and boys' voices. One could not but appreciate hearing the glorious music. Following this the 23rd Psalm and prayers. The "Dead March" in "Saul," and "Peace, Perfect Peace," closed the Canadian memorial service to the great departed soldier.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury, in which he exhorted the soldiers to keep their minds and hearts on their God and King. This was one of the enviable characteristics of the late great beloved and Field Marshal. At the same hour in London the remains of the beloved "Bobs" were being interred in the crypt of old St. Paul's beside Lord Wolseley. This is the greatest honour that the British nation could bestow, as in this crypt are the resting places of Nelson, Wellington, and other greatest soldiers in the history of England. As the last guns were fired the crowd began to disperse from the great cathedral, and the memorial service was over. The troops were conveyed back to their various camps, and as they passed the plains they thought how only a fortnight ago, in company with their Majesties, the King and Queen, and Lord Kitchener, "Bobs" had walked in front of their regiment with a short, smart step and bright, piercing eyes, despite his 82 years. How he had planned to use us we know not, but we feel that a good friend has gone, one whose counsel in colonial war matters was invaluable to the war office and the welfare of the nation at this time.

alone knows what is going to happen to-morrow, and please not to forget that although ruled by you, I am still an Austrian subject. Do you think that I could without any future danger obey your order? Don't you think it will be more prudent for me to resign?" The Governor smiled and said:—"There is a way to arrange all that. You have an Emperor, I have another. Say simply, 'In the name of his Majesty the Emperor,' and don't mention the name. Everybody will be satisfied." And this is how the law court proceedings in Lemberg are daily opened.

LIEUT DAVIDSON—A CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

As the digging progressed—of necessity very slowly—I went elsewhere, visited the Headquarters

and night, they themselves do unrecorded deeds of heroism worthy of the "V.C." but with one voice they declare, "Davidson is the real thing. If he doesn't get the V.C.—well, nobody deserves it." So I sat and looked at the ruins, and wondered what the thoughts and feelings of that young man had been as he sat alone on the shaky tower seven hours waiting for death.

A LITTLE BELGIAN.

A deaconess in Liverpool tells a delightful story which we should like every man who wears the King's uniform to hear. She says a neighbour had adopted two Belgian children, a boy and a girl. The little girl cried all through the first night and all the next day: she could neither eat nor sleep, and utterly refused to be comforted. Late in the evening the family doctor called, clad in khaki. Scarcely had he entered the room when she ran to him with outstretched arms, crying, "Bittish, Bittish!" She nestled in the doctor's arms, almost immediately fell asleep, and slept the clock round. We hope all our readers who are working amongst the soldiers will tell this story to their friends in khaki, and let them see what trust the British uniform inspires in the mind of a Belgian child.

PRAYER.

During the German bombardment of Rheims it was obviously impossible for the Salvation Army to hold any meetings, but the officers made good use of the time by visiting the people in distress and ministering to their spiritual needs. One day the lieutenant was holding a little service with a family in the cellar of their house when the door was burst open and there entered a Bavarian soldier and one of the Prussian Guard. With great presence of mind the Salvation Army officer continued her prayer, and when she had finished one of the German soldiers, who spoke French, came to the Army lassie, and with tears running down his face, he showed her a portrait of his wife and children. "Will you offer a prayer for them, too," he asked, "that they may be kept from all harm till I get home again?"

RUBRICAL LAWLESSNESS.

(Continued from Page 854.)

are. This negligence may be the fault of the parents who, in their request for private baptism, exclude the congregation from its rights and duty to be present, or it may be the fault of the congregations who have signified their unwillingness to be disturbed in their worship by anything so insignificant (?) as the receiving of an infant member. The result is the same in either case—namely, a loss of interest in the new member, and an alarming ignorance of baptismal vows. This want of interest persists on through the Confirmation and Sunday School periods of the young life to be forsaken only when one day it is learned that the babe has become a man, is married and has money, when the wardens call for the first time to visit him.

The evil does not even rest here. With his congregation not caring how, when, or where children are being baptized, so long as the congregation is not expected to be present, the clergyman finds himself alone and singlehanded in his efforts to fulfil the intention of our Church. To decline to baptize under conditions totally at variance with the wisdom of the Church, often brings down upon his head the wrath of the parents, congregation and all. Should the incident be reported over a wider sphere than his parish, he is known as a man devoid of tact and so on.

To hold our baptisms in the church building falls far short of attaining the desired results. The rubrics desire that the Church shall be present. The result we deplore does not follow from baptism not being administered in the house where the congregation by right assemble, though this be indeed the proper place, but from the absence of the Church when baptism is being administered. It is the ceasing of the congregation to regard itself as a necessary factor in the reception of every child in baptism that we regret, and the consequent failure of the parent to regard baptism as in a real sense a Sacrament of the Church. For reasons no more defensible we have disregarded another significant rubric—namely, that which directs that on Sundays and Holy Days parents, guardians, etc., shall see that their children, apprentices, etc., be brought to Evening Prayer in order that at a stated time the Curate might instruct them in the Catechism. Is it the demand for brevity? Is it the preference for an address or sermon in which none but the clergyman's ignorance can be manifested? Is

the fastidiousness of those who virtuously excuse the custom because of its threatening their sense of reverence in divine service? It matters less what has led to the discontinuance of this custom. It has been largely lost and with its exodus has gone out two vital assets: (1) The interest parents should feel in the preparation of their children for Confirmation; and (2) the knowledge those parents once had, if they ever have it, of one of the most complete and brief compilations of essential Christian truths—i.e., the Catechism. I need not here touch upon the matrimonial service as governed by rubrics. It has come up for so much comment of late years that I desire for that reason to be allowed to pass it by.

I would not close, however, without saying a word of one other obscure rubric: That which requires that intending communicants shall send in previous notice to the clergyman. Perhaps it does not compare in importance with those spoken of above, but it justifies mention. It may be felt that the intending communicant is as well qualified to judge of his own fitness to communicate as is the clergyman. We are not concerned to dispute this for the most part. But it is not unreasonable to ask that this rubric be restored in effect, for otherwise we cannot guard against notoriously evil livers, strangers and impostors, nor can we keep any accurate record of who does or does not communicate. Of all our records, should not that of communicants be the one most carefully kept, so long at least as upon it certain rights are made to depend? But instead of this these are often the statistics guessed at.

It is not supposed that this paper has done more than has already been done by the reflections of any member of this conference. I have simply endeavoured to bring as clearly to light as time permitted, the wisdom of the ideals of some of our neglected rubrics.

The Churchwoman

TORONTO.—THE MOTHERS' UNION.—A drawing room meeting was held on Thursday afternoon last at the house of Mrs. Ward Price, St. Joseph Street. Mrs. Sweeny presided and the meeting was opened by Bishop Reeve, Assistant Bishop of Toronto. Mrs. Hay, the speaker, is well known in England for her interest in the G.F.S. and in the Mothers' Union, and the "objects" of the latter formed the subject of her address. These are:—(1) to uphold the sanctity of marriage; (2) to awaken in mothers of all classes a sense of their great responsibility as mothers in the training of their boys and girls (the future fathers and mothers of the Empire); (3) to organize in every place a band of mothers who will unite in prayer, and seek by their own example to lead their families in purity and holiness of life. Mrs. Hay dwelt on the need of "preparedness for marriage," that it may be held up to our young people as a holy bond, something sacred that may not be undertaken lightly, nor broken at will, but which is "instituted of God," that each may take the other to love and cherish till death shall intervene. If in every home the teaching of this first "object" were very definite, what a much better public opinion would ensue! Although nowadays schools come to the aid of busy parents in fitting their children for life, none have a fair chance if those children have not been taught at home lessons of faith, obedience and self-control, which are necessary to the formation of character and are of too intimate a nature to be deputed to any but the mother. The Mothers' Union, with its roll-call of 400,000, seeks to unite in prayer for the individual and each other that they may be "united together in love," and taught "to train their children for Heaven." On behalf of herself and of the meeting, Mrs. Sweeny thanked Mrs. Hay for her helpful words and closed the proceedings with prayer.

LONDON.—ST. JAMES'.—The annual meeting of this branch of the W.A. was held recently, when reports of a most encouraging character were presented. Officers elected were:—President, Mrs. Davis; first vice-president, Mrs. Ballantyne; second vice-president, Mrs. Boyden. The Women's Helping Society, at the close of the above, held their annual meeting, when encouraging reports were presented. Mrs. Davis was re-elected president. The annual meeting of the Chancel Guild has also been held, the Very Rev. Dean Davis, the Rector, presiding. Excellent reports were presented. Officers elected:—Hon. president, Mrs. Davis; president, Miss Emery; first vice-president, Mrs. R. E. Davis; second vice-president, Mrs. A. O. Hunt.

Church News

PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

We propose to insert weekly, or as often as may be necessary, a list of all the preferments and appointments in our Church. Diocesan Secretaries, Clergy and Churchwardens are invited to help us to make this information accurate and complete.

HOLMES, the Rev. G. H., Incumbent of Clearwater and Mather, to be Incumbent of Deloraine. (Diocese of Rupert's Land.)

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

HALIFAX.—ST. LUKE'S HALL.—The Rev. Canon Vernon, secretary of the Church of England Institute delivered the concluding lecture of the Advent series of Sunday afternoon lectures in this Hall on the 20th inst., his subject being "The Church and the Peace Movement." Dr. M. A. Smith, the president, occupied the chair.

FREDERICTON.

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

FREDERICTON.—The Rev. Canon Cowie, the Rector of Fredericton, is not at all well, and it is necessary for him to take a prolonged rest and change. He purposes to take a trip to the West Indies and will remain away throughout the whole of the winter. It is sincerely to be hoped that he may return in the spring with his health and strength restored. During his absence, the Rev. A. H. Greenwood, the Rector of Canning, will act as locum tenens.

McADAM.—The Bishop of Fredericton has been holding a series of Mission services in this little church. It is purposed to hold a greater Mission in this growing and important centre.

ST. JOHN.—As an aftermath of the recent Mission, a prayer for the grace of perseverance is being offered continually in all of the city churches. The real test of a person's determination to fulfil his resolve for a better life is the tenacity with which he persists in well-doing. Many hundreds made up their minds during the late Mission to undertake new ventures in the Kingdom of God, and to show loyalty to their Lord and Master, Christ Jesus.

ST. JAMES'.—Fire broke out in the Sunday School building of this church, early in the morning of the 18th and did damage to the extent of more than \$3,000. The blaze was first seen by a soldier doing sentry duty at the armoury and he notified his superiors who sent in a summons to the fire department. The flames had made considerable headway, and as the fire was hard to get at the men had a hard task. How the fire originated is not known. The blaze was first seen in the basement of the Sunday School and it is thought that a defective electric wire may have started the conflagration. When it was finally extinguished it had played havoc with the western end of the edifice, and also considerably damaged the two-story wooden dwelling adjoining. The Sunday School building had only recently been fitted up by the pastor, Rev. H. A. Cody, for the use of the soldiers. The upper floor was arranged as a reading room, and the lower floor for a club room. A piano and pool table were in the latter, but fortunately neither was damaged. The building was insured for \$2,000, but the damage will exceed that amount.

ST. LUKE'S.—A pleasant event occurred on Sunday afternoon, the 20th, in this church, when at the close of the lesson in the Adult Bible Class, Mrs. W. H. Smith, president of the class, presented the Curate, Rev. J. Lyman Cotton, who is teacher of the class, with a substantial purse of gold. Mrs. Smith read an address of appreciation of the work Rev. Mr. Cotton has performed, and expressing the thanks of the class for the services thus rendered. Rev. Mr. Cotton expressed his thanks for the kindness shown him.

QUEBEC.

QUEBEC.—ST. MICHAEL'S.—The Rev. H. Scott Smith, late of Charlottetown, P.E.I., has arrived in Quebec to take charge of this parish, during the Rector's absence in England.

As a New Year's gift, send the "Canadian Churchman" for one year. Only \$1.50 to any address. What could be better?

DIOCESAN NOTES.—The Archdeacon of Quebec has issued a circular letter to the clergy calling on them to observe January 3 as a special day of Intercession.

The following have been elected officers of the S.S. Institute for the ensuing year:—Rev. Canon Shreve, vice-president; W. H. Wiggs, Esq., treasurer; Rev. Ernest R. Roy, secretary. The Christmas festival was observed with appropriate services in all churches throughout the city and diocese.

MONTREAL.

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

MONTREAL.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—On Sunday afternoon last local Masonic lodges and chapters held a church service in this Cathedral, when the Bishop of Montreal preached. Members from every lodge and chapter were present in honour of St. John the Evangelist, whose day it was. Large sums of money have been given to the Canadian Patriotic, Belgian Relief and Red Cross Funds by members of the craft, these contributions taking the place of the usual banquet.

ONTARIO.

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

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

KINGSTON.—ST. LUKE'S.—On the evening of the 18th, at a largely-attended meeting of the officers and congregation of this church, a resolution was unanimously passed and was subsequently submitted to the Rector, the Rev. R. S. Forneri, asking him to reconsider his intention of resigning the Rectorship next month, and the Rector, in deference to their wishes, has consented to postpone his decision until next Easter.

OTTAWA.

RENFREW.—Dean Starr, of Kingston, visited this place on the 18th and addressed the Canadian Club at noon. In the evening he gave an illustrated lecture in the Opera House before a large audience.

TORONTO.

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

TORONTO.—ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.—The Bishop preached on Christmas Day in this Cathedral and the theme of his sermon was Christmas Peace. "Peace on earth to men of goodwill."

SYNOD OFFICE.—The Bishop has issued a pastoral letter to all the clergy in the diocese, urging them to set aside next Friday, New Year's Day, and the first Sunday in the New Year, January 3rd, as days of special prayer and intercession in regard to the present war.

The Revs. H. L. Nicholson and W. Morgan, who were ordained to the diaconate on Sunday last, have received their respective appointments. The former has been appointed Assistant Curate of All Saints', Toronto, and the latter as Missionary-in-charge of Gore's Landing and Perrytown.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.—The music at this Cathedral on Sunday was of an especially fine order, the choir under Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., being heard at their best in special Christmas music. The singing of several Christmas carols gave an opportunity to appreciate the beautiful tone of the trebles. The choir was heard to especial advantage in Stainer's "Thus Speaketh the Lord of Hosts," and the "Te Deum," by Oliver King. The beauty of the service was added to by the fact that the fine four-manual organ was used in its entirety for the first time on that day.

ST. PAUL'S.—In the course of his sermon on Christmas Day, the Archdeacon of York, Dr. Cody, after dealing with the Christmas story, made an earnest appeal to the congregation on behalf of the destitute Belgians, and in order to show their sympathy with them, he suggested that they should contribute either bags or barrels of flour for their relief. He suggested that on the

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S MESSAGE.

A copy of a message on the war issued by the Archbishop of York has been received at the Toronto Synod office. The Archbishop, in a stirring appeal to the members of the Anglican Church in the northern part of England, says: "We must put our whole Christian manhood into this mighty contest. This is for us a war of right against might. Speaking for myself, when I put together the political principles of Treitschke and Bernhardi, the ethics of Metzsche, the words of the imperial chancellor to our own Ambassador, and his speech to the Reichstag, interpreted by the invasion and devastation of Belgium, I feel as though we were confronting a spirit which must be humiliated and crushed for the sake of the peace and liberty of the civilized world.

"Therefore, we are called, both as Christians and citizens, to take our part in this great arbitrament between right and might."

DEAN INGE AT ST. PAUL'S.

The Dean on Christmas Day at St. Paul's Cathedral, spoke on the Anglo-American peace centenary. Referring to the Canadian-American boundary, he said: "For a hundred years America and Canada have been at peace. A true peace—not watching and snarling at each other like two ill-bred dogs. That is something to thank God for on Christmas Day. There are millions in Europe who look to America as a land of hope, and I think they are justified in doing so. One cannot spend a week in America without feeling that hope and freedom give buoyancy to life there such as we rarely see at home." The Dean thought his American cousins failed to achieve a type of Christianity that Christ would approve. "Competitive industrialism," he said, "has not fulfilled this promise. The plea that business is business may cover almost as much cruelty and injustice as may the maxim that 'All is fair in war.'"

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND DR. DRYANDER.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Dryander, the German court chaplain, have refused to sign an appeal addressed to the Christian churches urging them, among other things, "seriously to keep peace before their eyes in order that bloodshed soon may cease."

The appeal has been signed by many prominent divines, including Bishop Greer, of New York, and Bishop Tuttle, of St. Louis. But although both the Anglican prelate and the German doctor of divinity are in entire accord with the signatories, as the correspondence just published makes plain, in devoutly hoping God may ordain that peace shall soon be restored, each is of the opinion, apparently, that the only peace to be desired is that founded on the triumphant demonstration of the righteousness of his country's cause.

The Archbishop writes: "You may be certain that at the first moment when it seems to me that an opening is presented for securing a righteous and enduring peace I shall do my utmost to urge it, but I am clear that that moment, greatly as we long for it, has not yet come.

"The conflict which has been forced upon Europe (I impute no motive, but merely state a fact) must, I fear, now that it has begun, proceed for the bringing to an issue the fundamental moral principle of faithfulness to a nation's obligation to its solemnly pledged word. The recognition of the moral validity of such an obligation is fundamental to the maintenance of peace and progress among the nations of the world."

Dr. Dryander takes strong exception to a paragraph of the appeal which reads: "The tangle of underlying and active causes which accumulate in the course of time, and the proximate events which led to the breaking of peace, are left to history to unravel." He declares it would be impossible for him to sign that statement.

first Sunday in the New Year, which had been set apart as a day of supplication for the cause of the allies, the congregations of all churches in the city should make donations of flour. He thought if the matter were taken up in the right way an enormous amount of food would be supplied for the relief of the sufferers.

HOLY TRINITY.—Rev. Dr. Boyle, speaking at this church on Christmas Day, referred to the Christmas and the war. After dealing with the subject of the incarnation, he said:—"Christ is the Prince of Peace in the midst of a world of conflict. This Christmas should mark a real advance in the cause of international peace. Christianity must be the final arbiter of nations. While this is, on one side, an un-Christian war, it is on the other side, a war to uphold the vital principles of Christianity, liberty and righteousness."

ST. SIMON'S.—The excellent choir of this church gave a number of Christmas carols, old and new, in conjunction with the usual evening service on Sunday last, under Mr. J. W. Y. Harrison, organist.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—Owing to the war, the date for the Church Congress at Toronto, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury and other English Bishops have been invited, is likely to be postponed for a year. The programme has to be compiled a year in advance. It will probably take place in September, 1916, and the principal service during its session will be held in St. Alban's Cathedral.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.—An old Wycliffe student who was ordained recently, Rev. Perry Park, will sail from Seattle for Calcutta, India, on January 12th, sent by the University of Toronto Y.M.C.A. At least \$1,200 has been raised already for this Mission. Between 20 and 30 secretaries have accompanied the Indian troops to the front, hence the need of workers to take their places in India. Mr. Park, who will leave Toronto on or about January 5, knows that he will land at Calcutta, but he doesn't know definitely where he will labour.

THE CAMP ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—Outside of the church parades, a full holiday was granted to all in camp, the church services being held at the same hour as the Sunday services. The principal church parade was held at 10 a.m. in the Transportation Building, the preacher being Rev. J. Russell McLean, Camp Chaplain. A feature was the singing of Christmas carols, in which the men joined lustily, and selections of special music rendered by the camp band. Holy Communion was celebrated at 7.30 a.m.

SHANTY BAY.—OBITUARY.—On Saturday the body of the late Lieut.-Colonel William E. O'Brien was borne to rest and laid beside his father in St. Thomas' Churchyard, Shanty Bay, the founder of the church and of the settlement some 80 years ago. The funeral was a military one, and full honours were accorded by the 35th Regiment to its late commanding officer, who had served with it, and at its head, in war and in peace. It was an impressive scene as the cortege left his old home, "The Woods." The band of the regiment led the way across the snow-covered fields and through the woods by the path which he himself had always taken till he was stricken down. The coffin, on which rested his helmet and sword, was drawn on a sleigh, covered by the Union Jack, and behind it was the riderless horse. The pall-bearers were Lieut.-Col. J. B. McPhee, Lieut.-Col. F. Sneath, commanding the regiment; Majors D. H. MacLaren, A. Cowan and W. Scott, and Capt. Carmichael. Among other officers and ex-officers of the regiment who followed the body were Major A. W. O'Brien, Capt. B. W. Ardagh, Capt. Munroe, Lieut. Arthur Ardagh and Lieut. Walker. Among others noticed were his brother, Henry O'Brien, K.C., of Toronto, and his sisters; Rev. Canon Murphy, Frank Moberly, George Raikes, Dr. W. A. Ross, A. D. Crooks and Sydney Brydges, Toronto; A. G. Ardagh, Fred Porritt, Geo. H. Esten and Arch. Campbell. The service, held in the church, was read by Rev. Mr. Bourne and Rev. Mr. Thompson, former Rector. The Ven. Archdeacon Cody, in a most eloquent address, spoke of the leading incidents in the life of the deceased, a life of strenuous service and a name which would go down in history as that of a Christian gentleman of virile and independent thought, without fear and without reproach. He spoke of his work in the Synod, as a journalist and as a legislator for 14 years in the House of Commons, of his long military service and his advocacy of Imperial Federation. The church was crowded and many were unable to gain entrance to the church owing to the large numbers of people from all over the district who came to pay their last respects. When the coffin had been lowered, three volleys were fired over the grave, and the bugler sounded the "Last Post."

MENTS. as may be appointments and Church information

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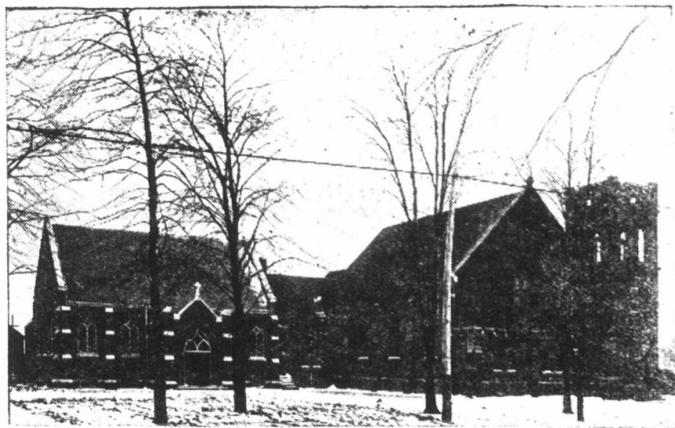
W. R. Clark, D.D., Bishop, Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON.—OBITUARY.—The Rev. E. Napier Burns, the Rector of St. Luke's Church, died on the 21st, after an illness of several weeks' duration. Although not altogether unexpected, yet the end came somewhat suddenly. The deceased clergyman had been the Rector of this parish for a number of years. The late Mr. Burns was born at Woodstock, Ont., on October 8th, 1868, and he came with his parents to reside in Hamilton when he was quite a child. He received his early education here and later attended Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q. He graduated with the degree of B.A., was ordained Deacon by the late Bishop DuMoulin on November 27, 1898, and on St. Andrew's Day of the following year was ordained a priest. He was then placed in full charge of St. Luke's Church. Mr. Burns was well known in the diocese of Niagara, and was highly esteemed for his genial disposition, and his death will be sincerely regretted. He is survived by one brother. The funeral took place on the 23rd, and the remains were taken to St. Luke's Church, where Holy Communion was celebrated at 10 o'clock. The body lay in state until 3 o'clock, when the funeral services were conducted by Bishop Clark, assisted by Revs. Canons Sutherland and Daw. A very large number of the clergy of the city and surrounding district were present. The pall-bearers were:—Rev. Canon Scudamore, Harriston; Rev. R. H. Ferguson, Port Dalhousie; Rev. C. Hirst Ross, Jarvis; and Revs. C. A. Sparling, Canon Sutherland and Canon Daw, of Hamilton.

Canons Sutherland, Scudamore and Daw officiated at a memorial service of the Holy Communion, which was held in the church at 9 a.m., on the morning of the day of the funeral. An address was given by Canon Daw. At the funeral service the Bishop officiated, assisted by Canons Sutherland and Daw. Very large numbers attended the obsequies.

The New Church
House

Church of the
Ascension,
Windsor



The Rector, the Rev. D. T. Owen, preached in Christ Church Cathedral on Christmas Day, and at both St. Thomas' Church and the Church of the Ascension, the services were fully choral.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—The Rev. D. T. Owen and Mrs. Owen were tendered an informal reception by the members of the congregation in the parish house, on the evening of the 21st. Large numbers were present. The Bishop presided and in the course of his address he gave a hearty welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Owen to the parish and the diocese.

HURON.

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

LONDON.—ST. JAMES'.—Last month the Very Rev. Dean Davis undertook the securing of a lot for the purpose of building a Mission Church in Manner Park, just bordering on the city. A neat little frame building is now erected on the lot, which it is expected will be opened for service in two or three weeks. This work is most encouraging and is much needed.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Canon Tucker preached the first of a series of sermons on the war in Europe on the evening of the 20th inst. His text was "A good soldier of Jesus Christ."

WINDSOR.—CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.—The new church house of the Church of the Ascension was formally opened on December 17th by the Bishop of the diocese. A supper was served in the basement to about 500 people,

under the auspices of the Women's Guild. This was followed by a programme of addresses and musical numbers, at which the Bishop was the chief speaker. In an interesting and forceful address he set forth the various uses of a parish building. Mr. O. E. Fleming, K.C., chairman of the building committee, acted as chairman for the evening. The building is a beautiful structure, Gothic in design, with a full basement, kitchen and separate rooms for Bible Class, Primary Department, Little Beginners' room, etc. The financial statement as presented by the chairman was an exceedingly gratifying one. The building cost over \$11,000 and despite the money stringency of the past year, the building has been erected with no mortgage or loan, there being only about \$1,600 owing to the contractors, and this amount is covered by unpaid subscriptions, so there is practically no debt against the building. Great credit is due the building committee and to Rev. Rural Dean Snelgrove, during whose ministry of ten years a new church and parish house have been erected.

MITCHELL.—OBITUARY.—The death of the Rev. Maurice William Britton is announced as having taken place early last week in Brooklyn, U.S.A., the effects of an operation. For some years past Mr. Britton has been Rector of St. Clement's, Washington Square, and before that Rector of St. Barnabas', St. Catharines, Ont. The deceased was a son of Mr. Maurice Britton, Mitchell, Ontario, who has been an honoured citizen for years, and a faithful and worthy member of Trinity Church. The remains before being brought here, were on Thursday taken to St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, where service was held and 400 clergy attended. On arrival in Mit-

chell the body was taken to Trinity Church, and from thence to the old Church Cemetery, where it was laid to rest. The service was conducted by the Rev. T. J. Charlton, Rector of the parish. The choir was present and the "Dead March" played, the congregation standing meanwhile. Besides his father, there are left to mourn his loss, three brothers and two sisters. The deceased was a man who devoted his life and means to the cause of the Church. His fine intelligence and goodness of nature, along with his admirable discretion, made for him hosts of friends. He has finished his work in the vineyard of the Lord, and the dark cloud which his death will cast over the lives of his relatives and friends, will melt away in the knowledge that he "did the death of the righteous" and is now "with Christ which is far better."

MOOSONEE.

John George Anderson, D.D., Bishop,
Selkirk.

PORQUOIS JUNCTION.—An interesting service was held in St. Stephen's Church on the fourth Sunday in Advent, when the Bishop of the diocese visited Porquois Junction. At the close of Morning Prayer, there were presented to the Bishop two Romanists, man and wife, to be admitted into the Anglican Communion. It was no hasty decision at which the couple had arrived, for they had thought of the matter for the past six years, so the Bishop gave them the right-hand of fellowship. The Ordination Service was then proceeded with, when Mr. J. D. Paterson, of Wycliffe College, Toronto, was ordained Deacon. The candidate was presented by Rev. J. E. Woodall, of Rupert's House, James Bay. The Bishop preached from Matt. 11: 10, to a large and attentive congregation. It was a pleasing feature to note that a large number of Mr. Pater-

son's future parishioners drove up from Monteith to be present and to assist with their sympathy and prayers on the solemn occasion.

ALGOMA.

George Thorneloe, D.D., Bishop,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

SHEGUIANDAH.—The Sale of Work held under the auspices of St. Peter's Church on the 19th, at the Rectory, was quite a success. Both dinner and supper were served. The entire proceeds will total a net amount of \$70. This is indeed gratifying and helps out a worthy cause—a debt on which payments are long past due. The goods offered for sale were of a high class, seldom seen outside of city shops and readily found purchasers. Good honest value was given for every-cent invested. The success of the venture was achieved largely by the indefatigable efforts of the Woman's Auxiliary. Mr. R. S. Ferguson, lay-student, is in charge of this Mission at present.

RUPERT'S LAND.

Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L., Arch-
bishop and Primate, Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG.—ST. MATTHEW'S.—On the 20th inst., the Archbishop paid his annual visit to this parish, when he confirmed 94 candidates, the largest number ever presented in the history of the diocese at a single Confirmation. The progress of this Church under the Rectorship of the Rev. R. B. McElheran has been most excellent. It is now the largest centre of Church activity in connection with the Anglican communion in the city of Winnipeg, possessing the largest congregation and also the largest Sunday School. The Rector is to be heartily congratulated on the eminent success of his earnest and energetic work. The system of finance in the parish is based entirely upon direct giving and both in the matter of local support and in contributions to missionary enterprises the result is most satisfactory and St. Matthew's ranks high as a well-managed parish. Preparations are being made for the due observance of January 3rd as a day of special intercession and contrition on account of the war. The Archbishop has put forth a strong pastoral on the subject which was read in all the churches of the diocese on December 27th.

At a recent meeting of the A.Y.P.A. of this parish a most interesting missionary programme was provided, when several students of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, gave addresses on the work in which they had been engaged. The Rev. G. F. Frost, one of the graduates of the college, presided, and those giving addresses were Messrs. Burd, Barr and Berry, all of them being members of the 27th Battalion of the 2nd Canadian Contingent.

HOLY TRINITY.—On a recent Monday evening the A.Y.P.A. of this church entertained the young people of St. Stephen's, St. Margaret's and St. Matthew's. Altogether there must have been fully 700 young people present, who enjoyed an exceptionally good programme. At the close of the meeting the chairman, Mr. J. G. Dagg, called upon the visiting clergy, who gave short addresses, and also upon the Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, who expressed the hope that there might be more frequent joint meetings for the young people of the various parishes.

EAST KILDONAN.—ST. STEPHEN'S.—On Sunday, the 13th, a Confirmation was held in this church, when 12 candidates were presented. This church which was opened less than two years ago has, under the charge of the Rev. H. A. B. Harrison, made wonderful progress. There was a congregation of over 200 in attendance on the occasion of his Grace's visit. The most gratifying feature of the growth of the work is in the Sunday School, which now has a roll of over 160 pupils on its register. The parish is located in a very flourishing suburb of Winnipeg and bids fair to be a very strong one in the near future.

DELORAIN.—The Rev. G. H. Holmes, who has been Incumbent of Clearwater and Mather since the time of his ordination, has been offered the Incumbency of this parish by the Archbishop and has accepted it. He will remove to his new charge in January.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop, Prince
Albert, Sask.

SASKATOON.—ST. JOHN'S.—On Tuesday evening, the 22nd, Lieutenant Macklem addressed the members of the A.Y.P.A. on the subject of "Aircraft."

YUKON.

Isaac O. Stringer, D.D., Bishop, Carcross, Yukon Territory.

DAWSON.—ST. PAUL'S.—On Wednesday, November 18th, the members of the W.A. held a very successful Sale of Work. After deducting expenses, it was found that the proceeds realized the sum of \$875. At a meeting held later, the members voted \$100 towards the Belgian Relief Fund. At the evening service held in St. Paul's, November 29th, Bishop Stringer instituted and inducted the Rev. J. A. Davies into the Rectorship of the Cathedral Church of the Yukon diocese.

Correspondence

"CANON CONSTABLE."

Sir,—I have often wondered why so many correspondents of the public press, especially of the ecclesiastical press, write concerning those who differ from them, as if they were personal enemies; and this wonder has been revived by my reading the letter under the above heading in the "Churchman" of 3rd December in reply to mine of the 9th October. The letter to which I refer is signed, G. W. Winckler. He causes my phrase, "I do not remember," to be printed in italics, as if it were a crime to make the frank admission; while he does not have his own expression similarly treated, "If I rightly remember." Again, he says of me, "Who, I am safe in believing, never read the book." Well, if my critic is only as "safe in believing" the doctrine which he defends as he is in this statement, he would do well to re-examine the grounds of his belief.

I could comment on my critic's use of the terms, "ungracious," "thought fit to write," "cast baseless reflections," "gratuitously intrude," and "glibly," but I forbear. Then, in regard to my critic's "intimate cleric friend," I may say that I do not profess to be an ecclesiastical lawyer, nor even a "tyro" in the matter of inhibition.

From this unpleasant side permit me to turn to the matter at issue. My first knowledge of the book, "Hades," was gained while I was a student. A cultured English gentleman, who was an ardent believer in its doctrines, loaned me the book; and I was deeply impressed by reading it. On my returning it, the owner remarked, "It is too bad that your Church is so intolerant as to have persecuted the writer of such a book!" A little later I was reproved by one of our Bishops for some remarks that I had made, and was told that they "savoured of Constable's heresy of Conditional Immortality," and that the writer had been "retired" because of it. Still later, when talking upon this subject with a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, I was told by him, "Constable got into trouble over his book," and from the Bishop's subsequent remarks I inferred that the Canon had lost his position on account of it. Still later, in a London book shop, I met a gentleman (whose son was a member of the House of Commons), who gave me a copy of a booklet which he had written, entitled "Conditional Immortality." He said that his treatise was supplemental to Constable's book, "Hades," for which "the author was driven out of the pulpit." Some time afterward, in conversation with an educated English woman (who was a "Christadelphian," and had written several books upon this cult, one of which she gave me), I disputed one of her statements as unscriptural. Upon which she replied, "Why, one of your own clergy in Ireland, Canon Constable, held the same views upon this point, as you may see by reading his 'Hades'; but he was persecuted for holding them." Shortly after, I procured and re-read a copy of "Hades," which I still possess, and which bears on the title-page, after the author's name, the letters "D.D.," which renders innocuous my critic's "(sic)" after the expression "Dr." in my letter as quoted by him. It also bears the words, "Sometime Prebendary of Cork," which, of course, in itself does not imply that he had not retired voluntarily; but which, taken with what I had been told and had accepted in good faith, might well be considered as associated with compulsion.

Now, I know well that one who cannot bring either his witnesses or their *local* statements into court is ruled out. Hence, inasmuch as all my informants are dead, and since my critic has a *living* witness on his side, I am willing to admit that my informants may themselves have been misinformed, and to accept the statement of my critic's "intimate cleric friend." If, therefore, my letter did any wrong to the character

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

or memory of the late Canon Constable, I very much regret it.

Into the question, whether Conditional Immortality is or is not a heresy, I cannot now enter; because, owing to personal affliction, my library is boxed and stored some two hundred miles from my present residence, so that I should be in great want of ammunition for the fray. However, I may say at present I do not see much to choose between Conditional Immortality and Christadelphianism, or even Russellism; in fact, it may be that "Pastor Russell" is not, as he is generally considered to be, a Heresiarch.

Kincardine.

H. A. Thomas.

[With the above letter the correspondence may conveniently cease.—Ed. C. C.]

THE W.A.

Sir,—Permit me to express my thanks to yourself for inserting in your columns my appeal for help in selling the W.A. calendars, and also to your readers for their ready response to the appeal.

We are now entering on the sale of the last thousand, upon which depends our success or failure, from a financial standpoint.

We are very grateful to the clergy and presidents of the A.Y.P.A. and other church societies for their help, and venture to hope that others will follow their example.

Copies of the calendar at 25 cents each will be sent, post free, to any address, either by Miss F. Lea, 5 Bedford Road, Toronto, or by Mrs. de Pencier, 1346 Pendrel Street, Vancouver, B.C.

With renewed thanks to your readers and yourself,
Adelaide M. Plumpton.

A WAY TO HELP.

Sir,—I have thought of a plan whereby convalescent patients and soldiers will be enabled to show their love for our soldiers and sailors in a practical way this winter. Thousands of patients would be willing to knit if they had the wool, needles, and samples of caps, socks, mufflers, belts, wristlets, etc., and ladies to instruct them so no waste will occur at a time suitable to the hospitals. Those who have been laid aside through accident and sickness would not feel they were useless, but could make many needed loving gifts for the lads in our cold battle lines.

I have talked the matter over with all the lady superintendents of our large Toronto public hospitals, and they are enthusiastic and have promised their support. Already many of the nurses and a few patients have bought wool out of their very slender purses and have knitted many useful articles. But their resources are ended.

A "Hospital Wool Fund" has, therefore, been started. The Patriotic League is custodian, and a special sub-committee has been formed to administer the funds and send instructors to hospitals as needed. The money is to buy wool to be used in any Ontario hospital for the above purpose, the finished articles to be given in part to the Patriotic League and part to special units.

Already a considerable number of ladies have promised financial support and time. The public is asked to send money to the Treasurer of the Patriotic League, Mrs. H. C. Rhea, 550 Sherbourne Street, marked, "Hospital Wool Fund."

The scheme is not intended to interfere with other charity and patriotic work, already so nobly and widely undertaken, but to supplement it.

The support of the Canadian Press is asked to further the idea in the hundreds of hospitals throughout Canada. Australian, New Zealand and British papers are asked to co-operate.

Gordon G. Copeland.

THE LORD'S COMING.

Sir,—The war seems to be causing the Prophets to be studied. May I ask the writer of the article, "That Blessed Hope," in your issue of December 3rd three questions? He says: "It would be right to say that the Lord may come to-day. . . . It would be unscriptural to say to-day. . . . He will not come to-day." I do not believe that there is a soul on earth that really believes that the Lord "may come to-day," though I am that the Lord "will not come to-day." They have surely many honestly think they do. They are as argued themselves into that idea. They are as mistaken as the disciples in St. John 16:30, 31.

1st. Was not St. Mark 13:32 as true when the Lord's feet broke contact with Olivet as it is to-day?

2nd. When, from His departure, did it become possible for Him to return, could the Apostles the

next day have rightly said, "The Lord may come to-day?"

3rd. How is it that no one ever heard of the taking away of the Lord's people before the final troubles until demons announced it at Edward Irving's meetings, about 1830?

Capel B. St. George.

OUR NAVY.

Sir,—The Council of the Ladies' Guild will be obliged if you will be good enough to insert the subjoined note.

Alfred Hall.

The supreme service of the Navy to the Empire, in keeping open the seas to commerce and in safely conveying armies and contingents to the battle front, is to be further recognized by ladies throughout Canada. By special desire of Her Majesty the Queen, the Canadian National Ladies' Guild for Sailors at Toronto will co-operate with Her Majesty's Needlework Guild in providing the requirements approved by the Admiralty, and the help will be sent through H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, Lady Jellicoe, at the desire of Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet, has furnished the list of articles required at the headquarters of the Guild in London. It is not proposed to do any of the making-up of the garments in Canada, but to send a money contribution that may be most wisely and effectively utilized for the welfare of the seamen on duty and for the naval hospitals. Ladies or gentlemen from all over the Dominion are asked to co-operate in this direct tribute of appreciation to our sailors by sending their gifts to Lady Willison, Elmsley Place, Toronto, as early as possible. Ladies may join the Guild by giving one dollar yearly.

WANTED—A WARM OVERCOAT.

To the Editor:

Sir,—In a letter recently received from one of the missionaries in the Archdeaconry of Simcoe, the following sentence occurs:—"Please remember us in your prayers, especially the missionary on his journeys on bad roads, long, and poorly clad not earning enough to spend any on the luxury of warm clothing." I wonder if any of your readers in the diocese of Toronto would like to furnish this missionary with a warm overcoat, sufficiently warm to keep out the cold in long drives. I would gladly give information to anyone who desires to help in this matter.

Chas. L. Ingles,
Archdeacon of Simcoe.

408 Brunswick Ave.

Books and Bookmen

"A Great Missionary Pioneer," by Mrs. E. M. Dunlop. The Story of Samuel Marsden's Work in New Zealand. London, England: S.P.C.K. (1s. net).

Biography is not always rendered attractive to the ordinary reader, and it is, indeed, refreshing to pick up a book like this and find some 80 pages of deeply interesting reading. There is a simplicity of diction and charm of style also which make it difficult to put down the book until it is finished. The opening paragraph is worth quoting: "The story of Samuel Marsden, who ventured upon the great enterprise of Christianizing and civilizing a fine but savage race, with the results that New Zealand has become, in the space of one hundred years, a second England set in the Southern Seas." Incidentally, there is a good deal of information about that interesting people, the Maoris.

"Illustrations for Teaching the Catechism," by the Rev. G. H. Dix, M.A., and the Rev. H. A. Lester, M.A. London, England: Longmans, Green and Co. (40 cents net). With introduction by the Bishop of London.

A collection of some 50 diagrams to illustrate lessons on the Catechism for scholars of 9 to 11. Many of the diagrams are quite simple, and could easily be reproduced, either on the black-board or the lantern slide. We cannot fully endorse all the book's interpretations of the Catechism, nor, indeed, all of the diagrams, but the teacher will find many of them useful and fairly easy to copy. There is no doubt that such a set of illustrations, carefully worked out, will help to make interesting to young people that which, chiefly because of its abstract nature, is all too often extremely dull.

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"The Place and Work of the Prophets in the Catholic Church," by the Rev. T. H. May, M.A., Canon of Chester. London, England: S.P.C.K. (1s. 6d. net).

The author's purpose is to show that the gift of Prophecy, "the highest of the spiritual charismata," as originally possessed by members of the Apostolic Church, without any hard-and-fast limit, was very early in the history of the Christian Church, narrowed down to the channels of episcopacy. After that it became a gift, only to be obtained by those upon whom episcopal hands had been laid. We agree with the author when he says that the prophet is "God's interpreter, reproving, exhorting, comforting, guiding and convincing—as the loving providence of God directed him." But most emphatically we cannot admit that his mechanical view of the transmission of Divine grace at ordination is either Anglican or Scriptural. If, as is pointed out, Wesley, Pusey, Keble, and others, had this charisma, what must we say of men like Spurgeon and Moody? Shall we put them without the pale because they did not happen to be episcopally ordained? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Family

A NATIONAL FAST DAY HYMN.

Early in 1756, in a time of national agitation and danger, Charles Wesley wrote the following hymn. The earthquake panic of 1750 had been revived by the news of the great earthquake at Lisbon, and now, added to that, a much-dreaded French invasion was threatening. The King, George II., appointed February 6th to be a national fast, and this hymn was one of seventeen published by the poet-preacher for the occasion. Southey some sixty years later pronounced it to be the finest hymn in the language.

Stand th' Omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan;
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just,
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! his heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the seeming void;
Sees the Universe renewed,
The great Millennial reign begun,
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal Throne.

Resting in this glorious hope—
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword;
Listening for the call divine,
The final trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to Heaven.

(From Telford's "Life of Charles Wesley.")

FATEFUL YEAR "FOURTEEN."

The fourteenth year of the century has been an eventful one in Europe. In 14, when our Lord was a boy at Nazareth, Augustus the first Roman Emperor died, whilst Charlemagne, the first ruler of the revived Empire, died 800 years later, in 814, and Napoleon, another Emperor who strove to dominate Europe, was sent to Elba in 1814, 1,000 years later still. In 314 British Bishops crossed the Channel to attend the Council of Arles; in 914 died Plegmund, the Archbishop who consecrated the first Bishop for Wilts, Somerset and Devon; in 1014 Sweyn of Denmark was devastating England; in 1214 the English Interdict came to an end; in 1314 Scotland was delivered from the English yoke at Bannockburn; in 1714 Queen Anne died and the Hanoverian rule began in England. And now in 1914 the nations of Europe are at war, the main question being whether Germany or England is to be supreme, and whether William of Germany is to be another tyrant like Charlemagne or Napoleon. Some have predicted that 1914 would see the fall of the Hohenzollern family, and that William II. will be the last ruler of that house. The next few weeks may decide the terrible question.

NOT BY CHANCE

A Story of Christmas Eve—By Amy Le Feuvre.

"AN old maid!"
Sylvia Saxonby repeated this softly to herself as she gazed into her bedroom looking-glass, and saw there reflected a pleasant smiling face, with clear, blue eyes and brown hair slightly streaked with grey.

The phrase had been uttered lightly, and perhaps a little contemptuously, by her young nieces as they discussed their aunt behind her back, and she had unwittingly come upon them as the obnoxious title fell from their lips.

It was a distinct shock to her—a shock that comes to many when they suddenly realize that their bodies are ageing faster than their souls.

"Now, why should it be such an obnoxious phrase?" mused Sylvia, whose sense of humour was always strong. "My wrinkles are increasing, and my hair is getting grey. I ought to have discovered these signs of age before, but, upon my word, I am always in such a hurry to get dressed when I stand before my glass, that I have never noticed myself. There is one comfort, that I can see, hear, and walk as well as ever I did! I wish one's nieces would not arrive at the critical age so fast. Babies in the nursery don't mind old maids. Unfortunately, I haven't a nephew or niece left that is small enough to take one entirely on trust. Yet how I love them all! And how tired I am of managing them!"

She gave a little laugh, and left her bedroom. Downstairs in her cosy sitting-room the fire was burning brightly, and an appetizing little tea laid out on the round table.

Sylvia had just returned to her small house from two months' stay in one of her married sisters' homes. She had gone there to take charge of six nephews and nieces whilst her sister had been taken by her husband for a much-needed rest abroad. The household had not been an easy one to manage: the three young servants needed a firm hand during their mistress's absence; four schoolboys, ranging from eleven to fifteen, attending a day school near, did not make their home a quiet or restful one; and the two nieces, also attending school, were just of an age when they considered they ought to be emancipated from an aunt's control. Sylvia had plenty of courage and love for her task. She had nursed every one of these young people when they were babies, and had lavished a good deal of affection upon them; yet, somehow or other, she had found them for the first time slightly antagonistic to her influence. They treated her with indifference, sometimes with dislike. Parents' authority they recognized, but an aunt's was to be evaded, if possible. Sylvia did her best, and kept her uniform cheerfulness to the last; but now, as she sat down by her fire, and her faithful Mary Ann brought in the boiling kettle with a smile of approval at the sight of her mistress, she said to her impulsively:—

"Oh, Mary Ann, I am glad to be home! How I shall enjoy a little rest! I am getting too devoted to my creature comforts, I am afraid!"

"Not a bit of it, ma'am. You are looking quite worn out, and I don't wonder. Miss Fanny always did spoil those children, and I know what a life they have led you! You were tired when you went to them. I've been counting up the time you have been at home this year, and 'tis but two months at the most. There was the scarlet fever at Mr. George's in January—you were away nursing Miss Minnie for six weeks. Then Miss Carry got you to take her girls to the seaside, and you went for three months and turned governess to Mr. Robert's motherless children till he got a lady to take charge of them. You kept house for both Mr. Mark and Miss Helen at different times when they wanted you, and I'm sure you did all the work of the house when you were with Mr. George's wife, for she never keeps her servants! 'Tis enough to wear you out, and I hope now you've done enough for your family and will stay quiet over Christmas. They, one and all, takes mean advantage of you, ma'am, and you gets no thanks or good for it!"

Mary Ann spoke as a privileged servant does. She had been in the old country house with Sylvia and her seven brothers and sisters, and had always considered the one who had never married the "best of the bunch."

Sylvia was born unselfish, but she was not born patient, and she often said that life had found her a wayward and irrepressible pupil.

Certainly a good deal of discipline had fallen to her share, and many good things in life had passed her by. She was warm-hearted and affectionate, and had a passionate love for children. Yet her lover had been taken from her by another woman, and motherhood had been denied her.

Other people's children had to be her solace, and they seemed, as they grew up, to shake off her affection, and desire none of it.

Her sisters were fond of her; but, naturally, their husbands and children occupied the first place in their hearts. Her brothers sought her counsel, and admired her clear-headedness. In trouble they turned to her for sympathy, but it never entered their heads that she might have need of theirs.

She was a single woman, and walked through life alone; if she made ties, they were soon broken; and she knew that no one on earth had her real interests at heart. She was valued for her usefulness to others; her own individuality was not considered. Yet, in spite of this, she was a happy woman; her step was light, her voice had a ring of gladness in it, her eyes and lips expressed the content of her heart. Long ago, when her life was most difficult, Sylvia had found One Whose care and love of her was a matter for daily thanksgiving, and her spring of happiness never failed her. As she sat in her chair by the fire, tired with her long journey and all her previous experiences, her blue eyes shone with delight and satisfaction.

"Oh, what a nice time I shall have! And how I shall enjoy being alone! It is worth a good deal to have this cosy retreat to return to!"

The postman's knock sounded on her door. Sylvia did not hail her letters with joy. She lived near London, and sisters in the country had a way of sending her many a commission to do for them "by return of post."

Mary Ann brought the letters in. A few circulars and one from her brother Robert, a Hampshire Rector. He wrote for his wife, who was away from home visiting her invalid mother:—

"Dear Sylvia:
"We are in trouble again. Bobbie has developed whooping-cough, and I have two new pupils coming to me next week to learn with him. Their parents are abroad, and I dare not have them here with Bobbie. Can you possibly put him up? He is not very bad, and won't give you any trouble. I know you will be ready to help us. If you could keep him till the Christmas holidays I should be glad, as I do not want to lose these boys, and neither of them has had the complaint. One of them is very delicate, and it would be on my conscience if Bobbie infected him. Being sure that you will not refuse, I will bring Bobbie down myself Thursday morning."
"Your affectionate brother,
"Robert."

Sylvia let the letter drop into her lap after she had read it, and the light died out of her eyes.

"To-morrow! And a moment ago I was so happy thinking of my quiet time! What a handful he will be! I must break it gently to Mary Ann. She is not fond of boys here."

But she did not call her old servant. She sat back in her easy-chair, and wondered if, as she grew older, she was getting more self-indulgent and fonder of her ease and comfort.

"There is one certainty," she said to herself, "and that is that I am not to be allowed to do it!"

Then, instinctively, she began planning comforts for Bobbie's room, and when, an hour later, Mary Ann was told, her mistress spoke as cheerfully of her expected guest as she had done before of the delights of being alone.

The boy arrived with his father the next day; he was thirteen, a restless, high-spirited little fellow, and said to his aunt as a welcome:—

"Isn't it rot sending me down here when I want to be with the other fellows? Whatever shall I do with myself all day long?"

"Oh, we shall find any amount of employment," Sylvia assured him; but the gloom did not pass away from the boy's face, and the next few days were trying to both aunt and nephew.

Wet weather set in. Bobbie was irritable and impatient at his enforced confinement to the house and the violence of his cough. Sylvia taxed her brains to the utmost to amuse and entertain him. He tramped up and down stairs, rummaged her drawers and cupboards for anything that took his fancy, broke an old piece of Chelsea china by chasing Mary Ann's favourite tabby cat round the drawing-room, and grumbled perpetually at the smallness and dullness of his aunt's household.

"Ah!" she said to him with a merry twinkle in her eye, "I remember the time when it was bliss to stay with Aunt Sylvia, Bobbie! You were quite content with some reels of cotton, a box of soldiers, and a hearthrug to play upon once!"

"That was when I was a baby!" retorted Bobbie, indignantly. "A fellow wants more at my age!"

"And perhaps less when you arrive at mine!" said his aunt.

(To be Continued.)

Personal & General

We wish to all our subscribers, old and new, "A very happy New Year."

"The Christmas Spirit" was wonderful this year, even though so terrible a war is raging.

The small village of Bulwick, Northamptonshire, gave Lord Kitchener's army ten of its eleven eligible men.

Sunday, January 3rd, has been set apart "as a day of humble prayer and intercession to God for the Empire."

Less to the rich but more to the poor, was the condition of Christmas giving this year in the cities at least.

As a New Year's gift send for one year, the "Canadian Churchman," only \$1.50 to any address, nothing so nice!

Archdeacon Cody's suggestion, referred to in another column, of flour for the Belgians, is worthy of careful consideration.

Word that Lorenz and Henry Hagenbeck, the menagerie owners, of Germany, were killed in battle, was received December 27th.

The Rev. Canon Cowie, Rector of Fredericton, is to spend the winter in the West Indies on account, we are sorry to learn, of ill-health.

Lieut. the Hon. G. Hardinge, D.S.O., of the 15th Hussars, a son of the Viceroy of India, has died from the effects of wounds received in battle.

A "Dry Christmas Day" was Toronto's happy experience this year. Bars are all closed now on both Christmas and Good Friday, thanks to the Legislature.

The soldiers greatly appreciated the silk mufflers and good things given them on Christmas Day by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew at the Toronto Concentration Camp.

A meeting of the former residents of Hartlepool, the English town which underwent bombardment by German ships, was held in St. George's school-house Saturday last to express sympathy.

General Botha is a very sick man, and constantly under the care of his doctor. This makes it all the more striking the excellent work he has just done in stamping out the rebellion.

St. Paul's Church sent out 104 baskets containing Christmas dinners to the poor people of the city. For the most part, they were sent to families in the northwest and northeast end.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew gave the soldiers a very delightful Christmas at the Camp. An Xmas-tree was given, and very acceptable gifts in the form of eatables came from the town of Fergus—a most welcome addition.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the Rev. J. McP. Scott, who was shot in Toronto on Thursday night last, by a Roumanian missionary, who shot Mr. Scott for a fancied wrong. We, together with his many friends, will hope for a speedy recovery.

President Yuan Shi Kai at sunrise, December 23rd, appeared before the Altar of Heaven in the Chinese city of Peking and revived the worship of Heaven at the Winter solstice, an observance neglected since the passing of the Manchu dynasty in 1911.

The Crystal Palace, London's famous recreation ground, will be closed to the public from New Year's Day until the end of the war, in order to provide training quarters for soldiers. It is estimated that at least

10,000 men will bunk in the glass exhibition hall.

Captain Rev. George Leycester Ingles, son of the new Archdeacon of Simcoe, chaplain in the Canadian expeditionary force, is in Bulford Hospital, seriously ill from cerebro-spinal meningitis. Prayers in many of the city churches were offered on Sunday for Mr. Ingles' recovery.

Every letter in Arabic has four vowelings, and some letters have twenty-five separate forms. So it is possible for the printer to have to deal with a hundred different forms of a single letter. Knowing the printers' case is not so simple a matter for Arabian craftsmen as for English.

Queen Mary is passionately fond of flowers, and likes a bunch of Parma violets fastened to her furs. For evening wear she is generally partial to orchids of lilies of the valley. For the exotic and rather conspicuous blooms she has not very great liking, with the exception possibly of mal-maisons.

The King and Queen sent 700,000 Christmas cards, one for every British soldier and sailor at the front. The photographs of the King and Queen were signed: "With best wishes for Christmas. May God protect you and bring you safe home." The wounded received a card inscribed: "May you soon be restored to health."

A little girl about 6 years old, was visiting friends and during the course of the conversation one of them remarked: "I hear you have a new little sister." "Yes," answered the little girl, "just two weeks old." "Did you want it to be a little girl?" asked the friend. "No, I wanted it to be a boy," she replied, "but it came while I was at school."

The Bishop of Durham has had a serious operation performed, and is now recovering. He expects to be laid aside for several weeks, but it is hoped that he will be able to undertake his work in the New Year. Dr. Moule is loved by many generations of Cambridge men, and his influence on a certain type of mind is probably greater than that of any other English Bishop.

During a war meeting, at Claridge's Hotel lately, Princess Alice, of Monaco, the Countess of Kimberley, Lady Rothermore and Mrs. Aitken made known that they will give a monster Christmas party for hundreds of English, French and Belgian children on Boxing Day. Each little boy will get a suit and each little girl a dress and each guest a toy. These toys will be on Christmas trees.

Custom officials will give effect this week to the new tariff regulation which prohibits the importation of ospreys. This applies to "aigrettes, egret plumes, also called osprey plumes, and the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins or parts of skins of wild birds, either raw or manufactured." Ostrich feathers, the plumage of the English pheasant and of the Indian peacock, the plumage of wild birds ordinarily used as articles of diet, the plumage of birds imported alive, and of specimens imported under regulation for educational purposes, are excepted.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to His Majesty's Forces, is immensely popular with "Tommy Atkins," not only because of his thorough good nature, but because he is absolutely without "side," and in spite of his high position treats all the men with the greatest kindness and geniality. The Bishop has an excellent fund of good army stories, but one of the best relates to the days when he was out in China. "I once visited the gunners' mess at Hong Kong," he said on one occasion, "and saw this 'text' displayed in a con-

Christmas Number Sold Out
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spicuous position: 'We are all from the same mould, but some are mouldier than others.'

The following story is told in a private letter received in Toronto from Winnipeg: 'Here is a really truly story. It happened here last week. One regiment of soldiers passes along a certain street three times a day to their meals in a drill hall or rink—and three times a day the same little girl, very tiny, waited out by the gate by some house and waved to them. The soldiers must have noticed her, for the other day the colonel of the regiment cried 'Halt!' when they got near her and lined up all his soldiers, and on behalf of them, because they had liked the sight of her little face waiting every day, what do you think they presented her with? A great, big doll. Then they saluted and, 'Forward, march!' on they went again.'

All through North Toronto on Sunday night, just about church time, men and women, might have been seen to turn their heads, apparently listening to some new sound above the jargon of the streets. Coming down the wind, now weak, now strong, now in wild blasts and now in fainter, far-off music, was the sound of chimes. They were not the stately chimes of St. James', nor the tinkling bells of St. Anne's, but peal upon peal of the bravest, merriest, liveliest, most optimistic bell music Toronto has ever heard. After the peals came the steady intoning of a clear, tenor bell, and then hymns played with alto bells

in harmony. The tone and the range of the bells were not alone remarkable, but the manner in which they were played. The music came from the tower of the new Eaton Memorial Church, just south of St. Clair. The bells were played from about 6.45 until service commenced at 7 p.m. The clear air, the cold night, and the crisp snow on the ground made a peculiarly appropriate setting for the joyful clamour of the chimes.

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MOTHER'S FAVOURITE

Oh, which do I love best, the best
Of all my little flock?

There's Baby Rob, with his roguish
face,

And Tot in her fresh, white frock;
Which is the dearer? What shall I do?
And how shall I choose between the
two?

And there's my Fan, with round brown
head,

And her ways so wise and demure,
Her words are sweet, her lips are true,
Her heart is loyal and pure.

So what shall I do? Which shall it be?
How shall I choose between the three?

And there's my Kitty, with star-like
eyes,

And her golden fleece of curls;
Gentle and gay, solemn and sweet,

The pearl of my garland of girls.
The more I think, I'm puzzled the
more—

Which is the best of all the four?

And then there's Harry, the dear, big
boy,

With a foot as fleet as a dart;
He's honest and bright, merry and
brave—

I love him with all my heart.
In vain I ponder, in vain contrive
To find the best of all the five.

For Rob's my darling and Tot's my
lamb,

And Fan's my ladybird bright;
And Kit's my sweetheart, now and for
aye,

And Harry's my own true knight!
So my mind's made up and my heart's
at rest,

For I love each one of the five the
best!

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

Eneas Riddle's Happy Thought A Christmas Story

(Concluded from last issue.)

Before she could get in a word he was out of the shop. Having watched him go, Miss Hankinson shed her goloshes, opened the till, saw no manifest signs of a deficiency, took a comprehensive view of the contents of the shop, raised her eyebrows, and produced a banana from a side pocket.

But in the meantime Eneas had disturbed the dignity of a constable. "I've been robbed, Mr. Jameson," he cried, clutching the man's arm. "A little, black-haired boy has stolen a— a doll from my establishment. Have you seen him?"

The officer's face was like good butcher's beef in hue. Wintry weather had no worse effect upon him than that. He was a picture of genial authority when he recognized Eneas.

"Steady, Mr. Riddle!" he said, benignly. "A doll, do you say?"

"A very valuable doll, Mr. Jameson. Did you see him?"

"Boy name of Bell, Mr. Riddle?" suggested the constable, still complacent and condescending.

"I don't know what his name is. He had a brown cap and black hair. He was probably running."

"He was running, sir," said the constable. "That boy, Mr. Riddle, will live to be hanged. There's about ten of 'em in a juvenile gang, as it's called, and he's the worst of the lot. Wears a belt padded with lead. Did you say a doll?" This with irony and surprise.

"Not a mere doll! But we're losing valuable time, Mr. Jameson. Can't you—chase him?"

The constable drew himself up. In his wintry armour he was a massive as well as a capable-looking individual.

"I don't think I'll do any chasing, Mr. Riddle, to call it by that name," he said. "I'm not built for chasing boys that have got a start like him. But I know where he lives, and that'll have to do to go on with. I think maybe we'll go right there this minute on the off chance."

"Yes, yes," said Eneas. "It's no ordinary doll, or I would not trouble you. I don't want the lad sent to prison, especially at Christmas time, but I do want—"

The constable interrupted with a peremptory wave of his white-gloved hand. "You can leave all that to me, Mr. Riddle," he said.

"One moment," exclaimed Eneas. "I—I'm not sure—really, I don't like to think of taking proceedings against such a small boy!"

"Mr. Riddle," then said the constable, "If you were to search these parts for a week you wouldn't find a more hardened little limb than this Jesh Bell. It's too good a opening to miss. He's the slipperiest young eel that ever was, and I'm not going to have no mercy shown. There's a many that'll breathe comfortable when he's locked up—whether it's jail or

reformatory. You can come with me or not, as you please."

"Yes, yes, of course I'll come," said Eneas.

He sighed as he splashed through the snow-chilled slush. He had made a sad mistake this Christmas. Instead of being a blessing to a necessitous family he—

And then he put another question to the constable.

"Supposing I didn't choose to prosecute, Mr. Jameson?" he said, nervously.

"You'd be as bad as him, that's all I've got to say, Mr. Riddle," was the stern reply.

Again Eneas made an effort for mercy's sake. "I don't like it," he said, "the more I think of it."

But with an elaborate shrug the constable made straight as an arrow toward his duty. "It's the top of the house," he said, "and I'm not going to stand any nonsense!"

They were nearly on the first landing when the constable stopped, turned to Eneas, and displayed a triumphant face. He cocked his head to indicate that he heard something.

But Eneas also heard.

"Of course I bought it, Lottie. What do you take me for?"

These were the words that came to the ears of both men from just above. Josh Bell was the speaker. His voice was without an impudent note to it which had piqued Eneas in his shop; but it was unmistakably his voice.

"Oh, Josh, it's too beautiful for me!" then said another voice—a child's.

"That's all you know," retorted Josh, fiercely. "It didn't cost more'n ten shillings, and if you want the straight truth it didn't cost not that. I beat the old bloke down above a bit for it, but I'd have knocked him silly, and prigged it for you, sooner than not have got it at all. That's what I said to myself directly I saw it. 'That's Lottie's,' I said, 'strike me if it ain't!' Its clothes'll all take

Rheumatism

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Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:

"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 479A Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y."

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off if you pull the proper strings, I expect."

The constable's features puckered as if he were amused as well as satisfied. He didn't seem to notice the growing disturbance on Eneas's forehead and lips. The latter had a little trembling fit. His brow was wrinkled like a centenarian's.

The constable raised his foot to proceed.

"No," whispered Eneas, hoarsely. He held the constable's left arm with both his hands. "It's a little girl," he whispered on.

The sound as of a kiss drifted down.

"Mind its paint don't pizen you," said Josh Bell's voice, severely. And then the other voice sang out like a melodious soprano in a church.

"Josh," it cried, "why are you so good to me? I'm only a little lame girl what can't walk, and—"

"You just drop talking like that," exclaimed Josh Bell, as if he were threatening. "Of course you're lame. Nobody can't help that, and a howling old shame it is! I got it for you because I love you—strike me if I

don't—and you're the only living thing on the earth what I do love, so there!"

"You dear, dear old Josh!" said the other voice. There was deep content in it; just a little melancholy besides, though not enough to be saddening.

"Yes, and always will be—to you, s'long as I live." This defiantly.

But the constable had had quite enough of it by this time, including Eneas's tightening grip on his authoritative arm.

"Just loose me, Mr. Riddle," he said, quietly, yet insistently. He tried to free his coat-sleeve.

"No," said Eneas. "You shan't. I tell you, you shan't."

He clung to the officer tighter than before, and had the art to curl one leg round the iron balustrade of the stairs to strengthen his hold.

"Upon my word, Mr. Riddle, what are you athinking of?" demanded the constable, forgetting everything except that he was being obstructed in the performance of his duty. Then there was an answering cry, a shuffle of feet above, and a wild, young face looked down at them.

"Coppers!" it shouted. It disappeared suddenly, and a clatter of feet told of Josh Bell's rapid flight.

Thus stimulated by the very view-hallo of his quarry, Constable Jameson was too much for Eneas. He burst from the preposterous old shop-keeper, and went up the stairs two and three at a time. The open door on the landing was nothing to him. He had no concerns with a pale-faced, lame girl, and he meant to do the parish a real service that afternoon.

Eneas gasped from exertion and distress of mind, and followed slowly.

But he did not pass that open door. His eyes fastened on the doll in an instant, then on the little girl in bed who held the doll and gazed at him as if he were an ogre. It was as mean a room as Eneas had set foot in for many a year, with broken window-panes, dirty floor, and only a consumptive apology for a fire in the grate, the broken window notwithstanding. But the room itself made little mark on his mind, comparatively. The child was all.

"What has he done, sir?" the child whispered, eagerly, yet with a sob in every word.

"Nothing," said Eneas, stoutly. "It's all—right, my dear. The doll's yours, and all that's on it—that I swear, before all the lawyers in the land."

He folded his arms and beamed, and, though the fright in the child's eyes seemed loth to disappear, it lost the intensity which had wounded Eneas himself worse than a blow.

"Tell me your name, my dear!" Eneas proceeded, gently.

"Lottie Craven, sir. But please don't let him ketch Josh!" There were tears in her eyes, and one of them began to roll.

"He'd better dare, that's all," said Eneas; and then, with a look of gratification which puzzled the child, he glanced about the room. "So you live here, my dear, do you?" he asked.

"Ye—s, sir!"

"With you father and mother, I daresay."

"No, sir; there's only old Molly—and me."

"Indeed!" said Eneas. He rubbed his hands as if his enjoyment was increasing. "And who is old Molly, my dear?"

"She's no one in particular, sir. She adopted me because I'm all alone, sir. She hasn't anyone but me, and I've only her—and Josh!"

"Oh, indeed. It's like that, is it? And what does she do for a living?"

Eneas felt ashamed as soon as he had asked the question. A living, forsooth! Why, all the articles in the room would not have tempted a ten-shilling bid from a broker, bed included. They weren't worth ten shillings, either, except the child herself and the doll.

Eneas cooed in his throat as he thought of the blessed anomaly of that doll amid such surroundings.

"She chars, sir," said the child.

But even while she said it her eyes strained towards the door and her tears broke loose. "Please, sir, what does he want Josh for?"

Then Eneas bent over the child with a strange yearning.

"My pretty," he said, stroking the thin, little hand that lay exposed to him, "he wants him just for a fancy of his own. He's a fool; that's what he is. Don't let it upset you. I swear by—everything—that he can't do a thing to the boy. And, my goodness, if ever I did see such a nice frock on a doll. May I just look at it?"

The doll was pushed towards him indifferently. Lottie's interests were still centred in the landing outside.

"Why did he run away like that, then?" she asked miserably.

"Boys are all fond of running, my dear. When I was his age I used to run just for the fun of it. I really did, though you wouldn't suppose it." He was picking fast at his own stitches, with fingers that trembled.

He pulled the five-pound note from its sheath.

"Well, if I ever did!" he exclaimed. "And see here—there's writing on it. A Christmas present! Why, my dear little creature, it's Father Claus; no, Father Christmas—Santa Claus, they call him, don't they?—oh, it's him that's sent you this. A five-pound note! Well, if I ever! And if you'll take my advice, you'll give it to your Molly and ask her to buy things to make you comfortable—both of you."

This said, clumsily enough, Eneas stumbled from the room. He was in a whirl of rapture at the success of his great plan after all. If he had schemed and worked for a month he could not have steered his benefaction better.

"Well, Miss Hankinson!" he said, eagerly, when he was again among his toys and lucky-bags, packages of sixpenny and shilling chocolate-boxes and dolls for the Whitechapel plutocrats.

Miss Hankinson sneezed and sneezed again. Recovering her breath, she made it plain that she had not worried herself into a fever during his absence.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Gets right down and digs out the dirt. Try it on your

Kitchen Floor-

Many uses and full directions on Large Sifter-Can 10¢



"Isn't it dreadful weather, Mr. Riddle?" she said over her handkerchief. "I'm sure one can't wonder we're doing so badly."

Eneas retreated to his parlour blithely. Badly, indeed! Why, he had never done better since he was born. It was the Christmas of his lifetime. And there and then he set to work and wrote the most troublesome letter he had ever yet written. He tore it up after all, and wrote another as follows:—

"Mr. Riddle, of the shop where you got the doll, sends you five shillings in a postal order enclosed. He wanted the doll to find a proper home, and is glad you took it to that little girl. But, my dear lad, you shouldn't have stole it. Not that I'm angry in the least, and if you will call on him at the shop, and wish to be honest, he will do all he can for you. I am,

"Yours sincerely,
"Eneas Riddle.

"P.S.—Wishing you and Lottie a very happy Christmas. The five shillings is to help."

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With Frequent Sick Headaches and Much Pain After Eating—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Cured.

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Mrs. Susan Dobson, Spring Hill Mines, N.S., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was troubled with dyspepsia, and could not eat without suffering much pain; also had sick headaches frequently, and my nerves were in bad condition. About ten years ago I took a thorough treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, using altogether 21 boxes, and since then can eat anything, have been freed from headaches, and my health has been greatly improved in every way. I gained 14 pounds in weight, and feel sure I owe everything to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You may use this letter, and my neighbours can tell you of my condition before using this treatment."

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