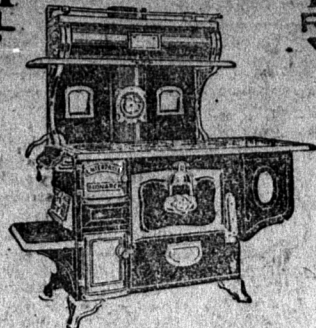


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PRINCE PREPARING TO FISH AT NIPIGON

Hymns and Hymns Writers

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward Henry Bickersteth, of Exeter, not to be confused with Bishop Robert Bickersteth, of Ripon, was the son of a scholarly clergyman at Islington, London, Eng. Born in London, a graduate of Cambridge University, he was recognized as the possessor of wonderful talent as a young man, and in his twenty-eight year was rector of an important parish in Dorsetshire.

He became Vicar of Hampstead a few years later, and was consecrated bishop in 1855, is said at the expressed wish of Queen Victoria, who greatly admired his long poem upon the hereafter, intitled, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," and some of his other devotional works.

He was a voluminous writer upon theological and scriptural subjects, and opposed vigorously the advanced church ideas of that progressive religious movement, which started in Oxford University, in the early half of the last century. He gave especial study to the conditions of the saints in paradise, and to the Universalism preached by Archdeacon Farrar, which brought about a bitter controversy in the '70's and earlier '80's.

But his first publication in 1848, when he had just reached twenty-three years, the canonical youthful limit for ordination, was a book entitled, "Poems and Songs," and poetry was his love and hobby to the end of his days. His hymn book, "The Hymnal companion to the Book of Common Prayer," had a very wide use at one time, and is still employed in many English congregations, although it never came near to fulfilling its suspected object of supplanting Hymns Ancient and Modern, in public favor.

"The Two Brothers and other Poems," published in 1871, ran through several editions, and is to be met with on many a bookshelf of old favorites at the present time. A singularly pious and devoted Christian leader, he lived beyond the allotted three score years and ten, dying in 1906 at the age of eighty-one. This soothing and beautiful hymn was written in Dr. Bickersteth's Hampstead days, about the year 1875, and was first published in a little book intitled, "Songs in the House of Pilgrimage." It did not become popul-

ar all at once, perhaps because Calbeck's finer tune to it requires to be sung in full harmony to bring out its sweetness and fullness, and not every choir can manage that.

But it is a favorite hymn now, and is greatly used at funeral or memorial services, by English-speaking Christians of all denominations. Canon Ellerton, a prolific writer of valedictory hymns, once told Bishop Bickersteth: "Beyond all your hymns, I think it has brought blessing to many, and I know it has helped the faith of some of God's sorely-tried children. Our Essex poor folk love it dearly."

The well known writer Richard G. Gallienne once said of this hymn, "It would be difficult to name any other hymn so filled with the sense of man's security as this, which tranquillizes me at certain moments to a remarkable degree." One Sunday morning, while resting for a brief holiday at the well known watering-place, Harrogate, in Yorkshire, Mr. Bickersteth was greatly impressed by a sermon, founded upon Isaiah XXVI. 3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." The preacher was Canon Gibbon and the sermon was a masterpiece of quiet reasoning, and eloquent description of the blessedness of faith.

That afternoon our poet visited a sick relative whose race was nearly run. With pencil, he wrote "Peace, perfect peace," in the sick room, and read it to comfort and uplift his dying friend. So full was he of his subject inspired by the morning's sermon and his friend's condition, that the lines came to him without any effort. It was as though the hymn was given him to be poured out for the benefit of thousands who should use it in after years.

They were telling their experience— Just a small band of that race, Whose religion oft illumines e'en the darkness of the face; Whose true fancy passes limits that cold reason cannot reach; Whose expressions are more accurate for the rudeness of their speech. And they drew their illustrations—not from an ancient lore profound, But from twentieth century wonders that are scattered all around.

And one said: "I'm goin' to hebbin in de row-boat ob God's grace, An' I'm pullin' mighty lively for to win de hebbenny race." But the leader said: "Be careful, for An' de arm ob flesh may fall, An' de ours may break or danger may come ridin' on de gale." And de sure you make de boat large, for no Christian can afford To say 'No' to any helper who desires to step aboard."

And one rose and said, "I'm trabblin' in de steamboat ob God's power, An' it seems like I was makin' 'bout a hund'rd knots an hour!" But the leader said: "Be watchful; work and struggle more an' more; Look for lots of calms a'comin'—look for breakers on de shore!"

Then a poor old woman rose up—bent and haggard—wan and weak, And she leaned upon her crutches and her tongue was slow to speak, And she said: "I up an' started more dan fifty years ago— Started off afoor for hebbin, an' de journey's mighty slow.

Here was streams dat had no bridges, dere was stone hill for to climb, Dere was swamps an' stubs an' briars, waitin' for me all de time.

"Dere was clouds o' persecution, full o' thunder an' cold rain— Dere was an' 'mount o' wanderin'— Dere was folks dat 'fore I ask 'em my Dere was folks dat 'fore I ask 'em my poor waverin' footsteps showed into country dat was pleasant, but dat didn't contain de road; But the Lawd, He finally tell me, when I'm bound to have de way, An' I think perhaps I'm making, may be, half a mile a day."

Then the leader said: "Dere's nothin' 'gainst de rapid transit plan; Jus' you get to hebbin, my breddren, any honest way you can! If you folks kin sail to glory, I don't know but what its right; But I cannot help believin'—if we all should die tonight, When, you boatmen, land in Canaan, wid some narrow 'scapes to tell, You'd find dat o' sister waitin' wid her feet all washed an' well."

Firing Torpedoes Tell First.

Coastal motorboats, a new development of the war, are reported to have sunk the Bolshevik battleship Andropovsk, the battle cruiser Petropavlovsk and a destroyer during an engagement in the Gulf of Finland on August 18. A sham attack by boats of this class is described in a recent issue of the London "Times," by a correspondent who witnessed it from the deck of the Balmoral Castle while visiting the British fleet. He says:

"It was now nearly two o'clock, and as the Balmoral Castle was opposite the Tiger, an interesting and instructive naval demonstration was given by those entirely novel weapons of war, the coastal motor boats, or 'C. M. B.'s." This was arranged by Capt. Wilfred French, C. M. G., R. N., senior officer of the new base at Osea. Among the miscellaneous auxiliary craft built for the navy during the war none was more remarkable than the racing motor boats, a development of the racing motor boat, and after some experiments with a trial boat in 1916 it was proved that one of these little craft moving at a speed of thirty knots could fire a torpedo, and twelve were ordered from the Thornycroft firm. By the end of the year the boats were being used against the Hun. The torpedo is discharged tail first over the stern, the C. M. B. using the high speed and manoeuvring powers to steer clear of its track.

"The first boats only carried a crew of two, but larger boats, like those which came from Osea today, carry five, two officers, two me-

chanics and a wireless torpedo operator. In the demonstration two fifty-five foot boats were employed. The first intimation the spectators had of their presence was a tremendous hoisting noise, and then they were seen rushing at great speed towards the liner, rather on the water than through it. The bows of the boats were well up in the air and the sterns deep down in the spray. All the time their engines made a terrific noise, comparable to the roar and rattle of an airplane. When about 400 to 500 yards from the ship they fired a Very light to represent the discharge of a torpedo, and then swiftly swerving onto another course they gave an exhibition of their manoeuvring powers and the skill with which they were handled. A most exciting and thrilling spectacle.

"Somewhat later a second demonstration was given with several larger boats, seventy feet long, and fitted for laying mines. These boats made an attack under cover of a smoke screen, which they emitted by placing smoke boxes on the surface of the water. The speed they attained was fully thirty knots, and to see them scooting and skimming on the water was a marvel. These mosquitoes of the fleet in the Zebruggs and Ostend operations, but also carried to sea at the davits of a cruiser performed certain duties on the German coast with conspicuous success. They are very cheap, quickly constructed, and are said to have scored a greater proportion of hits relatively to the number of attacks made than any other craft in the war."—New York Post.

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CANADA, LEAD ON

"Canada, lead on!" Through the misty vale of years, Undying triumphs, hear ye the cheers, Be steady, be firm, you lead the way Out of the turmoil to a brighter new day, "Canada, lead on!" "Canada, lead on!" Will you open the way Out of the dark, forward, obey, Unswerving, equal justice, a bonafide plan Something is wanted, Brotherhood of Man, "Canada, lead on!" "Canada, lead on!" Fearless, unselfish, victorious youth Proud of your record, defender of truth, Untarnished your Flag, long may it wave, To honor your sons, who died for to save, "Canada, lead on!" "Canada, lead on!" Courage for the tasks that are looming high, Cling to your glories that girdle the sky, Right About Face is the order TO-DAY, Who'll be the leader, will you lead the way? "Canada, lead on!" LEE C. KITSON, Somerville, Mass.

Over There—Over Here



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