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# Canadian Churchman

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1918.

No. 45.

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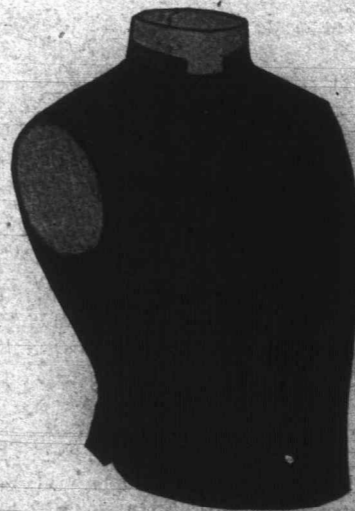
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## Personal & General

The Bishop of Toronto preached in Trinity Church East, Toronto, and in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mt. Dennis, Toronto, on November 3rd, morning and evening, respectively.

The Bishop of Toronto has issued a pastoral advocating the use of the special thanksgiving prayers for Deliverance from the Plague and for Peace and Deliverance from our enemies.

The Rev. William C. Turney, B.A., of Trinity College, Toronto, is at St. Francis House, the Novitiate of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge, Mass.

Amongst the members of the British Educational Mission at present visiting the United States and Canada, is Dr. Arthur Everett Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

By the birth of a son to Mrs. E. H. Gowing, wife of the Vicar of Prittlewell, Essex; the Bishop of Chelmsford and Mrs. Watts-Ditchfield attain to the dignity of grandparents. Mrs. Gowing is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Watts-Ditchfield.

Canon Gould, the indefatigable General Secretary of the M.S.C.C., left for England via New York last week. He expects to see the heads of the Mission Societies who have been so generously helping Canada in connection with our Canadian work.

The Rev. F. B. Hornby, B.A., Trinity College and Toronto University, has taken the degree of LL.B. at the Western Reserve University, and has been called to the Ohio Bar. His address is 10725 Marlborough Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. C. S. Ferguson, B.A., Rector of Mortlach, Sask., and Rural Dean of the Caron Deanery, diocese of Qu'Appelle, left yesterday for New York en route to England where he expects to do six months deputation work for the C. and C.C.S. Rev. R. P. Graham, of Morse, is in charge of his work.

Capt. the Rev. A. C. S. Trivett, M.A., of Toronto, lately returned from France, has been appointed Chief of Staff of the Military Branch of the Y.M.C.A. in the Montreal District. He has the help of four secretaries with their staffs, who look after eighteen hospitals in addition to the Central Hut.

Lieut.-Col. the Rev. H. McCausland, M.C., who has been appointed A.D.-C.S. at Calgary, is to go to Siberia as D.S.C. He has been overseas for more than two years, and was awarded the Military Cross for his bravery. He is a graduate of Trinity College and was Curate at St. Augustine's, Toronto, before going overseas as a Chaplain.

Rev. W. T. Townsend, M.A., B.D., of Halifax, left yesterday for England to take up Y.M.C.A. work, expecting later to go to France. He resigned the curacy of Trinity Church, Halifax, last May, and has since been in Y.M.C.A. work there. Mr. Townsend spent several years as Headmaster of the Carcross School in the Yukon.

At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, which was held on All

Saints' Day, it was decided to grant the request of the Rev. Principal Rexford that he be released from his position to take up the position of Dean of the Theological Faculty in the Khaki University in France. The Rev. Dr. G. Abbott-Smith was appointed acting Principal during Dr. Rexford's absence.

News has been received of the death, at 85, of Bishop Mitchinson, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Canon of Gloucester Cathedral. For a period of 14 years the late Bishop was Headmaster of the King's School, Canterbury, and later on he became Bishop of Barbados. In 1881 he became assistant Bishop of Peterborough and in 1889 Canon of Gloucester and Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.

The death of Mrs. Trotter, widow of Rev. L. A. Trotter, incumbent of Tullamore, Ontario, who died last autumn, took place with tragic suddenness last week in Montreal. She had just come from Victoria, B.C., and

## GET A SHIELD! SUNDAY SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL

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was taken ill with the influenza in her hotel. The remains were interred beside those of her husband in St. John's graveyard, York Mills, Ontario. A large company of friends gathered there for the service.

The Rev. T. Beverley Smith, of Toronto, is suffering from a serious illness. It is partly the result of devoted work he has done in his first season as Agency Secretary for the Upper Canada Bible Society. Previously, it will be remembered, he was for thirteen years Rector of St. John's, West Toronto, and gave himself unsparingly to the development of that work, establishing three Mission churches. His untiring work as head of the Relief Organization in the hard times some years ago is a vivid memory in many homes in the district.

Rev. Canon R. S. Forneri, an aged retired Anglican clergyman of Kingston, and late Rector of St. Luke's Church in that city, has been greatly bereaved. Last year his son, Lieut. A. D. Forneri, was killed in action. Last May his eldest daughter, a Nursing Sister with the Canadian Forces, died overseas, and on October 29th, his daughter, Miss Constance Forneri, passed away after a short illness from pneumonia. His only surviving daughter, Mrs. D. Robinson, is seriously ill in the General Hospital at Kingston, and the latter's husband, a returned officer, is also very ill.

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24th October, 1918.

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I therefore warmly approve of "The Christian Year Calendar," which is published with these objects in view, and heartily commend it for use among our people, believing that it is calculated to do great good.

I am,  
Very faithfully yours,  
(Signed) GEORGE ALGOMA.

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# Canadian Churchman

Toronto, November 7th, 1918.

## The Christian Year

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE Collect to be used is that for the sixth Sunday after Epiphany. This beautiful Collect, written in 1661, while admirably adapted for the Epiphany season is equally well suited to prepare our minds for Advent.

We sometimes hear that belief in the devil is exploded. You cannot explode belief in the personal spiritual enemy—and enemies—of man till you explode the truth of Holy Scripture. There is and ever will be "the mystery of iniquity," but the mystery is for our practical warning and guidance so far explained in the Bible in that we are repeatedly told that "we have an adversary the devil," "an enemy" working against God for the harm and destruction of man, and it is our wisdom to recognize this fact.

The New Testament represents our Lord as the Antagonist of Satan. ("He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil." "From evil," or "from the evil" in the Lord's Prayer, and in St. John 17, might be rendered in each case "from the evil one")—and as the Conqueror of Satan—He was victorious in His Temptation—in the work of His ministry, and He triumphed over the devil on the Cross. "Through death He destroyed Him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," Heb. 2:14, Col. 2:15. Think of the fact that you have an adversary trying to draw you from God and goodness to your ruin! Think of your powerlessness to evade him or to conquer him!

Think of our Lord as the Conqueror of the devil, and of His victory as being won for you and for all! "And to make us the sons of God," etc. He won a victory for us to work a work in us. The devil, the instigator of sin, has, by the sin of man, robbed man of his inheritance as a son. In Christ sonship is restored—"in my Baptism . . . I was made the child of God and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." . . . "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Gal. 4:4, 5, 6.

"Christ for us!" "Christ in us!" but that this may be realized—"we for Christ." Christ cleanses us, but we are to cleanse ourselves. "Having, therefore, these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves . . . perfecting holiness in the fear of God," 2 Cor. 7:1. We must purify ourselves. Here comes in the determined action of our wills consecrated to holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord." "Pure religion . . . is to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

He Who overcame Satan for us will come again. "When He shall appear!" Here is a motive for life and service. We grow like that which we admire. Beholding even as in a mirror we are changed from glory unto glory. The worship of Christ, the declaring Him worthy by our prayer, praise and service will change us until we shall be like Him in mind and heart when we shall see Him as He is.

This stupendous miracle of the transformation of a sinner to a son of God is the work of Him Who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the throne of His glory.

### Let us give thanks

for victories by land and sea and air.

for the surrender of Turkey.

for the suing for peace by Austria-Hungary.

for the united spirit of the Allies.

for the courage and steadfastness of our men.

### Let us pray

that our leaders may be guided aright in treating with the enemy.

that our men may be true soldiers of the King of kings.

that God will give His comfort to the anxious and the bereaved.

that the Holy Spirit may possess the minds of us and our Allies.

## Editorial

REVENGE on our enemies is not the thing we desire. Justice is what we must demand. Revenge is the selfishness which tries to restore injured self-respect. Justice metes out recompense, and punishment without vindictiveness. We dare not let the spirit of revenge control us when we think of the price Germany must pay for peace, because revenge is only a passing mood with the British.

Justice must have an impartial balance but no bandage on her eyes. Those eyes must see all the victims of German malice and savagery, all the fatherless children, grown old with sorrow in their tender years, all the women and children who have been done to death by the submarine and the Zeppelin, the starved and tortured prisoners of war, and all the unspeakable horrors of wanton lust and cruelty. In the terms of peace we must remember that we are executives of God's justice, and we must see that punishment reaches the offenders. Incredible is it that those who have emptied Justice of its meaning should appeal to Justice as their refuge.

MONTREAL is to be congratulated on having a body of citizens who realize the moral obligations of citizenship. A Committee of Sixteen, under the chairmanship of DR. HERBERT SYMONDS, of Christ Church Cathedral, has been conducting a three months' investigation into the conditions of Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and other Canadian cities would do well to initiate similar movements. Unpleasant facts would be uncovered, but we ought to know the facts. Commercialized vice, with its preying on young girls and mental delinquents, must be stamped out. Conditions do not exist without patrons. Not all the patrons are reprobates and degenerates of slums. The Church must preach with needful insistence, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." In this regard it is a pleasure to draw attention to the new publication of the Social Service Council of Canada, called "SOCIAL WELFARE." No wide-awake citizen can afford to miss the inspirations and revelations in its pages.

CHURCHES must not be closed. Their ministrations are vital to the life of the nation. Their closing would lead to an irreparable loss of tone in the spirit of the nation," said the Fuel Controller of Nowhere, a place beyond the outskirts of civilization. The playhouses, the picture shows and the poolrooms are not asked to close their doors or combine their activities to save a daily consumption of coal because—because—

well, to put it bluntly, they are more important than churches and parish houses. After the clamour made about helping the youth of the nation, it is apparently judged better that they should get their inspiration from film heroes and meet their chums under the auspices of the show than that the parish houses should be heated to provide wholesome recreation under good auspices. We are getting weary of having the Churches made "the goat" (excuse the slang) for every emergency that comes along. It is necessary for some authorities to revise their comparison of values. We hope that Church people will develop a little more spirit to insist on the vital service to the nation they are rendering. You do not observe the amusement people accepting limitations without a protest. Of course, the Churches will help in every way, but that does not mean going out of business.

QUEBEC diocese realizes the inadequacy of clerical stipends. So does everybody else. Quebec is doing more than realizing, as will be read in the Church News columns. Twelve hundred dollars and a house is to be the minimum salary of missionaries in Priests' order. Niagara came in line last summer. Remember city Rectors, too. Do not fancy that every man in the city gets \$5,000 a year. Some get just over \$1,000. And there is no large garden area to eke out the excuse for a salary.

AN American editor expressed his opinion of the English morality conditions: "I have been in a great many large cities, but I have never seen a more disgraceful condition than is witnessed in the London streets every evening." Some English papers have taken it up, and they agree that they must take action to protect their guests and their own men against the solicitation of harpies who abuse the streets for their own purposes. Attention is called by contrast to the efforts made at Washington to save men from the evils to which they are exposed in London. The English papers call upon the authorities to free London from a plague that is discreditable to England as a nation. So there was something after all in the conditions "hysterical" Canadians exclaimed against two years ago, yet they were met with "hoiety-toiety," "pooh, pooh." A man's loyalty was questioned unless he was prepared to "whitewash" the morality conditions of the Old Country. The most distressing word about things in England is that numbers of young girls are following the trade. We appreciate the difficulties in the unusual concentration of men in London, but unusual circumstances call for unusual measures.

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GERMAN colonies are to have the right to say what allegiance they prefer, according to the proposals of LLOYD GEORGE and PRESIDENT WILSON last January. These wishes will receive equitable consideration with the claims of the nation in question. Our only anxiety about German South-West Africa is that the colonists may have the chance to express their opinion freely. The result then will be sure, judging from the following incident, given in the "Times":—

An aged lady, sister of an influential chief, asked: "Are the English going to listen to the lies of the Germans? For years we leaders of our people have longed, hoped and dreamed for the day when *the flag with the crosses* would fly over us, and now that that flag has come, do you think we should assist to haul it down?"

"Go and tell your Governor (she added) that if the day were to come, I, as a woman, old as I am, will, in the absence of their king, call out my people to protect it. The flag with the crosses means to us blacks Christianity, love and kindness, as compared with force, brutality and harshness."

PANDITA RAMABAI, whose visit to Canada some years ago many will remember, is finding difficulties in "carrying on." Writing from Kedgaon, Poona, Manoramabai, her daughter, says: "We are finding it very, very difficult to get materials for the different industries; and when we succeed in finding them they are twice, or even three times, the price they used to be. So far, we have had no rain, and grain and rice have gone up in price by leaps and bounds; soap, too, is most expensive. We should be so glad if our praying friends would lay all these difficulties before the Lord. He can make a way out, and He has often before levelled mountains for us. During the last two months sixty of our girls have been married, and they have gone to homes of their own in different parts of the country. We have had letters from several, saying how happy they are. These girls will meet with new temptations and trials in their new life. Pray that in all they may glorify their Lord, and give Him ever the first place in their homes, and that they may keep true to Him." Every mission field to-day has its obstacles on account of the war. They need our prayers and increased help to save them from depression, and even defeat.

THE unparalleled opportunities, on the other hand, presented in the mission field during this time of national upheaval and world-shaking is instanced by the remarkable results of Dr. Sherwood Eddy's recent work. In North China, where Dr. Eddy held meetings and where there was a subsequent mobilization of Chinese Christian activities, some of the results were as follows: In Peking 543 men and 332 women held 524 meetings and reached an audience of 61,000. In Manchuria 6,000 workers took part, and 1,000 villages were reached.

\* \* \* \* \*

STUDENTS of the world will be large factors in the reconstruction after the war. The Christian movements are playing a strategic part in leavening student opinion. In July last appeared the first number of "El Estudiante Latino-Americano," a monthly magazine in Spanish and in Portuguese, published under the direction of the Committee on Friendly Relations among Foreign Students. This is the third magazine now being published under the auspices of this committee, the other two being "The Japanese Student" and "The Chinese Students' Christian Journal."

## CHRISTIAN REUNION—The Need of Propaganda

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

THE House of Bishops has appointed a committee to enter into communication with representative men from among other religious bodies on the subjects dealt with in the interim reports of the sub-committee of Anglican and Free Church representatives meeting in England in connection with the proposed World Conference on Faith and Order. This is a very important step to have taken. The Anglican Church is the Mother Church of the British non-Episcopal Churches. Sometimes they say of her that she drove them out of her fold. This is, perhaps, a one-sided statement of the facts, but there is enough truth in it to make it incumbent upon her to do her very utmost to bring about a reconciliation.

There is another very important work which this same committee might well undertake, and that is a campaign of propaganda amongst our own people. There is no doubt that the whole Church needs to be awakened to thought and prayer on this subject before practical steps can be successfully taken. There are many who even yet are ready to question the advisability of reunion. And what is even more dangerous, there are many who ardently declare its necessity without weighing the principles that are involved or the difficulties to be overcome. A propaganda of instruction is required. The subject might well be discussed at every Ruri-decanal Chapter and a serious effort be made to reach, by sermons or meetings or literature, the whole lay membership of the Church. The propaganda of the Faith and Order Movement has not yet reached a wide circle. Some of the leading clergy in several countries and Churches are interested in it; it is almost unknown amongst the laity. The very bigness of its aims tends to make its literature vague and platitudinous. But it has brought into being in England a joint committee of leading Anglicans and Free Churchmen which has already issued two momentous interim reports which are likely to play an important part.

In the meanwhile let us keep before our-

selves the kind of temper which is required in order that the reunion of Christendom, which at present seems so impossible, may become feasible, and in the end inevitable.

First, we need a *spirit of penitence*. As long as both parties in a quarrel nurse their own grievances, priding themselves on the rectitude of their own behaviour, the separation must remain. What is required is that each recognize his own measure of the wrong. In this matter no single Church is without blame. Whether we think about the breach between the East and the West, or the divisions of the Reformation period, or the separation of the Methodists from the Church of England, or of the rival Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, it is certain that in no case was the fault of the schism all on one side. Let us grant that an honest passion for truth has played its part in every ecclesiastical controversy. Is it not equally certain that the search for truth has again and again been impeded on the one side and on the other by worldliness and bigotry, by misunderstanding and misjudgment, by the ill-considered assertion of authority, and by hot-headed demands for liberty? Honest Christians of every denomination, as they look back over the past history of their Church and thank God for mercies vouchsafed to them in it, and for the glories of their spiritual past, know that there are incidents in that history which they regret, contentions which they now repudiate, sins which they deplore. It is these things that we need to remember, for these are at the very root of the mischief of our divisions.

Next, we need a *spirit of charity*, a more generous recognition of the good points in those who differ from us. Without attempting to apportion the various spiritual endowments of Catholicism and Protestantism, of this or that Church, it may truly be said of any but the most ephemeral of the Christian bodies that it owes its origin to some truth that it grasped and held when that truth was neglected or ill-presented by others. In the United Church we must treasure every truth

that has stood the test of time, we must keep room for all ways of worship and all methods of pastoral activity which have been found edifying among different types of mind and temperament. Just as we expect that each nation and people as it comes to know Christ will throw some new ray of light upon the everlasting Gospel and make some special contribution to Christian life and character, so should we look for each denomination to bring some gift of its own into the treasury of the Church of God. What we seek for is not uniformity, but unity in the midst of diversity, a kind of oneness far richer and more fruitful, but making large demands upon us for the spirit of charity and toleration. However sure we may be of our own convictions, we need to remember that others may see another side of the truth. When we meet members of other denominations, the fact that they differ from us is only too apt to lead us to assume that that difference implies error on their part and involves a measure of hostility on ours. Charity will teach us the habit of remembering that they love and serve our own Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, and that He loves them; and that they have something to give us in their conception of the truth and something to teach us in their methods of service.

The spirit of penitence and the spirit of charity will prompt us to a *habit of prayer*. The thought of our fellow-Christians of all denominations all over the world engaged with us in the great campaign against sin and unbelief, and the longing that we may be united and our efforts co-ordinated, will enrich all our prayers, both public and private. But special meetings for prayer on this subject should be held, and in many places members of different denominations may possibly meet together for this purpose. We have in our hands the Gospel of Peace. A world distraught with strife between nations, between classes and conflicting interests, cries out for peace, and our efforts are frustrated and our message abortive because we are divided amongst ourselves.

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## The Great Adventure

ARCHDEACON PATERSON-SMYTH,  
Montreal.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be,"  
1 John 3: 2.

THE city is troubled through fear of death. The death lists from the war are daily coming in. The lists from the epidemic increase the toll. And we are afraid of death. We are like the heathen who "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage."

The Lord is risen but the people do not seem to know it. There is no death, but the people do not believe it. Human life is the most thrilling romantic adventure in the universe, going on stage after stage till we are older than Methuselah, and yet men pass into the unseen as stupidly as the caterpillar on the cabbage leaf without curiosity or joy or wonder or excitement at the boundless career ahead.

What is the matter with us Christian people? Do we not know? Have we lost our beliefs? Or has imagination grown dulled by too frequent repetition of God's good news?

It was different in early days when the world was young, when Christ's revelation was fresh. Look at St. John here, fourscore and ten, looking out like an eager boy into the great adventure. "Behold now are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

What we shall be! What we shall be! Is not that the chief delight of being young? Guessing and hoping and wondering what we shall be.

The dreariest thing in life is dullness, monotony. We must be lifted out of this. The brightest thing in life is outlook, visions. We need to be lifted into that. And God has given us that. We can all, like St. John, stand on the edge of the world and look out over the wall.

Life is full of latent possibilities—of outlook, of romance, of exciting futures. God has made it so, if we would only see it. God's world of nature has its continuous progress, its ever new and fascinating stages. God's caterpillars in their next stage are going to be soaring butterflies. God's acorns are to become mighty oaks. God's dry little seeds in the granary to-day will one day be alive in the waving harvests. God's world of nature is full of romantic possibilities.

And God's world of men is infinitely more so and one of life's delights is to know it and look forward to it guessing what we shall be. Outlook. Visions. That is what gives zest to life. That is what we need to make life bright and beautiful.

I see a group of small boys sitting at their play and their eyes are bright looking out into the future. They are going to be soldiers and sailors and circus riders and travellers and all sorts of things. Because they are boys with the enthusiasms of boyhood they may be anything. All the possibilities of boyhood belong to them. "It doth not yet appear what they shall be," but it is delightful to look forward and speculate about it.

I see them again a dozen years later. They are starting in life, just left College, young soldiers and lawyers and curates and business men still with their visions and dreams of the future. It doth not yet appear what they shall be, but because they are young men all that belongs to young manhood lies before them as they look forward in their day-dreams. What countries they shall live in and what girl they shall marry and what positions and what work and what excitement and what pleasure lie before them. And it is delightful to be young, realizing the possibilities in front—dreaming of what we shall be.

I see a crowd of older people, men and women, dull, uninterested. "We are no longer young," they say, "we are middle-aged or elderly. And we have ceased looking forward. We have lost the vision. We have not become as great as we expected, or as good as we expected. We are fairly comfortable. We have not much to complain of. But life is a bit dull, the path is a bit monotonous now. We have traversed most of it. We can see to the end. There are no more romantic possibilities to make life exciting, no more visions of "what we shall be."

Don't believe it, not a word of it. The visions are there all right, at the next turning. There are thrilling adventures ahead if God may be believed. Look out over the wall. This life of yours is only one of the stages in your career. And not the first stage either. The first came to you silent, unconscious. One day came the crisis of birth and you passed into this second stage, the train-

ing stage for life and for God. Then through a new crisis you pass on again to new adventures. For God revealed that what you call death the end of this career is but birth into a new and more wondrous career which again passes you forward into still nobler adventures—who shall fix the limit?

Nay, you are not elderly. You are not middle-aged. These are but comparative terms. A house-fly is elderly in twenty-four hours. An oak tree is young after a hundred years. And you children of eternity with ages and milleniums before you—you are not even one year old babies in the light of your great future.

Now do you see why the old Apostle of Ephesus did not feel aged or elderly. Why he looked out like an eager boy into the adventure before him. "Beloved, we don't know yet all that we shall be." Aye, we don't know yet. No more than did the small boys laughing in their play and going to be soldiers and sailors and wonderful people. We don't know yet. But it is all before us. And it is all going to be good, because it is in the Father's presence.

So I bid you do what I sometimes do myself, look into the void and guess like the children what you shall be when you are older than Methuselah. Shake off this haunting fear of death. Shake off the dullness and monotony from your life. Don't talk as old or middle-aged any more. Be children again in the presence of the Father and with happy child hearts keep guessing what you shall be.

## Cottage Meetings

A "Flu" Experiment  
CLEON

THE closing of the churches has presented a very serious problem to many clergy and people. Such a suspending of the traditional agenda of the Church bred many misgivings and fears as to what might happen, for not in living memory has the Church of God had to "shut up the doors." It might be said that the building is only the physical organism through which the work is carried on, but it is, nevertheless, a very important element. A one-armed man or an individual who walks with a crutch may, and often does, accomplish great things, but he would be better with a complete body. Some men who have been semi-invalids have wrought signal victories, but their infirmities are no argument against health and strength. Our forefathers won many victories and saved thousands in log cabins and barns, but that was in the day of home-spun and hand-power. Their problems were not ours:—

"New occasions teach new duties.  
Time makes ancient good uncouth."

On the other hand, it can be truly said that the religious life of the Church does not begin and end in the building. In fact, the modern emphasis insists on having the Gospel applied to everyday life. Some ecclesiastical leaders of the Middle Ages thought they had safely confined Christianity within the walls of monasteries and cathedrals, but they awoke during the sixteenth century to find that they had in reality shut it out.

It has been enlightening and instructive to note how many clergy have "keyed" the unusual situation and found solutions in a diversion of ways. Those not wedded to an idolatry of method, proceeded with alteration and adaptation to make the most use of the new order of things to serve Divine ends, this being no time for religious retreat, but an opportune moment for an advance.

One priest having the driving power of a genuine apostolic spirit, with splendid audacity, sallied forth into his parish on the first "Sunday closing" and from early morning until the "last beam faded," conducted 25 cottage meetings in the homes of his flock. On the second Sunday his contagious enthusiasm had so completely captivated three lay readers, that the four, after prayer together, set out with largeness of stride, each to his allotted district to conduct services—a kind of "dug-out services" (to use military parlance), now that "services on parade" are prohibited.

I could not help wondering if I was now being introduced again to an old friend—the cottage meeting; whether the Church had not been, after all, a little perfidious in abandoning for the most part this means of grace.

The first family visited numbered five, including a soldier boy "just home." At the next, two families had grouped under one roof, and at another, three families had gathered (never more

(Continued on next page.)

## Forgiveness and Repentance

A Word About the Germans

Rt. Rev. J. C. FARTHING, D.D., Bishop  
of Montreal.

"Take heed to yourselves; if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him."—ST. LUKE 17: 3.

FORGIVENESS is much more than judicial pardon. A criminal may have the legal penalty of his crime remitted, and be as big a criminal as ever. Pardon does not change the character, it remits the penalty. Forgiveness, is much more; to be forgiven means to bring the sinner into harmony with the mind and will of God.

Our Lord gave three signs of forgiveness. First—Repent, i.e., forsake the sin. The man who deliberately and intentionally clings to his sin is not in harmony with God and therefore cannot know the peace and joy of forgiveness.

Second—Forgive others as you are forgiven. The man who does not forgive those who repent is acting contrary to the mind of God.

Third—Restitution. Full amends must be made for wrong done. No one can be in harmony with God, who holds ill-gotten gains, and who does not, to the full limit of his power, make restitution for wrong done to others.

These are the signs of forgiveness, without which none can experience its peace.

As God forgives us, so must we forgive. Our purpose, as Christ's was, must be to bring men to their right relation to God. So if our brother repent of his wrong, we are to forgive him. If he does not repent, true forgiveness is impossible. To restore the unrepentant to our fellowship and friendship would be to condone the wrong.

Our Lord goes further. He says we are to pray for our enemies and do good to them. The Love of God goes forth to His enemies, as the Cross reveals; so must ours, if we are Christians. Jesus loved His enemies. He prayed for them. He did them good, not harm. But he rebuked them, nor could He forgive them until they had repented.

Apply these principles to our dealings with our enemies, the Germans and their allies. It is the duty of every Christian to pray for them, to do them good when opportunity offers. There is no resentment, no vindictiveness, no bitterness in the heart of God. There must be none in ours, if we have His Spirit, and if we have not we are none of His. Therefore let every Christian pray for the German's repentance, let his one desire be the highest good of the German, that is, that he may be brought into the right relation with God; but until he is in that position we cannot forgive him the grievous wrongs and outrages he has committed. The sign of this will be the German repentance—i.e., the forsaking of his outrageous crimes; the desire on his part to undo that wrong and to the utmost of his power to make full restitution. Until the Germans do this, even though peace may be proclaimed, we cannot forgive them their crimes. To do so would be to condone their crimes, to be partakers in them.

There are two dangers against which we must guard after the war—against the religious sentimentalism who will grow hysterical about love and will say that as Christians we must forgive and receive the Germans into fellowship as we do all others. Love is not a weak thing, but a strong principle. Christ showed His love by dying for His enemies; but even His love and death cannot bring those for whom He died to enjoy forgiveness and the fellowship with God until they repent and make restitution, and thus show that they are in a right relationship with Him.

The second danger is from the commercial interests, which from lust of gain may demand full fellowship with our enemies.

To bring Germans with the ideals which we have seen so clearly in this war; into social and friendly relations until they repent, would be to injure our people, to lower the moral tone of our nation, and to condone their crimes.

Until the German people repent, and make restitution for the great wrongs they have committed, we cannot forgive. When they do repent, and make such restitution and repudiate the crimes and turn from them (though, alas! they cannot restore the lives, the purity, the happiness they have destroyed), then, and not till then, can we give them the hand of fellowship and restore them to our national, social and religious life. Until that happy time comes we Christians will not cease to pray for them, that they may repent; and when opportunity offers we will do them good.

"Take heed to yourselves; if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him."

## JESMOND DENE'S CORRESPONDENCE

"I SUPPOSE it was what you would call a dream," she said. "I had attained the first step towards the great desire that had possessed me since my boy fell in action—I had reached the scene of his death. I had an overmastering longing to find his grave, and now I was here, free to search until I found it. The tide of battle had surged away from the spot; all was quiet, only a host of little crosses were standing upright like sentries in the cold whiteness—it was neither moon nor sun, but seemed a time between lights. I could read some of the little epitaphs: 'A good chum'; 'ever the best of friends'; and others more exalted. But I could not see the one I sought. Perhaps—Then . . . a soldier was coming over towards me. He was tall and active, and his face, though it bore marks of suffering and privation, was young and full of light. I had never seen him before, yet I realized that I already knew him. 'Is there any way in which I may serve you?' he asked. He did not seem surprised at my being there. No explanations seemed necessary, and soon I was telling him about it all, and how I longed to see the place where my boy lay.

"I think I understand," he said gently. "But lift up your heart. It is well with your son. Yes, I am one of them. Great companies of us have gone over, yet every man must go alone. But though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil. There is light over there and joy—at once the same, yet different from that which we have known here. . . . You learn and serve. One of us said—one who himself has gone over since: 'We are recruits for the greatest army of all, which is worth more to the men still fighting here than any reinforcements of flesh and blood. An army which is above all chances of war and never comes up too late.' . . . We are not far from you; we are at hand. In the great battles we are near our comrades on this side. I think when any great struggle is on for some good purpose, our Captain will send us out to help. We have no fear for the end. We know our Captain. But He needs helpers, interferers, interpreters. I think there could only be one cause for real anxiety, or unhappiness to us. It is lest you should any of you disappoint us, or rather, should disappoint Him. It is hard for you, especially now we are gone; your courage grows faint sometimes; yet be of good cheer.

"The struggle will not be over when this war ends. There will be great forces of evil to fight against; a thousand enemies to overcome. There will be great causes to fight for; great ideas to uphold: truth, freedom, brotherhood. In joining up to fight for these and such as these, you are one with us. Oh! believe it. It was for these things that we gave our lives, and for the glory of Christ. You are called too, not to give your lives in battle, perhaps, but to lay them down day by day as you go out to do your part as helpers. . . . To make things safe and happy. Yes, that is part of it. But it's more than that: to make a highway for our God; to make men want to know Him and serve Him. . . . Some of us did not see very far. We went out, not knowing whither we went, just obedient to a plain duty. Some of us were obedient to what we knew was the heavenly vision. Now we see it was God's call. He needed interferers; great wrongs had to be set right, and He called us to His side for that. Perhaps because we tried to obey then, He calls us to be helpers still; on active service still. At His bidding, we climbed the steep ascent—it was very, very steep for some of us—but . . . 'other heights in other lives'—other heights in the life which we have entered through the gates of death.

"We can see further now and more clearly. God still needs interferers. He will go on needing them after this war ends. For

"Is not His love at issue still with sin, Visibly, when a wrong is done on earth?"

"It must be so, and we must stand on His side. And oh! He needs interpreters: to show men how love is able to cast out fear; how joy is born of pain; how peace is found in His will; and brotherhood in obedience to the law of the Cross. Who is going to do this for Him here? You must do it. You who have been learning what love is, what sacrifice is, and what it is to conquer pain and live for others. And we shall be doing it, too, I believe, in our way, learning, working, helping, on active service still. . . .

"Don't forget us. Remember us. The effort and suffering of these years mustn't be wasted. And it will be in danger if you forget. You and we are enlisted, all of us, under the Lord of all good life. You and we are members of that great communion and fellowship. You and we are called to do our part to bring peace—not just the absence of war, but the presence of God. It wasn't only peace on earth that was the promise, even for men of good will. It was *Glory to God first*—the beginning and the end, too. . . . Do not fail us. And more, do not fail Him. Keep us in remembrance; keep the faith for which we died.

"A light broke in upon my heart. It was a dream, perhaps. Yet may not God speak to us in dreams? I knew it was His messenger, and that he had pledged me to keep the faith. And as the cold whiteness brightened into a golden dawn, I remembered that it was All Souls' Day."

JESMOND DENE.

## Cottage Meetings

(Continued from previous page).

than a dozen persons at any meeting to keep within the health officer's order), and so on right through the day. The sedulous mother, more religious than the father, was always punctilious in ensuring reverent conduct on the part of the children.

The simple service only lasted twenty minutes, but it was full of reality and power, the few prayers repeated so often in church now were beginning to "strike home" with a new meaning. We begin with the General Confession, all kneeling, and here for the first time in the home, the children follow the parents to the Throne of Grace. The little parlour, homely, simple and plain, has now been transformed into "a little sanctuary"—a very gate of heaven. One prayer after another follows, including the one to be used "in the time of any common plague or sickness." This latter has taken on a new force. It might have been written yesterday, so expressive is it of our present need. We feel that it is just what we want to say to God—it is timely in word and instant in purpose. Next comes the prayer for "All sorts and conditions." We take the liberty of extemporizing at the ellipsis provided, to remember the boys "over there." In some cases the outer circumference of the family circle reaches to France. When it does, there are evident tokens that the bit of prayer has added fresh fuel to the "home fires" that burn ever so brightly in the mother's heart.

Between the golden links in the chain of felicitous phrases of our grand General Thanksgiving we introduce a directly personal word, for so many have special and great cause for thankfulness in this terrible time of "plague and pestilence. In one case the destroying angel had passed only a day or two ago and had visited the two homes flanking our cottagers' dwelling. This incident reminded me of the children of Israel's last night in Egypt. It might be what the war as yet has not accomplished perhaps this plague will, in showing the way out, to many people, of the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospel. The woman whose cottage had been "passed" said, before I left, "you have brought us a bit of heaven, sir, and given us hope." After another prayer or two the Creed was recited, after which the Gospel of the day, the 21st Sunday after Trinity, was read. Most appropriate and appealing was this Gospel message—the miracle of the nobleman's son, "sick at Capernaum." The lesson was like the "balm of Gilead" to many a heart "oppressed with various ills," among the family groups on that memorable Sunday. Five minutes address on the Gospel for the day brought the happy twenty minutes' service to a close.

There is no new idea in cottage meetings—the idea is as old, probably, as the Church itself, but to my mind the revival of them is one solution for these days. It was like pouring (in this case) *old wine "into new bottles,"* for it is doubtful if a cottage meeting had ever been held in one of these homes before, and the cause that revived them gave the folks a relish and an appetite for the things of God, and also gave the shepherd of the flock a new opportunity and a more intimate fellowship with his people. It gave him also a new joy in bringing to stricken and fearful hearts "The softening gleam of love and prayer To fall on every cross and care."

In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no real failure at last. No work truly done—no word earnestly spoken—no sacrifice freely made—was ever in vain.—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

## Irish Nationalism

Rev. Prof. A. HAIRE FORSTER, B.D.,  
Trinity College, Toronto.

MOST people are now either weary of or disgusted with "The Irish Question," yet it is a subject well worthy of study by all who are interested in politics and religion. The relations of England and Ireland afford illustrations of almost every mistake or misunderstanding which is possible between two countries. If only as a warning to others and especially to those who hold positions of authority, "The Irish Question" is never out of date. Mr. Hackett deals with it fairly and thoroughly in his recent book. His work, like Gaul, is divided into three parts: Causes, Consequences, Remedies. The section on the causes of the Irish problem is put in the form of parable of fishermen and bait cutters. It is the least successful part of the book. The author tells us that he writes for the confused and bored in this chapter. He is evidently trying the homeopathic method, for it leaves the reader rather confused and even slightly bored. The parody of the Sermon on the Mount, on page 28, is worthy of "The American Brass Co."

The causes of the Irish problem can be put more plainly than in Mr. Hackett's parable. They are that England did not conquer Ireland when her help was first called in by an Irish chief. She only occupied enough of the country to irritate the rest and that, when she did undertake the conquest of the whole in the Tudor period—because Spain was using Ireland as a base of operations—the Jesuits had already won it, so that the bitterness of the religious wars was added to the ill-will between invaders and invaded. Finally, this bitterness was made permanent through the plantation of Ulster by Protestants. Hence there are in Ireland, two nations with an unforgotten record of mutual massacre. That is the cause of the Irish problem.

As Mr. Hackett is a Home Ruler, it is interesting to find that he tries to give full value to the anti-Home Rule attitude of Belfast, though, perhaps, he harps too much on the "English garrison" note. The Ulster Unionists are as Irish as the whites in Canada are Canadian. Indeed, their ancestors have been longer in Ireland than the ancestors of any white Canadians. The chapters on the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland are particularly good. "The Catholic Church in Ireland," he writes, "resembles Tammany Hall very closely in the manner in which it tries to penalize the independent man." He seems to believe in the old legend that the Irish Catholics were confiscated from the Romanists by the Reformed Church, the present "Church of Ireland." He does not say when this happened, nor could any one else.

All the Irish Bishops, except two, joined the Reformers, so, of course, the Catholics remained in their charge. That the people remained, for the most part, in the Roman obedience, was the fault of Elizabeth's advisers, who insisted on services in English or Latin instead of Irish. The present Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is officially an intrusive Italian mission dating from the seventeenth century. Mr. Hackett's solutions of the Irish problem are the abolition of poverty, and Dominion self-government. The discussion of poverty is admirable. He is not misled by the common cant about its blessings and he justly diagnoses the causes: English restrictions on Irish trade, absentee landlords, lack of education, absurd railway rates. In advocating Dominion self-government, Mr. Hackett does not, perhaps, sufficiently realize that geography makes history. It is not selfish of England to lay stress on the strategic reasons against a practically independent Ireland, for it is the concern of the whole British Commonwealth, not of England only, that there should not be a possibly hostile country within two hours' steaming from Liverpool. The South African settlement, to which he refers, is not a good analogy, indeed, it is no analogy at all. South Africa is six thousand miles from England and exchanged the arbitrary rule of an outside authority for self-government; whereas Ireland, so far from being a dependency, is over-represented in the central state of the Empire.

Then there is Ulster's objection to any change in the present arrangement. Mr. Hackett is certainly right in thinking that the Ulster fear of Home Rule is unwarranted. The lion may in

"Ireland: A Study in Nationalism." By Francis Hackett. B. W. Huebsch, New York, publisher.

(Continued on page 722.)

## From Week to Week

THE world is safe. Thank God! That is the message and that the sentiment that are written in blood upon the clouds and in the hearts of men almost the world over to-day. Those that may for the moment demur at accepting this interpretation of the fast-flowing events, will live to give their assent, and rejoice that their will was thwarted and their insane aspirations trampled in the dust. They who danced for joy that "the day" had come, for what they believed would be a triumphal supremacy of the world, are now bathed in tears, but their tears will be turned into laughter, because of the very failure of their madness. The greatest of all benefactors from this war will probably be the German people themselves, who were the cause of the world's greatest tragedy and triumph. In their failure to subjugate the world they shall have found their own freedom—a freedom not bought by the blood of their own sons, but the blood of the men who opposed them, their philosophy of life, their interpretation of history, their ideals of conflict, their shameful egotism, their sham Kultur, their mockery of religion, their domestic tyranny, their beastly contempt for human life, their savage thirst for the blood of enemies, will now stand revealed to themselves in all their naked and pitiful repulsiveness. It has been a ruinously costly lesson to them and a shocking burden to lay upon the shoulders of a more worthy world. The struggle is drawing to a close, the triumph of essential rectitude is at hand. The day for huzzas, and bell ringing, and childish rejoicing is not yet, if indeed such things can ever fittingly express the sentiments of our people. It is a day of humble and devout thanksgiving to God. A day for swelling hearts and tear-stained eyes that feel and see the tremendous things that have happened, and the long, long, thorny road along which our weary feet have travelled. It is the flood tide of silent emotion:—

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep  
Too full for sound or foam."

Would not this unique war and its bitter but glorious ending, be most fittingly marked by absolute silence until that day when the final seal is placed upon the document of settlement, when the nations would lift up their voices in a great personal and international thanksgiving, such as the world has never known? Among the most gratifying things, to Canadians, that have happened in the course of this war, are the recent conspicuous achievements of the British soldiers. The Scotch and the Irish, the Canadian, Australian and New Zealand troops have had ample testimonies to their skill as soldiers, but there has somehow lingered in the minds of the nations, our own included, that while the British Tommy feared nothing and endured everything, he couldn't take his place among the soldiers of the world in attaining visible achievements. During the past few months he has dispelled that fiction, and his smashing of the Hindenburg line and his sweeping through Belgium in the most approved style of dashing and victorious warfare, have placed him where he belongs in the eyes of all people. Canadians at home rejoice in this, for we are brethren and the family pride is deep-seated, even though we may criticize one another very sharply at times. It is so in all families. But to no one will this vindication of skill be more grateful than to the Canadian soldier. It has been always a splendid feature of our returned men that they rebuked us for the fulsome adulation of their achievements, and indignantly enquired why we had nothing to say of the English warrior. Their tributes of respect and admiration were as enthusiastic as they were manly, and to-day we know that they are as just as they are acceptable. In the long years to come, it will be unnecessary to answer the question, "what did the British soldier do in the great war," beyond referring the enquirer to the German people who have long since learned the quality of "the haberdashers of the Thames."

There is one aspect of the German mind and character that "Spectator" has not seen discussed in the public press and it is full of significance and suggestion to him. The German that has been brought up in the Fatherland and there abides is not nearly so mysterious as the one who migrates to another country, prospers in the freedom of democracy and still stands by the old home and the old shackles. The child that is followed from the cradle through his whole manhood with a system of restraint, with the ideals of a ruling caste, with the stern, steady stimulation

of war in his blood, with the endless things that are forbidden, and with the glorification of an Emperor of clay, can be understood dimly at least. But the man, who, from his early youth has breathed the air of freedom, who knows what free speech and a free press mean, who are not bossed and bullied by a military caste of demi-gods, who know what the aspirations of a free people are, should deliberately turn from that country, whose bread he has eaten, whose protection he has enjoyed, and whose prosperity he has shared and treasonably support the tyranny that should be abhorrent to him. We say of the German in Germany he knows no better. He is fed on the crumbs of information that fall from the war lord's tables. But that isn't true of the German in American or Canada. The news of the world is open to him. He shares the privileges of free citizenship. He knows the better way and yet he deliberately chooses the worse. Is there not a point here that our statesmen and educators should ponder? What is there in our democracy that has made it fail to lay hold on the imagination and affections of the man, bred or partially bred under autocracy?

\* \* \* \*

All Saints' Day calls up many memories, and solemn and beautiful as the festival has been in bygone days, it has taken on a new significance in these days of strife and mortality. One feels that the Anglican Church might make even more of it than has been our wont. It is the day of days in the Christian year when, not the outstanding saints, prophets and benefactors of the race are specially recalled, but the day when the unnamed and unnumbered, those who have fought a good fight and kept the faith, are recalled and their inspiration is invoked for the benefit and blessing of all mankind. The moss gathers upon the tombstones. The playmates of youth and the friends of maturity follow in due order, but the church reminds us that they are in safe keeping in the company of the blessed of all ages and in their Master's presence. Fortunately, we are not called upon to say who are worthy of that great and glorious company. It is not for us to pass judgment upon any, for a sorry mess we would make of such an undertaking. But the discerning eye of God is welcoming to His kingdom those whom the world has passed over. From lonely homes, from oppressive business, from public life, from flaming battlefields, men and women of outward clay have revealed the pure gold of upright lives, and have heard the "well done good and faithful servants," and been numbered among the elect of God. As the great mass of the earth's inhabitants are those who are known to but a small circle, and heard of by few, so may we presume are the habitations of heaven peopled by the saints unrecognized as such on earth. Not many mighty, perhaps, but a countless throng of the rejected and earthly failures so called. It is a day when the weary and the downcast may take courage. It is a day when the doubtful and the faint-hearted may renew their faith. It is a day when we remember that the worthy deeds and faiths of men and women in all ages are held in loving memory by the author of this far-flung universe, and are not wholly forgotten by His Church. With the memories of carnage so vividly upon us, with the shadow of bereavement falling upon so many homes, is it not possible that All Saints' Day may be broadened into a day of national remembrance in which all who reverence the great to-morrow of humanity may humbly and joyfully participate?

"Spectator."

### THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

The following lines were written by a soldier as the trenches were approached on the Somme, October 1st, 1916:—

O God of Battles, now the time has come,  
Which, in the pregnant months in camp, has  
been  
The goal of everything, my hope, my fear,  
The peril of a thing as yet unseen.  
That fear and wounds and death may pass me by  
Is not the boon, O Lord, for which I pray,  
For, having put the rim within my lips,  
I do not ask to put the cup away.

But grant the heart that Thou hast given me  
May, in the hour of peril, never fail,  
And that my will to serve and do my part  
May ever o'er my will to live prevail.

Thou knowest, Lord, my soul doth not fear death,  
Although my body craves to live its span;  
Help me to grapple with my body's fear,  
And grant, O Lord, that I may play the man.

## The Bible Lesson

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

25th Sunday after Trinity, November 17th, 1918.  
Subject:

Joseph Cares for his Father, Gen. 47: 1-12.

PHAROAH gave an order to Joseph commanding him to bring his father and his brethren to dwell in the land of Egypt. Jacob seemed reluctant to leave the land of Canaan to go down into Egypt, but the command of Pharaoh was a gracious invitation and the pressure of necessity at home made him disposed to yield, especially after God gave him assurance that it was in accord with the Divine Will. (Gen. 46: 3.) Therefore into the land of Egypt he came with his family, his flocks and herds.

1. **Joseph's wise arrangements.** It was the desire of Joseph that his people should have a portion of the land assigned to them that they might dwell apart from the Egyptians. This, perhaps, was for a two-fold purpose, partly because he wished them to be independent and united and partly because of their religion, that they might be free to worship God. His plan was the more easily carried out because the Egyptians regarded themselves as a superior race, and that, for some reason not known, "every shepherd was an abomination unto the Egyptians." (46: 34.)

Joseph's plan also blended beautifully with the Will of God, as all his plans seemed to do. It was the Divine plan as well that Israel should remain separate and that they should grow and become a great people in this land. How clear all this was to the mind of Joseph we have no means of knowing, but it is a very blessed thing when the plans of men harmonize with the Will of God, as they are likely to do with earnest and God-fearing men.

2. **The graciousness of Pharaoh.** So many stern things are said about later Pharaohs that it is good to read of the kindness of this one. He owed very much to Joseph and trusted him implicitly. Moreover, Joseph's influence had probably done him good. But above all God moved him. Without Pharaoh being conscious of it, he was an instrument of the Divine Will. It is a thought worth while for these present days that God has many agents, great Kings and statesmen, it may be those seemingly the most unlikely, who, all unknowingly, are moving to bring about that which is hidden in the counsels of the Most High God.

3. **A Royal Audience.** Joseph brought five of his brethren and presented them to Pharaoh. Why five were chosen is not known, but they represented the whole colony which migrated from Canaan. Pharaoh granted them the land of Goshen as a dwelling place. This district was on the side of Egypt towards Syria. When it is described as the best of all the land of Egypt it means that it was best for a pastoral people, who required rich pastures for their flocks and herds. Thus Joseph's wishes were fulfilled and the working of Providence regarding Israel reached a new stage. Israel was established in Egypt for development and discipline.

4. **Jacob's interview with Pharaoh.** The brethren of Joseph had appeared before Pharaoh for the purpose of receiving the formal assent of the Monarch to the plan of their establishment in the land of Goshen. Jacob's presentation was of a more personal character. No business discussion took place. Pharaoh asked Jacob his age, probably being moved to do so by the venerable appearance of the patriarch. The answer of Jacob is noteworthy. Some have said it was simply the self-deprecating reply which was customary in Oriental politeness. Nevertheless it was a true answer. Even the statement that his years had been "few," was made in comparison with the greater ages of Abraham and Isaac. In saying that his days had been evil, Jacob truly touched upon his faults and his discipline as well as the sorrows which had come into his life. Pharaoh, of course, could not know all this, but Jacob felt the power of the word he used. Life as a pilgrim-age is a view of life that has become incorporated in the thought of the Church. Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Our citizenship is in heaven and such like expressions are familiar to those who know the New Testament.

5. **Jacob blessed Pharaoh.** Gratitude would suggest the appropriateness of such an act and the venerable age of the Patriarch made it suitable. We do not know the form of that blessing, but it must have been an invocation of God in Whom Jacob had learned to trust. The whole lesson is one of the unfolding of Divine Providence and the personal guidance of God's servants.

er 7, 1918.

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## Canadian Churchman

(Established 1871.)

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## Correspondence

### ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Sir,—On All Saints' Day our hearts were full with remembrances of our beloved boys who have laid down their lives for our great cause. We prayed for them at their baptism, that they might be able "to have victory and a triumph over sin, the world and the devil," and "to fight manfully under Christ's banner, and to be His faithful soldiers and servants to their lives' end." Remembering how nobly and gloriously they have fulfilled this prayer, in many ways besides the material warfare,—in patience, endurance, cheerfulness, tenderness,—we had not a mournful, but a victorious keeping of the day and the Sunday.

A Soldier's Sister.

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### THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

Sir,—May I be permitted to take up some of your valuable space to try and encourage every parish in this country to have a Home Department in connection with their Sunday School. This is one of the greatest God-given opportunities of reaching thousands of people not touched by the Church, and also stimulating our own church members in the study of God's word. Surely, when so many fictitious doctrines are being circulated it is time our dear old Church wakened up to this great work of bringing the Sunday School into the home. Its objects are to awaken, encourage and develop the Christian spirit, and the Christlike life, by promoting the study and knowledge of the Bible in the home, and by encouraging the conduct of family prayers, thus assisting the parents and relatives in teaching and training the young.

A great many of our Rectors hesitate to start a Home Department, thinking it means more work for them, when they are overworked. This is not the case. Just get some earnest Christian in your Church to undertake it, and I am sure the Sunday School Commission will give them all information.

May I enumerate some of the advantages of having a Home Department: 1. Getting every one connected with your church not in the Sunday School, studying the Bible. 2. Having family prayers, thus raising the spiritual life of the home. 3. Scholars whose parents belong as a rule, are the best in the Sunday School. 4. Keeping in closer touch with the home and interesting them in the church and Sunday School. 5. Training a number of workers. At present seven

Anglican churches in Toronto have Home Departments. Why not yours? I shall be glad to give any information to anyone wishing to enquire further on this matter.

E. M. Jarvis.

Departmental Supt. of the S.S.A. of the Deanery of Toronto.  
171 Spadina Rd.

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### SURGE ECCLESIA.

Sir,—As one surveys the general religious situation to-day, not only in Canada, but in the whole world, nothing startles one more than to see the almost total indifference manifested by all sorts and conditions of men to the things that are of the Kingdom of God. It is not that the godless are living godlessly, and the wicked are living wickedly. That is bad enough, and always has been bad enough. But the ghastly fact that we face to-day is, that so many professing Christians are living in this world as if there were no God Almighty, no judgment seat to be faced when this brief life is gone. The supreme test of the Church to-day is not only to impress the world but to save itself.

Judgment must begin at the house of God. The inefficiency and inadequacy of the Church to fulfil its primary purpose was never more patent than at this moment. Without larger reinforcements of spiritual power we cannot rise to that duty to which we have been called; casting Satan down from his strongholds, and doing God's witnessing to the uttermost parts of the earth. A prominent layman of our Church, one noted for the time he spends in prayer, and in helping others to pray, said the other day, that he believed that we were on the point of a great spiritual upheaval, and that our God is waiting to pour down showers of blessing, and that the duty of the Church at this hour is to get ready and to pray and to expect and to anticipate.

There can be no doubt that the first fact of the coming of the Spirit of God is primarily the awaking and shaking with a conviction and longing, the world element in the Christian and in the Church (John 16: 8), putting to shame its complacent sense of self-righteousness, laying bare its fancied security, and revealing to its longing eyes the need of more life, and fuller. And then when this is done the Spirit will guide into all truth, and speak of the undiscovered realms and the great things that faith and prayer can do. The crying need of the Church to-day is not merely more workers, more ministers, or even more missionaries, but a fresh receiving of God's Holy Spirit with conviction of sin, not only for salvation, but for sanctification and service.

But to come down to the practical. The chief work that Jesus Christ did with His disciples when he was here on earth, was not to train the little band how to sing, or how to preach, but to teach them how to pray (Luke 11: 1-13), and then how to go out into this poor, sad world with power to heal and battle away the demons of impurity and disease (Matt. 10: 1; Luke 10: 9, 17). To-day one of the first works of the clergyman is to make his church the training school of intercession and service. And this means that he is to realize that intercession is the most important part of his own work, his first duty, the duty to which many many other things must be made subservient. It is the most difficult part of his work. He will often be astonished if he honestly measures by his watch or clock the time that he actually gives to real intercession in the course of the twenty-four hours. And then the serious duty of purposeful leadership; the resolve to make his church a training school of intercession and to encourage his people to pray definitely for a revival at this

time, and to watch for the signs of its beginning.

The leaders in the front rank of the great army of intercessors are not necessarily those in the limelight of the ministry or of the parish workers' bands. They are the praying souls who in secret have explored the unknown paths of power, and like the explorers who cross oceans and scale mountains to discover the resources of this world's wealth, are discovering the riches of the glory of the inheritance, and the exceeding greatness of His power.

There are only two enemies within the gates that are to be feared to-day. The first is, the soul that sees no speciality of call or challenge in the spiritual situation of to-day. The second, is the soul that has lost all faith in the power of God to awaken the Church to use it. We need no new discovery of God to-day. What we need is a new discovery of ourselves. We need a new emptying, a new turning, a new resolve, that ministers may give themselves supremely and exclusively to prayer and the ministry of the Word, and that the Church in the high and difficult training school of intercession may learn the greatness of the spiritual resources of the Church of God which lie within the individual's power in prayer. The Church has so little power because it has displaced Christ. The guaranteed power from on high still is available, on the same conditions, Acts 1: 8-14.

Dyson Hague.

Toronto, Nov. 1, 1918.

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### THE SALARIES QUESTION.

Sir,—There have been several appeals in your columns during the last two years for better salaries for clergymen and doubtless they have produced results in many individual cases. The need, however, is for more general action. Curates are generally very poorly paid. Experienced Rectors in some of our towns receive but \$1,100 or \$1,200, with a house. But what of a married clergyman in a large city with \$1,100 and no house? In the country there are many clergy receiving less than \$1,000 and many who have had little or no increase since the war. These facts are apparent to all.

What we need is action. But why is not action forthcoming? One chief reason seems to be a lack of faith in the laity to respond. Perhaps our authorities are afraid to ask too much less they should be disappointed. But would they be disappointed? I think that our laymen would respond far more liberally than many of us contemplate. Suppose that our Synods decide, as a Methodist conference decided recently, that the minimum salary for a married man should be \$1,200 and a house, we would just as certainly succeed in obtaining it as they will succeed. One difficulty confronting us is that the Church does not act as a whole. Each separate diocese legislates for itself in this respect, instead of the General Synod, or instead of the dioceses working together.

Another matter is the canvassing of parishes. Is the method altogether satisfactory? Who does the canvassing? In many cases a neighbouring clergyman, or the Rural Dean, with little regard being paid as to whether he has ability in this direction. What is expected as a result of the canvassing? Generally only a small increase—another \$2 a year, but only sometimes \$5 or more. But why not ask men where necessary to increase their subscriptions 50 per cent., or even to double them. I heard of a case where a man asked the canvasser what was required of him and was told \$2 more a year. The man expected to pay \$4 more, but should have doubled his subscription of but \$6 yearly. People will not fail to respond to a necessary demand for increase, so long

## Progress of the War

**Tuesday, Oct. 29th.**—Austro-Hungary notifies President Wilson that she is ready to enter upon peace negotiations and arrange an armistice. Kerkuk in Mesopotamia is captured by the British.

**Wednesday, Oct. 30th.**—Hungary declares its independence of Austria and revolution breaks out in both countries. Between October 14th and 27th, 30,000 prisoners, 509 cannon and 12,000 machine guns were captured by the Allies.

**Thursday, Oct. 31st.**—Steady advance on the Piave River and more than 100 towns and villages occupied. The Austrian Foreign Minister made an appeal to Italy for an armistice and was referred to the Allied Powers.

**Friday, Nov. 1st.**—Turkey surrenders unconditionally.

**Saturday, Nov. 2nd.**—The isolation of Germany on her Eastern front is proceeding. All passenger and freight traffic between Germany and Austria has ceased; 2,378 guns and 172,650 Germans have been captured by British since August 1st.

**Sunday, Nov. 3rd.**—After a reign of 30 days King Boris of Bulgaria, son of the ex-King Ferdinand, abdicates. The Austrian forces lay down their arms. A Republic is proclaimed in Hungary. Trieste is captured by the Allies.

as it is reasonably explained and the canvass capably carried out.

Thus in the way of practical action I would suggest that we need: (1) United action by the whole Church or by dioceses conferring together and adopting a uniform and sufficient plan; (2) a greater faith in the reasonableness of our laymen and their willingness to respond; (3) a more businesslike method in the actual canvassing of parishes.

R. P. D. Hurford.

North Augusta, Ont., Oct. 21, 1918.

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### DUNNVILLE'S HISTORY.

Sir,—I was much interested in reading the item in your last issue entitled: "A Historic Event at Dunnville," which recalled to my mind memories of "the days of auld lang syne." Am glad to hear of the prosperity of the parish, and tender my hearty congratulations to Rector and people on the consecration of St. Paul's Church.

I have never been in Dunnville myself, but you can understand why I take such an interest in news about the church there, when I tell you that I am a son of the late Rev. B. C. Hill, M.A., of York, whose ministerial labours in Dunnville are alluded to in the item. Dr. Adam Townley (afterwards Canon) was a valued friend of mine, and we were neighbours for a while when he was Rector of Paris, and I was Incumbent of the Burford Mission. I also had the pleasure as Archdeacon of Elgin, of inducting the Rev. F. A. Chadwick, as Rector of All Saints' Church, Windsor, when he moved there from Dunnville.

I recall an ancient conundrum that I often had propounded to me in my boyhood: "How can it be proved that the Dunnville church is the oldest in the world? Answer: Because Adam preached there before the Flood."

Archdeacon.

Shelburne, Ont., Oct. 28, 1918.

Help put it over, the Victory Loan.



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Oct. 28, 1918.  
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# Who is on our Side?

Had Right not been on our side we could not have prevailed against the first mad rush of the enemy.

We had in readiness no vast armies of men—no long lines of guns—no plans nor schemes of war.

It is to the eternal glory of Great Britain and her Allies that we were unprepared for war.

Posterity will read of this and wonder how our first small armies escaped destruction.

But on our side was something greater than guns and the engines of war.

Right, Justice and Truth sustained our men. They fought and died unconquered because of this great knowledge—"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

Canada now comes to her people to borrow money to "carry on" to a complete Victory—a victory that will purge the world forever of the horrible, pitiless doctrine of might.

Remembering this we must not regard the Victory Loan 1918 as a duty of passing importance.

With thankful heart and a solemn understanding, we must each do our utmost to provide the money without which the sacred task for which so many of our sons have laid down their lives, cannot be completed.

## Buy Victory Bonds 1918

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee  
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance  
of the Dominion of Canada

**The John Wanless Co.**  
JEWELLERS SINCE 1840  
**British Goods—British Policy**  
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## Church News

### Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

**Spence**, Rev. Claude A. G., to be missionary-in-charge of St. George's, Apsley; St. Stephen's, Chandos; St. Paul's, Lasswade; St. Andrew's, Owenbrook and Harcourt. (Diocese of Toronto.)

**Heaven**, Rev. E. G., Incumbent of Falkenburg, Ont., to be Rector of Poltimore, Que. (Diocese of Montreal.)

**Arthur**, Rev. Alfred John, B.A., B.D., Curate of Holy Trinity, Toronto, to be assistant Curate of St. John's, Weston, and Priest-in-charge of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mount Dennis, Toronto.

**Sevier**, Rev. F. C., for twelve years missionary at Fort Churchill, in the Diocese of Keewatin, and lately Incumbent of Fort Bickerton, N.S., to be Incumbent of St. James', Rainy River. (Diocese of Keewatin.)

**Husband**, Rev. E. H., Incumbent of North Hatley, to be in charge of the Mission of Magog. (Diocese of Quebec.)

**Fricke**, Rev. H. V., Curate of St. Augustine's, Toronto, to be Curate of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. (Diocese of Montreal.)

**Hutson**, Rev. E. G., Curate of All Saints', Ottawa, to be Curate of Holy Trinity, Toronto. (Diocese of Toronto.)

**Adcock**, Rev. W. H., Incumbent of Govan, Sask., to be Rector of Grace Church, Regina.

**Avery**, Rev. A., to be Incumbent of St. Mary's, Whitewood, Sask. (Diocese of Qu'Appelle.)

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### Progress at Point du Bois.

Recently the Bishop of Keewatin visited the Mission of Lac du Bonnet, Point du Bois and Pinawa. On Sunday morning, October 20th, the Bishop and the recently-appointed Incumbent, the Rev. L. A. Todd, conducted service at Pinawa, where is situated the power plant of the Winnipeg Street Railway Company. During the afternoon they returned to Lac du Bonnet for Evening Prayer, the Bishop preaching at both places to good congregations. On the Monday following, a journey of some twenty-five miles was made to Point du Bois, the site of the city of Winnipeg power plant, and there evening service was held, at which the Rev. L. A. Todd was duly inducted Incumbent of the Mission. Mr. Todd was transferred to the Diocese of Keewatin from the Diocese of Columbia, and, although but a short time has elapsed since he took up the work, signs of progress are manifest in the spirit in which the people at all three centres of the Mission have taken renewed interest in the work.

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### St. Hilda's Relief Work.

All the students at St. Hilda's College, Toronto, who did not go to their homes when the order was issued, closing schools and colleges, have been busy with V.A.D. work. The moment lectures stopped a group went to the Registration Bureau and signed for domestic service. These girls have since then been dish-wash-

ing, scrubbing and washing clothes in hospitals and private houses. Others have cooked for certain centres, and still others have gone right into some of the worst centres of the epidemic and have nursed critical cases and kept the home fires burning at the same time.

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### Remarkable Success at Smith's Falls.

The congregation of St. John's Church, Smith's Falls, Diocese of Ottawa, took a long stride forward when on a recent Sunday it contributed in the offertory nearly seven hundred dollars in response to the Rector's appeal for funds for parish needs. It was the first attempt in the parish to raise a definite sum of any considerable amount by direct

## Notice regarding Children's Day.

Owing to the epidemic many of our churches and Sunday Schools were closed on Children's Day, October 20th.

As the offering on this day is the chief source of income for the work of the Sunday School Commission, it is essential that another Sunday be observed, otherwise the Commission's work, which is already very much handicapped by reason of lack of funds, will suffer still more.

The Primate has, therefore, approved of the **last Sunday in November (November 24th)**, or the Sunday nearest to that date which is most convenient, to be observed as Children's Day by all churches which were unable to observe it on the regular date, and our Bishops have been asked to issue a letter to this effect to the clergy of their respective dioceses.

It is hoped that all will respond promptly and earnestly to this request and that liberal offerings for the Commission's work will be the result.

As soon as the offering is made it should be forwarded at once to the Secretary-Treasurer of the diocese, so that he may be able to send without delay the full amount of the Diocesan Apportionment to the General Treasurer of the Commission.

R. A. Hiltz, General Secretary, Sunday School Commission.

and voluntary giving. There was no canvass, but each contributor received an envelope and a statement of needs, with request for a definite contribution. The sum required was apportioned among the individual parishioners in amounts varying from two to ten dollars, and very few failed to meet their apportionment, some exceeding it and some entirely disregarding it. These latter will be called upon by the finance committee. The Bishop was spending the Sunday in the parish, and preached morning and evening, visiting the two Sunday Schools in the afternoon. He was greatly interested in the result of the effort to raise the parish to a higher level of giving, and the people are delighted at the success of the plan for straight giving through the offertory. Canon Forster Bliss is the Rector of this wideawake parish.

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### Quebec Notes.

The Rev. E. B. Husband, of North Hatley, has been appointed by the Bishop to the Mission of Magog,

which is one of the important ones in the diocese.

Mr. Charles Bown, of Bury, has been appointed as lay reader to take charge of the Mission of Kingsey until an ordained clergyman can be secured.

It is expected that the Rev. J. W. Harrison, Locum Tenens at New Carlisle, will shortly take charge of the work at Shawinigan Falls.

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### Stipends of Missionary Clergy in Quebec Diocese Increased.

At a meeting of the Diocesan Board, held on the 30th of October, it was resolved that the stipends of the missionary clergy for the current year be \$1,150 and a house, and that at the beginning of the next financial year (March, 1919), all missionaries in priest's orders should be paid at the rate of \$1,200 per annum. This increase has been made necessary by the greatly increased cost of living. As the clergy are now being paid at the rate of \$1,000, this action means an increase in their stipends of \$150 this year and \$200 next year.

The churches in Quebec city have been closed for four Sundays because of the grippe epidemic.

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### "In Memoriam."

Reginald J. Ross, Priest.

The Rev. Reginald J. Ross, Incumbent of St. Ursule Falls, in the Diocese of Quebec, succumbed to an attack of influenza and pneumonia on the 26th of October last at the premature age of thirty-nine years. He was taken ill some time ago at Shawinigan Falls, where he was taking the work along with his own until such time as a Rector could be found for that parish. He recovered sufficiently to return home, where a relapse confined him to his room again. He left his sick bed to bury one of his parishioners and contracted congestion of the lungs from which he died. The deceased was a former resident of Quebec city, was ordained to the Priesthood in 1905, and had been in charge of St. Ursule Falls since 1906, where he was much beloved as parish Priest, physician and friend.

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### Dr. H. Softley, of Saltcoats, Sask., Killed.

Mrs. Softley, of Brantford, received word on Sunday, October 27th, that her brother-in-law, Dr. H. Softley, of Saltcoats, Sask., had been killed in an accident. It is thought that, owing to the influenza epidemic, some motor accident during a hurried call was the cause. Dr. Softley was well known in Brant county, having taught school several years in Brantford, and later on assisting Dr. Mott at Mount Pleasant. He was considered one of the rising practitioners of the West. His brother, Rev. E. Softley, of St. James' Church, Terrace Hill, Brantford, predeceased him about four months ago, and the only surviving brother Mr. W. T. Softley, resides in Brantford.

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### Bishop Stringer at Lindsay.

Bishop Stringer, of the Yukon, visited Lindsay on October 15th and 16th, giving an address in the school-house on Tuesday and an "At Home" at Mr. Knight's house on Wednesday afternoon and at Rea-boro Wednesday evening. After the opening hymn and prayer on Tuesday Churchwarden S. Alcorn gave a few warm words of welcome to the Bishop, and Mrs. Loosmore sang. The Bishop told of the work among the miners, Indians and Eskimo of

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that Far North land, almost all of it in the Yukon being left to the English Church, so there was very little overlapping. He also told of God's wonderful doings among the Eskimo along the Arctic coast, where, when he went to Herschel Island, at times a man's life was not safe, now about 600 have been baptized, and in 1917 alone 120 were confirmed. Nearly all of them have family prayer once a day and keep Sunday for rest and worship, while two white missionaries and a number of Christian Eskimo have gone to carry the good news of God's love to the so-called Blond Eskimo of Coronation Gulf.

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### New Workers for the Japanese Mission at Vancouver.

The Orange Hall, Vancouver, rented for the occasion, was lately the scene of an interesting gathering when friends of the Anglican Missions to Japanese met to welcome to British Columbia several new workers. Mr. Moriyasu, who has served the Church in Japan for thirteen years, comes to take the place of the Rev. Bernard Oana, who has returned to Japan for evangelistic experience. Mr. Moriyasu, from now on, will be in charge of the whole work in Vancouver. He is accompanied by his wife, who is a graduate of the Theological Training School for Women in Tokyo, and filled for several years with great success the position of Bible-woman in one of the largest parishes in the capital. Another of the guests was Miss Hokari, who will help in the school for small children in the centre of the city. These children have, until her arrival, been in the care of a non-Christian teacher, so Miss Hokari, who is a splendid little Christian, will be just in her right place. Besides the Japanese workers, Miss Rowland, who is spending her furlough in Canada, is giving her valuable time in doing all she can to help on the good work. Also the new principal of St. Mark's Hall, the Rev. C. H. Shortt, who has just arrived from Japan, was included among those who were being welcomed. The superintendent for British Columbia, the Rev. F. W. Cassillis Kennedy, was in the chair, and speeches were made by Mr. G. L. Schetky, secretary-treasurer of the Provincial Board of Missions to Orientals in British Columbia; the Rev. Y. Akagawa, pastor of the Methodist Mission; Mr. Arikawa, president of the Japanese School Board, and Mr. Toyoda, who represented the Church Christians. Many Japanese of prominence came to the meeting. The consul was unfortunately out of the city, but Mrs. Ukita, his wife, was present. The Bishop of the diocese was on his way to France, Mrs. de Pencier and Mrs. Godfrey, our W.A. president, were attending the W.A. meetings in Winnipeg, and the Archdeacon of Columbia had another engagement, so were unable to take part in the welcoming of the new workers. Mrs. Dorrell and Mrs. Shaw, members of the Japanese committee, very kindly made all arrangements for the refreshments, and the hall was tastefully decorated with maple leaves and flags of both nations. The singing of the Japanese and British national anthems brought a very pleasant evening to a close. Such gatherings tend to cement more firmly than ever the alliance between the two countries.

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## The Church in the Motherland

Friends of the late Dr. Scott Holland have formed a committee under the presidency of the Bishop of Winchester, to gather funds for a memorial to him. The plans now entered upon call for not less than \$25,000, which will be devoted, first to preparing his unpublished writings for the press; second, to complete the buildings of the Maurice Hotel at Hoxton, a work in which he was keenly interested, and in which his social principles and hopes were developed; third, to found a Holland Lecture on the Theology of the Incarnation. It is hoped that the authorities of the University of Oxford may be willing to accept this lectureship as a trust.

Familiar names on the list of the general committee are those of the Lord Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, the warden of Keble College, the Dean of Christ Church, General Sir Neville Lyttelton, Canon Newbolt and Spencer Holland, Esq.

Dr. Scott Holland's preaching and teaching were a living power to many. It is hoped that the memorial may become a fitting recognition of his true rank as a theologian, and of his great position as an exponent of Christian social service.

Persons who desire a share in this memorial may send their contributions, designated for one or more of the above purposes, to the treasurer, Miss Gregory, 33 Belford Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. 1, England.

The following paragraph appeared in the "British Weekly," Sept. 19th in "War Notes," signed W. R. N. (William Robertson Nicol):—

In our soldiers preachers find kindly but keen critics. I have some notes on a well-known Anglican clergyman which it may be worth while to print: "The sermon was a series of scraps from the preacher's memory of what he had read for 'Greats,' and grew scrapper and scrapper as he went on, till he himself became aware of how scappy it was, and he made the fatal mistake of apologizing for not keeping to the point. One point really pleased the men. The parson was showing that when we deliberately seek happiness as such we inevitably miss it. So 'if we seek heaven merely for its own sake we miss fire.' A grin passed along the ranks; evidently the men thought that 'gaining heaven' and 'missing fire' were necessarily synonymous terms. In field preaching of this kind I find that preachers have a strong tendency to use slang, and that the men don't like it. The clergyman was continually using the words 'beastly,' 'pukkah,' 'up to you,' 'bust,' 'you chaps.' The men tell me they think the padre should keep up the dignity of his cloth. Those were not their words, but they express the meaning."

Rev. John Baylies, for many years Pastor of Union Chapel, Hanwell, has lately been ordained by the Bishop of London.

Rev. G. M. Elliott, formerly Unitarian Minister at Briceton, has been ordained by the Bishop of Winchester.

Rev. L. F. Richardson, a Congregational pastor of Ingrass, was lately ordained by the Bishop of Carlisle.

Rev. George Fraser, Primitive Methodist minister at Fishponds, Bristol, has lately been ordained by the Bishop of Bristol.

### Diocese of Qu'Appelle.

The following are the Bishop's appointments: November 10, Confirmation at St. Aidan's Church, Chester; preach in St. John's Church, Moose Jaw. November 11, Confirmation at McTaggart. November 14, meeting of the Executive Committee of the Synod, Regina. November 17, Confirmations at Craik, Girvin. November 24, Confirmation at All Saints' Church, Weyburn. November 26, Holy Communion with address and Board Meeting of the Diocesan W.A., Regina. November 29, Confirmation at St. Paul's Church, Stoughton. December 1, Confirmations at Arcola and Manor. December 22, Ordination of priests, St. John's Church, Moose Jaw.

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### The Khaki University.

Late in the year 1917 a plan was developed to utilize some of the leisure time of Canadians overseas for educational purposes, and preliminary steps were taken at once. This plan matured early in 1918 in the formation of the Khaki University of Canada. The object is to provide educational facilities in the form of lectures, study groups, etc., for soldiers who wish to use their spare hours during the war period in preparing themselves by study or practical instruction for their future vocations. The work is organized principally in the military centres of England and to a lesser degree in France. It is possible that at the time of demobilization the scheme will be expanded and amalgamated with the present work of vocational training of returned men. Work done at the University will be recognized by the Canadian Universities and other educational institutions here. The teaching is done by means of such instructors as are found in the army, including Chaplains and Y.M.C.A. officers.

After several months of experimental work of this kind, about October 1st, 1918, the university was placed upon an official and permanent basis. A department of educational services in the Canadian military overseas forces was established responsible to the Minister of Overseas Militia. The department is under the immediate charge of a director of education and an advisory senate meets periodically to decide upon matters of policy. The field is divided into two sections, England and France, each of which is under the direction of an assistant who is responsible to the director. It was

found necessary to employ civilians to a certain extent to supplement the teaching forces available in the army, and these were given honorary rank in the overseas forces.

The cost to the Canadian government, not including separation allowances, is estimated as: Pay and allowances, \$219,263; subsistence allowances, \$25,000; cost of rations, \$7,500; maintenance in France at per capita rate, \$97,000; barracks service, \$15,000; total, \$363,763.

This is the first institution of the kind to be officially established by any of the Allied Governments. From October, 1917, to the end of July, 1918, 9,000 members of the overseas forces registered in classes in England and 1,380 registered in correspondence work in England and France. During the same period popular educational lectures were held, which had an attendance of 180,000 in all. These statistics do not cover the activities in France where figures are not available. Libraries and reading rooms are also provided, which are, it is reported, fully utilized.—"The Monetary Times."

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### Memorial Service for "Princess Sophia's" Passengers.

One of the worst marine disasters in the history of the Pacific Coast was commemorated in the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, last Sunday, the C.P.R. steamship, "Princess Sophia," which went down with all on board on Saturday, October 25. Bishop Stringer, of the Yukon, spoke at the service. "Were it not for this world conflict," he said in commencing, "the loss of the 'Princess Sophia,' with all on board, would be chronicled around the world, as one of the greatest disasters in marine history. The losses in this disaster may seem to the general public trivial, but to us who know many of the victims it is not so. One-tenth of the population of a town like Dawson, comprising 2,000 people—what would it be to have them all taken at once?"

A few weeks before the disaster the Bishop himself came down on the doomed vessel, with his wife and family. He was visibly moved while he recounted the experiences of the voyage, his admiration for the Captain and for the whole of the crew. In a breaking voice he mentioned the names of friends and neighbours from every side, who had perished. At the close of the sermon, the Dead March was played.

## Book Notes

### Northcliffe.

By W. E. Carson, American Correspondent of the Northcliffe Newspapers. Toronto: George J. McLeod. (456 pp.; \$2.00.)

When the superiority of so many points of policy which Lord Northcliffe has advocated is being demonstrated, this book will find many readers. Northcliffe has been particularly fortunate in his biographer. Mr. Carson portrays the spirit of the man who has done as much as any single individual to produce the Britain of to-day. As a man of power and resource, with a marvellous ability to choose successful associates and with steered determination to pursue his course in spite of opposition, Northcliffe presents the elements of strength which to many are outstanding in British success.

### Runaway Russia.

By Florence MacLeod Harper. Toronto: George J. McLeod. (320 pp.; \$2.00.)

Mrs. Harper was in Russia from the beginning of the Revolution to the deposing of Kerensky. With the trained instinct of a newspaper correspondent, she has caught the high lights of the stupendous changes. The book is vivaciously written and chronicles events and conditions which in themselves are absorbing. The reader can forgive Mrs. Harper's everlasting cigarette smoking considering the vivid tale she tells. She did not aim to delineate the Russian spirit, but her narrative furnishes materials for a hopeful judgment of it.

### The Chivalry of Keith Leicester.

By Robert Allison Hood. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. (340 pp.; \$1.50.)

This romance of British Columbia is a well written tale of a high spirited young Englishman who makes his way in the new land. It is a story of love and adventure charmingly told without the usual sex-entanglements that besmirch the pages of the average tale to-day. Mr. Hood has drawn some delightful characters and his "villains" are not such a bad sort after all. The scenery en route is capital.

### My Brave and Gallant Gentleman.

By Robert Watson. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. (340 pp.; \$1.50.)

In the land of the Sunset a high-spirited young man goes who dares to cross his father, an Earl, in the interests of a brother. By sheer pluck he wins out. The heart interest in the book is well sustained. The chief points are the rapid action of the plot, and the crisp dialogue. The Lumberjacks of British Columbia make a setting that is well drawn and effective. Mr. Watson would excel as a short-story writer.

### A Daughter of the Land.

By Gene Stratton Porter. Toronto: Thomas Langton. (475 pp.; \$1.50.)

Those who remember the author's wizard touch in "Freckles" and the "Harvester" will be disappointed that the theme of this book lends no chance for those glowing descriptions of forest and swamp life in which she excels. Country life with the grind and pettiness some people put into it is the background of this book. The heroine is a headstrong creature, whose mistakes get her into troubles which it takes all her force and energy to escape. She is a warning rather than an example. There are some pages containing intimate descriptions of a mother's feelings, which have a touch of coarseness unusual to her writings. The fine character of the book is the physician who ought to be the hero.



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**Holy Trinity, Toronto.**

The services on November 3rd at Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, bore special reference to the Festival of All Saints, which was celebrated two days previously. The Rector, Rev. L. R. Sherman, preached both morning and evening. The Rev. E. G. Hutson, until lately Curate of All Saints, Ottawa, commenced his work in the parish on November 1st, in succession to Rev. A. J. Arthur, who is now in charge of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mount Dennis, Toronto. Mr. Hutson celebrated at the midday service, but later on in the day he became ill with influenza and he is now in hospital.

\* \* \*

**Death of a Well-known Educationalist.**

Miss Frances Dupont, of 101 Madison Avenue, Toronto, a lady who was very well known in the scholastic world of Toronto for a number of years, died at her residence in that city on November 2nd, aged 87. The deceased lady was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. D. Dupont, of Quebec, and she came to Toronto fifty years ago as the lady principal of the Bishop Strachan School, which position she held for three years. After resigning that post she opened a private school on John Street, opposite to St. George's, and in this enterprise she was joined by a sister. The school was named Dufferin House, and the late Marquis of Dufferin personally paid a visit to the school in its very early days. The school retained its existence for twenty-seven years, when Miss Dupont retired, and she and her sister have been living on Madison Avenue, Toronto, for the past twenty years. The funeral took place on November 5th from St. Stephen's Church. The deceased lady is survived by two brothers and two sisters.

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**The Death of Hon. W. H. Hoyle.**

Hon. W. H. Hoyle, ex-Speaker of the Ontario Legislature, and for the past 20 years a member of the House for North Ontario, died at his home, on October 27th, after an illness extending over some time. The late Hon. Mr. Hoyle was one of the oldest, if not the oldest member of the Legislature. He was born in Barnstaple, Devonshire, England, 76 years ago, but came to Canada as a young man, making his home in Cannington, Ont. There he took an active part in municipal and political affairs. He was for a time chairman of the Cannington Public School Board, reeve of Cannington, and, on several occasions, sat as County Councillor for Ontario County. The custom of choosing Speakers largely according to seniority in the House brought that honour to Mr. Hoyle in 1912, when he succeeded Hon. Thomas Crawford in the chair. He directed the proceedings of the House during the life of the 13th Legislature, taking his place as a private member again, following the election of 1914.

As a Churchman Mr. Hoyle served his generation faithfully and well. A member of the Diocesan Synod, his voice was frequently heard in advocacy of progress and reform. He represented Toronto at some sessions of the General Synod.

At the service at his home, Premier Hearst and representatives of the fraternal organizations were present. The service was taken by Rev. G. R. Bracken and Dr. Hallam. The remains were interred in the English Church Cemetery, Cannington, on Thursday, October 31st. Service was held in All Saints' Church, conducted by the Rector, Rev. J. H. Kidd, who spoke in highly eulogistic terms of the late Mr. Hoyle, both as a private citizen and a public benefactor. Mr. Hoyle had been a leading figure

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in the Church life of All Saints'. In its early history he was an active member of the building committee, which secured the beautiful site and engineered the erection of the church. It was chiefly through his energy that the Parish Hall was built. He took a deep interest in the Sunday School, of which he was superintendent for over thirty years. The congregation of All Saints' Church and the public generally realize that they owe to the late Mr. Hoyle a deep debt of gratitude. The funeral was under the auspices of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, of which society the deceased had been an eminent official.

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**In Memoriam.**

Capt. the Rev. Chas. Wand Mitchell.

Capt. the Rev. Chas. Wand Mitchell was the third son of Mr. Robert Mitchell, of "Maple Braes," Lennoxville, Que., had a most distinguished career at the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, obtaining first-class classical and theological honours, as well as the Prince of Wales bronze and gold medals and the Mackie and Harrison prizes. In the year 1900 he went to Quebec and stayed with the late Bishop of Quebec at Bishopthorpe, helping as a lay reader in the work at St. Paul's, Quebec, and the Missions of Montmorency and Lake Beauport.

In Easter, 1901, Charles Mitchell was called back to Bishop's College University to take a lectureship, which he held with striking ability until 1902, when he went to Cambridge University, England, as an advanced student, and accomplished the extraordinary feat of taking two Triposes (honour examinations) in theology and Oriental languages in two successive years. Besides this he took many college prizes, gained the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship, the Jeremie Septuagint prize and a donation for merit in the Crosse Scholar-

ship examination. He became assistant master at Merchant Taylor's School, London, England, where he made such a mark that the headmaster says: "The loss to the Hebrew class is almost irreparable. The school has lost one of the best masters it ever had."

He was ordained by the Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in 1907, and since then he had been working on Sundays at St. Thomas', Telford Park, Streatham, and had built a club room—no small achievement for a young man.

He was engaged in a work of Oriental scholarship, the first volume of which had already appeared, and fulfilled his earlier promise. The work was a translation from the Syriac of St. Ephraem's prose "Refutation of Mani, Marcion and Bardaisan," and was pronounced by scholars to be of unusual merit.

A correspondent wrote: "He was a scholar of whom much might have been expected, and he had gained much love and respect outside the world of scholarship as a preacher of merit, a faithful and self-sacrificing priest and a friend of rare loyalty."

In 1915 Mr. Mitchell offered his services as Chaplain to the forces. He was first attached to the 9th Casualty Clearing Station. Though the work there was very sad and very heavy, he always spoke admiringly of their wonderful spirits and courage. During the winter of 1915-1916 he was at general headquarters with Bishop Gwynne who wrote thus of his work after hearing of his death: "I knew him well, and formed a high opinion of him when he was working with me at general headquarters. He always put his back into his work, whatever it was. He is a great loss to us. The Church can ill spare men of his ability." But what he really wanted was to get to the front. At last, to his great joy, he was attached to the 8th Battalion East Yorks. He went through the Somme campaign with them, being himself twice

wounded. Writing of the attack on the Somme, he says: "The men were in excellent spirits, and the night before we had Holy Communion in a field beside some trees, though there was a deafening heavy gun fire going on. A very large number of officers and men came. I gave them a simple little address at the beginning and said a few words at the end. There was a wonderful reality about it all. Solemn, certainly, but also joyous. They moved off a little later and attacked at dawn. It was the last service for nearly half of them."

He formed a devoted friendship with his commanding officer, Col. de la Perelle, also a Canadian by birth. "He was always up near the men," writes the colonel; "nothing on earth could keep him away. He was indefatigable in his efforts to do all he could for the men's comfort and welfare. He was beloved by all. Curiously enough, it was only a few days before his death that he was being chided by the interpreter for going up into the danger zone. His reply was that he believed it to be his duty to be there, and if he were called away to answer the last roll call from there he was prepared to do it." That last roll call came on May 3rd. He was helping the doctor to bandage the wounded near the firing-line when a shell struck him, wounding him fatally. He was carried to a field ambulance, where he passed peacefully away. Six of his fellow-Chaplains bore his body to the grave, attended by a party of the East Yorkshire Regiment, which he had loved and served so well. Over their beloved Padre's last resting-place his men put up a cross, in which was set a Chaplain's badge, beautifully carved. And so, although the Diocese of Quebec mourns the loss of one of her choicest sons, yet we thank God for enduing with such power and covering with such glory this saintly, talented hero of our Church and diocese.

A very beautiful and impressive service was conducted in St. George's Church, Lennoxville, Que., on Wednesday, June 20th, when an artistically hand-carved Litany desk, given by the members of his family, in memory of the Rev. Charles Wand Mitchell, M.A., was dedicated by the Right Rev. Lennox W. Williams, D.D., Lord Bishop of Quebec. The Rev. R. W. E. Wright, M.A., Rector of St. George's; the Rev. F. G. Vial, B.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and the Rev. E. R. Roy, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Levis, who is a brother-in-law of the late Mr. Mitchell, were also present in robes.

The brass plate on the top of the desk bears the following inscription: "To the glory of God, and in precious memory of the Rev. Charles Wand Mitchell, M.A., Chaplain to His Majesty's Imperial Forces, who died of wounds at Monchy, France, on May 3rd, 1917." "Lo, I am with you always."

The Bishop, in a short address, said he had known the late Capt. Mitchell as schoolboy, student, honour graduate of the University of Bishop's College, and as a parish Priest. He knew his fine qualities, his remarkable talents, his deep devotion to the Church he loved, and his success in his chosen vocation. He gave up a most promising career and following in the footsteps of his Master, dying for others, and concluded by saying that the life of Mr. Mitchell shows what Christ does in a life which He inspires. It was beautiful, glorious, full of unselfish self-sacrifice, and he thanked God for it. The simple but impressive service ended with the hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest," and the Benediction by the Bishop.

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## The Mackay School, The Pas, Saskatchewan

OCTOBER, 1918, will always be a memorable time at the Mackay School, The Pas. Immediately after the triennial of the W.A., Canon and Mrs. E. K. Matheson, the Dominion Dorcas secretary and the Ottawa W.A. president and Dorcas secretary, visited the school. The visitors were met by Archdeacon Mackay, Rev. A. Fraser and a delegation from Christ Church W.A., The Pas. After breakfast and a short rest, the party went on board the motor-launch, the "Kate E. Halson," captained by "Commander" Turner, an invaluable helper at the school. The Saskatchewan gave them a welcome of its own, the waves running "mountains high," and dashing over the boat, till all had tasted of its sweetness. The water being very low, the passengers were obliged to land at the Big Eddy, nearly three miles from the school. The farm wagon met them here, but most of the party preferring to walk, only Mrs. Matheson and Miss Halson, with the Archdeacon, sampled the drive, and, after a time, they took to walking. The reception at the school by staff and pupils was royal in its warmth, and by the time dinner was over all felt delightfully at home in their happy surroundings.

beautiful building with its furniture, the Holy Table, pulpit, reading desk, lectern and font all of solid oak, the solid silver Communion vessels, the fine linen, the organ, all gifts of the Ottawa W.A. in memory of their late president, Mrs. Green, who had taken such an active interest in this school, ever since her memorable visit in 1910, long before the opening of the railway.

The Archdeacon's address pointed back to all the way the Lord had led them, how He had over-ruled all apparent hindrances for the furtherance of the work. He spoke of the present cause for praise and need of prayer for the continuance of blessing and showed what bright hope there was for greater blessing in the future; he dwelt also on the memory of those who, having helped in the past, do now rest from their labours, while their works do follow them. This was, indeed, a day to be much remembered.

On Friday friends and visitors gathered at 7.30 a.m., that they might again together praise Him Who had "gathered them out from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South," and, Who having redeemed them had promised to come again to receive them unto Himself,

express their pleasure and gratitude to the visitors from the East for all the kindness shown.

On the Sunday the little church was beautifully decorated for Thanksgiving. Hearty services were well attended both morning and evening and generous offerings were made, the Archdeacon preaching both times, as Canon Matheson was helping in The Pas. In the afternoon the Archdeacon gave a special address to the pupils. He spoke of the many causes for thanksgiving which had come to them, illustrating by the gift of the church by the Ottawa W.A. He told of the various branches of work carried on by the W.A. as a whole, pointing out to the pupils that they, too, should show their thankfulness to the Giver of all good by serving Him in their lives.

The delightful visit was over all too soon. It had been a time of real enjoyment; the pleasure of seeing five of the W.A. missionaries at work in their own fields, the enthusiasm, devoted interest and hard work of all, so much happy result seen in the improvement among the pupils and the evidences of real affection between them and the staff, were all matters of thankfulness. The school is a home of peace and plenty, and plenty even



### The Church at The Pas



### A Memorial to Caroline Green, Ottawa.

Courtesy of the "Mission World."

October the second opened with brilliant sunshine, a happy augury for the future of the church that was to be dedicated that day to the service of God and for the spiritual uplift of His children. The long procession of 80 pupils, staff, visitors and clergy, as it marched from the school past the hospital to the church door, stirred deep feelings of thankfulness to God, Who had so signally blessed the efforts of His people in the founding and building up of His work in this place. Only those who have been with it from the start can realize the past difficulties and the realization of the truth of the words: "I cried unto the Lord and He heard me and delivered me out of all my troubles." In the hearts of many there was special thanksgiving because of the recovery of the revered Archdeacon from his late, serious illness.

The church was well filled, a large number of Indians being present to take part in the service. Canon Matheson and Rev. A. Fraser (Rural Dean) read the prayers, the Lesson being read by Mr. Bird (school staff), and the Archdeacon read the prayers of dedication and gave the address, first in English and then in Cree, the service being divided between the two languages. The service was, as is usual in an Indian congregation, very hearty, the responses being made with the full volume of voices.

It was with a heart full of emotion that the Archdeacon dedicated the

and to further dedicate themselves to His service. It was a very solemn time.

During the visit to the Mackay School the party went over to the school on the Reserve to meet the members of the Devon W.A. Branch. There was a large gathering. After the opening exercises conducted by Mr. Fraser, Mrs. Matheson, diocesan president, spoke to the women on the diocesan side of the work, Mr. Fraser interpreting, after which Miss Halson told of the triennial, of the work done and of future plans, the Archdeacon acting as interpreter. Then the Indian sisters spoke. One who lived miles away, said that she had been up since 4.30 a.m. to get her home work done, so that she might not miss any part of the meeting. Another expressed the joy that the Devon members felt at seeing the warm sympathy of the visiting sisters. Again, another spoke of what the W.A. meant to them. How they knew that they were ignorant of many things, but that they did try to follow Christ and to learn of Him. Many such words fell from the lips of these humble, loving women and only the lateness of the hour brought this meeting to a close after a few words had been said by Miss McNabb, one of the Ottawa delegates.

When the day of parting really came, many of these sisters walked seven and eight miles to say goodbye to their Diocesan president and to bring her offerings of true affection, and again to

with war rations. The magic rod which ruled in the kitchen producing such delicious carrot puddings, the pumpkin pies of story books, delicious fish dishes, substitutes-bread—more attractive than cake, was a revelation of cooking talent. Over all was the kind sympathy and motherly interest of Mrs. Burman, who is never too tired or too busy to give her attention and help to anyone in need. The Dominion W.A. may well be thankful for such a school and its members should be more earnest in prayer and praise for those more immediately in the work, and who, cut off so much of the year from outside interests, need prayerful sympathy all the more.

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### Saskatchewan Diocese.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan returned from Toronto on October 3rd, but has not seen much of his home since that till 24th. October 6th. Consecration of St. Stephen's Church and cemetery, Merrill; afternoon service in Moon Lake School; consecration of church at Vanscoy. October 10th. Lantern lecture on Moosonee missionary work, at McCafferty's. October 11th. Confirmation at Edgerton; 12th and 13th, adult baptism and Confirmation at Unity and Harvest Thanksgiving services at Sunny Glen, Belton's and Unity. October 16th. Interview with Sioux Indians (heathen), who desire a school, teacher and a missionary. This the Bishop is taking under consideration. October 20th. Red Pheasant's Indian Reserve; morning, Confirmation, sermon and Holy Communion; afternoon service for the Stoney (Sioux) Indians. Both services, etc., all in Cree. In the evening a service for the Homesteaders living near. In all three services Canon Matheson and Rev. C. R. Weaver assisted. October 21st. To Baljennie Church for Confirmation. October 22nd. Motored across the Saskatchewan to Maymont Village, where he consecrated All Saints' Church, and held a Confirmation. The Spanish influenza prevented his lecture there next night; and on his return home he found five out of seven of his household going down with the "Flu," so cancelled his engagements for the rest of the month, and remained to take his share of the nursing and household duties with the one daughter not ill. At date of writing this, October 31st, all five are in an advanced state of convalescence, and the Bishop and other daughter have escaped it.

The failure of the harvest in some districts has interfered with the canvass for the Diocesan Debt Liquidation, and the prevalence of influenza has temporarily stopped the work of collecting. But it is hoped that by December the success will be assured. Parallel with this effort, and as a part of it, the W.A. is trying to raise a fund beyond that required for the debt, the overplus to be invested in Victory Bonds as a memorial to the Bishop and Mrs. Newnham, as "The Bishop Newnham Memorial Fund," the inter-

est on this endowment to be used for the missionary work of the diocese.

The Sunday Schools of the diocese have adopted **Rev. C. W. Morris**, missionary to the Crees at Stanley, as "Own Missionary," and hope to provide a large part of his stipend. The W.A. already supports Rev. E. Ahenakew, missionary at Onion Lake, etc., as "Own Missionary."

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### The Death of W. F. Cowan.

W. F. Cowan, president of the Standard Bank of Canada, and one of the pioneers in the business and financial life of the Dominion, died suddenly at his home in Oshawa, October 28th, as a result of heart failure. Although Mr. Cowan was 88 years old, he had appeared to be in excellent health, and his death was a shock to his many friends. It was in the first half of the 19th century, when Ontario was largely a wilderness, that W. F. Cowan left his home in Trillick, County Tyrone, to come to Canada. He arrived in Toronto over 60 years ago. In later life Mr. Cowan became interested in financial enterprises, and founded the Ontario Loan and Savings Company and the Western Bank, of which his brother became president. He was also interested in the Standard Bank, which later absorbed the Western. In 1876 he became president of the Standard, a post he held with distinction to the day of his death. He was a member of the Church of England, and an active supporter of the Church at Oshawa. A service was held in the family residence, at which Rev. C. R. dePencier, of St. George's Church, presided. The remains were brought to Toronto. The service at the grave was conducted by the Bishop of Toronto.

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### The Death of Miss Pherrill.

Miss H. Winnifred Pherrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Pherrill, of St. Anne's parish, Toronto, died suddenly of pneumonia at her home on October 23rd. Miss Pherrill lived with her brother, Rev. C. O. Pherrill, during his ministry in Millbank (Diocese of Huron), and proved a devoted worker in the Church.

**Appointments, etc.**—The diocese is mourning the departure of Rev. Dr. Carpenter, Principal of Emmanuel College, after five years' work here. He has returned to his former field, India.

**Ven. Archdeacon Dewdney** has undertaken, temporarily, the work of Acting Principal, with at present one lecturer to assist him—viz. (probably), Rev. P. J. Andrews, B.A., L.Th., a graduate of the College.

**Rev. C. W. Legge** has been transferred from Blaine Lake to Manville; and Rev. E. W. Gardiner has been put in charge at Blaine Lake.

**Rev. R. W. Alexander**, from Edmonton diocese, locum tenens at Hardisty for two months, is returning to England.

**Rev. A. T. Leach, B.A., L.Th.**, Incumbent of Unity, with six other stations, was lately married.

**Rev. F. P. Shorto** has returned from England and is waiting in Toronto for his wife's arrival, when he will return to this diocese as Incumbent of Perdue.

**Rev. Dr. Carpenter**, just before leaving, was presented by the graduates and students of Emmanuel College, with a suitably engraved gold watch, and Mrs. Carpenter with a fountain-pen. They will be greatly missed.

The Bishop and family are closing Bishopsthorpe for the winter having taken a small house in Saskatoon for the cold months.

The Bishop is in immediate need of two "Priests" for work among the Crees, and three teachers for Indian Day Schools, besides two or three "Priests" for the white parishes.

\*\*\*

### IRISH NATIONALISM.

(Continued from page 714.)

time lie down beside the lamb, Mr. Hackett's book will help towards that end, the lion will never lie down inside the lamb.

He makes a good point in prophesying that Home Rule would result in a healthy disillusionment for the Nationalist Irish. If they had a government of their own, they would find that the blunders and crimes of English rule in Ireland are not peculiar. They are the blunders and crimes of all rule. Power perverts even saints, and politicians are seldom saints. Only the most vigilant criticism and, if necessary, resistance, can make any rule tolerable, whether in Church or State.

The style of the book is attractive, but when he writes of Mr. Griffith, the Sinn Fein leader: "The economics of Ireland were secondary to his hatred of England, stones of wrath in a Ulysses battle against the Manchester Cyclops," one is inclined to say like Falstaff to the magniloquent Pistol: "Deliver thy tidings like a man of this world," besides was it not the Cyclops who threw the stones? The Irish problem is a problem of reconciliation, the reconciliation of Ulster to Southern Ireland, the reconciliation of Southern Ireland to England, and Mr. Hackett's book should be of much service in this difficult and necessary task.

\*\*\*

A new born democracy was proclaimed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, a few days ago, when representatives of eighteen subject nations comprising the Democratic Mid-European Union met and adopted a constitution of independence for the 65,000,000 people of the oppressed nations of Middle Europe.

To fittingly proclaim their independence and union, a new Liberty Bell was secured, as well as a new national flag, which was unfurled alongside the Stars and Stripes flying on the roof of Independence Hall.

The bell was made by the Meneely Bell Co., of Troy, N.Y., which in 1876 cast the bell for the tower of Independence Hall in celebration of the 100th anniversary of American Independence.

## The Jolly Animals' Club

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

XVII.

### Two Little, Lonely Loons.

THEY didn't begin by being lonely—oh, not at all! On the contrary, they were having a perfectly lovely time, as you would have easily believed if you had heard them laughing.

Have you ever heard a loon laugh? If you have, I wonder if you were quite, quite sure whether it was laughing or crying. I'd like very much to know, because I could never be quite certain of it myself. There's a strange note in the laugh of a loon. It sounds just as if he hasn't a friend in the world and is trying to make the best of it, and bluff you into believing he doesn't care, while all the time he does care dreadfully.

The reason a loon laughs this way is that its funnybone is in its wing. Ours, you know, is in our elbow.

If you had been at Lake-Lonesome in the Merry Forest, or within a mile or two of it, on a certain summer night you would have heard three loons laughing, a big, plump Mother Loon and two tiny baby loons, whose names were Fluff and Duff. They were having a jolly time. Fluff and Duff were very, very young, but they were as lively as crickets and as happy as larks. A good many young birds, like robins and crows, for instance, come out of the shell without any feathers, and the mother bird has to keep them warm under her wings till they grow some. But the baby loon is much better off, for he comes into the world dressed in the prettiest, softest, cosiest suit of down that you can imagine. And you may be sure it isn't very long before he wants to look around and see what there is in the world outside of his nest.

Perhaps if you had seen their home you would have thought that Fluff and Duff wouldn't grow much wiser by stepping outside. It was a rough sort of a nest, built on a tiny island, no larger than your parlour table. There wasn't a flower on it, nothing but one small pussy willow (the pussies were all grown up and gone away) and a little grass.

But Mother Loon was wiser than you think. She did not intend her children to stay in the nest and grow lazy and troublesome. She was a wanderer herself, and she expected them to wander with her. They were too little to swim far yet, even if they had known how, but she had promised them that if they were very good all day she would take them out for a ride in the evening.

The day had been very long, but the evening came at last. They had eaten a good supper, and were all ready. "Now climb up on my back," Mother Loon said, "and hold on tight."

They climbed up quicker than wink—and the King, in his royal carriage had never a softer seat. Mother Loon stepped off the edge of the island and sailed away over the shining, rippling water.

They caught their breath, and for a minute or two never said a word. If you had seen them shivering you might have thought they were either cold or frightened. But they weren't—not a bit of it! It was just sheer

happiness. and Duff lay on the ground. Loon laughed and heard Fluff you could hear a mile away. "Well, really perched on a don't see what about. And you know that saying their bed? I'm j my babies to them behave them better. With that three loons I "The idea! there is a b prayers than ings and b well, I'd like because we ture on this to be. "Feel this on. "Smell—that's the prayers, just sweetness. colours in t and on the their prayer when we glad." An again and fisher, who dark, little. "Now, c Loon, after dive. Take tight, and. They tol scared, but just a little the surface queer feelin didn't last more, moth he had got "Oh, n "You won't time, and you should our very be danger." This was had ever somehow t what it me for several Suddenly the sound far away. Loon—alth were all h worth. "That's she said peated. "I right away must stay till I com shall be lo They sl: soft moss

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## Pans and Pots all Lose Their Spots



happiness. At last Fluff laughed, and Duff laughed, and then Mother Loon laughed. You wouldn't have heard Fluff and Duff very far, but you could have heard Mother Loon a mile away or more.

"Well, really," said a Kingfisher, perched on a tall alder near by. "I don't see what you folks find to laugh about. And it's a shame, too. Don't you know that all good little birds are saying their prayers and going to bed? I'm just going home to put my babies to bed, and if ever I catch them behaving like that I'll teach them better manners."

With that he flew away, and the three loons laughed harder than ever. "The idea!" said Mother Loon. "If there is a better way of saying your prayers than by enjoying your blessings and being thankful for them, well, I'd like to know it. We laugh because we are happy, as every creature on this lovely earth was meant to be.

"Feel this soft, cool air," she went on. "Smell the scent of the flowers—that's the way a flower says its prayers, just by breathing out its sweetness. Look at those lovely colours in the sky, and in the water, and on the hills. They are all saying their prayers, and we are saying ours when we laugh to show we are glad." And then they all laughed again and forgot about the Kingfisher, who had gone home to his dark, little nest in a sand bank.

"Now, children," said Mother Loon, after a while, "I'm going to dive. Take a good, big breath, cling tight, and don't be scared."

They told her they wouldn't be scared, but all the same they were—just a little—when they went under the surface of the water. It was a queer feeling, and they were glad it didn't last long. "Don't do it any more, mother," Duff begged when he had got his breath again.

"Oh, nonsense!" she laughed. "You won't mind it so much next time, and it is very important that you should learn to dive, for that is our very best means of getting out of danger."

This was the first Fluff and Duff had ever heard of "danger," but somehow they didn't need to ask what it meant. They were very quiet for several minutes.

Suddenly on the stillness there fell the sound of a long, shrill call from far away. "Hush!" said Mother Loon—although, to be sure, they were all hushing for all they were worth.

"That's an old friend of mine," she said when the sound was repeated. "It means that I am wanted right away. I must go at once. You must stay here on this little island till I come back. It isn't likely I shall be long."

They slid off her back on to the soft moss of the island, and she rose

with a long, curving sweep into the air. They saw her, a dark speck against the fading sunset sky, and heard her answer the call: "Halloo! halloo! halloo!" Then, as they saw the darkness closing around them and found themselves alone on the little island in the middle of Lake Lonesome, they leafed for the first time what loneliness meant.

It grew darker and darker, and they were so frightened that they clung to each other and talked in whispers. Then they began to notice the stars in the sky, and got so interested trying to count them that they forgot their loneliness. There was so much in the world to learn, and they were such beautiful lessons. Why should they be afraid,

Then the moon rose from behind the trees, and the world, which a short time before had been all gold and rose and green, was changed to blue and silver and grey. They had never dreamed of wonders like this.

"Aren't you glad you are not a little kingfisher, buried in a sand bank?" asked Fluff.

"I tell you what," answered Duff, thoughtfully, "I'd like to go and wake up those little kingfishers and get them to come out with us. I don't suppose their stupid mother has ever given them a chance to see the world."

"I'd like to do that, too," said Fluff, "but how can we? It's too far to swim to shore, even if we knew how, and we haven't had any swimming lessons yet."

Just then a turtle swam close to their island. Fluff jumped up and called to him, "Oh, Mr. Turtle, won't you please take us ashore? We are all alone, and we want to get the little kingfishers to come out and play with us."

"What?" snapped the Turtle, crossly, and Fluff explained all over again.

The Turtle's wicked little eyes twinkled, and he said, "All right. Jump on."

They jumped on his back, but it was hard and smooth and awfully slippery, and they had a hard time to stay on. The fact is, they didn't stay on more than a couple of minutes, for that wicked young Turtle, who was fonder of a joke than you might think, to look at him, suddenly dived.

Poor Fluff and Duff found themselves struggling in the water, and they just had to swim without a single lesson. Being so young and tiny, they couldn't have swum far, but just as they were about to sink they heard a queer sound above their heads—which was nothing less than the foghorn of Swooper, the Night-hawk. He swooped so low that his wings touched the water. Then he seized the two little, lonely loons in his claws—very gently—and carried them away to his own nest, which wasn't really a nest at all, but just a tiny hollow under a hazel bush. He told them to lie still while he kept watch for their mother. This they were glad to do, and before long she came and carried them home.

As they were starting out Swooper said, "As soon as the little ones are a bit stronger, bring them to the Jolly Animals' Club. They nearly lost their lives trying to do a kindness to those little kingfishers, and there will be a welcome for them and you in the Cave of Fireflies whenever you care to come."

"You little darlings," laughed Mother Loon, softly, reaching her head around and kissing them lovingly. "I have wanted for a long time to belong to the Jolly Animals' Club, but haven't been able to get in."

Fluff and Duff didn't understand what Swooper and their mother were talking about, but they soon found that the Cave of Fireflies was just another wonder in this wonderful, beautiful world.

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## Boys and Girls

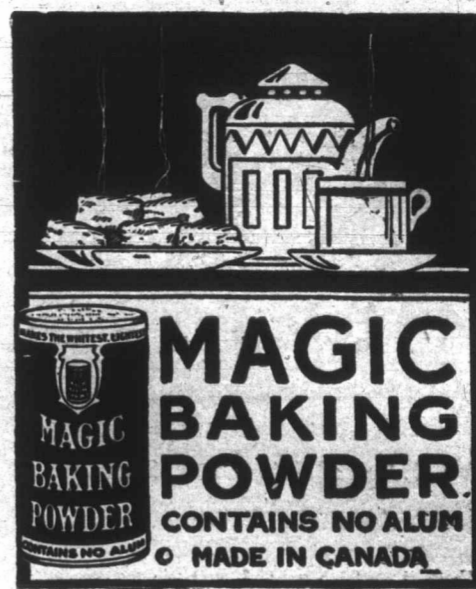
My dear Cousins,—

I looked eagerly in my mail on Saturday, wondering whether any of you had found time and energy enough to write to me, but no letters were there, and indeed, it was rather too bad of me to expect any, really, as the paper doesn't come out till Thursday, which means that many of you don't see it till Friday or Saturday. But you must forgive an old Cousin who didn't hear from his younger cousins for six months, and is very anxious to get into touch with them again. He has great hopes too, especially from Toronto cousins who have still another week's holiday from school, and so, possibly, may have more time to spare. I say "possibly," because I know that even if the epidemic isn't so bad now, there are still people who are sick or convalescent, and who need help and care, just as much as they can get. And it's almost more valuable when one is convalescent, for that's just the time when people are out of bed and begin to think that perhaps they ought to get busy and do things, though they really haven't the energy to start, and ought to take things very easy.

You may wonder what people under sixteen can do then. It's easy to see that a person in bed needs attention, but not so easy when they're up and dressed. Well, you can always run errands. If my memory of under-sixteen-days serves me right, there are always errands to be run in this world. You can do what a thirteen-year-old cousin of mine is doing—take charge of two little children for two or three hours a day, playing with them and keeping them out of the house, while their mother, who is convalescent, enjoys a good rest. This cousin is a girl, but upon my word, I don't see why boy-cousins shouldn't take care of children, too, if there's the need of it.

There are a hundred and one schemes for making things easier in your own home or somebody else's, once you begin to think about it. And if you can do nothing else, you can write a letter—nice, merry sort of a letter—to cheer them up, and, when there is no danger of catching the influenza yourselves, you can go and visit people, and that *always* counts—more than you know. I have a sister who had a great way of going to visit old people who were sick, when she was only about cousin-age, long before she had passed sixteen, and they all loved her. I used to wonder how she did it, because when I tried it, I used to find it rather difficult to find things to talk about, and I'm afraid I let a good many opportunities slip; but by the time I'd done a little more, I began to find out that it wasn't so hard. They wanted to hear about school and games and all the things I liked, even though they were so much older, because it gave them something fresh to think about after I'd gone. And you'll find that, too, if you try it.

Well, I hope you'll be sending me some poems and tales soon, and besides, I want to hear about what you did in the summer—who helped on farms, who stayed at home and looked after the garden, and everything. I went on a farm myself, but I fear I didn't do a great deal of strenuous work. Anyway, I did look after the baby chicks and I brought up four ducks right from the day they were hatched. You never saw such lovely ducks in your life. When I left them, they were so tame that they ate their porridge (yes, even the ducks had porridge!!) out of my hand, and when I went across and called out: "Ducky, ducky!" they said "quack—qu-a-a-ck, qu-a-a-ck," very loudly, and came running along to meet me from all sorts of hidden places. They liked the water—not like a duck I knew once, whose name was Joseph. He was very



fat and very white, but he was kept in a back-yard where there wasn't any water, so he didn't have much oil on his feathers. His mistress used to wash him by turning the hose on him, chasing him into a corner, and simply drenching him. One day, she thought she'd give him a treat, so she took him down to a park where there was a pond, and put him in it. But poor Joseph!! He'd never tried to swim since he was a baby. His feathers were all out of order, and after splashing about a bit, he actually began to sink!! And his mistress had to give two little boys a dime each to go and rescue him! Can you imagine it? I knew Joseph personally myself, but I never saw him try to swim. I also knew his mistress, and how fond she is of a joke, but still, she solemnly declares it's a true story. What's your idea about it?

Your affectionate

Cousin Mike.

## GOING TO SCHOOL.

Down the lane to school we go,  
Never too fast and never too slow.  
Never a-stopping to talk or play,  
Never a-loitering on the way,  
Never a-halting for trees to climb,  
Never a-guessing there's plenty of time,  
Never a-pausing to see the view,  
Never a-looking for something new,  
Never a-turn from the road that's straight,  
And that's the reason we Never are late.

## ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

An observer says: Do you know that at home in the woods a squirrel has two cages, or dreys, as his nests are called? The winter one is placed in the cleft of a tree between two branches, and is often very large, for squirrels do not like north winds, and try to shelter themselves as much as they can. The summer nest is not unlike a bird's, and is perched high up on a waving bough, as far as possible from the reach of unwelcome visitors. Should the mother squirrel catch sight of one of these, she will leap from branch to branch with a squirrel cub in her mouth until all are carried away to a place of safety.

## Kink in the Back

You bend over and can scarcely get straightened up again. This comes on you so suddenly you can't understand it.


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**ENGLAND.**

You have gathered together the sons of all races,  
And welded them into one,  
Lifting the torch of your Freedom on  
hungering faces  
That sailed to the setting sun.

You that have made of mankind in  
your own proud regions  
The music of man to be,  
How should the old earth sing of  
you, now as your legions  
Rise to set all men free?

How should the singer that knew the  
proud vision and loved it,  
In the days when not all men knew,  
Gaze, through his tears, on the light,  
now the world has approved it,  
Or dream, when the dream comes  
true?

How should he sing when the Spirit  
of Freedom in thunder  
Speaks, and the wine-press is red;  
And the sea-winds are loud with the  
chains that are broken asunder  
And nations that rise from the  
dead?

Flag of the sky, proud flag of that  
wide communion,  
Too mighty for thought to scan;  
Flag of the many in one, and that  
last world-union  
That kingdom of God in man.

Ours was a dream, in the night of  
that last federation,  
But yours is the glory unfurled—  
The marshalled nations and stars  
that shall make one nation  
One singing star of the world.  
—Alfred Noyes, in the Yale Review.

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During the absence of the Vicar of a country parish somewhere in England, the Sunday duty was undertaken by the Chaplains who were attached to a camp near by and the visiting by a neighbouring cleric. The latter, in the course of his visitation called upon an old lady who greeted him thusly: "Tell me, sir, be you a real clergyman or only one of they Chaplains?"

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**AN UNHARMED CRUCIFIX.**

Outside the walls of the ancient windmill (of the Cistercian Monastery on the summit of the Mont des Cats) has been so completely demolished that it barely makes a heap of rubbish a few feet high. Yet between this remnant of the windmill and the shattered walls, on which it is difficult to find one square foot which is not pitted with shell-marks, there stands absolutely untouched, a great, tall crucifix, with the figure of our Saviour, with wide-stretched arms, as if still offering His bare breast to the guns which would not harm Him, while everything around was swept out of existence. There have been many similar instances in the course of this battle, but there will always stand out conspicuously in my mind, namely, the famous Madonna of Montauban, unscathed, while the whole church in which she had stood had been blown from around her; the tall figures of Christ and the Virgin, one on each side of the shattered altar, at Chipilly, as I recently described; and, most wonderful of all, I think, this untouched crucifix on the Mont des Cats.—The Times.

For the first time at last Easter, the Ceremony of the Holy Fire was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre without the presence of Turkish soldiers. The English were in command at Jerusalem and had determined that this year the ceremony should be observed without the presence of a single soldier. It was a bold decision to make, but the plan was actually carried through greatly to the credit of Colonel Storrs, the Military Governor, who was present at the church with his staff. There was intense excitement. The church was packed to the doors. The Greeks, the Armenians and Copts were there—intensely jealous of each other. At times it seemed as if rioting was just about to break out, and as the priests within the tomb passed out the sacred fire through tapers there were a few moments of struggle.

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