

## A PRIMATE'S MESSAGE

### The Archbishop of Canterbury's Advice for the New Year

The Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed the following New Year's letter to the clergy and laity of the diocese:

"When the whole mind of a people is concentrated on a single thought and purpose, a bishop's New Year's letter need be no more than a reminder or caution that we fail not to realise the divine background of every hope and effort, and the power God gives us to transmute those hopes and efforts into prayer. Or perhaps it would be more true to say that hope and effort have a tenfold value when across and across their warp and woof runs the golden thread of loyal and expectant prayer.

"Every week brings home more vividly to English firesides the sacredness of the call which has rung out to our manhood, and it is with a full, calm sense of what the sacrifice may mean that our best and strongest are being everywhere enrolled. The well-being, nay the very life, of our Empire may depend upon the response which is given to the call for men, and I think we can say deliberately that no household or home will be acting worthily if in timidity or self-love it keeps back any of those who can loyally bear a man's part in the great Empire on behalf of the land we love.

"Patriotism, with many of us, in days of peace, has been a name, and very little more. It has hardly called for sacrifice. But the hour for sacrifice has come, and there is a testing of what our loyalty is worth.

"And the equality of that loyalty is tested in another way besides. Men and women, one and all, owe it to our country at such an hour to behave with the quietness and the self-control which belong to those who are under discipline. We can do much to insist, and to reiterate, that it is a miserably false 'patriotism' which, by ministering to self-indulgence or intemperance, or to a laxity of moral

fibre, degrades where all ought to be ennobling.

"The cause is great which has called us to arms. But that is not all. There is a wider vision beyond. And everything is raised to a higher level when we realize that above and behind patriotism there is an even greater cause wherein we are enlisted. 'For the finer spirits of Europe,' says a French writer, 'there are two dwelling places, our earthly fatherland and that other City of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders.'

"Be ours the task, if God grant us the insight and the power, to raise hereafter, even out of the agonies and terrors of war, something better and holier than man has yet seen for the fellowship of the nations. Work and pray humbly that those who have been thus disciplined may one day help to fashion upon earth that city for which all look, 'the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

"Next Sunday, as a nation, we fall to prayer. Let that great act be taken in hand preparedly and with profoundest sense of its meaning and its issue.

"RANDALL CANTUAR.

"New Year's Eve, 1914."



## Bank Clerk Under Arrest

London, Ont., January 15.—J. F. Sinden, a clerk in the Merchants' Bank, Medicine Hat, was arrested here this morning by local detectives charged with being responsible for a shortage in his accounts. He is being detained pending the arrival of an officer from Medicine Hat.

## Other Notice

# Discount

## Men's Fur-

travel over these roads to the Pacific coast is from the United States, about 7 per cent. from European countries, and the balance originating in Canada.

Under the heading, "Blackjacking Railroads Again," the New York World says: "Another attempt to sandbag the railroads is about to be made at Albany by the introduction of a bill to limit the length of freight trains in this state. Former Secretary of State John T. McDonough has in hand the drafting of the measure, which in its provisions parallels a similar bill now pending in Congress.

"The full-crew law which recently went into effect costs the railroads annually millions of dollars. It added to their difficulties at a time when they needed help in increasing their revenues. If it has had any good results that justify its enactment, they have not been revealed.

"The promoters of the train-length bill, of course, know that if their scheme succeeds the railroads will be put to further unnecessary expense for operation. That is the only purpose behind their campaign, and pretensions to the performance of a public service in compelling the use of two trains where one now carries the traffic are obviously empty.

"No industry can long survive such continuous raids without landing in bankruptcy. It is not by bleeding to death the railroad business of the country that labor will promote its own prosperity."

Reports from the Canadian Pacific lands office at Calgary state that December was the best month in the history of that department. Not only has there been great demand for land in the irrigated districts of Southern Alberta, but there have been some remarkable sales in the dry-farming sections of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The increased interest in mixed farming throughout the whole of Alberta has added 10 per cent. to the quantity of live stock in that province, the total value of which is now estimated at \$110,000,000. The value of farm products for 1914 has been estimated by the Alberta Government at \$657,000,000.

In days when railway wage rates and railway freight rates in Canada are attracting more than ordinary notice,



# KIPLING'S STORY OF HONOR DONE THE CANADIANS

Graphic Account of the Impres-  
sive Memorial Service in St.  
Paul's Cathedral

## REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO THE DOMINION

Women and Children Crowded to  
See Men Who Fought With  
Lost Relatives

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Ottawa, May 14.—Rudyard Kipling's graphic account of the Canadian soldiers memorial service in London this week has been cabled to the Government. The text is as follows:

They pass, O God and all  
Our grief, our tears,  
Achieve not their recall,  
Nor reach their ears.  
Our lamentations leave  
But one thing sure,  
They perish and we grieve,  
And we endure.

Yesterday evening the Dominion of Canada came for an hour to St. Paul's Cathedral to mourn over and to rejoice in her dead; and the English whose kin have fallen in the same fields came reverently and proudly with her. The soul-searching simplicity of the gathering was beyond any words. There was no parade nor preparation except the Union and Dominion flags hung above the altar. The doors set open in the bright light of a May evening and the people entered as members of one family grieving together. Some few had waited in their seats since the close of the afternoon service a couple hours before. The great cathedral, settling into the shadow of the day, took no count of them nor of the quiet-footed thousands that followed.

At first the crowd lined the streets outside and watched the officers and men in khaki and the women in black arriving in the cabs and busses. Then they themselves entered, in little knots and detachments—soldiers of all arms and civilians of all trades—as though they had been held back till then by the natural desire to give precedence to the nearer mourners; the flow increased and the cathedral took them all.

### Canadian Men in Choir.

The Canadian officers and men were gathered in the choir, a blur of khaki facing the red and gold of the band. With them were their women in black, many meeting for the first time since their childhood; and wounded men in blue dress, and behind and around all these, end to end, and side to side of the vast space, were the multitude of the people of London.

A woman asked, timidly, if a ticket were required. "No; why should it be?" was the answer, and she and her child in black, went forward with the rest. She had her tale to tell an acquaintance of the moment. It concerned a nephew in a regiment, and the child, staring towards the flags, was his child, you see.

Another woman had a son also at the front, and "doing well, so far," and wished for a closer view of the Canadians on the ground that her boy had fought alongside them.

"You can't. They are all sitting up in the choir," some one said half reprovingly.

"Of course, I know that," the mother replied, "I only wanted to see 'em all together. They say they look splendidly, all together."

The confidences were exchanged along the benches between the further pillars or up and down the aisles as the people quietly, always quietly, looked for a place. Now and then a nurse in charge of wounded, who have great gifts for getting lost, made a little stir as she shepherd her flock; or a knot of soldiers moved aside, as drilled men know how to move, that some women might have a better view.

### All Spoke of Canada.

But the people in the nave spoke,

for the most part, of Canada; of their own relatives their in remote townships, and what sort of folk these Canadians were who had endured so much, beginning with the Salisbury camps. The words were as simple and neighborly as ever one would hear at a village funeral—with little descriptive touches of Canadians who had made purchases in their shops, or whom they had met in trains, how they spoke, and how they looked at the time. So do people recall the last words and gestures of their own dead suddenly taken from life.

The daylight faded.

There was one startling interlude when the great west door was opened wide against the last of the evening glow and a vista of silver-grey buildings and the Lord Mayor's procession came up the nave in a river of scarlet and gold. The black and khaki followed him and all his gorgeous attendants, and the memorial service began with a hymn that all knew and none had realized till that hour—one could hear the feeling thrill through the voices and the music at the words—"and now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope, Zion in her anguish, With Babylon must cope."

Then the Psalms with every known and unconsidered word alive and blood-red; the anthem them called for a moment a peace that has to be won; the lesson; and "The Saints of God." It was dark by then, and a great space near the west door behind the last of the benches had filled with men, close-packed, standing together in silence. They knelt on the stones at the prayers, and shoulder-badges glimmered, for many of them were soldiers on evening passes; they, too, knew the

hymns well enough to sing without the help of the leaflets.

"On, army of the living God,  
To his command we bow,  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now."

At how many individual gravesides have these words been sung, by every creed and denomination throughout all our lands? While the hymn lasted each soul there could mourn its own losses in the days when a single death was great grief and we were used to talk ignorantly of overwhelming woe.

### Bishop Spoke of Canada.

Then the Bishop of London spoke of Canada, as a man who had seen the business of war and knew the souls of men. The voice came very clearly from the area under the dome where the light was full on the set faces of the uniformed men and the women and girls in black. They sat stonily, for of what avail are tears to-day? Occasionally some man back from the front nodded his head or hit his lap as the preacher named some comrade or commander dead; and once or twice a nurse put out a steadying hand towards a wounded man.

The obscure mass in the nave and the standing crowd behind them scarcely moved.

We knelt for the last hymn "now the laborer's task is o'er." And it was then that the cathedral of our race which is so old in grief came to its own and possessed us. All the years that had gone before had prepared it for this—that it should see a new people baptized by blood into the strict fellowship of the civilized nations now at war with heathendom and that it should witness the burial of a world irrecoverably discarded and the birth of a new. The still air and the silence preluded the change and when the dead march in Saul wailed against death and triumphed over the grave the mystery and the wonder of the change accomplished itself as simply as the greatest things must.

A woman leaned towards her companion and whispered: "Things can never be the same again."

### The New Significance.

It is the phrase we often use as we turned away from the open grave, and presently our little affairs reclaim us. But in this case it held the new significance equally for her and the others who had come into think and pray over their own losses; for the stray soldiers of the British regiments all about her; and for the Canadians themselves,

Capt. and Adj.

where they sat in the full light and endured all that "last post" means when one hears it out of its hour. People moved out slowly after the National anthems had been sung, for everyone was among friends; and there were wounded to be sorted out also; very white and exhausted, and trying to deny it.

And when the tawny lines of the Dominion broke up and filed outward there were many greetings and questions between those who had not met since Valcartier or some hospital in France or England. Sometimes a word or message could be given to a woman that would fill her heart with a glory that showed in her wet eyes even as the blow was dealt. The men, having paid their tribute, had already begun to put their grief behind them and to discuss new preparations.

### Canada's Answer.

Before she realized the grossness of this evil that threatens the world, Canada had sent a division against it. Her answer to the shattering of that division was the despatch of an army corps. How could she do less, they implied, if she wished to live with mankind, or what is more important, with herself? It was as simple as life or death or the pride that sits rightly on the men and nations that are acquitting themselves honorably at Armageddon.

(Signed),  
Rudyard Kipling.



Promptly, signing on behalf of the Canadian National Committee of Women for Patriotic Service. The main contents of the letter are as follows:

"Dear Madam,—I am instructed as secretary of the National Committee of Women for Patriotic Service in Canada to write you as president of the International Congress of Women. This committee of which I have the honor to be secretary is composed of the presidents (or their representatives) of the nationally organized societies of women of Canada. Many of the women represented on this committee have received invitations to be present or to elect delegates to represent them at the congress. None of these Canadian societies of women has felt able to accept the courteous invitation of your committee because they believe that the time for peace has not arrived, and therefore no woman from Canada can speak as representing the opinion of Canadian women.

"The enclosed open letter concerning peace has been issued by thousands amongst the women of Canada, and we have received many resolutions endorsing the views therein expressed. It has also been commented upon by most of the women editors in our newspapers, and I have not seen any comment which did not express approval of the position taken in the matter.

"Madame President, when we look at Belgium we cannot speak of peace. We speak often of the horrors of war, but there are also horrors of peace. In war there is material and physical loss, but what of the spiritual loss involved in a

the degree on him, the university was recognizing the honor which Sir Frederick had done the province by the success that he had achieved in the banking world. The Hon. Josiah Wood, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, presided, and the degree was conferred by Chancellor Jones on behalf of the members of the Senate of the university. In accepting the degree Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor referred particularly to the fact that he was a New Brunswick boy and on this account he felt there was no titular honor in the gift of any public body in the country or of any government thereof that could so touch his heart or could afford such intense satisfaction as the honorable degree conferred by the University of New Brunswick. Referring to his early life in New Brunswick, Sir Frederick said:

"From my earliest youth the power and pleasure of education, the hidden mysteries of the law have filled me with a feeling of profound awe and veneration. This feeling grows with passing time and is accentuated by the fact that I am not among those privileged to claim this University as Alma Mater. My education was acquired in that exacting universal school—the school of stern necessity. It is thirty-seven years since I entered as a pupil that ever open school of which we all are life-long scholars, and though the demerits in my case are obvious, yet the fact remains that I eventually stand here a proud graduate by courtesy of this historic seat of learning.

"I have run many hard races in my time, I have competed in many events and gradually acquired a few prizes, but you may accept my heartfelt assurance that no previous honor or award is more highly appreciated than this one so graciously conferred upon me to-day, for it carries with it that priceless jewel, the commendation of my fellow-countrymen—and may I add of my country-women—in this my own native Province of New Brunswick.

"The Bible tells us that a prophet is without honor in his own country, and it is not for me to attempt to palliate or deny the truth of the statement. On the contrary I can only express deep satisfaction that there is at least no such discrimination against a banker in this good old Maritime Province."

#### Aids to Success.

In a short address to the students, particularly to the members of the graduating class, Sir Frederick took occasion to mark out some of the special points that make most for success in life, and drew attention to the

or physical disabilities. My dear young man, and woman too, take my word for it, and dismiss this illusion. "There is scarcely a defect that youth with what I will call my chart cannot overcome, especially if you keep ever before you the knowledge that some men are born great, some inherit greatness, while some are born in the province of New Brunswick.

#### New Brunswick's Record

"Statisticians and economists will tell you that New Brunswick is less progressive than the provinces to the west. There is evidence to this effect. It is true that our New Brunswick population does not increase as rapidly as we would desire. The immigrant seeks the more beaten path Westward. Our imports and exports compare unfavorably with those of some other provinces. But by way of comparison what about Scotland and Ireland as compared with England? There we surely find a corresponding disparity. But, ladies and gentlemen, there is a product in Scotland, Ireland and New Brunswick not mentioned in our Canadian Year Book written in shining letters in the history of the British Empire. The flesh and blood, the men and women of New Brunswick and of the Maritime Provinces constitute a form of wealth in this Dominion of Canada the ultimate value of which cannot be reduced to numerals—to dollars and cents—cannot be computed by soulless economists and statisticians.

"And if the world seeks an explanation it is to be found in the fact that the stock from which the P. E. Islander, the Bluenose, and the New Brunswicker springs is good stock. The strongest element in this community to-day springs from the spirit of our United Empire Loyalist progenitors who one hundred and forty years ago left wealth and comfort behind them in the United States of

#### NOTICES OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS, 25 CENTS

##### BIRTHS.

HUGHES—At 2415 Mance May 5th, a son to Mr. and M. Hughes.

SMART—At Dr. Hagar's hospital, Ottawa, on May 11th Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smart,

MARTIN—On Monday, May at the Ottawa Maternity H. M. and Mme. Martin, a daughter.

BROAD—At 2590a Esplanad on May 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Broad, a daughter.

WOOLLEY—May 14th, at 26 opher Columbus street, to Mrs. W. A. Woolley, a son

##### MARRIAGES.

TOMKINS—GRAHAM—On May 11th, 1915, at Dominion dist Church, by Rev. Dr. Audrey, daughter of Mrs. ham, to Peter Wilson Tomp of Ottawa.

SHAMPINE—HAYNES—On by the Rev. M. S. Oxley, Loretta, daughter of the late and Mrs. Haynes, to George Shampine, both of Montreal

##### DEATHS.

CHABOT—On May 7th, through sinking of S.S. Lusitania Louis Chabot, aged 49 years

PILSON—On May 10th, 1915 O'Connor street, Ottawa, A ton, beloved wife of Mr. H. her 82nd year.

NELSON—On Monday, May the residence of her brother Conroy, of Aylmer, Que., Conroy, relict of the late Nelson.

LYNCH—On Monday, May 11 Bell street, Ottawa, Vincent son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank

DUBEAU—May 13, Edward the age of 63 years and 4 m 340 Ontario east.

FIELD—Killed in action, Arthur Field, aged 30 years, No. 1 Co., 2nd Battalion, 1st Contingent, son of the late Field, Barbadoes, British dies.

HAMMOND—Through sinking Lusitania, on May 7th, Frederick Sydney Hammond, in his 29th year, dearly beloved son of Mrs. H. C. Hammond and the late Herbert Carlyle Hammond, of Toronto.

HAGUE—Died of wounds received in action on the 2nd of May 1915, Lieut. Owen C. F. Hague, of the 2nd Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, aged twenty-six years. A military memorial service will be held at the Church of St. James the Apostle, on Sunday afternoon, the 16th inst., at three o'clock.

HUGHES—At Royal Victoria Hospital on May 14th, Letitia Winnifred (Lily) Hogan, beloved wife of Jas. M. Hughes, 2415 Mance street, and daughter of the late Thos. H. Hogan M. F. D. Funeral notice later.

MERCIER—On May 13th, Mary Ann Florence, youngest daughter of the late Hubert Mercier and Maul Cheeper, died of spinal meningitis. Funeral from 33 Payette street.

VAUGHN—On May 12, at the age of 69 years, 10 months, Abby Davidson, beloved wife of Thos. Vaughn, of 2691 Waverley street.

## URGE CANADIANS TO JOIN COLORS

### H. B. Ames, M.P., Says First Contingent Largely of British Born

Stirring patriotic addresses were heard by the residents of Westmount last night in the Victoria Hall. Mayor McKergow presided and in a brief address referred to Canada's part in the war and the need for more men and still more men.

Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P., stated that it was being asked on all hands how long the war would last. This he said was a useless speculation and unwarranted optimism. Mr. Asquith had told them when the war would end; when Belgium recovers all and more than she has sacrificed, when France is secured against menace of aggression, when the rights of smaller nations are placed upon an unassailable foundation and



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# The American Church, Montreal

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## UNITED SERVICE

OF

# Commemoration and Intercession

5TH AUGUST, 1917, 4.00 P.M.

## Third Anniversary of the Declaration of War

(4 AUGUST, 1914)

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### Prelude.

#### Scripture Sentences and Lord's Prayer.

Rev. E. I. HART, D.D.

HYMN—Tune *St. Anne*.

1. O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
2. Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
6. O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

Isaac Watts.

### Scripture Readings.

Rev. F. L. ORCHARD, B.D.

(Minister and Congregation alternating,  
the Congregation remaining seated)

1. The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith He hath girded Himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.
2. Thy throne is stablished of old; Thou art from everlasting.
3. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.
4. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. *Psalm 93*.
5. Give the king Thy judgments, O God, and Thy righteousness unto the king's son.
6. He shall judge Thy people with righteousness, and Thy poor with judgment.
7. The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills by righteousness.
8. He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor . . . .
9. In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
10. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.



11. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; and His enemies shall lick the dust . . .

12. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him.

13. For He shall deliver the needy when He crieth; the poor also, and Him that hath no helper.

14. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

15. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in His sight . . .

16. His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.

17. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

18. And blessed be His glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

*Psaln 72.*

**Prayer: Confession and Supplication.**  
(page 4). Rev. WM. MUNROE.

#### COMMEMORATION OF THE FALLEN (the Congregation standing).

Prof. R. E. WELSH, D.D.

(Extracts from Pericles' address commemorating the Athenian soldiers who had fallen in war.—Thucydides, B.C. 471-401.)

"Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life. But, deeming that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonour, but in the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men . . . They freely gave their lives to their country as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which

they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise that grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone but in the hearts of men.

"Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war.

"Wherefore I do not commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that those may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life . . ."

#### HYMN—Tune *Pro Omnibus Sanctis*.

1. For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.  
Hallelujah !
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress,  
and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.  
Hallelujah !
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Hallelujah !
4. And, when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Hallelujah !
5. The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes their rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Hallelujah !



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

7. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Hallelujah ! Amen.  
W. W. How (1864)

**PRAYER: INTERCESSIONS** (page 4).

Major Rev. C. A. WILLIAMS.

HYMN—Tune *Melita*.

1. Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand  
Dominion holds on sea and land,  
In peace and war Thy Will we see  
Shaping the larger liberty.  
Nations may rise and nations fall,  
Thy changeless Purpose rules them all.
2. When death flies swift on wave and field,  
Be Thou a sure defence and shield;  
Console and succour those who fall,  
And help and hearten each and all!  
O, hear a people's prayers for those  
Who fearless face their country's foes.
3. For those who weak and broken lie  
In weariness and agony—  
Great Healer, to their beds of pain  
Come, touch, and make them whole again!  
O, hear a people's prayers, and bless  
Thy servants in their hour of stress!
4. For those to whom the call shall come  
We pray Thy tender welcome home.  
The toil, the bitterness, all past,  
We trust them to Thy love at last.  
O, hear a people's prayers for all  
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

5. For those who minister and heal,  
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal,  
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,  
And guard them from disease and death.  
And in Thine own good time, Lord,  
send,  
Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end.  
*John Oxenham* (1914)

**Offertory** (for Soldiers' Wives League).

**Solo: Kipling's Recessional** (see page 4).  
Mrs. ELSIE DE MONDEHAR.

**ADDRESS.** Rev. GEORGE ADAM.

**Prayer.** Rev. T. W. DAVIDSON, M.A.

HYMN—Tune *National Anthem*.

1. Our loved Dominion bless  
With peace and happiness  
From shore to shore;  
And let our Empire be  
United, loyal, free,  
True to herself and Thee  
For evermore. (*Robert Murray*)
2. God save our gracious King;  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us:  
God save the King!
3. God save our splendid men,  
Send them safe home again,  
God save our men!  
Make them victorious,  
Patient and chivalrous,  
They are so dear to us:  
God save our men!

**Benediction.**



## CALL TO PRAYER

We are called to prayer, in concert with multitudes whom no man can number:

1. To make confession of our sins, private and public, and supplication for grace; to pray for Divine help in the day of trouble, for a deeper sense of eternal realities and of the supreme values of life, for the increase of true religion and of public spirit;
2. To make intercession for our King and all who rule over the affairs of the realm, the Empire and the Dominion; and for Allied Nations;  
for all actively engaged in this conflict, especially for those in command, and for all who serve on land, on the sea, and in the air;  
for those stricken and falling in death; for the wounded, the sick, and those recovering;  
for prisoners, and all beset by temptation;  
for physicians, surgeons, nurses and all others ministering help and comfort;  
for chaplains and all others ministering the word of Divine grace;
3. To pray for those who have given up kindred and friends to the service of God and country;  
for those who mourn under bereavement, and those anxiously awaiting news;  
for those who suffer hardship in their work or in their homes under the present stress;  
for our present enemies, and those of them who suffer;  
for the removal of the causes of strife and warfare and of enmity;  
and we pray God for the restoration of a righteous and lasting peace and the trusty fellowship of men and nations, unto the welfare of all mankind and the glory of His name.

W.

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## KIPLING'S RECESSIONAL

1. God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of the far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine,  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
2. The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
3. If drunk with sight of power we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law,  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
4. For heathen hearts that put their trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.





McGill University

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Service

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, B.A., M.D.

NO. 3 CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL (MCGILL)

TO BE HELD IN

The Royal Victoria College

Monday, 4th February,  
1918, at 11 a.m.



# Order of Service



## 1. Hymn.—“O God Our Help.”

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

Amen.

2. **Scripture Reading.** Isaiah, Chap. XL., “Comfort ye my people.”
3. **Prayer.**
4. **Address.**



5. **Scripture Reading.**—Ecclesiasticus, Chap. XLIV. "Let us now praise famous men."

6. **Hymn.**—"When the Day of Toil is Done."

When the day of toil is done,  
When the race of life is run,  
Father, grant Thy wearied one,  
Rest for evermore.

When the darkness melts away  
At the breaking of Thy day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray,  
Light for evermore.

When the heart, by sorrow tried  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us where all tears are dried—  
Joy for evermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in Thy love to learn  
Love for evermore.

When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim its own,  
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,  
Life for evermore. Amen.

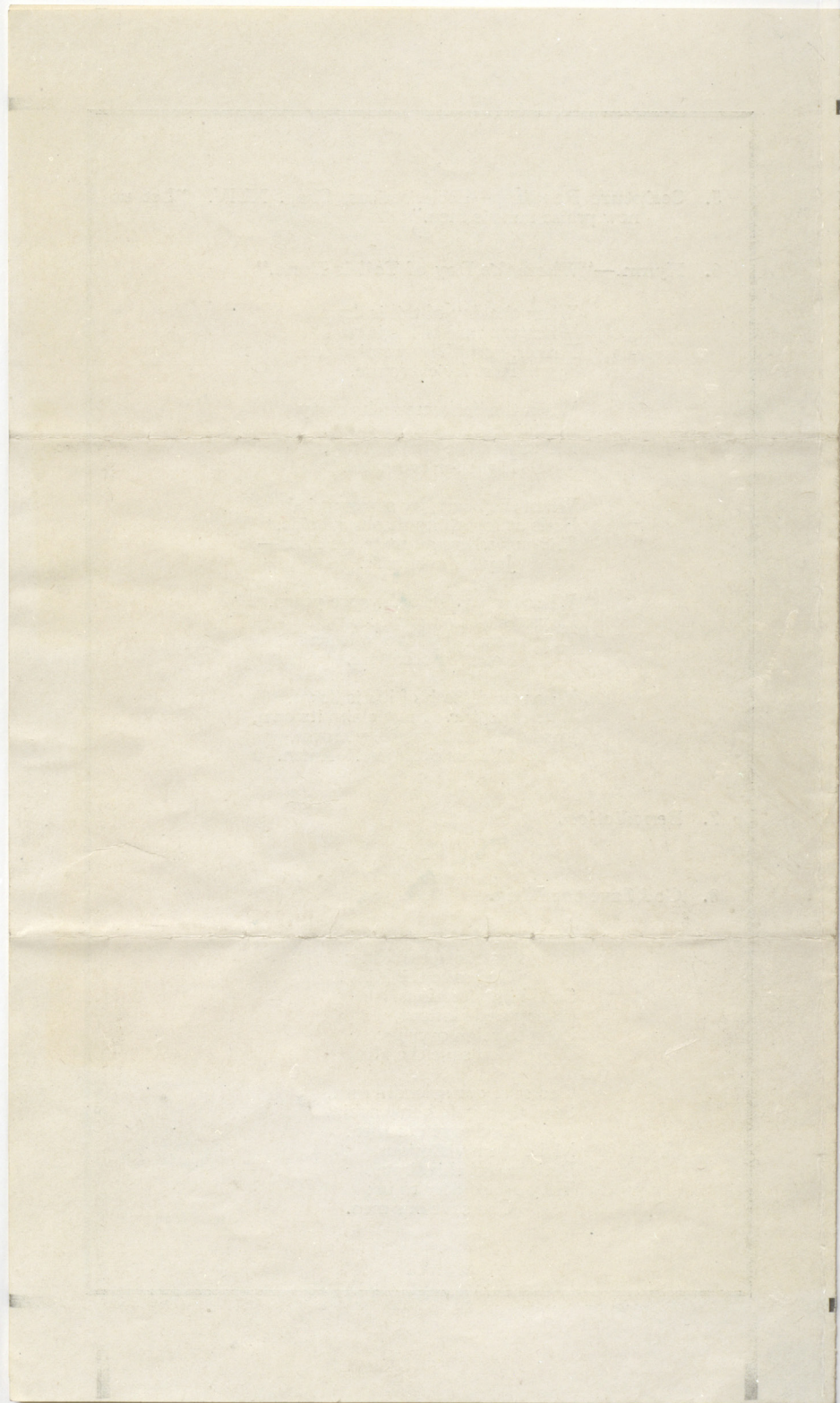
7. **Benediction.**

8. **God Save the King.**

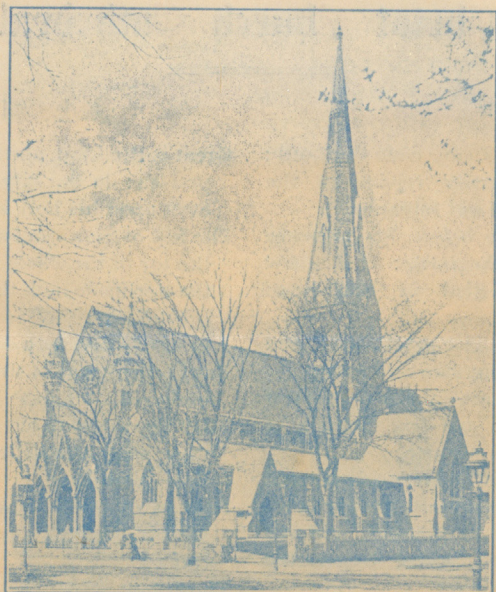
God save our gracious King;  
Long live our noble King;  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us;  
God save the King!

God save our splendid men,  
Send them safe home again,  
God save our men.  
Make them victorious,  
Patient and chivalrous,  
They are so dear to us;  
God save our men.









**Christ Church Cathedral**  
Montreal

Sunday, April 11th, 1915  
at 11.00 a.m.

**Special Military Service**

Commands of  
Colonel Birkett and Captain Barclay

Preacher  
Rev. H. Symonds, D.D., LL.D., Vicar





## Christ Church Cathedral

### The Venite.

O come let us sing unto the Lord :  
let us heartily rejoice in the  
strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence  
with thanksgiving : and shew  
ourselves glad in him with  
Psalms.

For the Lord is a great God : and  
a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of  
the earth : and the strength of  
the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it : and  
his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship, and fall  
down : and kneel before the  
Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God : and  
we are the people of his pasture,  
and the sheep of his hand.

To-day if ye will hear his voice,  
harden not your hearts : as in the  
provocation, and as in the day of  
temptation in the wilderness ;

When your fathers tempted me :  
proved me, and saw my works.

Forty years long was I grieved with  
this generation, and said : It is  
a people that do err in their hearts,  
for they have not known my ways.

Unto whom I sware in my wrath :  
that they should not enter into  
my rest.

Glory be to the Father, and to the  
Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now,  
and ever shall be : world without  
end. Amen.

### Psalm 48.

Great is the Lord, and highly to be  
praised : in the city of our God,  
even upon his holy hill.

The hill of Sion is a fair place, and  
the joy of the whole earth : upon  
the northside lieth the city of the  
great King ; God is well known  
in her palaces as a sure refuge.

For lo, the kings of the earth : are  
gathered, and gone by together.  
They marvelled to see such things :  
they were astonished, and sud-  
denly cast down.

Fear came there upon them, and  
sorrow : as upon a woman in her  
travail.

Thou shalt break the ships of the  
sea : through the east-wind.

Like as we have heard, so have we  
seen in the city of the Lord of  
hosts, in the city of our God : God  
upholdeth the same for ever.

We wait for thy loving-kindness, O  
God : in the midst of thy temple.

O God, according to thy Name, so  
is Thy praise unto the world's  
end : thy right hand is full of  
righteousness.

Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the  
daughter of Judah be glad :  
because of thy judgements.



Walk about Sion, and go round about  
her : and tell the towers thereof.

Mark well her bulwarks, set up her  
houses : that ye may tell them  
that come after.


For this God is our God for ever  
and ever : he shall be our guide  
unto death.

### The Lesson.

Ephesians VI.—10.







### **Te Deum Laudamus.**

We praise thee, O God : we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.  
All the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.  
To thee all angels cry aloud : the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.  
To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin : continually do cry.  
Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;  
Heaven and earth are full of thy Majesty : of thy Glory.  
The glorious company of the Apostles : praise thee.  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise thee.  
The noble army of Martyrs : praise thee.  
The holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge thee ;  
The Father, of an infinite Majesty ;  
Thine honourable, true : and only Son ;  
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.  
Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.  
Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.  
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man ; thou didst not abhor the Virgin's Womb.  
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.  
Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the Glory of the Father.  
We believe that thou shalt come : to be our Judge.  
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants : whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.  
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints : in glory everlasting.  
O Lord save thy people : and bless thine heritage.  
Govern them : and lift them up for ever.  
Day by day : we magnify thee ;  
And we worship thy Name : ever world without end.  
Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.  
O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.  
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee.  
O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

### **Offertorium.**

Solo for Soprano

"With verdure clad." - Haydn

#### **RECITATIVE**

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth : and it was so.

#### **ARIA**

With verdure clad the fields appear.  
Delightful to the ravished sense :  
By flowers sweet and gay  
Enhanced is the charming sight.

Here fragrant herbs their odours shed,  
Here shoots the healing plant.

With copious fruit the extended boughs are hung ;  
In leafy arches twine the shady groves ;  
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

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### **Sermon by the Vicar.**

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### **Offertorium Anthem.**

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates."  
(Messiah) - Handel

Lift up your heads, O ye gates !  
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors.

And the King of Glory shall come in.






Who is the King of Glory ?

The Lord strong and mighty,  
The Lord mighty in battle.

Who is the King of Glory ?

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

### **Benediction.**








## Hymns.

Processional 170

No. 536

Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
He hath burst his bonds in twain ;  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
Alleluia ! swell the strain !  
For our gain He suffer'd loss  
By Divine decree ;  
He hath died upon the Cross,  
But our God is He.  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
He hath burst his bonds in twain ;  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
Alleluia ! swell the strain !

See the chains of death are broken ;  
Earth below and heaven above  
Joy in each amazing token  
Of his rising, Lord of love ;  
He for evermore shall reign  
By the Father's side,  
Till he comes to earth again,  
Comes to claim his bride.  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
He hath burst his bonds in twain ;  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
Alleluia ! swell the strain !



Glorious Angels downward throng-  
ing  
Hail the Lord of all the skies ;  
Heav'n, with joy and holy longing  
For the Word incarnate, cries,  
"Christ is risen ! Earth, rejoice !  
Gleam, ye starry train !  
All creation, find a voice ;  
He o'er all shall reign."  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
He hath burst his bonds in twain ;  
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
O'er the universe to reign. Amen.

Unto the hills around do I lift up  
My longing eyes.  
O whence for me shall my salvation  
come,  
From whence arise ?  
From God the Lord doth come my  
certain aid.

From God the Lord, Who heaven  
and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be  
moved :  
Safe shalt thou be.

No careless slumber shall His eye-  
lids close,  
Who keepeth thee.

Behold our God the Lord, He  
slumbereth ne'er.  
Who keepeth Israel in His holy  
care.

Jehovah to Himself thy keeper true,  
Thy changeless shade ;  
Jehovah thy defence on thy right  
hand

Himself hath made-  
And thee no sun by day shall ever  
smite,  
No moon shall harm thee in the  
silent night.


From every evil shall he keep thy  
soul,

From every sin :  
Jehovah shall preserve thy going  
out,

Thy coming in.  
Above thee watching, He Whom  
we adore

Shall keep thee henceforth, yea,  
for evermore. Amen.

*The Marquis of Lorne, 1877.*



## National Anthem.

353

God save our gracious king,  
Long live our noble king,  
God save the king :  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us :  
God save the king.

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour ;  
Long may he reign :  
May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the king.

*The following verse may also be sung.*

Our loved Dominion bless  
With peace and happiness

From shore to shore ;  
And let our Empire be  
United, loyal, free,  
True to herself and Thee  
For evermore. Amen.



# Death To Live; Li

Who knoweth if it be not death to live,

And life to die.

Euripides.

To the Editor of The Standard.

Sir,

Will you kindly give me enough of your valuable space, to ease my feelings, if I cannot very clearly shape my thoughts, upon the death of Guy Drummond.

He lies buried by his enemies, if he is buried at all,—what does it signify?—in the fatal and fruitful spot, a Golgotha and Bethlehem, a place of skulls and a cradle of mighty birth in one, whose name will glow and thrill for ever as a creative power in the inmost heart of Canada. He and Norsworthy, twin stars, and the many other brave men, who fell by his side, in that fierce and glorious hour, hold firmly for us and keep safe our title in the immortal estate their valour gained for us at Langemareck. It does not matter who tills the fields and reaps the crops that grow there. Of course, we must see to it that Belgians do, not Germans. But, in any case, these gallant fellows, have taken eternal possession of it for their country. They have annexed Langemareck to Canada. Henceforth it will be a Canadian place of pilgrimage; a living fountain springing up into everlasting life, filled with Canadian blood to bind us more closely to each other here, as well as to our British kindred across the seas, and to their comrades Belgian, French, or Russian, who are fighting the good fight by their side.

It is now possible to see how Guy Drummond fell. It was on the afternoon of Thursday, April the 22nd. He and his men, for whose leader nature had marked him, not more by his heroic stature—he stood like Saul the son of Kish, head and shoulders above the people—than by the matter-of-fact good-natured courage of that cool-thinking and imperturbable, as well as towering head, were talking and chaffing each other on the grass in front of their dug-outs. Very likely they were arguing about home politics, in which, by what may seem to be a strange though it was certainly a characteristic paradox, their gallant captain rather inclined to sympathise to some extent with the point of view of M. H. Bourassa. Guy loved his men and was loved and admired by them, so that their easily-fitting Canadian discipline could keep itself.

All of a sudden, like a waterspout out of a clear sky, the storm of war broke upon them. The Turcos who, as they knew, were holding the line on their left flank, came flying past them down the road. The poor Africans ran as if the devil were behind them. They no doubt literally believed he was. Against mere flesh and blood they were as brave as lions. But this last surprise which, as it must have seemed to them, had been sprung upon them from the inexhaustible miraculous fire-and-stink-box of their demon adversaries had completely demoralized them. The gleam of Turco bayonets had often made those white-fleshed Teuton grunTERS squeal, but what decent black man could stand against this "medicine" of theirs which could raise from hell and blow along the ground a slow yellow mist of choking death that turned men's lungs and hearts to water, when it did not kill them outright. So the dam had broken close to the Canadians. Guy and his men were in



Captain Guy Drummond, Who Gave His Life For His Country at The Great Battle of Langemareck.

poison and flame? In the wild confusion the deluge of treacherous filth and superstitious fear Guy Drummond stood like a tower. Like that tall Greek, Protesilaos, the self-immolated pioneer of victory to his countrymen, who was the first to leap out upon the Trojan shore, and serve the claim of Hellas upon with the whole length of his dead body, he fell in the first hour of the long battle, but not till he had by his example, so steadied and heartened his men that its glorious issue was the immortal name of Langemareck must always be inseparably entwined with the memory of his name.

It was about half-past four in the afternoon. H. Fox, the young soldier acting as his servant, whose affection for him expresses itself very movingly in the simple words of a letter addressed to Mrs. Guy Drummond, had just been getting ready to cook the evening meal. He hurriedly buckled on his master's harness, making sure that the revolver was right. Things were now getting very hot. The enemy's cannonade was being turned directly on the Canadian trenches, the shells with the poisonous fumes and lyddite were bursting all around. Guy told his men, who had put on their equipment and were lining the trench, to get into the shelter of the dug-out. By that time more of the Algerians came rushing down the road. Guy who could speak French just as well as English, being a complete Canadian, went out to stem the flood with his voice and rally the fugitives if he could. That was the last his servant saw of him. Major Norsworthy who had already been slightly wounded sent him on a message probably to ask for help from another point of the field. Meantime Guy had found that nothing could be done with the Turcos. He returned to his own platoon and brought them out to hold the road, walking up and down among them, cheering them up, speaking to each, and seeing to it that they took as good cover as possible. For a minute or two he left them and then came back along with Major Norsworthy. The German



...contact with the breaking point. Could their part of the retaining wall hold against the cataclysm of panic-ruin which came tumbling by them amid a stinking and roaring tornado of fire and bursting shells, and left them hanging on the verge, their unsupported side and rear bare to the engulfing torrent of

...were now within a hundred yards the bullets came thick and the men were falling. Private Brown got shot through the left wrist at his side. "Go to headquarters," said Guy "as quickly as possible. If you get to London, do not fail to look up Lady Drummond." It was his half-spoken farewell to his dear mother. She

The idea is ridiculous.

There are only two alternatives.

Either the idea of great capital investment upon facilities commensurate with the rapid development of the city must be abandoned, or a new franchise must be secured.

There is another complication in connection with this franchise question which deserves consideration. The franchise which will expire in eight years' time is one covering only the old boundaries of the city. Other franchises made either with municipalities that have since been annexed, or with municipalities that must inevitably be annexed, are in the possession of the company. The franchises give an absolute monopoly in tramways, for periods covering from thirty to fifty years, to the Tramways Company, and they cover every district around the city. Naturally the terms and conditions in these various franchises vary considerably, both in regard to fares and to service. They make this much certain, however, that the Montreal Tramways Company is in the city to stay; that it is bound up as inseparably with the welfare and progress of the city as either of the great railway companies is with the welfare and progress of the country as a whole. While the franchise for the centre of the city expires in nine years, all the other franchises covering the whole of what is and what will be Montreal, run up to as long as half a century. Thus no general city service of tramways during the lifetime of any of the present population can be had without arrangement with the Tramways Company. Under these circumstances certain of our city fathers have naturally insisted that any new franchise granted the company in regard to the centre of the city ought, in the best interests of all concerned, to call for the rescinding of all the other franchises, thus bringing about a unified system throughout the whole of Greater Montreal. Such a comprehensive arrangement ought to be an immense advantage to the city, and result in an immense impetus to its growth.

From time to time the complaint has been made that the Company has purposely exaggerated the difficulties it has met with in coping with the rapidly-increasing traffic, and has not spent the amount on improvements and facilities that it ought to have spent, even considering the short term that its present city franchise has to run and the consequent difficulty of securing new capital.

An examination of the reports prepared for the shareholders shows that in the four years under the Robert regime (1910-1914) a sum averaging over \$2,000,000 per annum has been spent on improvements and facilities, making a capital expenditure in the four years of \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The rapidity with which the system is growing is shown by the fact that in the year in which Mr. Robert took over the presidency, the total number of passengers was 107,000,000, or with the number carried on transfers 143,600,000. Last year the figures were 168,000,000 and 226,593,000 respectively. These figures will show how great is the necessity of tackling the tramways proposition on a business-like footing, and of ensuring that future growth shall not be hampered by uncertainties regarding capital expenditure and improvements.

Now there is no need to emphasize the fact that the business of the company is intimately bound up with the whole life and welfare of the community. That being so, it is

equally obvious that, to secure the best results, there should be goodwill and co-operation between the Company and the city authorities. There is every evidence that the company, as well as the civic rulers, recognises this. The company has offered to renounce its outside franchises, to establish uniformity of service and fares; to build subways where needed—in fact, to co-operate with the city in every way in providing a tramways service that shall be worthy of the city. This, of course, will call for a wholesale overhauling and revision of the terms and conditions. Naturally the civic authorities will be anxious to get the best possible bargain in every way for the city, and naturally the company will be anxious to protect the interests of its shareholders to the best advantage. If both sides approach the matter in a spirit of fairness and co-operation, the company recognising that the citizens are entitled to good service and reasonable rates, and the city recognising that capital is entitled to a fair return, then there ought to be no difficulty in reaching an arrangement satisfactory to all.

In making the new franchise the fact should never be lost sight of that the first obligation of a public utility engaged in transportation is service to the public. Equally it should be borne in mind that the quality of that service must primarily depend upon the money received in fares. Thus if there is demanded a readjustment of fares on long-distance routes, it is necessary that the company should at any rate demand a rate of fare sufficient to permit it to meet the demands of the patrons on the one hand and to yield a fair return on capitalisation on the other.

Seeing that this whole question between the city authorities and the company has to be settled anyway, and seeing that the sooner it is settled the sooner will capital outlay on a vast unified transportation of system be commenced, the present administration cannot but feel that there is no more important service it could perform than to settle this matter on a businesslike basis. To the working-men of the city, the re-arrangement of the present anomalous fares, and the bringing of much new capital into the city—as will be the case as soon as the franchise is granted—are matters of pressing importance.

CITIZEN.

Montreal, June 4th, 1915.

## THE ILL-FATED

No more graceful ship ever "R.M.S. Lusitania" which was so of Ireland last week by German

In response to numerous requests printed on fine art paper a limited engraving of the "Lusitania" will be issued.

This picture, which is fifteen deep, shows the ill-fated steamer of her lines. The price of this engraving from your newsagent or from OFFICE, 177 St. James Street, mailed to any address postpaid for City, may obtain copies from Mr. agan, 26 Mountain Hill, Quebec.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED



# Woman's Eye



## k's Chat ing Folks

### OUR RULES

1.—I promise to be more thoughtful of others.

2.—I promise to live worthy

my Native Land and of the great Empire to which I am proud to belong.

3.—I promise to take a personal interest in "Cousin Dick's Chat" and to help him all I possibly can.

be addressed to the office  
St. James Street, Montreal.

rn to be tidy, and you will find  
ir odd jobs a pleasure and a de-  
nt to perform. If any of you want  
ails of measurements, etc., I'll be  
d to send them to you on receipt  
a letter requesting me to do so. A  
mped-addressed envelope will save  
ay. Send your enquiries to me  
the Office of "The Standard," 169  
James St., Montreal.

After I had finished the work-  
le and cupboards, I set to work  
d made up a drop-table for the  
andah, and to-day, we are going  
have tea out there. That will be  
s, for we'll get a lot of fresh air,  
that will do us all good. I al-  
ys feel a good deal hungrier out  
the fresh air, and eat quite a lot  
ore. So that table on the veran-  
h is likely to prove costly before  
have finished with it. But gro-  
s bills are better than doctor's  
Yes, I'm sure it will be a merry  
party, for we always enjoy an  
en-air meal. It's novelty makes it  
relish, and besides, there's more  
a in it. Mother always forgets  
nothing that ought to have been  
the table, and Saxon wants to  
d the dicky-birds that come hop-  
g onto the end of the porch, so  
at altogether, a meal in the ver-  
dah is fine fun—if the weather is  
itable.

Which reminds me to tell you of a  
le poem that I used to know

### HOW TO BE HAPPY WHEN ENGAGED.

A GIRL naturally looks upon her courtship days as one of the happiest times she will have in her life. If she wants all to go smoothly, she should remember the following points:

She should not allow herself to become selfish and think only of how much time she can spend with her sweetheart. She should never let her father and mother think she is altogether drifting away from them.

The engaged girl, too, must try and be unselfish with regard to the wishes of her future parents-in-law.

The more she considers them and

is nice and kind to them, the more suitable will they consider her as a wife for their son, and the more unity there will be between the two families.

She must never criticise her fiance harshly or find fault unnecessarily. If he has little habits and faults which jar upon her she can point them out kindly and tactfully, but this sort of thing must be done very carefully.

She must be loving, patient, sympathetic, and forgiving.

### THE LOVE TOKEN.

I bring you a song that is song  
abloom,  
And the blossoms of radiant  
hue  
Hold a melodied chord in their  
faint perfume—  
And the song that they bear  
is You.

'Tis the song of my world, of  
the sun and air  
And the earth and the  
breeze and dew;  
They have given the flowers  
the song to bear—  
And the song that they sing  
is You.

### TRAINING A SWEETHEART.

HAPPY is the girl who, in the courting days, can learn the art of "managing" her sweetheart, for it will ensure much happiness in married life.

Three things are needful to man-



out some pussy-cats that went out  
a tea-party. Some of you might  
e to learn the lines, so here they  
e:

### The Cat's Tea Party.

Five little pussy-cats, invited out to  
tea,

ried, "Mother, let us go. Oh, do!  
for good we'll surely be!

We'll wear our bibs and hold our  
things as you have shown us  
how—

poons in right paws, cups in left—  
and make a pretty bow;

We'll always say, "Yes, if you please,"  
and "Only half of that!!"

Then go, my darling children," said  
the happy mother cat.

The five little pussy-cats went out  
that night to tea,

Their heads were smooth and glossy,  
their tails were swinging free;

They held their things as they had  
learned, and tried to be polite—

With snowy bibs beneath their chins  
they were a pretty sight.

But alas! for manners beautiful and  
coats as smooth as silk,

The moment that the little kits were  
asked to take some milk

They dropped their spoons, forgot to  
bow, and—oh, what do you  
think?

They put their noses in their cups,  
and all began to drink!

Yes, every naughty little kit set up  
a "meow" for more,

Then knocked their teacups over, and  
scampered through the door!

I'm sure you'll all agree that those  
pussy-cats were more like a barrel  
full of monkeys, and they certainly

not set a good example for you  
I to follow. But next week,

will follow a good lead and all  
not down to California for the Chat,

in company with your ever loving  
and devoted Chatterer,

COUSIN DICK.



## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

renders to the skin a beautiful,  
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age a man so well that he does not  
discover the process—those are love,  
patience, and tact.

Love, of course, comes first, and  
nothing can be done without it; then  
a girl who wishes to train her sweet-  
heart in the way he should go must  
have infinite patience.

He may fall and fall and fall again  
over the very obstacles she is trying  
to make him avoid, yet she must  
never let him see that she is dis-  
mayed.

And as for tact—well, she must  
exercise plenty of it.

Tact is doing things at the right  
moment and in the right way.

### A MOTHER'S SONG.

The garden in a wealth of bloom,

The moonlight on the sea,

The purple hills are sights that oft  
Have cast a spell o'er me.

But now I see a fairer thing,

And wonder all the while

What sight, what vision can compare  
With baby's dimpled smile.

I've heard the sweet-voiced nightin-  
gale,

The calling of the dove,

The fluted notes of mating thrush

When pleading to his love.

I've heard the trilling of the lark

From out the heavens' blue,

But never sound so sweet to me

As baby's first soft "coo."

### BE'S AND BUT'S.

BE upright and straightforward BUT  
don't boast about it. One gets  
suspicious of people who flaunt  
their honesty.

BE well-meaning and sincere BUT  
remember that the less you  
think about it the more sincere  
you are likely to be.

BE simple in all things BUT don't  
be a simpleton. To be truly  
simple is to be great.

BE sympathetic and attentive BUT  
be cheering as well. Even sym-  
pathy can be overdone, and two  
people crying do not lessen a  
trouble.

### LUCKY DAYS.

ODD days of the month, par-  
ticularly the third and the  
ninth day, are considered the  
luckiest days for lovers. Three and  
nine are the most fortunate numbers  
in connection with love affairs. In  
nearly every love charm you find  
the mystic number three.

The seventh day is the luckiest for  
the presentation of an engagement  
ring, a proposal or a wedding—in  
fact, for doing anything connected  
with a love affair.

There is a very old saying which  
runs, "There's luck in all odd num-  
bers," but thirteen is generally held  
to be unlucky, if not fatal.

Friday is generally regarded as an  
unlucky day. It is not lucky to  
begin anything new on a Friday.



URDAY, JUNE 5, 1915.

# ...e To Die

could fill out all the fathomless deeps of meaning left unsaid. Lance-Corporal Taylor was then quite close to him and tells us what happened next. Guy and Major Nersworthy were bending down talking together for a moment or two when both of them fell, Guy with a bullet through his neck. His last words were:—"Stick to it, boys. We will get through them somehow." He at last, for his part, had got through them. Taylor ran to him, and put a bandage round the wound to stop the blood. He died in a few minutes. With the help of a comrade, Taylor lifted the body off the road and placed it on the grass near the dug-out, with his own and the other man's great-coat over it. That night the place, where it had been left lying, was in the possession of the Germans. Surely the hands of some of them were not so utterly subdued to the vile stuff they worked in as to grudge the dead soldier his seven feet of Belgian earth, and simple wooden cross with his disc of identification. I hope he may sleep on there undisturbed where we may bring flowers to lay upon his resting place in the sacred land which he laid down his life to purge of its foul butchers and spoilers.

"How sad!" we say. "The pity of it; what a waste!" He was young, had great possessions, the brightest prospects of happiness and wide usefulness. He was newly wedded to a beautiful girl, scarce made a wife before she found herself a widow. His fair home on Mountain street had not yet been fully furnished. Some of the things for it came just a few days ago. A rich young man, unlike that other in the parable, he had forsaken all and followed. He had married a wife and yet he came. An only son of a widowed mother he left a bitter thorn from his own crown fixed till her dying day in the dolorous mother's heart. McGill will miss him, his Alma Mater. He was one of her best friends and most faithful sons. As President of the Students' Union, he had raised, with good help from his friend Gregor Barclay, the common life of the Undergraduates to a quite new and higher plane. Every year, though by his own express desire very few knew anything about it, he made a handsome allowance to enable the most promising student in the subject which had interested him most, Political, Science, to profit by the facilities in that line which he had himself enjoyed and highly appreciated at the Sorbonne in Paris. Canada and Montreal will miss him. It was his ambition to serve his city and country in public life. He was a born leader as he proved in College and in the field, a man of heart and head. He would have done much that can ill be spared. He would have helped to bring in a much needed influence for the cleaning and rising of our somewhat sordid politics. To think that all this fair promise should have been cut short by the brutal shears of war! Could not a less precious sacrifice have taken his place?

Yes. So we say, still kicking against the pricks, still stumbling on the old offence and scandal of the Cross, never a greater offence and scandal than it is now to the flabby "morality" and "religion" of our own time and place. The loss is indeed unspeakably great, too sad for tears. In such a fall, "Both were sad."



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offices, 122 St. James St. Phone Main 670  
ture Station, or Windsor Hotel.

**WHERE SHIPS W**



fell down, and every man  
And bloody treason flourished over us."

But look at the gains. They are the incommensurable profits of the Cross, which always swallow death up in victory. First for the great cause now at stake. Guy Drummond's great friend was Gregor Barclay. These two had seen eye to eye as regards their duty in this business and Gregor had not lost a minute in preparing to follow Guy. He has gone now at the head of the McGill Battalion. I am sorry for the Germans who meet him and them. They will know to their sorrow what the late President of the Students' Council has done for his University. The memory of Guy will fire that band of brothers, as even he could not have done, had he been merely alive to lead them. Huntly Drummond, Guy's elder brother, and indeed almost his father, has given one hundred thousand dollars to buy machine guns. I hope every one of them will carry on its breech the family motto—"Gang warily." That would link across the centuries two words of power—Langemarch and Bannockburn. For it was in the fight for Scottish freedom—1314 A.D.—that the founder of the house, who thought of the calthorps which landed the enemy's horses and spoilt the charge of their cavalry, won the right to wear that legend on his shield. Beware the slow smouldering "ire of the Drummonds!" These guns will be a fit part of the very lively monument that is springing up so fast before our eyes, not only to keep Guy's record fresh and green, but to make it put forth a new and vastly more plentiful increase, in buds of fire. His spirit will work on reinforced and embodied anew in still more formidable instruments. Being dead he will yet speak to some purpose, through some two-score iron mouths, he warming of his house to tyrants. Gang warily." There will be Canadians too to work these guns, a thousand surely risen from the ashes of one. French as well as English-Canadians!. He spoke their tongue and loved them, looked on them as brothers. Native Canadians like himself whom it is their sacred duty not to suffer to have died in vain. They will not leave it to mere recent rivals from the Old Land to avenge the splendid boy who was indeed the heart of their bone flesh of their

ash, heart of their heart. "Langemarch" echoing "Drummond" will fill them like the sound of a silver trumpet. That death will cost the Germans dear. The blows the living and could have struck will be multiplied a thousand-fold. The small seed laid in earth will bloom in a great crop of destruction for the evil use and mighty furtherance for the good. But again his dearest wish was to be helpful to Canada as a public man. Why, if he had lived to the age of

## "LUSITANIA."

sailed the sea than the cruelly sunk off the coast of Submarines. Readers, The Standard has a new edition of their beautiful which appeared in last week's

inches wide by six inches in all the grace and beauty of graving is 5c only. Order from THE STANDARD Montreal. Copies will be 7c. Readers in Quebec Ant. Langlois, News-

ST SERVED.

The Bray Head, from Belfast, was the only vessel to arrive in Montreal from over the sea. The Troutpool, Johnsbys, Manchester Shipper and Pretorian are due here over the weekend.

At noon to-day the deep sea ships between Montreal and the ocean were at the following places:

Crane Island—In, 9.00 a.m., Mapleton; out, 4.00 a.m., Turret Court. Cape Salmon—Steamer, 7.00 a.m., Steambarge; out, 4.00 p.m. Laurentian.

Father Point—In, 7.00 a.m., Eagle Point; 5.00 p.m. yesterday, Rose Castle.

Little Metis—Calm; in, 7.00 a.m., Pretorian.

Cape Cahette—Out, 7.00 a.m., Rosemount and tow. Out, 7.00 p.m.

Same point—Yesterday, Snadefjord.

## PILGRIMAGE TO SHRINE AT LANORAIE

A large number of people are expected to take advantage of the pilgrimage to Lanoraie, arranged for Saturday, June 19, under the patronage of the Holy Name Society of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The steamer will leave Victoria Pier opposite Bonsecours Church, at 1.45 p.m. sharp. The Rev. T. F. Heffernan will be in charge. On the return trip there will be music, songs and declamations on board.

the patriarchs, the sum of his service could have been no greater! This war, if we are not quite sunk in sin and stupor, will shake us up, open our eyes to our place and mission as a people, blow away the foul clouds of our public life, as nothing has ever done. In the great light that has arisen upon us Guy Drummond has his shining and inalienable portion. He is one of its stars, a steadfast source of these healing rays. He will live in the memory of the country he sought to serve. He has become an integral constituent of the highest and most fruitful heritage of Canada, the prestige won for her, and the high calling of the noble tradition imposed upon her by what alone can make and keep a nation great, her own children's manly deeds, and last of all for himself—whom

no put last—surely it is well with him. They only believe who follow. He followed and believed. He adhered to that other young man of whom it has been said that he very quietly and calmly chose to die and thereby "did very well for himself" as well as for us. For my own part I think there is one statement in the old Scotch Catechism which will still do quite well to express one's hopes and convictions about this Scotch-Canadian:—"The souls of believers are, at their death, made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies being still united unto Christ, do rest in their graves till the Resurrection."

I am yours, etc.,

JOHN MACNAUGHTON,  
McGill University.

## Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 258A, Station E, New York City, will mail this book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.





# BEING AND DOING.

**A**S the man is in the integrity of his character, so is his strength.

Being is everything.

It conditions happiness; it determines and measures service.

A man's happiness depends upon what he is in himself.

A man's service to others is conditional upon what he is in himself.

Being is basal to doing.

As the speed of the electric car is determined by the energy stored in the power-house, as the power of the piston-rod is determined by the push of accumulated steam, so personal power is determined and measured by character filled with the divine presence and radiant with a divine holiness.

# EVENING.

Silently the shades of evening  
Gather round my lonely door;  
Silently they bring before me  
Faces I shall see no more.

Oh, not lost, but gone before us!  
Let them never be forgot:  
Sweet their memory to the lonely;  
In our hearts they perish not.

How such holy memories cluster,  
Like the stars when storms are  
past;

Pointing up to that far heaven,  
Where we hope to meet at last.

# BE FEARLESS.

Grasp the nettle with both  
hands,  
And it shall not sting;  
Take this bit of wisdom,  
friend,  
Into everything.  
If the lesson's long and hard,  
At it with your might;  
Do not let it conquer you  
While you've strength to  
fight.  
Foolish people stand and fret,  
Wonder what to do,  
Bear their troubles twenty  
times—  
Such a silly crew!  
Get the trial over, friend,  
Never frown and pout;

# Cousin Dick For the Y

# OUR MOTTO.

*We may not live in gilded splendor,*

*Nor may we reign as kings—*

*apart;  
But by our deeds both true and tender,*

*We may hold sway in many a heart*

*'Tis not the sphere in which we dwell,*

*But living nobly that will tell!*

Letters for "Cousin Dick" may be sent to the Editor of "The Montreal Standard," 171

# My Dear Girls and Boys.

I have had quite a nice letter recently from one of my friends in London, England, in which he reserves a lot of space to write appreciative words about Canada and Canadian soldiers. He seems ever so delighted with what they have done in Europe towards the great cause for which the Allies are fighting.

I am sure you would like to read what he writes, for we too are proud of our dear Soldier Lads. My friend says in part:—

"It is indeed pleasant to hear from some one in Canada. How splendidly the Canadians have come to the aid of the Mother Country in her need, and how heroically they have fought. Canada and Ypres! These two names will go together in history in the times to come. It fires the imagination, and is far beyond anything done in the past. Floreat Canada for ever!"

It is certainly pleasant to read such appreciation from one of our dear Cousins 'cross the sea, and I know full well that we all rejoice indeed that our brave soldiers have so well acquitted themselves. In our hearts we breathe a prayer of thankfulness, and pray that we, too, may be as worthy of our country's pride as were our gallant soldier-



With a brave and steady look  
Put the foe to rout.  
"Carry not to-morrow's load  
Troubled heart, today;  
Trip with happy feet along  
Life's uneven way.  
Grasp the nettle with both  
hands,  
And it shall not sting;  
Take this bit of wisdom,  
friend,  
Into everything."

### ONE FACE REMEMBERED.

I cannot see the features right,  
When on the gloom I strive to paint  
The face I know! the hues are faint  
And mix with hollow masks of night;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons  
wrought,  
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
A hand that points, and palled  
shapes

In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawn-  
ing doors,  
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;  
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Till all at once beyond the will  
I hear a wizard music roll,  
And thro' a lattice on the soul  
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

—Tennyson.

### FAITH.

I jes' don' know ef de cohn 'll  
grow,

But I plants hit jes' de  
same;

I jes' don't know ef de wind  
'll blow;

But I watch an' pray, and'  
I reap an' sow,

An' de sun he rise, and' de  
ribber flow,

And' de good Lawd know  
my name.

### THE DAY TOO LATE.

Friends, in this world of hurry, and  
work and sudden end.

If a thought comes quick of doing  
a kindness to a friend,  
Do it that very minute; don't put it  
off, don't wait;

What's the use of doing a kind-  
ness if you do it a day too  
late?

**Asthma Can be Cured.** Its suffering is as needless as it is terrible to endure. After its many years of relief of the most stubborn cures no sufferer can doubt the perfect effectiveness of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Comfort of body and peace of mind return with its use and nights of sound sleep come back for good. Ask your druggist; he can supply you.

sons.  
Oh, I really must not forget to tell you that I have also had a very interesting letter from a Cousin down South, on the Pacific Coast. He sends me a very interesting letter indeed, and such a lot of news of life in that far spot of earth. He reads our Chats with interest, and he has sent me on a splendid description of the country and other interesting details, all of which I hope to pass on to you next week.

So be sure to keep your weather eye open for some very instructive information, and I am sure you will be much repaid. It is very kind of this friend of ours to take so much trouble and care for our sakes, and I thank him very, very much, on your behalf—and my own!!!

What do you thing, boys and girls? I had a day's holiday last week. Not only the 24th, but another day as well. I had some carpentering at home I wanted to do, so I just had a day off. I have been ever so busy making up a cupboard and work-bench for myself, at which I could do the hundred and one little things that I delight to do. So I've been very busy indeed, these last few days.

I suppose you'd like to know what it's like. Well, I'll tell you, in case you would like to make a work-bench like it. Now boys, here is a chance for you to do something useful and worth while. And to begin with, I ought to tell you that for months past I have been saving up all the jam bottles that came to our house.

These bottles are all alike in size and shape, and so I have kept them carefully. In them I have placed all the dozens of little things that I find useful—screws, nails, hooks, glue, putty, paint, clips, hinges, fastenings, brackets, odd keys; in fact, hundreds and hundreds of little details that get saved up round a house if one is careful.

All these little fittings have been carefully placed in different bottles, and arranged in rows on a series of neat shelves which I made for the purpose. But strange to say, when I had got the bottles in rows, I then wanted a bench at which to work. So I made the bench. Then when the bench was finished, I found I wanted a cupboard in which to store the big things. So I made the cupboard, too.

But I have made them all together all in one; and the whole outfit will be compact, easy to handle, and ever so convenient. On the day I had my holiday, I finished off the sand papering, and painted the whole of the woodwork. So you see, when it is finished with a second coat of paint, it will be a handsome piece of furniture and a very useful convenience.

I would certainly advise some of you handy boys to make up a work place like mine, for you will always know where to find things, you will



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3. 15 PM

30 APR 15

LONDON

3. 15 PM

30 APR 15



Miss Margaret Mackay  
36<sup>B</sup> The New Sherbrooke  
Montreal  
Canada





**ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.**

---

**Memorial Service,**

*At 12.30 p.m., on 30th April, 1915.*

---

**GUY M. DRUMMOND**

(Captain 13th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada),

**And those of his men who fell with him near Ypres,**

**22nd April, 1915.**



HYMN 254.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distrest?  
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming  
     Be at rest!"  
 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my Guide?  
 In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,  
     And His side."  
 Hath He a diadem as Monarch  
 That His Brow adorns?  
 "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,  
     But of thorns."  
 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
     Many a tear."  
 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
     Jordan past."  
 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth, and not till Heav'n  
     Pass away."  
 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
 "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
     Answer, Yes!" Amen.

THE SENTENCES (Sung).

I AM the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see GOD: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The LORD gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.



But Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

---

*A Lesson from the Book of Wisdom will be read,  
Chapter iii., verses 1 to 9.*

---

ANTHEM.

THE souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die. But they are in peace.

---

*Then will be sung:*

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

---

*Let us pray.*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*Christ, have mercy upon us.*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father. Amen.

---

ALMIGHTY, everliving God, Lord of the living and of the dead, we desire now to remember before Thee Thy servants departed this life, in Thy faith and fear, whose bodies rest in peace, and whose spirits are in Thy presence. We leave them thankfully in Thy holy and gracious keeping, and may we—each and all of us—be so true to our calling here on earth, that when we shall be summoned to join the great company of departed souls, we may pass hence in peace and without fear, looking for that fuller light which shall break upon us, when the morning is come on the eternal shore. Grant this, O Lord, for His sake, Who is our life, and in Whose presence is the fullness of joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O HEAVENLY Father, Whose Son our Saviour Jesus Christ did weep at the grave of Lazarus His friend, have compassion upon those who are in sorrow; comfort them with the sense of Thy love; give them sure confidence and trust in Thy care, and make them to know that all things work together for good to them that love God; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

REMEMBER Thy servants who have departed hence in the Lord: give them eternal rest and peace in Thy heavenly kingdom, and to us such a measure of communion with them as Thou knowest to be best for us; and bring us all to serve Thee in Thine eternal kingdom when Thou wilt and as Thou wilt, only without shame or sin. Forgive our presumption and accept our prayers as Thou didst accept the prayers of Thine ancient Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.



HYMN 439.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A Kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong;  
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;  
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice  
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n  
Through peril, toil, and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train. Amen.

COMMENDATION.

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit the souls  
of our dear brothers. The Lord bless them, and keep them.  
The Lord make His face to shine upon them, and be gracious unto  
them. The Lord lift up His countenance upon them, and give  
them peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

HYMN 418 (*kneeling*).

FOR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,  
Who fell by fire and sword,  
Who soon were call'd, or waited long,  
We praise Thy Name, O Lord;

Lord, give us grace, and give us love,  
Like them to leave behind  
Earth's cares and joys, and look above  
With true and earnest mind.

So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
So meek and firm be found,  
When Thou shalt come to take us up  
Where Thine elect are crown'd.

For all Thy Saints, a noble throng,  
Who fell by fire or sword,  
Who soon were call'd, or waited long,  
We praise Thy Name, O Lord; *æ* Amen.

---

GOD save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

---

DEAD MARCH—"SAUL."



