

St. Paul's Cathedral,

London, England.

Form of Prayer

used at

The Memorial Service

on

Monday, May 10th, 1915, at 8 p.m.

for the

Canadian Soldiers

who have fallen in the War.

The Form of Prayer.

HYMN No. 225.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.

Then shall be said:

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 23.—*Dominus regit me.*

The Lord is my Shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

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

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

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

PSALM 116, v. 1-9.—*Dilexi, quoniam.*

I am well pleased: that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer;

2 That He hath inclined His ear unto me: therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.

3 The snares of death compassed me round about: and the pains of hell gat hold upon me.

4 I shall find trouble and heaviness, and I will call upon the Name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the Lord, and righteous: yea, our God is merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was in misery, and He helped me.

7 Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

8 And why? Thou hast delivered my soul from death: mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the Lord: in the land of the living.

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 130.—*De profundis.*

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

2 O let Thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

4 For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him: in His Word is my trust.

6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with Him is plenteous redemption.

8 And He shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

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.

ANTHEM.

Spohr.

Blest are the departed, who in the Lord are sleeping, from henceforth for evermore: they rest from their labours and their works follow them.

Then shall be read.

THE LESSON, *St. John xi, 11-28.*

After that He saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said His disciples, Lord, if he sleep he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that He had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him. Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him. Then when Jesus came, He found that he had lain in the grave four days already. Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off: and many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met Him; but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha said unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto Him, Yea, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

HYMN NO. 428, vv. 1, 3, 4.

"That they may rest from their labours."

The Saints of God! their conflict past, And life's long battle won at last, No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down before their Lord: O happy Saints! for ever blest, At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!	The Saints of God! life's voyage o'er, Safe landed on that blissful shore, No stormy tempests now they dread, No roaring billows lift their head: O happy Saints! for ever blest, In that calm haven of your rest!
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The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies;
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King. Amen.

*And after that these Prayers following, all devoutly kneeling; the
Minister first pronouncing with a loud voice,*

Priest. The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Then the Priest standing up shall say,

- V. Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last.
 R. And be gracious unto Thy servants.
 V. O Lord, save the King.
 R. And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee.
 V. Our help is in the Name of the Lord.
 R. Who hath made heaven and earth.
 V. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.
 R. And there shall no torment touch them.
 V. The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing.
 R. He shall feed me in a green pasture.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, with Whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with Whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver our brethren, who have fallen in the war, out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the resurrection and the life; in Whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in Him, shall not die eternally; Who also hath taught us (by His holy Apostle Saint Paul) not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him; We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is these our brethren do; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in Thy sight; and receive that blessing, which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear Thee, saying,

Come ye blessed children of My Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world: Grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Let us pray:

For those who fight—that Thou wouldst give them protection and true courage in danger, and mercy in victory:

People: Hear us, good Lord:

For those who suffer,—the sick and such as are in captivity, the wounded, the dying, the mourners,—that Thou wouldst be with them to support and comfort them:

People: Hear us, good Lord:

For those who are gone forth to minister to the suffering—to their souls and bodies,—that Thou wouldst grant them endurance and patient watching, with skill and gentleness, to the healing of pain and sorrow:

People: Hear us, good Lord:

For those who fall in the true faith of Thy Holy Name—that they with us may enter into the rest which Thou hast prepared for them that believe in Thee:

People: Hear us, good Lord.

O Almighty Lord, Who art a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Thee, to Whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey: Be now and evermore our defence; prosper the forces of our King and his Allies; decide the issues of this war according to righteousness; have mercy on all the wounded, our own and of the enemy; succour the dying; comfort the bereaved; cheer the anxious; uphold the faith of Thy servants, and give peace and lasting concord. Hear us, O Lord, from heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive; through the mediation of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Look, we beseech Thee, O Lord, upon the people of this land, who are called after Thy Holy Name; and grant that in this time of anxiety and distress they may walk worthy of their Christian profession. Grant unto us all that, laying aside our divisions, we may be united in one heart and mind to bear the

burdens which this war has laid upon us. Help us to respond to the call of our Country according to our several powers; put far from us selfish indifference to the needs of others; and give us grace to fulfil our daily duties with a sober diligence. Keep us from all uncharitableness in word or in deed; and enable us by patient continuance in well-doing to glorify Thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

HYMN NO. 221.

"Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

Let saints on earth in concert sing With those whose work is done; For all the servants of our King In Heaven and earth are one.	One army of the living God, To His command we bow; Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.
One family, we dwell in Him, One Church, above, beneath; Though now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death.	E'en now to their eternal home There pass some spirits blest; While others to the margin come, Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to Heaven. *Amen.*

SHORT ADDRESS BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Then all kneeling shall sing:

HYMN NO. 401.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."

Now the labourer's task is o'er; Now the battle day is past; Now upon the farther shore Lands the voyager at last. Father, in thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.	There the sinful souls, that turn To the Cross their dying eyes, All the love of Christ shall learn At His Feet in Paradise. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servants sleeping.
There the tears of earth are dried; There its hidden things are clear; There the work of life is tried By a juster Judge than here. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servants sleeping.	There no more the powers of hell Can prevail to mar their peace; Christ the Lord shall guard them well, He Who died for their release. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servants sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving them to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servants sleeping. *Amen.*

BLESSING.

THE DEAD MARCH in "*Saul*" shall then be played, followed by
THE LAST POST, and "O CANADA."

"O CANADA."

O Canada, thou land of noble name,
Thy brow is crowned with golden leaves of fame;
Thine arm so great and glorious
Both sword and cross doth bear,
Thine annals all victorious
Thy gallant deeds declare.
Thy faith divine, thy courage bold,
Shall guard our homes, our sacred rights uphold,
Shall guard our homes, our sacred rights uphold.

O Canada, thrice blest on ev'ry side,
Thy sons shall spread thy glory far and wide;
Their hope and high endeavour,
Enriched from heav'n above,
Shall still protect for ever
The Motherland they love.
Their faith divine, their courage bold,
Shall guard her homes, her sacred rights uphold,
Shall guard her homes, her sacred rights uphold.

O sacred love of altar and of throne,
Breathe in our hearts till truth shall reign alone;
Till wrath and wrong shall perish,
And faith and peace abide,
And all the hopes we cherish
Shall prove our country's pride.
Our fathers' song once more we sing,
Our battle cry of old "For Christ and King!"
Our battle cry of old "For Christ and King!"

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

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!

(From *The Church Times*, May 15, 1915).

CANADA'S HEROES.

MOVING MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S TRIBUTE.

In the illustrated papers eight years ago there appeared a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral with the *Lusitania* by its side, overshadowing the main fabric. It is not too much to say that on Monday night—"Canada's night," as the Bishop of London termed it—the *Lusitania* still overshadowed St. Paul's. As early as two hours before the service began a steady stream of people passed up the steps. They were dressed in black for the most part, manifestly sorrowing relatives of brave Canadian soldiers.

A STRIKING SCENE.

Before half-past seven the Cathedral was filled, save for the reserved space under the dome, where members of Canadian regiments were accommodated. A large proportion of them were wounded and wore hospital jackets. There were many pathetic incidents as the injured were assisted to their seats. To some of them it was a great effort to attend the service, and only by the aid of stout sticks and the arm of the nurse attending them could they make their slow and painful way.

Lord Dundonald represented their Majesties the King and Queen; Gen. Sir Robert Lane represented the Governor-General of Canada and the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia; Queen Alexandra was represented by Lord Ranksborough; and the members of the Government by Mr. Lewis Harcourt. Others who were recognized in the congregation were Lord Lansdowne, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir R. McBride, the Canadian Record Officer, Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, Gen. Bethune, and many others having prominent associations with Canadian life. Wherever one looked one saw uniforms, civil and military.

Over the chancel gates the Union Jack and the Canadian flag were hung; the aisles were kept by a magnificent body of Canadian troops, and while the more prominent people were finding their seats the band of the Coldstream Guards—which had offered, by reason of its close Canadian associations, to give its services—played a moving selection of music, conducted by Capt. J. Mackenzie Rogan. The items included Tschaikovsky's *Symphonie Pathetique*; Arthur Somervell's "Killed in Action", Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord"; and Sullivan's Overture,

"In Memoriam." The drummers and buglers of the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards assisted. Sir George Martin, in his Mus. Doc. robes, conducted the choir music.

The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Mayors of the London Boroughs, all of them preceded by their mace-bearers, entered in procession. In the procession to the choir were the Dean of St. Paul's, Chancellor Newbolt, Archdeacon Holmes, Canon Alexander, Canon Simpson, the Minor Canons and Prebendaries, the Bishop of Willesden, the Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wore the LL.D. hood of the University of Toronto. It was a procession of unusual length, for the choir was greatly enlarged for the occasion.

The office was based on the Burial Service. After the Sentences "I am the Resurrection and the Life," the three Psalms, *Dominus regit me; Dilexi, quoniam; and De profundis*, were sung with special tenderness, and Spohr's "Blest are the departed" followed. Then the special lesson, "The raising of Lazarus," was read by the Dean, whose voice, however, lacks the volume and quality required by the place and the occasion. The three verses of "The Saints of God! their conflict past," seemed to be an especially appropriate hymn, with "The Saints of God their vigil keep, while yet their immortal bodies sleep," as its consummation. To hear the great congregation sing this hymn was something to remember.

After the prayers "Almighty God, with Whom do live," and "O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the Resurrection and the life," a short litany followed, including suffrages for those who fight, for those who suffer and are in captivity, for mourners, for those who minister to the suffering—to souls and bodies—for those "who fall in the true faith of Thy Holy Name—that they with us may enter into the rest which Thou hast prepared for them that believe in Thee." Then there were prayers for our country, for unity, for a worthy profession of the Christian name, for a full response to the call of our country.

The Bishop of London then gave a long address. Some of us, accustomed to worship at St. Paul's, cannot recall so hushed a congregation. Many were standing at the back of the nave and transepts; the whole Cathedral was thronged, yet when the preacher announced his text the silence was tense almost to straining point. His text was the fourth verse of the 21st Psalm: "He asked life of Thee and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever." It was in two sections, first a panegyric on the Canadians, not lacking in detail, for the Bishop quoted with great effect the moving account of Canada's heroism written by the Canadian Record Officer. Then he pointed out the meaning of the deaths of our brothers who "are

still alive, for so we pray for them—Grant them, O Lord, eternal peace, and let eternal light shine upon them," and the significance of the wounded who were wounded for England, and of Canada's sacrifice in the Empire's cause.

After the sermon all knelt to sing "Now the labourer's task is o'er," a fit and beautiful conclusion to the panegyric, for possibly we in England are not quite so much accustomed to the panegyric form as are our Allies. But on this occasion, with representative Canada assembled under the dome, such a tribute to the glory of Canada, with its mention of particular names, was a fit memorial.

The Blessing was given by the Archbishop of Canteburry; then we rose for the Dead March in "Saul," magnificently rendered, and now as the drums died away the clear pathetic notes of the Last Post, blown by the buglers of the Third Grenadier Guards, rang through the vast spaces of the Cathedral. That last thrilling hopeful farewell sounded from the west end of the nave and echoed again and again round the lofty dome as if to emphasize and confirm the Bishop's tribute to those who gave their lives on our behalf.

The Cathedral authorities had thoughtfully arranged for the music of "O Canada" to be printed on the service paper: "O Canada, thou land of noble name, . . . Thy faith divine, thy courage bold, Shall guard our homes, our sacred rights uphold," . . . "Our battle-cry of old, for Christ and King"—thus we sang, unusual words indeed, but exceedingly impressive in this great mother-Cathedral of the Empire. So we came to the National Anthem. It was not the least significant incident of all to see the fine figures of the military men standing at the salute as they sang it.

A wonderful service! Not, indeed, that we did not expect more. A few years ago, at St. Paul's we should have had the Russian Kontakion or some other petition for the departed souls more rich and direct and meaning-fraught than the timid, indirect allusions which have characterized the recent memorial services in the Cathedral. Nevertheless, the spirit of that prayer was present with us, thanks largely to the Bishop's reference to it, and the congregation was deeply moved. It poured out into the darkness of Ludgate Hill and to the busy world; we know it will reach even to the Canadian plains, carrying a message and rich blessing.

BISHOP OF LONDON'S ADDRESS.

The words of the Bishop's text were from Psalm xxi.—4, the Prayer Book version: "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life; even for ever and ever."

"In honouring Canada to-night," he said "let none think that we are leaving out of sight the magnificent conduct of our Australian and New Zealand comrades, whose heroic conduct at the Dardanelles has thrilled the world; or the Indian troops who have been fighting so bravely and devotedly through the long and uncongenial winter; or the loyal African troops gallantly upholding the Empire far away. The mother heart of the Empire which beats in this Cathedral feels pride and sorrow for all her children, and on another occasion we may well commemorate the gallant deeds of others.

"But to-night is Canada night. We commemorate a feat of arms performed by Canadians which will live in history for ever. It was a terrible moment when our gallant French allies, naturally not expecting a species of human devilry in warfare, the like of which has not been seen for thousands of years, were overborne by the fumes of the noxious gases which Germany among other nations had pronounced an illegitimate means of warfare. We have learned by bitter experience, and the whole civilized world knows it at last from a further diabolical act, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which will brand the name of Germany while time shall last. No laws human or divine bind her and no promise, however sacred, is considered anything but empty words. The two children clasped in one another's arms found dead in one of the boats of the *Lusitania* and the hundreds of gallant soldiers gasping for breath as they die in agony from the effects of noxious gases alike cry to Heaven for vengeance on the nation which with all its boasted culture will now be looked upon by the whole civilized world as the enemy of the human race.

"It was then, at that awful moment when the French had been overborne by these gases that the manhood of Canada was tested and proved itself pure gold."

Here the Bishop rehearsed the story of the battle from the Record Officer's description, and ended with a quotation of Henry Newbolt's lines:—

Mother with unbowed head,
Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
The dead who died for thee;
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For saving thee, themselves they could not save.

"And what," he continued, "are we to say of those glorious young lives flung down so readily for King and country, for the freedom of the freest thing in the world, the Dominion of Canada, nay, for the freedom of the world, for international honour, for Christian principles as governing the future conduct of the world instead of the pagan gospel that might is right? . . . 'Here fell 6,000 very gallant gentlemen' must be written one day

in letters of gold over certain woods and salients in Flanders. Here David met Goliath. Here the would-be over-weening, blustering bully of the world met Canada.

The Crucial Question.

“But did God fail those young men? That is the really crucial question. It is the unexpressed fear of this which takes away the joy of sacrifice, and bows still deeper the mourner’s head. ‘Toll the bell for Percy Birchall! If I ring it at all, it will be a peal,’ wrote his nearest relative. But to be able to say this you must be certain in your mind of three things. First, that honour is more precious than life. Secondly, that ‘one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.’ And thirdly, that so far from God’s disappointing the young soldier when he dies, He more than satisfies him.

“The first two points are certainly more easily grasped by the young. They understand that it is possible in a short time to fulfil a long time. As Rupert Brooke, who has himself given his life for his country, said so truly:—

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; and gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons they gave—their immortality.

And in his sonnet on the dead, he says:—

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth;
The years had given them kindness, dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; and sat alone;
Touched flowers, and furs, and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance,
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

The Life after Death.

“But it is in regard to the third point that faith grows so weak. We have made to ourselves such unreal pictures of the life after death, that no man desires it. It is a pale, ghost-like existence with no life in it, no fire, no interest; and the heart grows cold to think that when, as Stevenson says, ‘the happy starred, full-blooded spirit of the young shoots into the spiritual

world,' it encounters the shadowy dead-alive, depressing existence which is the popular idea of life after death.

"But have we fully grasped what the poet means when he says:—

It is not well that men should know too soon
The lovely secrets kept for them that die?

Have we not faith enough to expect from the beauty and the interest and the variety of the life God has provided for us here the still greater beauty and interest and variety of life which He must have provided for us there? Do we really suppose that God had come to the end of His creative will when He made this world and had no imagination left for the next? Do we really think that a God—I will not say of boundless love, but even of moral rectitude—could create a mother's or a wife's love and then disappoint it? 'In My Father's House are many mansions, and if it were not so I would have told you,' said our Lord, using this very argument that God's moral character demands a spacious and beautiful life after death.

"And do we really suppose that love can die?

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Or avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Of earth these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth.
From Heaven it came; to Heaven returneth.
Full oft on earth a troubled guest ;
At times deceived, at time oppressed
In Heaven it finds its perfect rest.
It soweth here in toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

"I come, then, to my question. Has God failed the trust of those young men? They did not want to die; they loved life; they looked forward to a happy life here; they were planning out a useful and interesting future; they were not at all soldiers in the ordinary sense, though they died a soldier's death. They asked life and they will have it. He has given them a long life even for ever and ever.

A Great Promotion.

"In that long life you who are the mourners to-day will have a share; they are yours to-day and you are theirs; the bond is unbroken; the family circle is still complete; you are never still; unseen hands uphold you; unseen spirits speak to yours; close by, though hidden by a veil, the real and lasting activities of the other world proceed apace. Death has been for them a

great promotion; they long for you to share their honours. 'A little while and ye shall not see Me, and again a little while and ye shall see Me'—they repeat as their Master did before them. 'Behold! see! it is I myself' will be their greeting to you when you do see them; they will not be perfect in their life till that time comes, for you are part of their life still and they are incomplete without you; but when it does come, just as one of your Canadian rivers passes over some great fall and then dashes on with renewed and glorious strength, so will the glorious life, which shone forth in the sunlight in Flanders and seemed for a moment to fail, rush forward with more than its old grace and force, and each of your dead ones will acknowledge in those old familiar words the faithfulness of God: 'I asked life of Him and He has given me a long life even for ever and ever.' And so we do well to have our memorial service to-night.

"And we mean by it at least three things. First, we remember these heroic sons and brothers of ours before God. They are still alive, and we pray for them as we prayed for them when we saw their dear faces. We pray with reticence, with humility as for those who have passed into a fuller, larger life than ours, but we know that we may without presumption send them forth with the most ancient, loving, and Christian prayer: 'Grant them eternal rest, and may everlasting light shine upon them.'

"Secondly, we remember them at home. Never while the British Empire shall last shall we forget these glorious sons and brothers who have given their lives so bravely for the flag which binds us all together, and no care is too loving or too great to be taken of the wounded, many of whom are with us in this church to-night.

"And lastly, we remember the land from which they come. Canada will be bound to us henceforth by a more sacred tie than ever; it was dear to us before; it will be ten times dearer now, for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

To keep the house unharmed
 Their fathers built so fair,
 Deeming endurance armed
 Better than brute despair,
 They found the secret of the word that saith,
 "Service is sweet, for all true life is death."

So greet thou well thy dead
 Across the homeless sea,
 And be thou comforted
 Because they died for thee,
 Far off they served, but now their deed is done,
 For evermore their life and thine are one.

THE CANADIAN MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The immense congregation at the Canadian Memorial Service in St. Paul's Cathedral last Monday was thoroughly representative. A complete list would include the name of almost every well-known Canadian or Anglo-Canadian now in London. The presence of so many relatives of the fallen and of large numbers of wounded and invalided from the front (some of them sightless) was a touching feature.

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the Dean and Chapter the Information Department of the Canadian Red Cross Association was supplied with 100 reserved seat tickets, all of which were used by Canadian wounded or invalided officers and men.

The King was appropriately represented by Lieut-General the Earl of Dundonald, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, at one time resident at Ottawa as Officer in Command of the Canadian Forces. Besides the representative of the King, those present included H.R.H. the Princess Louise, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was with the officiating clergy; Major-General Ranksborough, representing Queen Alexandra; Major-General Sir Ronald Lane, representing H.R.H. the Governor General of Canada, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Patricia; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Grey, Lord Edmund Talbot, the Earl of Albermarle, the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Sir Max Aitken, M.P., General Sir Francis Lloyd, General Bethune, Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain to the Forces, and General and Mrs. Lawrence. Sir George Perley represented the Dominion Government, while the Provincial Governments were, in most cases, represented by their Agents General, including Lieut.-Col. Pelletier, M.D. (Quebec), Mr. J. A. Reid (Alberta), Mr. John Howard (Nova Scotia), Mr. Harrison Watson (Prince Edward Island), and Mr. E. H. Turnbull (New Brunswick). British Columbia was represented by its Premier, the Hon. Sir Richard McBride, K.C.M.G. Other members of Parliament present were Mr. Donald Macmaster, K.C., Mr. Will Crooks, Mr. Percy Alden, Mr. Shirley Benn and Mr. Arthur Sherwell. Colonel Streatfield represented the Brigade of Guards; Major C. J. Ingram and Captain E. C. Hale the 18th Infantry Battalion, 2nd Canadian Division; Lieut.-Colonel H. F. McLeod and Captain C. K. Fraser the 12th Reserve Battalion; Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Cowan and Captain Boulton the 32nd Reserve Battalion; and Colonel Ward, Major Armstrong, Captain Houston, Captain Regan, Captain Ward, and Captain Dowding, the Canadian Record Office.

(Extract from "*Canada*," May 15, 1915.)

