

centration of ideas and a purpose.

First he talked of the shifting of population, which the rector of St. Paul's understands as well as *Might's Directories*. The population of a great city shifts—with St. Paul's as a centre.

"Yes," he said, "the idea of a home fixed for generations as they have it in England seems to be going out of this country."

"However, you've made at least one fixture, Dr. Cody. St. Paul's—"

"Ah!" He glanced across the way. "Yes."

I was reminded of the Dean of Exeter, who spent two hours telling a party of tourists the history of his cathedral, back to the days of the Normans, down to Cromwell and now; while the Empire was built and the face of England changed and the great cathedral remained as it was—the great unchangeable.

Of course St. Paul's isn't a cathedral. But listen to Dr. Cody for an hour and you'll wonder what it is if it isn't. Not a parish church; except in name; but Dr. Cody is not a pure ecclesiastic who pays high respect to a name. He is a builder. And as he traces the story of the growth of St. Paul's he comes to resemble many a man that builds up a great business or a railway. Maybe Paul himself was a great builder. But Paul busied himself with a lot of churches strung around the Aegean Sea; and nobody knows that he had any cathedral church. Of course that was two centuries ago. This is the twentieth century and Canada and America; with an eye upon New York and another upon the great cathedrals of England—and the eye single to a purpose is that of Dr. Cody.

St. Paul's is the thing. Why?

Lest you might think this cathedral church is not a sign of the times, the rector recalls the churches of New York that from old Trinity, under the eaves of Wall St., clear up to the new cathedral of St. John the Divine, mark the growth of Gotham as sharply as the theatres and the hotels and the skyscrapers.

"Strategic centres!" he said, enthusiastically. "Yes, isn't it marvelous!"

HE sketched briefly, yet it took a good while, the story of this cathedral church which is the result of one man's organizing genius and preaching now for the best part of twenty years.

"We have really a wonderful congregation. I seldom pick up a newspaper but I see a reference to somebody belonging to St. Paul's. We have them from all walks of life—top to bottom."

And as he went over a few names in the list, you thought of bank directorates, manufacturers, politicians, famous lawyers, distinguished doctors, clerks, butchers and grocers, teachers and students and professors.

"A remarkable unanimity!" he said. "If the worshippers at St. Paul's came from one district only it might be different. Here is no room for dissension. The people come voluntarily from everywhere in a great city. They have been coming for years. That's why we had to build a new church."

He traced the origin.

"We needed a new parish house. But the church already was crammed. Twice already it had been enlarged. We couldn't enlarge it again without tearing it down. The suggestion came,

"Why not use the old parish church for a parish house and build—a new St. Paul's?"

Various opinions beat about the never-distracted head of Dr. Cody; some for a brick church; some for a brick body with a stone front; some for this and that model of architecture—

"Let's make St. Paul's a solid stone church," said a very prominent man known in politics.

Dr. Cody never regretted that advice. The present building is the result. It is just about what Dr. Cody wanted it to be. No man knew better. He alone had studied models. He wanted pure Gothic. He believes in the spiritual meaning of Gothic. He despises the amphitheatre. He taboos the Romanesque and the Byzantine; and he has his reasons.

"Suppose that pillars are in the way of some," he said. "Ah, but let's have the pillars and the high, gloomy nave—not too much lighted so as to be obvious; but mysterious. Let us have the great auditorium that seats 2,500 people. We want a rallying-place. St. Paul's is a strategic point. The city is growing on three sides of it, but never can grow away from it. From all directions they will come to St. Paul's. They are doing it now. The clerk of our choir drives his delivery waggon till twelve o'clock Saturday night. Sunday morning he comes for miles to St. Paul's. We have many such people."

And he leaned over the desk as though it were a pulpit and he delivering one of his popularly mag-

netic sermons. "We want in St. Paul's, not the ornate ceremonial that mystifies the worshipper, but the simple, great service in which all men may join heartily. We shall have a wonderful choir and a tremendous organ—for the sake of the people."

So he goes on with the inspiring story of how the little ivy-grown parish church grew into the cathedral building. Let those who think that St. Paul's is ugly without wait till they see it within. Let them not judge by uncompleted work. The house of God is not made merely with hands. Neither should any impromptu critic forget that for years Dr. Cody has been studying this problem; that he is the man who will preach in the big church and will feel most what it means—and he has expectations for no scribe to print, concerning what sort of forum St. Paul's may become. He has no patience with little ecclesiasticism. St. Paul's is cosmopolitan. There is a tremendous basement under St. Paul's. The floor of the church is reinforced concrete—and why should there not be fine bowling alleys down there, when the old church will be so beautifully rehabilitated into parlours and small conventicles for parish-house work.

That's the institutional side of St. Paul's. That is modern. Dr. Cody knows how far he may expect at some future time to swing St. Paul's into a focus for the life of a great city.

MEANWHILE there is a struggling movement to build the true cathedral St. Alban's near the hill, where the choir was thrust up like a pyramid on a plain twenty-five years ago when the boom struck Toronto and when H. J. Cody was a student. The Bishop of Toronto knows what that struggle is. He took it over from the late Bishop and has made it the passion of his life; mistaken or not—with part of the church at his back, but not all. The cathedral must go on. Suppose it takes a man's lifetime to complete. The cathedrals of England took generations to build.

St. James, not a real cathedral, but a cathedral parish church; sombre and stately in the business heart of Toronto—by the time St. Alban's is done will be something like old Trinity down among the skyscrapers of Wall St. Who built it? asks some one. No one on the street knows; and few care. There it is—a fact; and without it the city would be far different.

When St. Alban's is done and long afterwards men may remember that a couple or more of bishops struggled to build it. They may even forget the names of these bishops.

But St. Paul's—will the real builder of that ever be forgotten?

There is no such present intention. It is as much centralized as the head office of a bank. It has little to do with the struggling parish church. It cannot be a rallying place for the Anglican clergy of Toronto. What it may mean to the Anglicanism of Canada is hard to say. It is not ecclesiastically, but organically, a centre. Its parish is the diocese of Toronto. Its activities are city-wide. Its rector and builder is the focus of its organization.

"From the kind of church you expect St. Paul's to be and to become, Dr. Cody—what is your attitude towards church union?"

He paused a moment.

"You do not—favour it?"

"Why—not?"

"The individuality of the Anglican church."

"But remember—the Anglican church is fundamental. It is historic. It should be a real basis of possible union, even more than other denominations. Do I believe in church union? By all means, yes. Not organic union, perhaps, but—"

Another of those illuminated byways of thought that make this aggressive ecclesiastic such a puzzle to the brethren.

He recalled that he had taken part in many movements that might be termed uneclesiastical. At the synods, do they look to Dr. Cody for a merely constitutional judgment? Perhaps not; remembering—St. Paul's.

"You might preach, say, for the Salvation Army."

He laughed.

"I have spoken in stranger places. The liberal has his own relation to other churches and other movements. He becomes part of other movements, not merely a spectator of them."

That is one way of being what is called an eclectic. In business it might work out to a merger. Dr. Cody does not consolidate other churches. But he consolidates forces and centralizes people. He gathers about him men, money and opinions. He acquires power. The home of the power is—St. Paul's.

"Now do you believe, Dr. Cody, that the Anglican church is as strong a consolidation in Canada as it was?"

"More so, perhaps."

"What value has this in Imperialism?"

He cogitated a moment.

"Much. Mind you, I am a Canadian. My grandfather was a Canadian. His ancestors came to new England after the Mayflower—from Cornwall. I am not even remotely or by inference an Englishman. But I believe that in the Anglican churches of the Empire there is a tremendous force that should mean much to the politics of the Empire."

"But should churches have a national character as well?"

"We have a standing obstacle," he said, gravely, "in the average English clergyman who comes to western Canada and refuses to adapt himself one jot or circumstance to the conditions that environ him. Yes, I believe that churches should reflect the life of the country."

And as the new St. Paul's emerges from the simplicity of the ivy-grown parish church into a sort of cosmopolitan cathedral, so the personality of H. J. Cody develops away from that of the mere parson, into that of a man who in Parliament might have been—. Hush! Dr. Cody has no use for merely party politics. He believes in personal and character influences. Does anyone who thinks he knows him—doubt it?

The Melting Pot

WE are so used to reading paragraphs about the ever-increasing immigration from Britain, and the United States, that we overlook the fact of the influx of thousands of people from the lesser nations. The Trade and Commerce Department has issued a booklet, "Origins of the People for the year 1911, as enumerated under date of June 1st."

Some of the increases are remarkable. Who would have thought that there are now over twenty-seven thousand Chinese in Canada. Ten years ago there were only seventeen thousand. What are they all doing? Most of them are washing our linen. Some, though not many in Eastern Canada, are restaurant proprietors, and a few are owners of "junk shops." Over ninety thousand of them are in British Columbia, where they seem to have a monopoly of the cheaper restaurants, and where there are a great many of them acting as man-servants in private houses.

The Greeks, too, are gaining ground rapidly in Canada. Their increase, during the last ten years, is from 291 to 3,594, a percentage increase of 1,135, which is very significant. They, too, are largely employed in providing food for the people. The number of cheaper eating houses they control, particularly in Ontario, is growing all the time.

Austrians, Hungarians and Galicians are also increasing rapidly. From 1901 to 1911, there have been 110,925 new arrivals from these states, their representatives in Canada now totalling 129,103. They, together with the Bulgarians and Rumanians, are chiefly employed in railroad work.

AN ENGLISH CHAMPION



World's Walking Record Broken at Herne Hill Track. Geo. Cummings Beat the Mile and a Half World's Record by 15 Secs. His Record Was 9 Mins., 53 1/4 Secs. He Will Probably Meet Goulding, Canadian Champion, in a Race for the World's Record.