## THE VICTORIA COLONIST



is not merely a question of running your bed on to a verandah when the warm weather comes and adjusting a screen to shield your face from the eastern sun. The whole sentiment, the very nature of the enterprise must undergo a change. As long as one is forced to remain in winter quarters a night's rest is a night's rest pure and simple, and one asks for nothing but oblivion. But to sleep out on this principle is, so to speak, to miss all the fun, to lose all the varied gifts of wonder and enchantment that the summer night has to bestow. When I am asked if I have a good night in the open I am sometimes at a loss for a reply. For a good night means to me something far different from a good sleep. Of course, even if one is to spend the whole time in unbroken slumber, it is far better to sleep out than to sleep in. There is still the glorious awakening in breeze and sunshine, the sense of real refreshment, the splendid gain in power and willingness to rise when the time comes that the fresh air cannot fail to give. But that is all, and that is but a small part of the charm and value of sleeping out. Of course I refer only to the nights that are clear and fine. If the hours of darkness are to be dull and wet there is nothing lost by sleeping through them.

For the real glory of a night in the open is to see visions and to dream dreams, and one must sleep lightly-as all nature sleeps-ready to stir in a moment and rise on an elbow to look around, if one is to miss none of the subtle changes in the sombre panorama. There is a rare enchantment in these nightly visions, and they leave a baffling sense of unreality behind them, so that one feels-in the common light of day-that one would not like to swear to the truth of all that one has seen and heard, though one may treasure the memory of its beauty. For the incidents of the night are wrapped in mystery; and it is probable that the observer is seldom quite awake. They pass before him, as it were, in a series of dissolving views, seen in short snatches of wakefulness, though he may sometimes lie awhile and watch the development of the picture. It is all such stuff as dreams are made of.

With a verandah in two storeys, facing south and east-the lower one opening off the diningroom and the upper off the bedroom-my house in the long summer days may become little more than a storeroom for my possessions and a re-

The change from sleeping in to sleeping out fuge from inclement weather. One may pass the hours entirely in the open and make of the summer a real festival of outdoor life. It is all very good; good to breakfast with the wagtail on the lawn for a companion and to share lunch with a blundering bumble bee that has tumbled out of the creepers. It is good, as the shadows lengthen out in the evening, to sit at dinner and watch the rabbits gambolling on the turf by the edge of the wood and young lambs playing "the king of the castle" about an old tree stump in the hedge But the best of it all is the night spent on the eminence of the second floor, from which a distant view is unfolded of wood and meadow, hill and moor. You may lie still and see nothing but the tree-tops and the sky, while by raising your head a few inches the whole picture is lifted into view.

As soon as the light goes out-and the insect population which it has attracted from far and wide has begun to disperse-the posts of the verandah come forward out of the darkness and frame the field of observation like a picture. As yet it is but a glittering curtain of broadcast stars, torn with a ragged edge at one corner where a massive beech tree shows itself. And so I fall asleep; but it is not long before I open my eyes, conscious-I am convinced there is a guiding instinct in it-that some change is taking place that I will do well to see. I look over the balustrade to witness a weird and striking portent, extravagant and unreal. It is as if a dull red ball of fire had appeared in the heart of the beech, resting, one could almost believe, in a fork of the tree. I tub my eyes and look again-soon, as my mind grows clearer, to remember the existence of the moon, which has rolled over the shoulder of the hill, stained red by the medium of the mist on the horizon. When next I stir the bed is flooded with a pure white light, and the moon has come forth from the tree and hangs clear-cut among the faded stars. There is a faint sense of movement and unrest in the world below. It is the hour of such as prowl by night.

Soon I must sit up and draw on the rug that has been lying at my feet, for we have reached the chill hour before the dawn. I care not how warm the night may be, there is always-in Scotland at least-this one cold hour, the last hour of darkness, as I fancy, to be reckoned with. The tramp who lies below the hedge knows it weil. He may sleep soundly before ere after it, but ac the moment when it

comes, he will rise and clap his arms and stamp up and down the lane to stir his blood. It is the hour when the late spring frosts spread over the land their hasty garments of rime, to be wiped away in a few moments by the sun that is already approaching the horizon. It is as if the heat of the day that is gone and that of the day that is to come just fail to bridge the night between, and fall short only by this one cold hour.

And now I bestir myself to witness the great scene of the piece. I will not be content this time with a momentary glance, but must watch the grand crescendo to its climax, from the time when first the moon is blanched by the growing dawn and fresh detail comes into view where only outline existed, through the long and gradual quickening of the soft grey wealth of light, till at last the grey is turned to gold and a riot of sunshine is flung over all. It is a dew-drenched, sparkling world, washed and fresh and gay; and a world of life, activity and bustle. A hare lopes across the soaking turf, leaving his track behind him as he goes. Starlings are already strutting on the lawn, digging for their food supplies. Cattle and sheep are in motion; and madly the grand chorus of the birds greets the coming day.

The enfeebled moon seeks refuge in the west. The swift changes of the night are over, the mystery dispelled; it is broad day, and all the world of nature is tingling with busy life. It is no moment to relinquish my post of observation, but there are yet three hours of sleep due to me, who am but a man. The show is over, and my head falls back upon the pillow. I must have my due .- Bertram Smith in the Manchester Guardian

## THAT KIND OF MAN

The Georgians of Augusta are chuckling over a new anecdote about Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft, it seems, drove up one afternoon to see a Georgia planter. The planter's cook, a very old woman, takes no interest in public affairs, and she did not recognize the portly guest.

"What did you think of that gentleman, Martha?" the planter asked, after Mr. Taft had driven off.

"Well, sir," old Martha replied, "I can't say as I saw nothin' pertickler about him. He looked to me like the kind of man as would be pretty reg'lar to his meals."-Philadelphia Bul-

United Mine Workers of America have spent nearly \$6,000,000 in strike benefits in the past nine years.

## **REVISED PRAYER BOOK**

## (By Quartus in the Manchester Guardian). At this moment the Convocations of Can-

terbury and York are engaged in an attempt to revise the Prayer-book. "Letters of Business" were a year ago addressed to them by His Majesty, especially pointing to the vestiarian controversy. Convocation has therefore addressed itself loyally to this difficult question. I say "difficult" advisedly, for no one can form any conception of the hornets' nest that awaits the reviser until he essays the task. It looks easy enough at first sight, especially to the well-bred layman of the affluent classes, to whom "ritual" is a mere nuisance, and who wants to find in church, when he attends it, a placid and traditional service which satisfies his religious emotions and raises no inconvenient questions. To such men-and they are often the salt of the earth, and wise and generous helpers of all great diocesan endeavors-the squabbles about ritual appear as silly as the fabled battle of

frogs and mice, merely impeding Church progress and alienating sensible minds. All this true so far as it goes. But these men are not typical samples of the Church laity. Far different are the views of the actual church workers, the churchwardens, the teachers in Sunday school, the leaders of Bible classes, the organizers of lads' and girls' clubs. These lay-folk, who are far more closely connected with the intimate life of the Church and its parochial activities, have usually a pretty strong view on the ritual controversy, and take sides definitely.

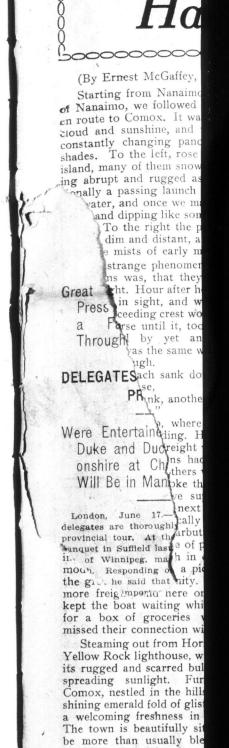
It will also be found that the rank and file of the clergy are by no means in favor of revision. They know-for the Prayer-book is their daily and hourly manual—what the Prayer-book contains. They are indeed, ties. aware of its many archaisms of language, its occasional obscurity, its frequent prolixity. They acknowledge that it reflects the political constitution of Tudor days, and an eccleslastical condition that has long passed by if it ever existed at all. They feel that the order of service nowhere contemplates the vast numbers that are to be found in the town parish of today. All this, and more, these men fully realize. But yet they are not hopeful of revision. Why? Simply because they are aware of the intense party spirit which still lingers in certain quarters. And here let it be honestly said that the spirit of tolerance

is growing faster among the clergy than the laity, and faster on the "Catholic" than the "Protestant" side.

> If any attempt is made to draft a new Ornaments Rubric, it can only be made in a spirit of compromise: that is, in the direction permitting diversity of use or allowing of white encharistic vestments; for rubrics can never do much more than give sanction to existing practices. But it is certain that a ve-hement opposition would come from the "Protestant" party, and there might even be secessions. Their attitude is that of no compromise. They claim to be alone the true children of the reformed English Church. They are avowedly exclusive, and intolerant of any school in the Church but their own. They would approve of a decidedly Protestant turn being given to the rubrics and to the Prayerbook generally; but no other.

> All this is fully known to the working clergy, and therefore they deprecate the wasting of time and energy upon a futile attempt at revision. It all looks so easy to people who look at it from a little distance. The statesman and the politician wonder why the Bishops "do not act." And the Bishops and the "dignified clergy," who are chiefly appointed by the advice of statesmen and politicians, tend to share this more independent and secular view of such matters. But let it be remembered that the clergy, as a rule, are more tolerant of difference of view and of ritual than are their flocks; perhaps because they know more, and read more, both of history and of human nature. It is not from mere ignorance and narrowness of view that the working clergy are strongly against revision. It is because they realize the difficul-

Moreover, it is obvious to the parish clergy that every year that goes by tends to soften asperities, to draw the best men of all schools together and make them respect each other's merits. The "broad" views of the modern High Churchmen are not so far from the views of the neo-Evangelicals. These men, on either side, are ashamed and tired of the extravagances of their own friends. More and more in the Church the men of any school who are able to do good work receive the warmest recognition. In the face of the social revolution that is proceeding around us, we cannot afford to waste time over ritual.



prosperity and advanceme William Duncan, presiden

velopment league, whose

The Fascinating and Romantic History of the Strong Room

the farmers are old settler land has been drained and of extending this scheme is being steadily carried stopped at the hotel, an around the district a littl Courtney river, a few ya a magnificent waterpower waste, which could be furnish power for mill an is plenty of splendid timbe and this proximity of we and natural power sugge practicability of paper and In the evening the League of the Vancouver heague held a meeting in fine attendance of the Acluding a number of lad d the speech-making wi hich he called attentio district in the way of dev wantages which the count vestors and settlers, and from the co-operation af No fewer than between twenty and thirty men were arrested on suspi-cion. One of them had six thousand dollars in his possession and two bars of gold bearing the bank's mark. The robbery was affected between a Sat-urday and a Sunday, and the first thing that raised suspicion was the fact of a liftle boy trying to sell a bar of gold to a hawker in one of the <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> runs round three sides, and by an night. ingenious arrangement of mirrors the watchman passing along the gangway in front can see every part of the back and sides, as well as the open niches under the safe. The safe itself, or ration of the Vancouver League. President Dune terms of the prospects with its towns of Courtm berland, and closed with : hearers to join in the w district and aiding the was applauded vigorously In the absence of the league, the treasurer gave full of solid and pithy a delivered with the fervo lieved in what he said. was to "get busy," wor whild follow as surely where seed has been so vation been given. The ceiled with enthusiasm. 10 <sup>t</sup>Robert Grant, M.P.F was next called on and hearty support to the le and his faith in its ultir J. McPhee, of Courtney marked by optimistic vie ne district and his sympa bjects of the league. M on the subject of "The Se tion, and other citizens remarks during the cours Robert C. Wilson, sec and Development Leagu meeting, gave a ringing told of the work being d district. and urged everyb and help on in the good

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peech was full of ginger of the best efforts of the McGaffey, of the Victo

and the