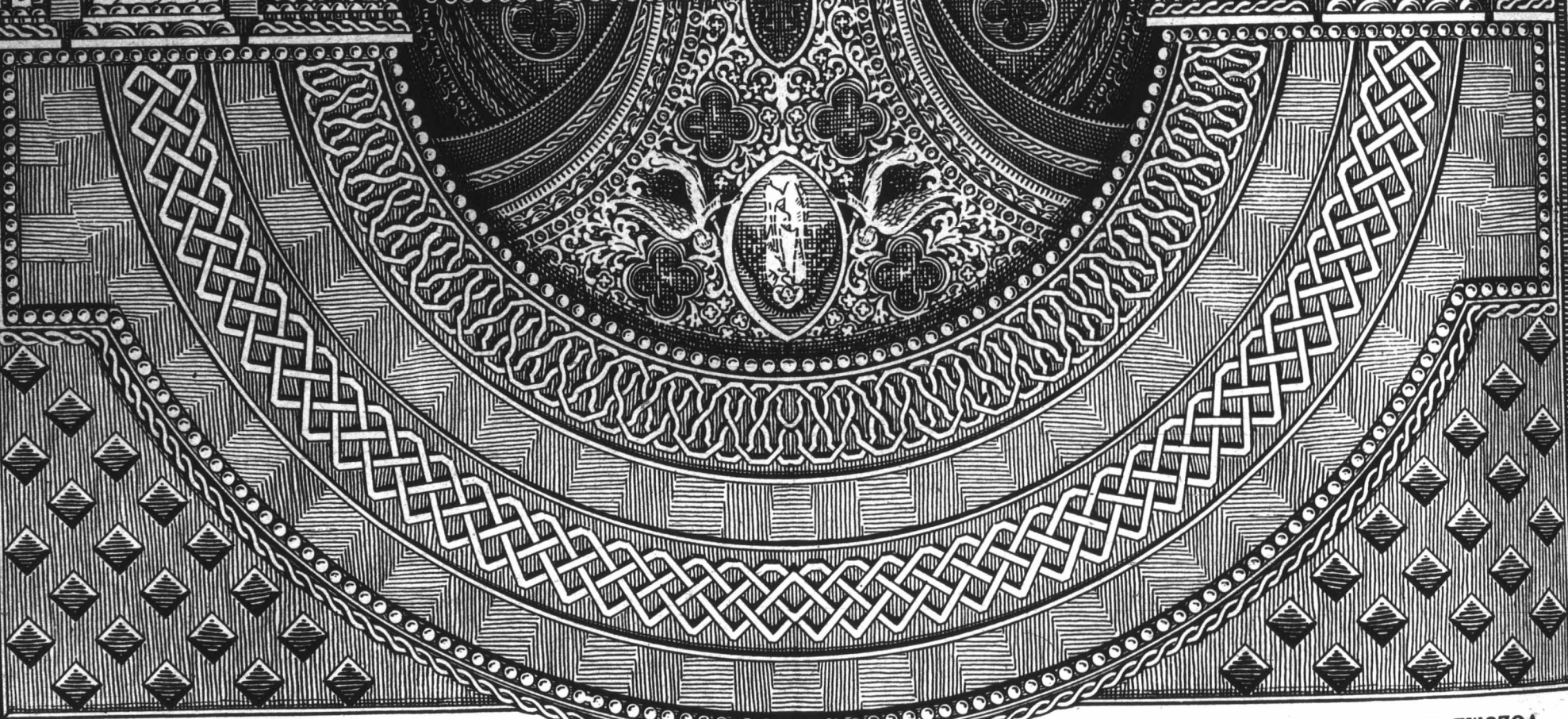


JOHN 20: 16, 28, 31.

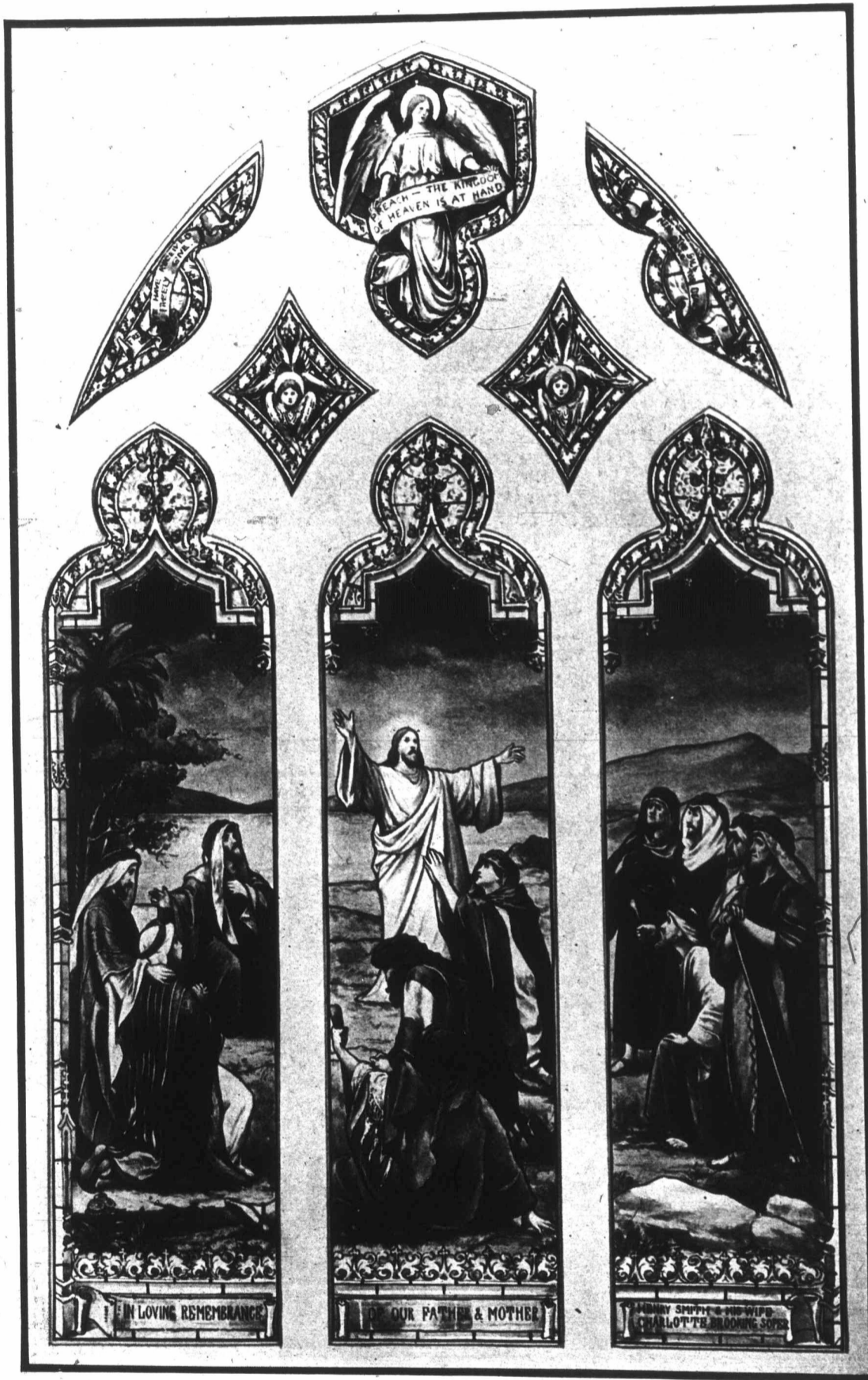
Where have ye laid him?
 Where have ye laid him? In what tomb
 Of ancient creed or modern doubt;
 In depths of philosophic gloom
 Close wrapped with wildering words about
 Give me my Lord! to soothe, to save,
 Or I sink deeper than the grave.
 "Give me my Lord! Your subtle thoughts
 But mock the hunger of the soul:
 I turn from all your love hath brought!
 Give me my Lord to make me whole,
 To calm my tears, my guilt remove,
 Give me my Lord, for he is none."



Thurston

coldest days of
 home from
 grave the old
 ark; but when
 had a sick head
 about coasting
 muse four-year
 lay down for
 kind of a boy
 abbles," he said,
 kitchen, where
 utiful soap-suds
 and they blew
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 "W, making them
 rainbows.
 "I'll keep 'em"
 re so pretty!"
 o Benny's wife
 a piece of an
 anket, and car-
 shed, spread it
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 hen, going back
 said:—
 ing out into the
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 I'll wrap you
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 "You keep on
 "You keep on
 Lulu, cheerfully,
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 and each bright
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 from the country,
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 mists."
 epeated, "You
 the girl blushed
 e again repeated:
 conductor began
 girl, "they do say
 home, but I don't
 say it out loud."

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A HAPPY EASTER TO YOU ALL

Editorial

THE central truth of Christianity is the Resurrection of Christ. Even without it we might have groped our way to the idea of an incarnation by inferring it from the perfection of the teachings and life of Christ. But the fact of the Resurrection establishes the fact of the Incarnation.

It is to be borne in mind that the testimony for the Resurrection is not limited to the Gospel narratives. In St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians he writes: "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how

was built on the fact of Easter. The Empty Tomb of Christ is such an embarrassing point with those who would speak of the Easter Message without the basis of the fact of Easter that one well-known writer of decidedly radical tendency accounts for the idea of the Empty Tomb in somewhat this fashion: that the women did not exactly remember the grave on Easter morning and as they came to one a young man wishing to direct them accurately said: "He is not here, he is —" and the rest of the sentence was lost by the women who fled in fright to spread the story of the Resurrection. That is the serious attempt of a writer who respects his reputation.

righteousness. Everyone who hopes for Immortality through Christ must understand that a condition of realizing it is that we shall live in the light of it here and now. That is one aspect of the truth that we HAVE Eternal Life now, from the time we are new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Another thing that is sometimes missed is the fact that we worship not only a Risen Christ but a *Living* Christ. The Resurrection of Christ was simply an incident in His life, it was the resumption of a state of life. To think of Christ having lived nineteen hundred years ago and having then passed from the sphere of our life is an error which the early Christians avoided bet-



THE FIRST EASTER DAWN

that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3; 4). That carries the tradition back to within at least five years of the Resurrection of Christ, according to the reckoning of the time of St. Paul's conversion, indeed the majority of writers place the conversion within two or three years, but five is the outside suggestion. Five years is not time enough for the growth of any legend and myth. And legend and myth do not grow in the bright sunlight of general knowledge and interest. As St. Paul pointed out to the Corinthians there were many alive in their day to whom they could appeal to test the truth of his statements.

It is quite true to say that the Christian Church was built on the Easter Faith and the Easter Message. But it is not the whole truth, for the Easter Faith and the Easter Message

It was a Risen Christ Who brought Life and Immortality to light. After the partings and griefs of the past years some of us have entered into that truth in a way we never did before. We realize that our loved ones are with Christ on the other side of the veil. As the day of life draws on towards sunset some feel that they have more friends on that side than on this. How glorious to know that not in the shadowy halls of gloom do they wander longing for a return to this better state but that it is as St. Paul writes: "to depart and be with Christ is far better."

But, we do not wait until we pass over to feel the effects of that Risen Life. Here and now by the grace of God those who are justified in Him, accepted by The Father through Him, are dead unto sin but alive unto righteousness. It is the power of Him Who raised Jesus from the dead which will raise us from sin to the life of

ter than we. It is easier to think of the influence of His life and teachings living on and continuing. But, that is not Apostolic Christianity. Clearly they saw and clearly we must see that Christ is the Living Christ active here and now. What a tremendous difference that would make in the life of our Church and ourselves. When St. Paul says: "Not I, but Christ liveth in me" we catch something of his meaning as we hold to this thought. It is where the strait ethical aspect of religion becomes tinged with the mystic. We come into another truth—the Indwelling of Christ by the Spirit of God. It is the ignoring of this truth which accounts for a great deal of our weakness and paralysis.

So the fact of the Resurrection is not one that is detached from great ethical teaching of Christ regarding life and its duties. For it is a supreme help that we may attain to the fulness of the stature of Sons of God in Christ Jesus.

The Quiet Hour

Rev. Canon G. OSBORNE TROOP, M.A.

"I HAVE THE KEYS."

NO more glorious Easter message can be found than that contained in the triumphant words of our Risen and Glorified Lord to St. John:—

"Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades."

The true title of the last book in the Bible is not "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," but "The Revelation of Jesus Christ." The book is written, not to reveal St. John, but to reveal, or unveil, our blessed Lord and Master. In the Revelation we see Him, alive from the dead, exercising all authority, both in heaven and on earth, as the victorious Lamb of God, that hath taken away the sin of the world. This heavenly vision of the living and reigning Christ was never more needed than in our own day. In this world, so full of sin and pain and death and mourning, how reassuring is that calm, majestic Voice, "Fear not. . . . I have the keys." Not only on earth is He supreme, but in that mysterious region beyond the grave He holds the keys as sovereign Lord and Master. He has passed through all human experience, and in our nature is now supreme in both worlds. "I was dead," He says, as one looking back upon it all, "and behold, I am alive for evermore." Death and all connected with death are under His control. "I have the keys of death and of Hades."

How unspeakably restful is the thought that He holds the keys of the spirit world! What an all-sufficient answer is here to the audacious claims of Spiritism! The spirits of the dead are under His lock and key. No one passes out nor in save through His permission. He is the one medium between us and our loved ones who have gone before. They are absent from the body, but "at home" with the Lord. Through Him Who has the keys we are still in touch with them and they with us. We cannot see them, nor can we even see Him, save with the eye of faith. But He sees both them and us. Majestically He lays one Hand on their dear heads and one on ours, saying unto them and unto us, "Fear not!" We need no other intercourse meanwhile with the blessed dead. He holds us together in unbroken unity in the Holy Ghost the Comforter "until the day break and the shadows flee away" before the coming glory of the eternal reunion with Him and with each other. Dear fellow-mourner, let us lift up our hearts in sure and certain hope, for "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

"Death doth hide, but not divide;
Thou art but on Christ's other side;
Thou art with Christ, and Christ with me,
Therefore together still are we."

The lawyer may not, cannot, purify his profession, but he can be a pure member in it. The merchant cannot stop the iniquitous practices of trade, but he can be an honest merchant or else go out of business. The mother may not be able to keep down the shallow standards that bewitch her daughters, but she can pitch the key of her own life so high that the dignity of her soul will rebuke these standards and disarm them of their power. The father may not be able to keep his sons from temptations, but he can himself desist from the filthy habit, the loose language, the indifferent life that his admiring child is more likely to copy from him than from anyone else. Our lives cannot escape disappointments and weakness; but if we could only have faith in the efficacy of doing all we can, until faith ripens into faithfulness, there would flow into our lives a sweetness, a strength, and a peace that will ultimately overflow into the world, and into eternity.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Letters of a Prairie Parson

Dear Mr. Pink,—

I am glad you have sufficient sense of humour to carry you cheerfully through the kind of meetings we sometimes strike out in the country. (I never knew a sinner could be thankful for any sin until the other day, when I was assured by an earnest fellow Christian that a sense of humour was sinful.)

Since then I have attempted to write very serious letters, beginning, "I hope you are well as this leaves me at present. The snow is quite white here in places." But it was too great a restraint.

But to come back to this question of meetings. I know the kind quite well. They are far too common. I think a meeting should be an education in courtesy, orderliness and business-like directness. Too often it is something like this:—

The chairman is there on time—possibly, not probably. The people dribble in, having discussed weather, feed, prices, diseases, etc., outside. An hour or two after the time appointed for the meeting, the chairman calls the meeting to order. But someone else is seen coming in the far distance, so further opportunity for comparing troubles and pains is given.

The reason for this unreasonable delay is not excessive politeness; it is because the chairman, having surveyed the audience, sees no one there who is likely to say anything, and looks to the latest arrival with trembling hope.

Eventually, someone discovers that the person in the far distance is a wandering cow. The meeting having begun (some time before midnight), the secretary reads the minutes of the last meeting, if he happens to have them with him. A long silence follows, after which the ladies present begin to discuss the sugar situation, and the men talk of their plans for the coming season. The chairman, hearing every one talking, thinks it wise to throw the talking-machinery out of gear, as it were, before it gets out of control. He meekly suggests that someone move the minutes be adopted. A murmur is heard in one corner, which the chairman triumphantly interprets as the necessary motion. "Anyone second that?" he asks hopefully. Half-a-dozen simultaneously oblige. (People gladly "second" motions. It can be done with a minimum of mental effort.) The motion is carried unanimously.

But Mr. Black, who has been trying earnestly to trade a cow to Mr. White during these proceedings, suddenly realizes that something has been decided, and introduces a discussion on the minutes, which branches off in all directions, like the runners of a strawberry plant that hide the parent stem. Meanwhile, the chairman looks on helplessly, until the light of intelligence gleams from his eyes with sudden glory, and he decides that all this discussion is out of order.

The meeting proceeds when everyone has recovered from this shock.

The secretary hunts through a pile of papers and further opportunity is given for quiet (?) conversation. At last a letter is found, and order having been partially restored, it is read. It is very long and very dry, but the audience listens with loyal patience, and wonders what it is all about. The chairman can't quite grasp it either, and asks that it be read again!

The clock having struck midnight, one or two sneak out with muttered apologies about "chores" and early rising. At length the chairman asks vaguely, "What do you think about this letter?" Thoughts are evidently too deep for words, judging by the painful silence. It is decided to "leave it over." The meeting proceeds.

The chairman, lapsing again into intelligence, suggests that as it is getting a bit late, we had better take up the programme for the evening, which is an address by Mr. Green on "The League of Nations." But Mr. Brown would like the opportunity to say "a few words." (Ominous phrase; this!) Having spoken for half-an-hour, and having carried on a heated and personal argument with six or seven individuals, sometimes all talking at once, the secretary nudges the

(Continued on page 214.)

The Bible Lesson

Rev. CANON HOWARD, M.A.,
Montreal, P.Q.

First Sunday after Easter, April 11th, 1920.

Subject: The Stilling of the Tempest
St. Luke 8: 22-25.

1. "Let us go Over." It was the Lord's suggestion that they should cross the lake. The western side was a busy, populous district. Wherever Jesus went he was surrounded by crowds. On the eastern side the country was comparatively uninhabited. Barren hills approach within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and it is spoken of in the Gospels as "a desert place." With direct purpose Jesus sought these places of retirement that He might commune with the Father, and that He might guide the life of His disciples into habits of contemplation and prayer. A modern preacher says, "It is the whole tendency of the times to depersonalize man: we live, move and think in crowds. The typical life is the life of the crowded town. Even when we are reading alone, it is the newspaper or the magazine that we read. The old habit of reading master-books was one which helped men to think for themselves; but reading the newspapers is just listening to the voices of the crowd. And the atmosphere of the crowd is always one of hurry, restlessness and confusion." We need the separation that we may view the crowded life in its true perspective and realize our own place in it, and also that we may get into closer personal touch with God.

2. Jesus fell asleep. It is a strange thought to us this of Jesus sleeping in the storm-tossed boat. It seems natural to think of Him keeping lonely vigils of prayer and spiritual communion with the Father, but to think of Him asleep is not in accordance with our usual thought of Him. It shows two truths regarding Him: (1) He was weary with service in which, like ourselves, He experienced all the exhaustion natural to men after strenuous work. (2) He had that detachment of spirit which made it possible to cast aside all care. He taught His disciples the value of trust without anxiety. It is an illustration by example of that which He taught in His little parable concerning the lily and the bird. "Be not anxious," was one of His injunctions to those to whom He showed how God careth for us. To know God's presence and to be able to rest in the assurance of His care is one of the highest attainments of spiritual peace.

3. The anxious disciples seemed to think it strange that Jesus could rest while they were anxious and afraid. They had not learned His secret of peace. He attributed their fear to lack of faith. "Where is your faith?" They had not yet learned that His presence in that boat was their security, and that where He is no ill can come. It was rather a fretful and anxious appeal they made to Him. For answer He manifested His power over the forces of nature. "He rebuked the wind and the raging of the water." The Gospels for the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Sundays after Epiphany are most instructive as showing our Lord's self-manifestation by miracle. All power was given unto Him, power over disease, over nature and over evil spirits. Later on He manifested His power over death in the crowning miracle of the Resurrection.

4. Faith was called forth. Gradually these disciples were learning their lesson of trust and formulating in their minds a true conception of His Divine power. "Who is this that He commandeth even the winds and the waters, and they obey Him?" It was in various ways of manifestation that they learned to believe, as was expressed by St. Peter, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God." These outward signs were aids to their faith. They helped to assure them of that which was revealed by the Father which is in Heaven.

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The Need of To-day The Truth of Easter

Rev. Principal O'Meara, LL.D., Toronto

WHAT a wonderful book the Bible is and how marvellously are its truths and teachings applicable to the conditions in which we are at present living. St. Paul, writing to the Philippian Christians in the early years of the Christian era, expresses in these wonderful words the most outstanding and pressing need of the hour: "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection." In the midst of all the chaos and turmoil of our day, the greatest need of the human heart is to know Christ per-

reach, in knowing Christ and the marvellous irresistible power of His resurrection. Possessed of this we shall not only have outward equipment and success, but men and women who by life, by service, by sacrifice, by suffering are able to manifest daily the dynamic of Him who on that first Easter Day rose victorious over even death itself.

But what is power? In nature it is manifested in the shining of the sun, in the wind storm, in the green grass and budding trees of spring time. In the realm of intellect it is that which enables

"It is finished." The soldiers pierced His side and from the wound there came forth both water and blood, for the process of death was complete. They carried the dear body to the tomb. The great stone was rolled to the door. The seal of the highest authority in the land was set thereto, and the Roman soldiers kept their watch, and yet in spite of all that man could do even death itself was conquered, and on that first Easter morning Jesus Christ rose again and said "All hail."

It is the glorious and welcome teaching of Easter time that the power by which Jesus Christ rose from the dead is within the reach of the humblest believer who will adopt as his ambition and prayer the words of St. Paul: "That I too may know Him and the power of His resurrection."

It is well, however, that we should always bear in mind that this power of Christ can only be obtained on certain conditions. Thank God they are conditions which all of us can fulfil.

There must be simplicity of faith. Our Lord



THE RETURN FROM CALVARY. By Schmaltz.

sonally and experimentally as Saviour, Friend and Lord.

Was there ever a time in the history of the world that the truth and message of Easter were more needed than now? Was there ever a time since the days of St. Paul that the cry of the hearts of sincere Christians could be better expressed than in the words: "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection?"

The greatest natural desire of the human heart is for power. This statement may be challenged by many with the reply that men are more anxious for money, for knowledge, for position in the community than for power. But why is this the case? Simply because each of these in turn means that the possessor of it has more power. This is certainly true of the Christian Church. We have to-day equipment, organization, financial support and tireless activity as never before, but so often there seem to be lacking the living touch which alone can make them mighty for God. So may the message and teaching of this Easter bring a new and fresh revelation to many a weary and baffled heart, showing us that that for which we long is easily within our

reach, in knowing Christ and the marvellous irresistible power of His resurrection. But what is spiritual power? Inwardly expressed, it is that which possessing I am able to conquer myself, to overcome temptation, to say an unhesitating "No," to that which is attractive but not altogether right, to do hard things for the sake of Christ and those whom we serve in His name. Outwardly manifested power is that which enables me to acknowledge Christ as my personal Saviour when in the company of those who make light of His precious name. It is that which enables me to speak a clear word of testimony of Him to one to whom the message may not be altogether welcome. Power is that which possessing I can reach out and lift up the fallen, and lead the weary one back to God. Spiritual power can be obtained only from God. It comes down from Him, transforms my poor weak life and leads me out in service in winning others for Christ.

The greatest manifestation of power which the world has ever seen was revealed to us in the event which we celebrate and manifest forth to the world on Easter Day. On the cross He said

to Martha: "If thou wouldest believe thou shouldst see the glory of God." The spirit of doubt and questioning which has crept into our modern Christianity may be considered as doing great honour to the intellectual faculties of men, but it undoubtedly is robbing the Church of its spiritual power and paralyzing an earnest Christian as he faces the unprecedented opportunities of these days.

If we desire to know the power of Christ's resurrection *all known sin must be put out of our lives.* How clearly God taught His people this great lesson as they stood on the threshold of the Promised Land. They had taken the great city of Jericho, and Ai seemed such a small city and worthy of the services of only a small part of the army of Israel, yet God's people were utterly discomfited before the little city of Ai. The secret of the failure was not difficult to find. Achan had disobeyed God's law and had hidden the forbidden treasure under the floor of his tent. Sin harboured in the individual life, or in the Church of Christ, means spiritual paralysis; helpless weakness and failure. At all cost it must

(Continued on page 222.)

The Monks in Mount Athos

Rev. W. H. H. SPARKS, B.A., Toronto

Major Sparks was Hospital Chaplain at No. IV. General Hospital, Salonica, from October 1915 to December, 1916.

ON September 28th, 1916, I embarked on T.B. No. . . . , commanded by Lieut. A. . . . , an exceedingly nice fellow. The trip from Salonica to Athos, a distance of 110 miles, was accomplished easily in six hours.

To-day's voyage was on a warm autumn day, cloudless and almost windless. We steamed swiftly down the Gulf of Salonica, passing the huge mountain chain of Olympus on the west side of the gulf, with its deeply-cleft peak some 35 miles off. *En route* we passed close by the wreck of a transport, torpedoed nearly a year ago and still lying where she had been beached. Her bows project out of the water, her engines are completely submerged and therefore (so I am informed by my naval host) they will remain undamaged, so that after the war, it will be worth while refloating the ship for the sake of the engines alone. As we passed Cassandra Bay, we saw an allied airship, cruising over the gulf, searching for enemy submarines, of which there are still some about the Aegean.

The approach to Athos from the western side, is most impressive. The southern end of the peninsula rises steeply to a dizzy height, finishing in a sharp peak, capped by a small white building—a sanctuary of some sort. On the slopes of the densely wooded hills are numerous monasteries and *skiti* (hermitages), some near the beach others farther up the hills. We came to the little port of Daphne, opposite the Russian monastery or Rossikon, also called Pantelimon after its patron saint. The main building has numerous cupolas with green roofs and gilded spires. There are also numerous outlying modern buildings or barracks of five or six stories, with three or four tiers of balconies facing the sea. These are for the lodgment of pilgrims, of whom thousands come in peace time from Russia. Each pilgrim stays for two or three weeks, as a rule.

We were rowed ashore in the ship's dinghy and received at the landing stage by a long-bearded monk with long, black hair rolled into coil and tucked up inside a tall, black, brimless hat. He wore long, black robes and thick shoes. He was evidently the interpreter of the community and greeted us courteously in French. He led us up to the monastery where, after a few minutes, the chief monk, the archimandrite Missail, came to greet us in the huge reception rooms, furnished with sofas set around the walls and with scores of cane chairs, scattered up and down. After perusing my letters of introduction from the Russian consul in Salonica, the abbe ordered a guest room to be prepared for the night. I was then shown over the monastery by the French-speaking monk. Of the 1,200 monks belonging to Pantelimon, 200 are now serving as soldiers with the Russian Army. The monastery possesses twenty chapels, of which we inspected about half a dozen, all heavily gilt but with a great sameness of design. In most of them service was going on, with a few monks scattered about each chapel, standing in their stalls, holding on to the arms on each side. As we walked through, each monk would interrupt his devotions in order to salute us with a deep bow. The refectory is a large hall, set out with long wooden tables on which are spread iron enamelled dishes for each monk, some empty, others already containing a green hash of cold vegetables. Opposite every two or three places stands a wine-bottle, but it contains vinegar. The monks, however, do get wine to drink, so I am told. During meals they improve their minds by contemplating a lurid picture of the last Judgment along one wall, or another cartoon representing the nightmare of a dying monk. Meanwhile, they listen in breathless silence to readings from the lives of the Saints, read on alternate days in Russian and in Greek.

I was taken through the monastic hospitals, containing some sixty or seventy patients. They

are treated by a monk without medical education, who has picked up a smattering of medical knowledge. Nearly all the patients were past middle age, some of them very old indeed. There were a few cases of phthisis and of cardiac weakness, but most seemed to be suffering from fever, which, judging from the history of regular intermissions, sounded like malaria.

My naval friend returned to his ship. Meanwhile, a procession of dyspeptic and astigmatic monks crowded in to see me. After polishing them off, I was conducted to supper in high state with the archimandrite, in his special dining hall. We started off with prayers, in front of an illuminated ikon in the corner; then we fell to eating our food, myself, the abbe Missail, my French-speaking guide of to-day and my guide of to-morrow, who only speaks Russian and Greek. Accordingly, I had to take the plunge and make the best of my recent lessons in Russian at Salonica. Each diner has a pile of cold plates, six or seven, in front of him.

A STRANGE MEAL.

As each course was finished, the corresponding plate was removed. One knife and fork did duty throughout the meal. The supper consisted of sardines, salad, vegetable soup, fish (heads), small cuttle-fish, more fish (tails), rice with sugar, grapes and Turkish coffee. Each of us had two decanters of wine, white and red. After supper I was conducted by the abbe to my room, where he expressed great admiration of my electric lamp, so much so, that I felt I might have to make a present of it to him ere leaving the monastery. I am to start off for Karyes tomorrow at daybreak—i.e., 12 o'clock by Turkish time, which is five and a-half hours earlier than Salonica reckoning. The monastery clock, outside my windows, has a fine belfrey with two enormous Russian bells, of which the larger weighs 1,200 kilos. They, however, are only sounded on festal days, so I did not hear them.

I sleep to-night in a clean and comfortable room on the third floor, with two windows overlooking the sea, surrounded by pictures of saints, apostles and archimandrites. A marble washstand with cold water tap is built into one corner; in the other is a marble spittoon. I am provided with an oil lamp, two candles, a couple of Russian religious books, a carafe of water and a decanter of white wine. The bed has two huge pillows and one thin, little blanket. Thank goodness, I brought my cavalry leather-lined overcoat with me.

September 29th.—This morning I was called at six and left Pantelimon half an hour later, accompanied by Father Pima, an elderly Russian-speaking monk. He first of all led me to the monastic pig sty, where forty fat porkers were exhibited to me. It transpired that these were to be sold to the French Army, but that a medical certificate of their health was necessary before the French would accept delivery. (This certificate I gaily furnished (knowing nothing of pig's ailments). Then we really started on our expedition across the peninsula, towards Karyes. The monk and I rode mules, sitting on pack-saddles, whilst a third mule loaded with my portmanteau and camera, was driven by a muleteer. In front of us marched a Greek soldier, armed to the teeth, with about 100 rounds of ammunition slung around him. He is to act as our guide and protector. The total Greek garrison consists of seven men. I hope my departure wont seriously upset the military situation. Before very long, it became evident that neither my Russian monk nor the Greek warrior knew anything about the geography of the peninsula, beyond finding their way to Karyes. We rode in Indian file, along the roughest road I have ever known, winding through the forest. Not a bird sang, not a wild animal moved, the whole place

was steeped in monastic silence. After a three-hours' ride, we reached the outskirts of Karyes. My monastic friend, however, took me first to the Russian *skite* of St. Andreas, a large, modern pile, about sixty years old, sheltering three hundred monks, richly stocked with numerous gaudy chapels, some of them being larger than many a parish church in England, and all of them resplendent in fresh gilding and paint. The domes of this building are queer cupolas, each surmounted with a Russian spire, from which hang gilded chains with large beads on them. The abbot received us in the reception hall. I was duly sat down on a sofa in the centre of one wall, the various head monks draped themselves around, and tea was produced, together with a dry rusk.

Before the mid-day meal, we went on, about half a mile, to Karyes village itself, a squalid, ill-built hamlet, with tortuous, cobble-paved lanes. We made our way to the council house. Here we climbed a wooden stair leading to a primitive verandah, off which opened the council chamber itself, a room about 20 feet long by 15 feet broad. Three sides of this are occupied by a divan with a white linen cover. Within five minutes all the councillors appeared and sat down in their black robes and brimless hats. I also sat on the divan. The chief archimandrite, or prot-epistatus, of the peninsula, Grigentius by name, sat in an arm-chair at one end and the whole council pricked up its ears, like a lot of gossipy old wives. I did my best in Russian, duly translated into Greek by my friend, old Pima, and the assembly was polite and sympathetic. Sweets, water and black coffee were promptly produced, my letters of introduction were read and questions as to the progress of the war were fired at me as fast as my poor brain could grapple with the Russian version. Then providence intervened, in the form of a younger monk, Father Peter, who had spent a year or two in the United States and had there acquired a moderate fluency in bad American. Whenever he meant *yes* he said *sure* with a good nasal twang. I explained my desire to visit as many monasteries as possible in the time at my disposal and further asked that the American-speaking monk might be added to my retinue. This was promptly agreed to, and I was accorded a letter of authority to all the monasteries, empowering me to visit them and enjoining them to receive me with every hospitality. I was also presented with a volume of photographic views of the various monasteries, suitably inscribed with a flowing dedication in Greek. It having been emphasized in my letters that I was a doctor, several members of the council promptly jumped at the chance of free medical advice. The prot-epistatus himself led off, he had moderate cardiac dropsy and bronchitis. Two other councillors had minor ailments, chiefly due to want of work, I should judge, and to the monastic life as a whole. The council possesses a very picturesque native guard, looking like figures from a comic opera, with long, woolly hair and beards, white jackets and kilts (the latter sticking out like a dancer's skirts), boots with turned-up toes, and a whole armoury of daggers and other cutlery thrust in the belt.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A PRAIRIE PARSON.

(Continued from page 212.)

chairman, who is wearing a look of despair. There is a whispered consultation. For the third and last time the chairman's face lights up. "To bring this thing to a head," he says, "as it is getting a bit late, will someone make a motion about this, one way or the other." Several move to the door, and passes out into the—morning.

Again a painful silence, during which someone discovers that the fire is out, as is also the greater part of the audience. There is a general shuffling and the rest file out. Two men feel tremendously relieved—the chairman and Mr. Green.

If it is true, dear Mr. Pink, that "misery likes company," then the knowledge that you are not alone in your experience will be a little consolation.

Yours cheerily,

K. Anon.

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"Now There Stood by the Cross"

JESMOND DENE

IS it not strange, our aversion to the Cross—fact; symbol? For after all, it is written upon and throughout nature herself. It is written upon our human frame; we all bear in our bodies the mark of the Cross. We all know the artist's conception of the shadow of the Cross cast by the young Jesus as He stood stretching out His arms in the home at Nazareth. Then look at the trees to-day in the spring sunlight, as we watch their bare outlines, before they have begun to clothe them in the lovely floriation of buds and leaves and blossoms, the trunks standing upright, the naked branches stretching to the winds, we trace many forms of the Cross.

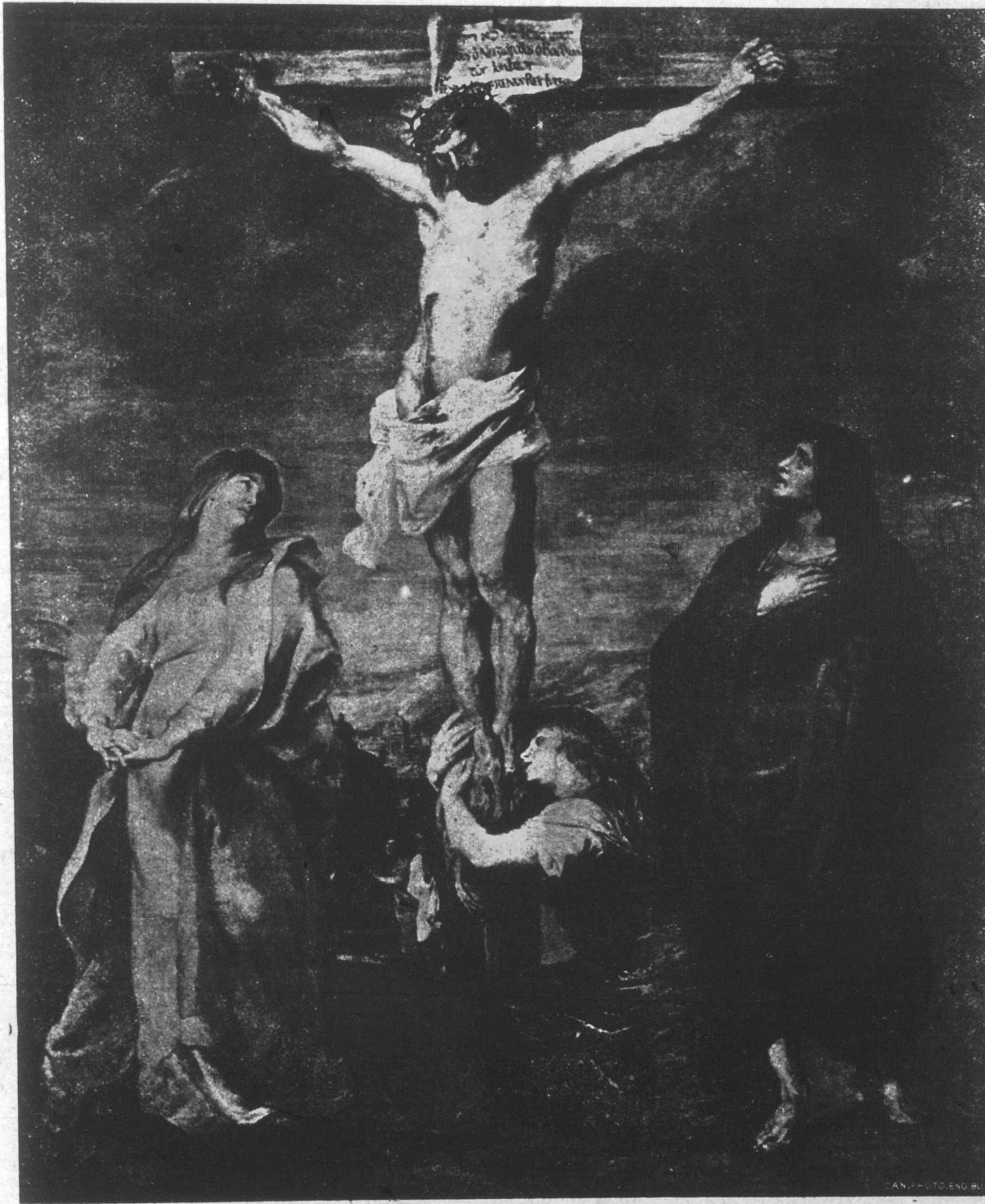
Everywhere is the Cross and its message—pain, struggle, sacrifice—"scored deep into the very foundations of the House of Life, and science and sanctity following the star of truth by their different roads, meet in the Cross and find here the reconciliation of their disparate energies." We cannot escape it; we all have to share it, whether we will or not, for it is part of life. We cannot blame the Cross; evil, pain, were there first. The Cross does not cause suffering any more than it causes sin; but the Cross, even as it cleanses from sin, so it interprets pain and hallows it; for the Lord shows us a tree which, when we cast it into the waters of bitterness—and very bitter they are sometimes—the waters are made sweet.

There may be an unwilling, there is often an involuntary bearing of the Cross. "On him they laid the Cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." "Simon of Cyrene understood nothing beyond the fact that his help was needed in the bearing of a heavy load. Giving it, he bequeathed to us the sublime image of the All-knowing God and ignorant man sharing as brothers the burden of the Cross. In its ecstasy of giving, the Divine generosity did not shrink even from a sharing of His most sublime activity, His Eternal and redemptive sacrifice, with the simplest and rudest of His creatures, for whose imperfection He marred His own loveliness. All places, all types, all temperaments, all faculties, have their place upon the way of the Cross. Here in his willing labourious service, the plain man comes nearest to the secret of the spiritual world. In virtue of his steadfast helpfulness, of his strenuous labour honestly performed, he becomes a follower of the Eternal wisdom in the closest and most literal sense."

And here is part of the paradox. We take the burden of the Cross, and in that very act we lay our own upon it. "He came to a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below a sepulchre. And just as he came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders and fell from his back, and so

continued till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more." And now he had the key to life; and looking out to the upward slopes of his climb and the trials of the way, "When I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it," said the pilgrim.

It is the way of initiation into the life of God, into the life of man. "Baptize me into a sense



of the needs and sorrows of all men," prayed George Fox; a great prayer, for the cup of fellowship is also the cup of sacrifice. "It may be any one of the million shrouded burdened figures which companion us upon the way. We never know when the poor feeble, stumbling fellow-traveller, who asks of us a friendly hand in the bearing of his load—a load whose very nature may seem the proper punishment of his folly or crime—lifting a tired face towards his helper may suddenly reveal the features of the First and Only Fair. He comes to us through other men, easily and inevitably, if we will but make Him a way; set the bridge of the Cross between their shoulders and our own."

In a good deal of our modern fiction, we find this motive—fulfilment through sacrifice; a sort of cross bearing. The hero stripping himself of all things, or submitting to the involuntary loss of all things, because this is the way of initiation, the way of fellowship, is thus baptized into the needs and sorrows of others, and becomes

able to be their helper and friend; a theme all the more remarkable, perhaps, from the fact that what we call the religious aspect does not always appear very clearly. A striking illustration of this is offered by the Norwegian romance, "The Great Hunger," the history of a man whom science had robbed of faith, so that for him there was first "no Bishop, no Our Lord, no life to come." Then sorrow, "because we cannot make the stars break into song any more, for machinery is killing the godlike in us, killing our longings for eternity." Then homelessness and exile, the fruitless "search among earth or stars for someone to offer a prayer to." Yet though he had long ago lost faith, he refuses to yield his soul to steel or fire and the mechanical processes of science; though he knows no God, and cannot find one, yet he seeks deliverance through forgiveness and sacrifice; stripped of everything, he seems not far from the kingdom of God when he

risers by night and sows seed in the barren fields of his enemy "that God might exist," "for man must triumph over the dead omnipotence of the universe. Man himself must create the divine." This is the only faith of which life has not robbed him, but it does not save him from the Cross. Do what we will, go where we may, we cannot escape it; but we may make the share in it which God has laid upon us, an offering to Him.

An artist on trek across the South African veldt, trying to embody the road as he had seen it, painted the form of a white figure on a cross, thus making a true picture, not only of Africa, but of the world, of life itself. Is it just a bit of the riddle of the sphinx; just a tale of little meaning; or is it the symbol, reflection, expression of the Divine suffering for sin, the Divine sharing of pain—at once the consequence of sin and the remedy for it; is it not all part of the offering which the Lord Himself makes upon the altar of the Cross.

This is the universal language. We do not all speak the same tongue, but the Cross is the interpreter, speaking in a language we all can understand; in its fellowship we can communicate with one another across the barriers of race, or class, or nationality. And whether we know it or not, it is set up in our midst.

Suppose we set it up—a great cross—at the cross-roads of our chief business centre, at the four corners of our village street. "How soon all earthly wrong would be repaired," surely. But we should have to stand by it; could we? Could we endure it, that reproach of the Cross? Its wordless speech would be too strong for us; its silent appeal would be a too acid test. And yet it is this, which symbolizes all our hope, all our salvation.

And we are at the cross-roads of life to-day. Can we set up the Cross there to show the way of life; the Cross with its four arms; the base sunk into the earth—humility; the upright, lifting its head towards Heaven—obedience; the cross pieces, the arms of love and sacrifice, waiting to take the whole world in; wide as the four quarters of the universe; strong as eternity; empty, possessing nothing, for all has been stripped away, all has been voluntarily given, in order that men may be at-oned to God, in order that men may be at-oned to each other.

"Now there stood by the Cross. . . ."

PARSON.

212.)

book of despair. For the third lights up. "To says, "as it is make a motion Several more the—morning; which someone as is also the here is a general Two men feel irman and Mr.

at "misery likes that you are not a little consolation," K. Anon.

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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

"Spectator's" Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen

It is with sadness of heart that one reads the reports of the proceedings of the recent Provincial and Dominion conventions of the Great War Veterans' Association. The point of view is so personal, the aims so circumscribed, in inspiration of eloquence so self-centred, and the mistrust of those who occupy positions of trust so general that one wonders are these the same fine lads that enlisted so eagerly and sailed away to foreign lands some years ago with country, and home, and freedom, glowing in their hearts? One listens to catch the word of love and anxiety for the welfare of that country for which they fought so magnificently, you wait for the resolution that embodies a broader outlook on national affairs gathered from association with other races and observation in other countries, you tarry for an expression of enthusiasm in some new desire for a useful place in building up the industrial productiveness of our country, for the more generous feeding of a starving world, for the opening of the door of knowledge more widely to the youth of our land, for the appreciation of true spiritual ideals as the foundation of personal and national character, for the righting of the wrongs that beset the path of civilians as well as soldiers, but you wait in vain. True, a voice here and there is raised for these bigger things but it is a feeble voice and the great chorus of self, soon re-asserts its claims. So much time and energy is being expended in seeking compensation that one fears that both the inclination and capacity for useful employment may be seriously impaired. There must be some finality to all this. There are scores of thousands of soldiers who have gone quietly to work and are doing splendidly. There are other thousands who came home to find that their wives had accumulated a handsome bank account, a thing they had never known before. There are still other thousands that received a considerable gratuity which quickly evaporated in poker chips and any other gratuity would follow the same course. We do not say that everything has been done that ought to be done for these men, but any scheme for further action should include two things. It should meet a need and it should produce some useful results.

It has been stated that one of the subjects for consideration at the Lambeth Conference is Spiritism. The Anglican Church stands in danger of being stampeded into action on this matter that may embarrass it for years to come. Here is a subject that is attracting the attention of thousands of people, both wise and otherwise. The reasoning that will be followed by many is this. You cannot stop this movement towards communications with the other world. Impostors may be revealed, absurdities may be pointed out, but do what you will the living will seek converse with the dead. If these people are not met by the Church, and their longing not satisfied under its auspices then the Church will lose them. It is the argument of expediency. Let us jolly them along with an appearance of interest and some day they will forget all about it and come back to a normal frame of mind. It is to be hoped that no such attitude will be assumed, or implied by the conference of Bishops at Lambeth. If the Church is to command respect or deserve respect it must stand steady and staunch for

the truth. If in the wisdom of our prelates it is found that Spiritism contains a truth that is worthy of taking its place with the verities of the faith, it must be taught when public interest grows cold as well as when all men are running after it. There is no place in the Spiritual economy of the Church for a doctrine which is good only so long as a sufficient number of people desire it. If, therefore, the Lambeth Conference is about to affirm or deny the modern faith in Spiritism it has to bear in mind that nothing short of a firm conviction will do. Equivocal utterances to stay the unsteady is most likely to be unsuccessful, and will only shake the confidence of the devout. Unless a sure position arising out of sound judgment and mature wisdom is forthcoming it were better to leave the whole subject alone, and allow time to bring its vindication or its overthrow.

Someone has already called attention to the desirability of having any, if not all, of our Missionary Bishops present at the Lambeth Conference. This should hardly require either argument or emphasis. They are the men that are living close to the fundamental problems of spiritual life and ecclesiastical progress. They are doing the spade work of the Church. They may not be the wisest counsellors in every phase of the Church's need, but they are the experts who can speak out of a rich experience concerning the things which pertain to the Church's progress and conquests. They are the pioneers of the cross and where Bishops are gathered together there should they be also. But why should they not be there? They are included in the invitation and no one forbids their going? The very potent obstacle of finance bars the way. Missionary Bishops have but a meagre income to live on at best, and they have priests under them that are in still worse case and we know that in many instances there is a generous sharing of the little with the less. The plain truth is that a number of our Bishops will never attend a Lambeth Conference unless generous men and women of wealth make it possible for them to do so, now? These conferences come only once in ten years. "Spectator" would very earnestly lay this matter before his readers, and add a suggestion. A thousand dollars would probably take a missionary Bishop to this conference and back again very comfortably. There are, at least, ten Bishops in the Canadian Church who can hardly be expected to go to England this summer, for the purposes indicated, except at great personal sacrifice. Are there not ten men or women of ample means who will quietly sit down and write a cheque for a thousand dollars each and enclose them to the Primate of all Canada and ask him to be good enough to see that they get to their proper destination. Such an act would carry happiness to the giver and fruitful service to the Church at large. Need more be said.

As evidence of the great influence of Christianity upon Indian thought, the statement is made that a Brahmin has reprinted at his own cost an edition for his own people, of Archdeacon Paterson Smyth's book, "The Gospel of the Hereafter," and has dedicated it "To my son who is now in the near Hereafter."

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Correspondence

ANGLICAN FORWARD MOVEMENT.

To The Editor, Canadian Churchman.
Sir,—Permit me to raise a warning voice at this time, through your valued paper.

I use the word *warning*, because there are signs around us of what may be termed hysteria. Some who were impressed with a sense of God's mercies to us as a nation, during the past years of carnage, proposed that a thank offering be made, indicative of our gratitude, and that was launched upon its career, to my mind unfortunately, with the somewhat misleading, unintelligible (to many) epithet of the Anglican Forward Movement. The amount was placed at 2½ millions of dollars. In other words, a body of people reputedly worth three thousand millions, were asked to give 2½ millions, as indicating their gratitude for untold merices!

There is now wonder expressed that the 2½ has grown to 3½. I took some small part in speaking on behalf of this object, during the late campaign; and knowing somewhat of the wealth of Canada, I did not hesitate to say, that we should give at least double or treble the amount asked for.

The latest returns show, that at the present time, there is lying on deposit in the banks in Canada, at the credit of the Anglican population, a sum that may be approximately calculated at 150 millions of dollars. This takes no cognizance of war bonds, or any other investment, it merely states the bare fact that Anglicans to-day have 150 millions in cash, awaiting investment. To my mind, the result of the A.F.M. Campaign; the giving of \$3.50 by one possessed of \$150 lying idle, is not a matter of intense congratulation. Rather should we feel deep humiliation.

However, there is one source of congratulation, in our having parti-

ally awakened from our lethargy of years past, and in our acquired knowledge that we actually can give more than before we ever dreamed of without any injury to ourselves. But no matter what we have done, or no matter what we may do in the future, let us never overlook;
"Non nobis Domine. Non nobis Domine."

John Ransford.

Clinton.

THE A. F. M. AND GREATER EFFICIENCY.

To The Editor, Canadian Churchman.

Sir,—Before the Financial Campaign it was repeatedly urged that a central object of the Forward Movement was to promote greater efficiency in the Church. This made a naturally strong appeal not only to the Church's earnest supporters but also to those suffering from the inefficiency of Her methods or agents, and the effect upon the financial response must have been very considerable.

We are now looking forward confidently to distinct signs of improvement in the life and work of our Church, or at least, to the prompt bringing to bear of strong efforts to effect this.

No doubt, the life of the Church cannot be suddenly deepened, but there are abuses anachronisms and mistaken lines of action, or too often of inaction, impeding the usefulness and advance of the Church, which could be speedily rectified if the necessary steps were taken.

For one thing the country parishes and missions are too much left to themselves and have too little connection with the centre and with one another, the people being dependent on a man who may be unsuited to his work or environment. The Bishop makes a rare and hurried visit solely for Confirmation and occasionally agents come to take up collections, but otherwise the monotony is unbroken. What wonder that life gets in a rut or runs down? What wonder that the isolated people have a hazy conception of the Great Church to which they belong, but which seems to them to come into sight only in connection with calls for prayers and money? Let the Church now show herself to her scattered people in the East as well as in the West, as a Benefactor and Guide taking an individual interest in the different parochial units, finding out sympathetically what is being done or not done in them, suggesting improved methods where necessary and bringing them up to a higher state of efficiency. Only by definite improvement in the constituent parts can the advance of the whole be attained.

The Church of England system of Government has always looked well on paper. Officers more or less active, but always remote and machinery more or less ancient but always cumbrous are set down in black and white, apparently, sufficient for all conceivable needs. But, up to the present in this country have the practical concrete results been what we might reasonably expect from an organism filled with the Spirit of God. The Church we are sure is Divinely powerful for good. It is the human agent and human methods which must be at fault. Let a combined effort be made to get these righted and a strong steady persistent Forward Movement reveal Her increasingly as the Divine Benefactress of mankind.

Expectant.

The King has approved a special posthumous award of the War Medals (the 1914 Mons Star, three British War Medals and the Victory Medal) to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener.

THE PLACE OF FAMILY PRAYER IN THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

To The Editor, Canadian Churchman.

Sir,—In seeking space to pay my tribute to the Forward Movement, I trust that I shall be but one of several to give expression through your columns of thanksgiving for blessings that have come. I want to speak of two. The first is in regard to Family Prayer. A splendid pamphlet has been issued by the Board of Religious Education, which should, I think, be distributed by every clergyman among his people. Rev. W. Loucks, organizer for Rupert's Land, in an address on the A.F.M., stirred up many in the congregation of St. Stephen's to consider family worship. One instance is especially worthy of note. A member of the congregation, who had been brought up in a home where Family Prayer was the daily rule of life, said to his wife: "We are not doing right. We have here five children who are not being brought up under the influence of Family Prayer as we were brought up—we must start to have Bible reading and Family Prayer." Most every man knows that that is not an easy kind of speech to make. It was followed by Bible reading and by prayer, and that in turn was followed by a spiritual blessing which has left that family as mightily convinced of the reality of the risen Saviour as was Peter on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias. The congregation knows of his experience. The men in the shops where he works know of his experience. In speaking of it he said: "I wept, I could not help it; to think that all these years I had been missing this."

The second tribute that I want to pay to the Forward Movement is in connection with the financial side. For some time we held back from the financial effort. Our parish is a suburban one, just outside the limits of the city of Winnipeg. The district is new and the church building, erected just before the outbreak of war, is still heavily mortgaged. Away in one corner of the parish and served by another carline has grown up a thickly settled community, a large proportion of whom are foreign born. The distance to the church is impossible for little children. A small shack was rented as a venture, in which to start a Sunday School. The immediate results proved the need. The shack is 20 x 22 ft. and into it are crowded every Sunday now an average of 110 children, and on Wednesday evenings for a lantern talk an average of 165. To continue in the present building is physically impossible as well as being contrary to health regulations. The vestry felt that with a need so great within our own borders, and especially in view of the missionary character of the work, so many being foreign-born, our Forward Movement assessment was impossible.

Finally, the venture was launched, a little out of the ordinary, to make subscriptions payable to the wardens for the Forward Movement, until the objective was met, and any balance for the Mission Sunday School. Few at the outset thought the venture would be a success. But a few days were sufficient to change a good many opinions. We ventured by faith to try to raise our apportionment for the needs of the church outside, ourselves, at a time when we sorely needed it ourselves, and from unexpected sources there has come back to us already from the outside more than the Forward Movement objective which we set out to raise, several donations in the form of subscriptions and one in the form of a site for the new Sunday School. The congregation itself has subscribed considerably more than the A.F.M. objective, so that to-day we are in a position to meet our apportionment, and at the same time we are in possession of
(Continued on page 222.)


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Personal & General

A son was born to the Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Cody at Monckton, N.B., on March 20th.

Dr. Paddon of the Labrador Mission visited St. Paul's, Halifax, recently and addressed the Junior W.A.

Miss Gladys Cunningham, daughter of the Rector of St. George's, Halifax, is sailing for England on March 26th, in order to marry her fiancé, Lieutenant Soulsby, R.N.

Rev. C. V. Fraser, Rector of Princeton, Ont., who was called suddenly to his old home in Jamaica, in connection with some business there, has returned and preached on Sunday last. He has been away for about six weeks and looks much the better for his trip and holiday.

In compiling the article on the Mohawk Bible, regarding which many interested remarks have been made, Dr. W. B. Cooper, D.D., General Secretary of the Canadian Bible Society, had the assistance of A. M. Denovan, who has been a director of the Society for years.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas, Philadelphia, Dr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., and Mr. Henry O'Brien, K.C., both of Toronto, were elected members of the Advisory Board of the Canadian Auxiliary of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission at the annual meeting held in Toronto on March 22nd.

A cable has been received from England stating that the Bishop of Manchester (Right Rev. E. A. Knox) has won the appeal in the case re Derbyshire. This vindicates a Bishop's right of refusing to appoint a nominee who has openly declared his intention of defying his authority in ritual questions.

Rev. F. G. Richard, Rector of Christ Church, Lakeside, Ont., diocese of Huron, has resigned to accept the

parish of Waterford, Ont., in the same diocese. Mr. Rickard has made himself much endeared to his people at Lakeside, doing most faithful work there. He will be greatly missed by one and all. The parish of Waterford is to be congratulated on having him as its future Rector.

It is greatly to be desired that in our large churches some order should be observed by the congregation in approaching to communicate. The utter absence of order makes it confusing, particularly to those who make their first Communion at Easter. The old-fashioned method of having the wardens or sidesmen stand in the aisles and indicate the number of pews whose occupants can find room is being revived with good effect in some churches on the great Feast Days.

A beautiful stained-glass window has been placed in St. James' Church, Orillia, to the memory of Lieut. J. Harry Knox. The inscription at the base of the window reads, "To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of Lieut. J. Harry Knox, 2nd Battalion, Canadian Railway Troops. Killed in action, Amiens, France, March 30th, 1918." The window is the work of the Robert McCausland Studios, who are engaged at present on a large window to commemorate those of St. James' Church who gave their lives in the war.

The death occurred at St. Margaret's Hospital, Pittsburgh, of the beloved wife of Rev. H. Assiter, Rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Leichburg, Pa., on March 22nd, and late of St. Cyprian's, Lacombe, diocese of Calgary. The deceased lady was severely burned at an open gas stove in the Rectory five weeks previously, and spite of every attention and care, she succumbed to the effects of shock to the system. The funeral was conducted by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by Rev. E. J. Norris, Rector of Carnegie, Pa.

QUÉBEC NOTES.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec recently administered the rite of Confirmation in the Cathedral, St. Matthew's, Quebec, St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, and St. George's, Lennoxville, when a large number of candidates received the Laying on of Hands.

The Bishop of the diocese has recently issued a pastoral to all the subscribers in the diocese on the spiritual aims of the Anglican Forward Movement.

The Rev. Frederick King, M.C., of the Community of the Resurrection, during Passion Week conducted a mission in the Cathedral and during Holy Week is at St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, for the same purpose.

The Rev. P. R. Roy, B.A. incumbent of Scotstown, who, for some time, was confined in the Jeffrey Hales' Hospital, Quebec, with an attack of bronchitis, has sufficiently recovered to resume his duties.

At St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, Rev. Fr. Tourney, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, spoke recently on the history and work of the Religious Communities in the Church of England.

Mr. E. Harper Wade, a prominent Quebec business man and author of considerable reputation, who for many years had resided in New Liverpool, Quebec, died at his home, after seven months of serious illness, on March 17th. Mr. Wade had been churchwarden and day representative to the Synod of the diocese of Quebec for many years, both of which offices he filled with remarkable faithfulness, for such works were always uppermost in his heart and mind. The funeral service took place at Quebec Cathedral, March 20th, at 3 p.m., where, in his younger days, he had loved to worship with his family. The Dean conducted the service, and the Rev. E. R. Roy, Rector of Lewis and New Liverpool, took the interment at

the Mount Hermon Cemetery. Those who survive him to mourn his loss are his wife, two sons, Capt. Percy Wade, lately returned from the front, and Stanley Wade, of Montreal, and two daughters, Miss Annabel Wade and Mrs. Gersham Anderson, of Breakeyville.

RUPERT'S LAND NOTES.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the diocese of Rupert's Land held in the Synod office, Winnipeg, on March 23rd, Archbishop Matheson announced that he proposed leaving in May to attend the Lambeth Conference of Bishops in England, and that he would probably sail on May 15. The Primate stated that Dean Coombs would act in his stead during his absence.

On behalf of the apportionment committee, Archdeacon Thomas reported on the sums required from the diocese for the Home Mission fund, the Missionary Society of the Canadian Church, and St. John's College, the requirements being about the same as last year. The suggested allotments will be submitted to the different deaneries for approval.

Archdeacon Thomas also reported on the results of the campaign to secure stipend guarantees and suggestions were submitted regarding needed grants to missions. It was shown that effective increases had been made by all of the leading parishes, and that a serious and successful effort was being made to bring the stipends of clergymen up to a point where their incomes would be adequate to meet the increased cost of living. In his report on the response to the Forward Movement Rev. W. M. Loucks showed that up to that date subscriptions in the diocese had amounted to \$193,091, of which \$61,000 had already been paid in cash. The objective was \$180,000. Mr. Loucks estimated that when the



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Secretary. Those mourn his loss, Capt. Percy from the front, Montreal, and Annabel Wade Anderson, of

full returns were in the diocese would reach the \$210,000 mark. The Committee voted to increase the salary of Canon Jeffery, Secretary-Treasurer of the diocese by \$500.

Dedication of the Church of Ascension, Ottawa

The opening and dedication of the Church of the Ascension, Echo Drive, Ottawa, took place March 25th. The Bishop of Ottawa, officiated, assisted by the Rector, Rev. Robert Jefferson, B.A., B.D., Archdeacon Snowden, M. A., and Rev. Canon Gorman, Rural Dean of Ottawa. At the confirmation service held in connection with the opening and dedication of the new church, Rev. George C. Wright read the preface and Rev. Canon Anderson, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, read the lessons. The beautiful new edifice was filled to the doors when the procession of choir and clergy formed up in the church hall.

The first sod was turned by the late Venerable Archdeacon Mackay, B.D., on July 24, 1919. The cornerstone was laid by Bishop Roper on September 27, 1919.

The parish, in addition to building the new church, had taken its full share of the appeals made on behalf of the superannuation fund for the clergy and for the Forward Movement. As Bishop of the diocese, Bishop Roper said he watched the progress of the Church of the Ascension with a great appreciation of the energy of the congregation in overcoming difficulties. He congratulated the members on the choice of site, which he considered admirable, and on the beauty of the building.

The parish was formerly known as Holy Trinity.

JAPANESE MISSIONS IN B.C.

The New Westminster Diocesan W. A. has lost a valuable worker in Mrs. Patrick, who has just recently given up her work among the Japanese in the Kitsilano district, Vancouver. During eleven years, with the assistance of the W.A., she established a Kindergarten for infants, a Primary class for older children, a Night School for young men and women, and with monetary assistance from

Last year she had the joy of being present on two occasions when her former pupils, now grown up and married, brought their children to be made members of Christ. The Japanese in the neighbourhood of the Mission, wishing to show their gratitude, presented her with a handsome silver tea set. Besides this, she has been publicly thanked by the people she so faithfully laboured amongst, for the splendid work she has accomplished.

Church in the Motherland

At a special meeting of the Manchester Diocesan Conference, the division of the diocese of Manchester was discussed. No definite action was taken for the present. It is likely that either Preston or Lancaster will be the seat of the new See.

At a recent meeting of the Southwell Diocesan Conference at Derby, it was decided to proceed with the proposal for the division of the diocese by forming a separate See for the County of Derbyshire. Dr. Hoskyus, the Bishop of Southwell and his wife have given £1,000 towards the scheme.

A memorable service took place recently in Sheffield Cathedral, when a beautiful Reredos, Holy Table and sixteen Canons' stalls of oak, presented to the Cathedral by Freemasons in memory of the members of their fraternity who lost their lives in the war, were dedicated by the Bishop of Sheffield.

During the course of his speech on the Divorce Bill, which passed its second reading in the House of Lords, London, the Lord Chancellor said that thousands of women had been married by overseas soldiers and deserted. This assertion drew from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who opposed the bill, the opinion that a perfectly undeserved stain had been cast upon the Colonial troops. The Archbishop said that the allegation was unsupported by any evidence. He stated that the number of desertions by Canadians was two hundred out of four hundred thousand who married English women.



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the Japanese in the colony, she opened a school in which some of the children were taught the Japanese language. Through Mrs. Patrick's earnest efforts the work has far outgrown the present quarters, for the rooms provided for the Sunday School have frequently proved too small to hold all who came. Many of her scholars have grown to be bright young Christians, and some of them are regular communicants.

Mrs. Milnes, Mrs. Patrick's successor, who is a certificated kindergarten, has "taken up the torch" and will carry on, and Mr. Milnes will assist with the mission work among the young men. All the W. A. members, I am sure, whilst sorry to part with Mrs. Patrick, will still bear in mind those who are engaged in an exceedingly difficult but most interesting task.

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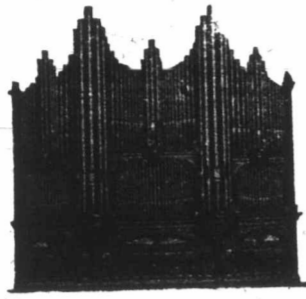
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All Over The Dominion

The Bishop of Niagara held a Confirmation service in All Saints', Hamilton, on March 28th.

The evening of March 17th was Irish night at the A.Y.P.A. of the Church of the Ascension, Ottawa, a very good programme was provided.

Confirmation service was held in Trinity Church, Aurora, Ont., on March 24th, when fifteen candidates were confirmed by Bishop Reeve. A clergy chain was also dedicated. There was a very good attendance.

The gymnastic exhibition given by the girls of Haverall College, in the Masonic Temple, Toronto, was a great success, and was graced by the presence of many prominent people, including the Bishops of Toronto, Yukon and Mackenzie River.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the diocese of Huron, it was decided to devote the money raised in excess of the Forward Movement objective to Huron College and the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. As a result, Huron College will benefit to the extent of \$25,000. The salary of the Rev. W. J. Doherty, secretary of the diocese, was raised to \$3,000, and three ministers were superannuated. They were Revs. R. H. Shaw, of Woodstock, Horace Brey, of Thamesford, and J. A. Bloodsworth, of Port Rowan.

"The Solitudes of the Passion," a sacred cantata was rendered by the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, March 25th. The cantata is of great interest to lovers of ecclesiastical music by reason of the fact that the words were selected and arranged by Rev. E. A. Welch, late Vicar of Wakefield, England, and a former Rector of St. James' Cathedral, and the music was composed by Dr. Albert Ham. On Good Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Stainer's "Crucifixion" will be rendered by the choir in St. James' Cathedral.

The Mothers' Union on Thursday, March 25th, being the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a service was held in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, at which the members of the Mothers' Union assembled for their corporate Communion. As it was also the anniversary of the consecration of the Bishop of the diocese, Bishop Sweeny celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by the clergy of the Cathedral, and gave an address to the Mothers' Union from the following words: "The Fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Ezek. 18: 2.

Tablets in memory of Lieut. Allan Macnab Denovan, of No. 1 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., who was killed in action near Bapaume, France, on March 26, 1918, and Bombardier Sydney Mercer McWhinney, who was wounded at Hill 60 on May 23, 1916, and died on June 15, 1916, were unveiled in St. Paul's Church, Toronto. That to the memory of Lieut. Denovan is placed in the wall of the east transept, and was unveiled by Lieut.-Col. W. S. Kingsmill, D.S.O., and Lieut. Arthur Walwyn, and Gunner Harry S. McWhinney, M.M., unveiled the tablet to his brother, which is placed in the west wall of the church. The Rector, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Cody, spoke in appreciation of the two men.

St. David's, Portland, Ore., has just celebrated its golden jubilee. It is the mother Church of the North Western States of America.

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NEWS FROM BRITISH HONDURAS

A Fascinating Tale.

A clergyman of the diocese of
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"Early last year I saw an advertisement in *The Canadian Churchman*, asking for men to work in this diocese. After an interview with the Bishop, I sailed from New Orleans in August, arriving at Bluefields a week later. A warm welcome from the Rector, the Rev. Canon Vaz, awaited me, and, after a few days I started into my work. There are five mission centres, each with smaller stations attached. Corn Island, 40 miles away in the Caribbean Sea, was the first to be visited. They had not had a visit from an ordained minister for nine months. The population is about 900, the descendants of freed slaves mostly. They grow coconuts, yams and tropical food plants. A catechist holds services. On Sunday about fifty partook of the Holy Communion. After visiting the people in their homes a start was made back to Bluefields in a small sailing boat, the only means of communication with the mainland.

Soon after, a trip was made to Rama, a village 60 miles up the Bluefield River. There the sacraments were administered, several children being baptized and a large number partaking of the Holy Communion. Then visits were made to the scattered folk living on the banks of the rivers. These journeys of ten, twenty and thirty miles were made partly by dugout canoe, and some in the launch of the Fruit Co., who also brought me back to Bluefields. They help our work very much.

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Then came, what was, to me, the most wonderful trip, to Pearl Lagoon, forty miles by launch, then a portage of a mile, the baggage being taken over by ox cart, then ten miles in a dory or dugout canoe. The next day some Indians came and took us to Ritapura, by water, of course, all travelling in this land being by water. There the Mosquito Indians have built themselves a church. They carried the lumber in canoes from the mill, forty miles, to build it. The village is built of basket work huts and there I gave three men their first Communion. They were dressed in clean, white clothes, and are the first Mosquito Indians to be brought into the Church of England. A few weeks ago, the Bishop, accompanied by Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Ryott, and myself, visited this village for Confirmation. Seven were confirmed. These people are asking for a teacher and we are sending them one. It is a very promising field.

Seven miles across the lagoon is the village of Kakabilla. Here a catechist is working, and in what was a stronghold of heathenism, a church is now being built. The chief came down to the waters' edge to meet us, and, that afternoon, with his wife, was confirmed.

It was a striking scene. Under a huge Mango tree, surrounded by his people, this chief confessed his faith in Christ Jesus, and received the laying on of hands. After a rather eventful journey, our boat sank, and had to be raised, we arrive in Bluefields early on Sunday morning.

Bluefields is a very well-organized parish, with Senior and Junior Guilds. A Branch of the W.A. has just been started; Church Lads' Brigade and C.E.M.S. are all working in this place. Forty were confirmed. There is much to tell of the needs and the work being done here; the journeys, often by night, under the soft radiance of the stars, the storms and rain encountered; but enough has been said to show the importance of the work. Many more men are needed.

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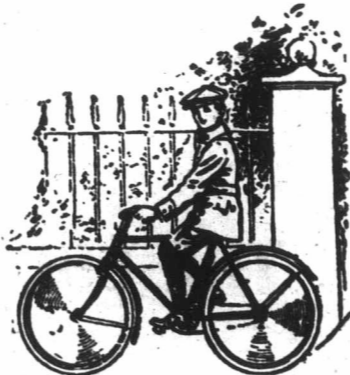
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THE PLACE OF FAMILY PRAYER IN THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

(Continued from page 217.)

sufficient property on which to build a Sunday School and have funds covering about one-fifth the cost of the building in sight.

It is a pretty safe assertion that without first endeavouring to meet the Forward Movement objective, we would not have been as far advanced with our own parochial plans.

J. A. Shirley.

East Kildonan, Man.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EDITION OF HYMN BOOK.

To The Editor, Canadian Churchman.

Sir,—A number of inquiries have been received as to whether the special Sunday School Edition of the Hymn Book, which is at present out of print, is to be re-issued.

We have much pleasure in informing all interested that the Chairman of the Hymnal Committee has received word from the Oxford University Press to the effect that a new edition will be issued as the earliest possible moment.

R. A. Hiltz,
General Secretary,
Board of Religious Education.

THE NEED OF TO-DAY.

(Continued from page 218.)

be put away if we are to experience in our own lives and work the power of the resurrection of Christ.

A new emphasis must be laid upon the ministry of the Holy Spirit. If we are to have power the third person of the blessed Trinity must be honoured. The promise is, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." First the life, then the death, then the resurrection, followed after those memorable days by the Ascension, and then in the fulfilment of His promise, the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Such is the divine order. So often in the Church as a whole, and in the individual heart and life, we forget that the Resurrection was followed by the Ascension, and that our Lord has sent the Holy Ghost that He may reveal to us the power of the living Christ by which he rose from the dead.

In almost every part of Ontario throughout its cities, towns and countryside we are in these days enjoying the benefits of the latent and wonderful forces of the great Niagara River, which in these later years has been harnessed in order to develop and produce electric current. As the result our homes are lighted and heated, the machinery of our factories is driven, and we ourselves travel in comfort from place to place by this heretofore unused power of electricity. But what an inexpressible pity that during all these years which are past since our country was settled that there should have been such unnecessary waste of power. Men did not realize what they were losing, what a benefit and blessing was within their easy reach. Still greater far is the pity that within easy reach of hundreds and thousands of Christians in our Canadian Churches is the irresistible power of God, and they have never realized that it is theirs for the asking.

May this Easter time upon which we are now entering bring to us all a new and fuller message than ever before concerning the power of Him who rose from the dead, our Saviour and our victorious Lord. May many a life, it may be useless before, be uplifted, transformed and mightily used of God because on that first Easter Day Jesus Christ arose again from the dead.

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Notices under this head will be inserted at the rate of 25 cents for each insertion.

IN MEMORIAM

In ever affectionate memory of John Alexander Hanna, Priest, who departed this life, March 28th, 1917.

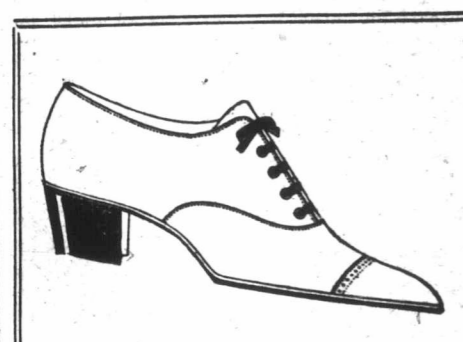
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The Ass, a Poem of Palm Sunday

It seems the little children know him best—
Who stroke the rough grey coat with tender touch,
And give him special love—the childhood gift.
Perchance they know he bore the Holy Child—
And helped the Virgin Mother keep Him safe,
On that first journey 'neath the Eastern sky.
* * * * *
The sun had touched the hills when he was brought,
The gentle creature whom the Master saw—
And beckoned once more to His Royal need.
When songs were sung and palms were carpeted
Upon the shining pathway 'neath their tread:—
Meek ass, and his meek Rider—King of Kings—
Together passed the city portals wide.
No secret this, for the wide world has thrilled
With story of the gentle loving beast—
Symbol alike of patience and of peace
Who bore the Martyr King into Jerusalem!
Resting the tired feet—as seldom we
With all our eagerness—have ever done!
And proud, yet humble of his honor great,
Trode silently amid the psalms of praise.
O! slighted beast—how many of us touch
The gracious Saviour in His Passion Hour,
Or help to bear His load of pain and sin?
Well may we envy you, that Holy Day—
Chosen of Christ Himself, to bear His Weight,
Who meekly bore, for us, His Cross of Love!

—Julia Dawson.

—From Parish Magazine, Church of the Ascension, Chicago.

THE DOG'S LAMENT.

It's very hard to suffer and be still.
Our name's applied to every human ill.
A "doggerel" is a rhyme that's very bad,
Indeed, the very worst that's to be had.
A book is "dog-eared" when it's been abused.
Alas! I think we're very hardly used.
A man's a "dog" because he won't behave.
(It almost makes an honest doggie rave!)
A "puppy" is a fellow most uncouth—
A slur upon the flower of our youth;
A "hound," a villain of the deepest dye,
An insult to his dogdom's majesty;
A "cur" of course, is not a shining light,
Yet even he is called to bear the slight.
To "dog one's footsteps" is, I really think,
A dreadful thing, from which we dogs would shrink
A "dogma" is a hard religious school,
A "dogged" person always plays the fool.
And "dog-days" find us panting with the heat;
We scarce can blink our eyes or lift our feet.
Why—why—throw mud upon our noble name?
A dog's a dog through all the world the same.

—London Answers.

BEST TIME TO BUY INSURANCE

"THE PRESENT" is nearly always the best time to buy insurance protection, provided you can get it. But, looking at it as an investment, 1920 sees the shield reversed, and all the conditions more markedly in favor of policyholders than at any period during the last thirty years. Assuming that the dollar has reached the nadir of its fall, we shall before very long enter upon a period of falling prices, which will continue until the rate of interest overtakes their decline. Thus the holder of an Endowment or Twenty Pay Life Policy in the Continental Life Insurance Co., bought now, will pay his premiums while money is cheap, and his insurance will likely be paid to him or his heirs when money is dear. This increase will be a direct cash gain to every policyholder.

There are indications that our Legislators may make a substantial cut in Provincial Tax Rates on Premiums, which saving would revert to policyholders. Then the predicted savings in mortality by the Life Companies are among the greatest sources of surplus returns for participating policyholders. The trend in interest rates, expense and mortality combine to foretell large accessions to policyholders' surplus.

Provide now for later years and old age while you can. Don't delay so important a matter; write at once for Annual Report, 1919, and booklet, "OUR BEST ADVERTISERS"—then

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CHAS. H. FULLER, Secretary and Actuary
GEORGE B. WOODS, President and Managing Director

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BESIDE THE CAMP FIRE

Notes on Scoutcraft
Commissioner Rev. Geo. W. Tebbs

Holiday Shelters.

A BOAT turned on its side is a good seashore or lakeshore shelter if Scouts are overtaken by a windstorm. If turned upside down it will shelter a troop temporarily during a rainstorm. Driftwood along the shore placed against a cliff wall and interlaced with sea weed, etc., will make a splendid summer wigwam. A broken tree can be utilized by bending the top to the ground and interlacing the branches with other smaller branches, bracken, etc.

Where to Bathe.

Bathing time will soon come along now, and Scouts will get into the water weeks before other lads as a rule. The best place to learn to swim is in the open sea. This is accounted for by the fact that sea water being heavier than fresh water, gives more support to the body, and thus enables the beginner to float much sooner than ever he can expect to do in fresh water. Another advantage is in the fact that salt water being so nasty to the taste, the learner takes good care not to open his mouth, and thus prevents himself from falling into the common error of beginners of swimming with the mouth open. At the riverside or the seashore the best place to learn to swim is where there is a gradually sloping sandy or gravelly shore. The spot should be entirely free from holes, weeds or stones, and where river swimming is contemplated a muddy bottom is to be avoided. Put these hints in a handy place in your notebook so that when the time comes you will have a little good advice to impart where it may be needed.

The Indian's Creed.

1. He keeps himself in good condition.
2. He is temperate.
3. He helps his parents in their old age.
4. He never steals.
5. He believes in speaking the truth.
6. He believes in making everything in his life as beautiful as possible.
7. He believes in the simple life.
8. He believes it a crime to be afraid.
9. He meets death cheerfully, singing his death song.
10. He loves nature.

Although the old-time Indian was sometimes cruel to his enemies, he tried to live up to the standard set in his creed, parts of which are given above. Scouts will not go far wrong if they try to do likewise.

Out Goes the Fire.

Most Tenderfeet when they first light a fire, pile on too much wood and so put it out. The whole secret of setting a good fire is, first to make a little pile of ferns or dried grass with a handful of match-wood—small pieces of wood as small as matches. Then get four or five other thin logs about one inch in thickness and eight long, and prop them up in pyramid fashion. Before setting the fire alight, have ready beside you some logs and splinters with which to feed it.

A Weighty Question.

Second Class Scout: "When do we get heavy weather?"
First Class Scout: "At night."
"Why at night?"
"Because it's light in the day time."

Romance of the Mutual

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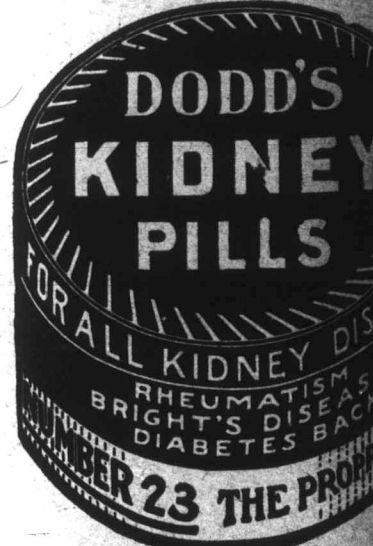
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Birds Merr

By LILL
(COPYR)

Black-Cap and

THE old f the edge It was spot away fro of the outside quiet that the its arms arou ingly. Perhay felt so much grounds and pathways.

North and it, and from bright March dren, by twos their happy sh ing the echoe

The childr birds were ea Dimple and and Nedly N letting the t on, they wai their little J Boy Blue we had stopped catch sight or to admire combs the s the snow.

"Here the last.

"Aren't t Black-Cap. bags they ha their dinner they like bo "Hush!" v want to hea about."

Boy Blue a very pak eyes, just sky. Doll J was more small girl v like two ros brown cu golden-brov twins they

"Do you was sayin school and my head a doors all d

"So wou "Listen Nedly Nu want to h can't they them in? Miller, the "She's t doubt," Bl she seems "She's went on. was som school-pri out if the Dimple late; the and they to go in. softly in "O loo cried a "There's Chickade Every them, an ered and the floor around t and girl their q Teacher the plat the free and both "A li

April 1, 1920.

Birds of the Merry Forest

By LILLIAN LEVERIDGE
(COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR)

CHAPTER II.

Black-Cap and Neddy Go to School.

THE old grey school stood near the edge of the Merry Forest. It was a peaceful and quiet spot away from the noise and hurry of the outside world—so peaceful and quiet that the forest seemed to wrap its arms around it and caress it lovingly. Perhaps that is why the birds felt so much at home in its pleasant grounds and on its well-tramped pathways.

North and south the road ran past it, and from north and south that bright March morning came the children, by twos and threes and single, their happy shouts and laughter awakening the echoes amid the rocky glens.

The children were early, but the birds were earlier. "We'll go in with Dimple and Boy Blue," Black-Cap and Neddy Nuthatch had agreed, so, letting the big boys and girls pass on, they waited in a spruce tree for their little favourites. Dimple and Boy Blue were slow to-day, for they had stopped so many times to try to catch sight of a bird or chipmunk, or to admire the tiny crystal honeycombs the sunbeams were making in the snow.

"Here they come!" cried Neddy at last.

"Aren't they the darlings!" said Black-Cap. "But what heavy book bags they have to carry, and how little their dinner pails are! I wonder if they like books better than dinners."

"Hush!" whispered the Nuthatch. "I want to hear what they are talking about."

Boy Blue was a very small boy with a very pale face and very big blue eyes, just like two round snips of sky. Doll Dimple, or Dimple, as she was more often called, was a very small girl with very pink cheeks, just like two rose petals. She had golden-brown curls—lots of them—and golden-brown eyes. Though they were twins they didn't look much alike.

"Do you know, Dimple," Boy Blue was saying, "I'm getting tired of school and lesson books. They make my head ache, and I'd like to be out-doors all day."

"So would I," replied Dimple.

"Listen to that, would you?" cried Neddy Nuthatch excitedly. "They want to be out, and why in sense can't they be out? Who's keeping them in? That big one they call Miss Miller, the teacher?"

"She's the guilty one, I haven't a doubt," Black-Cap agreed. "And yet, she seems kind enough to us birds."

"She's worth watching," Neddy went on. "I've often thought there was something shady about that school-prison; and we're going to find out if there is."

Dimple and Boy Blue were almost late; the bell had stopped ringing and they were the very last ones to go in. Black-Cap and Neddy flew softly in after them.

"O look, Teacher! Look! Look!" cried a chorus of eager voices, "There's the Nuthatch and the Chickadee right inside the door!"

Every head was turned to look at them, and they felt a little bewildered and frightened as they stood on the floor near the door and looked around the strange place. The boys and girls sitting in even rows in their queer, hard seats, and the Teacher standing behind her table on the platform seemed so different from the free and easy groups out-doors, and both birds felt frightened.

"A little of this is enough for me,"

whispered Neddy to his chum. "Let's get out."

"All right, come on," assented the Chickadee; but although the children had left the door open the birds had forgotten the way out, and both flew straight toward a window through which they saw very plainly the sky and the trees.

Then something strange and terrifying happened. They were suddenly stopped short and all but stunned by some hard, invisible wall. They "saw stars" for a minute, and both were too surprised and frightened to chirp. The way seemed perfectly clear and open between them and the sky and as soon as they had recovered their breath they tried again. And again that mysterious, invisible barrier held them back.

The Chickadee then flew up and circled round and round, keeping well up near the ceiling, while the Nuthatch tried another window—with the same heart-breaking result.

"Trapped!" he cried. "O Black-Cap, why did we ever come to this terrible place? I guess it's goodbye to our snug little homes in the Merry Forest, goodbye to the sunshine and the sweet air and all the little wood folk that we love. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it!"

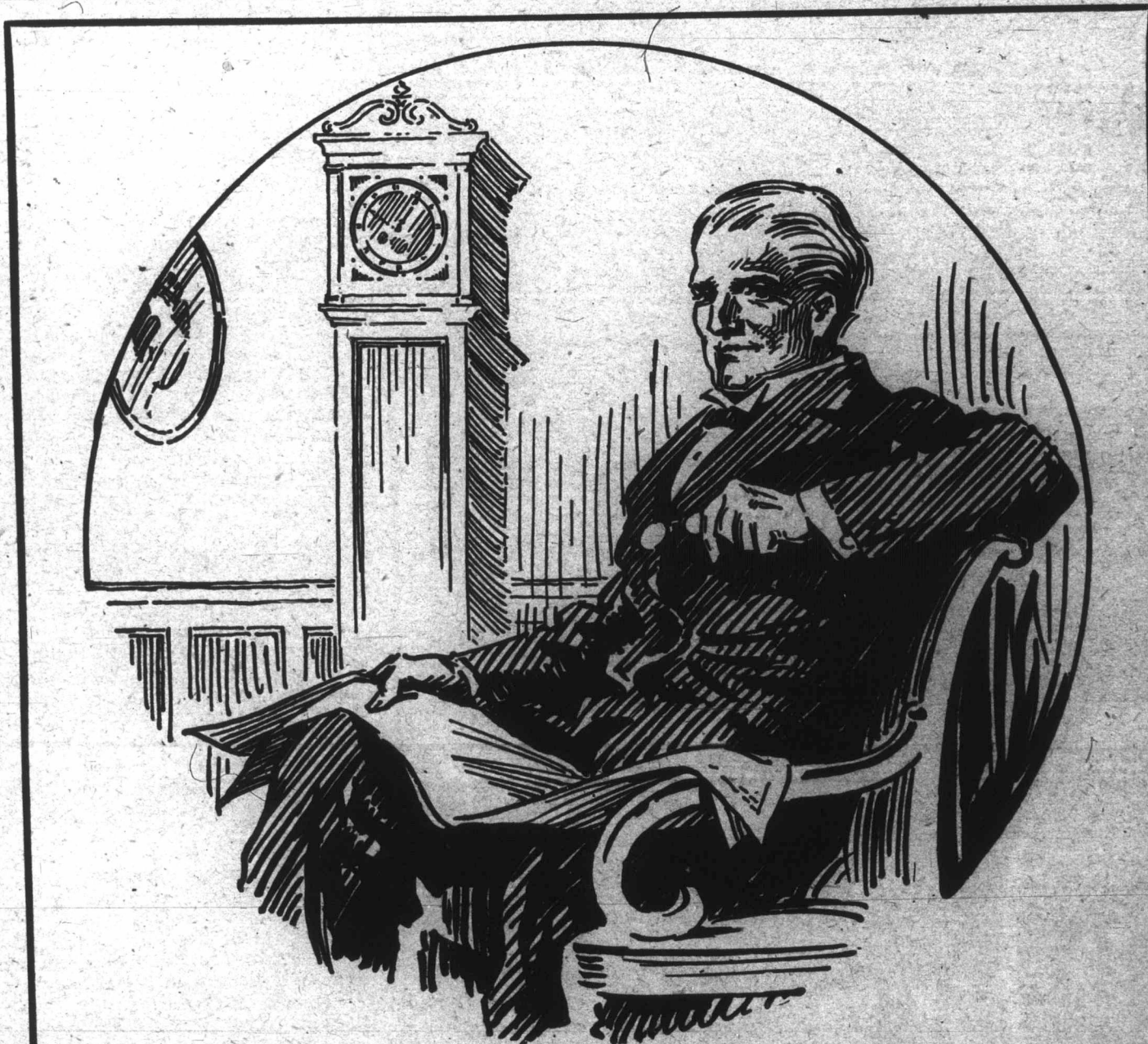
But it wasn't goodbye just yet, though between him and freedom awaited the worst fright of all.

That terrible monster, the Teacher, was coming toward him—nearer, nearer, until she leaned right up against the window sill. Then she

reached out her hand, and though he struggled frantically to break through the glass, he felt her fingers closing round him, and he was truly a prisoner.

But Neddy wasn't going to give up his life without a good stiff fight first. "You trapped me, did you?" he screamed, "You with your singing voice, and your coaxing smiles and your handfuls of crumbs! Oh, you deceitful wretch!" And Neddy gave the Teacher's little white hand a vicious jab with his sharp, slender bill.

She laughed softly, while all the children watched her with eager, envious eyes. "You'd fight me, would you?" she said, "Well, I don't blame you, poor little frightened Birdie. But I wouldn't hurt a feather on



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"It has long been a favorite idea of mine to compare the human body with my old clock here."

"Without proper attention the old clock gets run down and stops until I wind it up again and then it ticks away just as heartily and regularly as ever."

"And so it is with the human body, but the great difference I find is that the human clock usually breaks down instead of runs down because people neglect to take proper care of their health."

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April 1, 1920.

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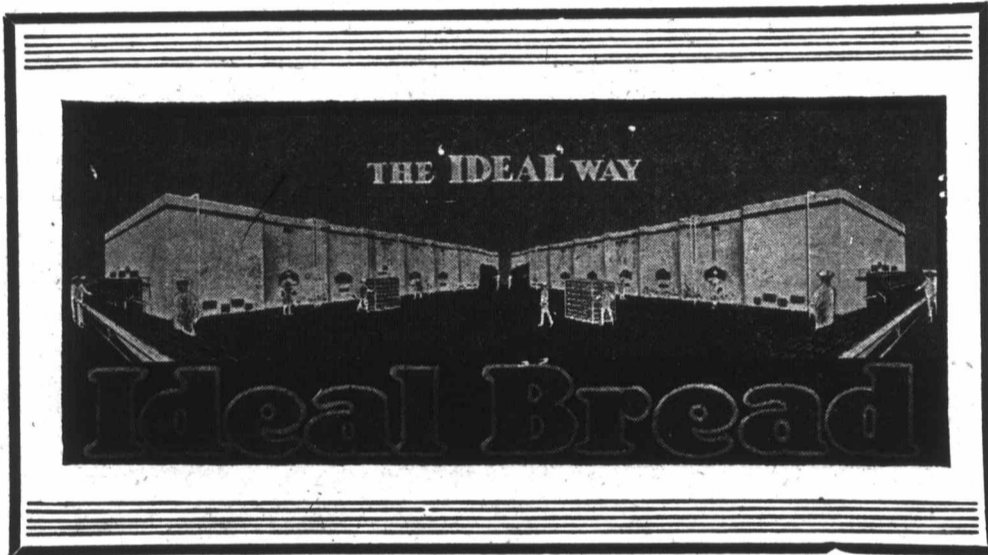
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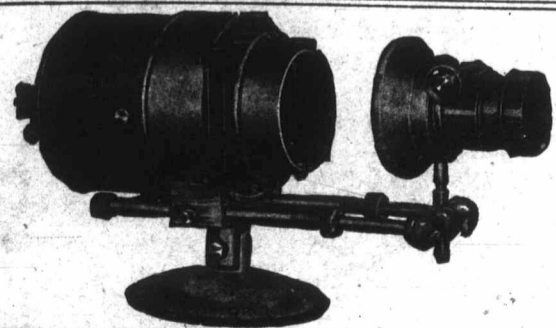
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your dear little body—not for the world."

She lifted the bird up toward her face and brushed its feathers softly with her check. This terrified him more than ever. Mercy! Was she going to devour him alive, like a cat? Oh, what a fate!

But no. The Teacher walked to the open door, went out through the porch, and standing on the top step she opened her hand.

Just for one wild moment Neddy scarcely dared to believe it was true. It seemed quite too good to be true. But he didn't wait long to consider the matter; he lifted his wings, sprang lightly into the air, and flew away like a blue streak, and never paused until he had reached the safety of his own snug home in the old elm tree. Arrived there he repturously fondled the surprised Mrs. Neddy and told her a long story of his strange adventure.

"My dear, you shouldn't be so venturesome," she cautioned him wisely. "I have often told you you were too daring. You'll meet your death one of these days, and then what will become of me?"

He caressed her again very lovingly and said, "I'd give a good deal to know my friend Black-Cap was safe too. I'm anxious about him."

"Don't worry," she advised. "He'll be sure to come straight here and tell you, so we won't go far from home."

Neddy caught at once at the wisdom of this suggestion; but they waited hour after hour and still Black-Cap the Chickadee did not come.

(To be Continued.)

WHY HE HURRIED.

An Irishman was painting his barn and was hurrying his work with all his strength and speed. "What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy?" asked a spectator.

"Shure, I want to get through before me paint runs out," replied Murphy.

NO DOCTORS.

An Englishman traveling in the remote Highlands remarked to a villager:

"But what on earth do you do when anyone is ill? You can never get to a doctor in time?"

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy, "we just dee a natural death."

HE UNDERSTOOD.

The aeroplane banked and looped and then climbed till almost beyond the gaze of the spectators.

Then a gasp broke from the crowd. It was falling! Down, down it came, over and over, twisting and swerving, until it appeared about to strike the earth. Then it suddenly righted, and flew away.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the aviator. "See that? Ninety per cent. of those people thought we were going to crash."

"Well," said his passenger faintly, "fifty per cent. of the crew thought the same!"

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All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax	52 "

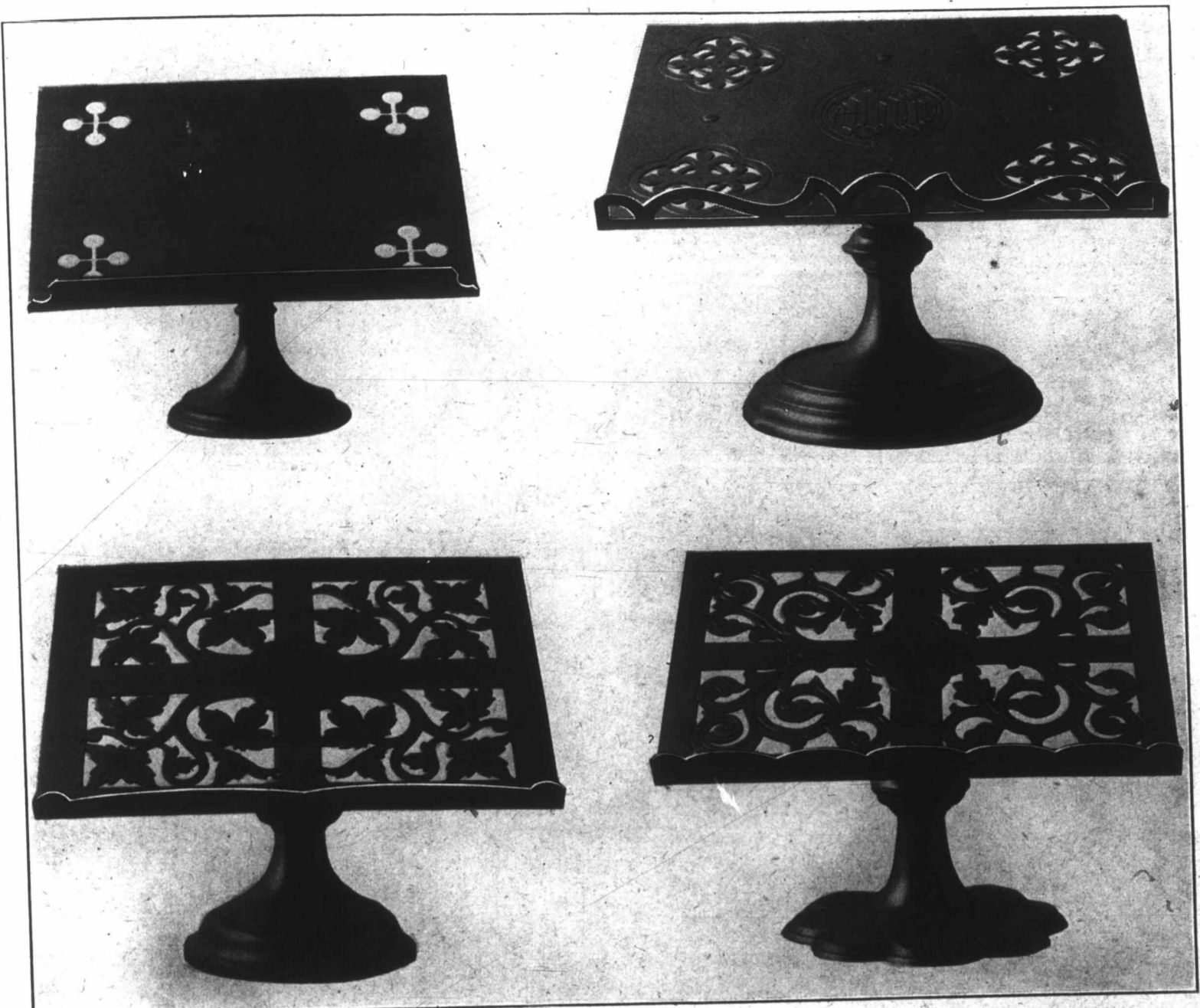
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