

Editorial

A Century in a Day

IT IS a wonderful experience this—to live a century in a day. The world has forsaken its accustomed political and social orbit and is moving with marvelous rapidity and with growing acceleration in its newly-acquired path. Indeed, we cannot be quite sure that it has quite found its path. We are dizzy and perturbed from recent happenings and have not yet adapted our thought and feeling to new situations and unusual experiences. But of this we are sure, that our centre of revolution has altered. No longer do we circle around kings and autocrats yielding to them docile and unquestioning obedience. It is the people's turn to reign. The old order has changed giving place to new, and God is in it all.

"Not in vain the distance beacons,
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever,
Down the ringing grooves of change."

The New Russia

WHO would have imagined that of all countries, Russia would at this day be standing out as the best illustration of Democracy? Russia, coupled in our minds with tyranny, Siberian cruelty, with all forms of injustice and extortion, with secret murders and more secret disappearances—yes, it is all in our minds now as we read the record of the centuries. But in the twinkling of an eye all was changed. The spirit of man cannot forever remain in subjection. "Let the people rule whose right it is to reign!" And under the new rule, what a promise! A free press, liberty of worship,—free thought and free expression! What more could one ask? All liberty is summed up in this.

The President's Message

AT times we have thought the President of the United States lethargic, unduly patient, and even wobbling in his political gait. Yet who will say that his indecision and his delay were not prompted by wisdom and stern necessity? Now he has with him the hearts of all his people, now posterity can point at him no accusing finger, blaming him for indecent haste and needless interference. He has come to the rescue at the opportune moment and he has entered upon his task with such decision and whole-hearted earnestness that we all become nerved to new endeavor. His address before Congress will go down as one of the greatest ever delivered. In his denunciation of German intrigue, ruthless rapine and red-handed murder, he has said what the civilized world has thought and known, but was unable to express. In his forecast of world peace he has laid down conditions and established contrasts that make us a little ashamed of our occasional timidity and lack of resolve.

We should be happy to-day with the people of the two greatest democracies as our closest neighbors—to the west, Russia; to the south, the United States. We are in a goodly fellowship.

Marking Time

HOW can anyone at such a time as this stagnate in thought or action? How can one mark time when the world is moving forward? This is no time for men in their religious practices to cling to out-worn creeds and to emphasize meaningless differences; no time in politics to cleave to party systems that have fallen into decay; no time in social life to honor distinctions that are unreal and superficial; no time in industry to follow methods that are antiquated and unprofitable; no time in education to follow the ideals and methods of a by-gone age. The world has changed and we must change with it. Even the unchangeable God changes His methods and His agents. Why should men remain inert and immovable in thought and practice? The key-word for progressive communities is adaptation.

The New Church

THERE is needed adaptation in church matters. People do not hold preachers in the same reverence as formerly, they are not easily terrified by anathemas and predictions of impending torture, they do not set the same value on rites and ceremonies they do not place so much importance on figures and symbols. They have become practical in their outlook and value a religion that works out in practice. Anything that makes for righteousness, equity, justice and peace is tolerated and approved; anything that ends in dreaming or scheming, in empty form or meaningless symbol is discarded. And so it comes about that the working church is the one that is destined to live and to exercise an influence in a community. It must go to the people rather than ask the people to come to it. It must appeal to the physical, the intellectual, the religious and the social. "The child Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." What is the use of a church that is satisfied to follow tradition—and nothing more? The church of the future, democratic, people-loving, will begin its work by studying the people and their needs, and its every activity will aim at serving the masses. The fixed quantities in religious worship are not preaching, choir-singing and the taking of a collec-

tion. The needs of the time demand new organization, new buildings and equipment, and above all new methods. In a time of revolutions, why not revolutionize the church? We have thrown around it a spurious sanctity with the result that it often fails to command the respect of the vigorous-minded. We have made of it a preacher's domain, so that the men of the world look upon it with suspicion. If it would regain its old-time power and influence, it must write above its portals as its guiding motive: "He went about doing good," "I have come that they might have life," "By their fruits shall ye know them," "Fear God, honor the King."

The New Political Order

IS OUR system of government suited to a democracy—to a democracy such as the world will approve and make necessary when this war is over? To this the answer must be Yes and No. We long ago settled upon the principle of responsible government, and that was good as far as it went. The advisers of the Crown are, however, not only responsible to Parliament for the advice they give, but they are practical heads of departments and here is where the evil of the system appears. Often they have little or no practical acquaintance with the affairs of their departments, but they have not the sense to let experts advise them. They rush in where angels fear to tread, and the result is pitiable in the extreme. Instances of bungling could be multiplied beyond computation if that were necessary. Now, every country has a right to be governed by its wisest. No minister should be able to impose his untutored views upon a trusting community. In every department a committee of men who know should sanction every change in policy. Responsible government should imply wise and honest government. A minister should not be an autocrat, but the spokesman for a "Witen-agemot" of those distinguished in his own department. Unless we come to something of this kind we shall surely suffer from bungling—some such bungling as we have witnessed since the war began. A minister's first duty is to get funds from the people. His next duty is to find out how those funds should be expended with greatest profit to the State. He is nothing but a self-sufficient fool who imagines that when he is appointed to office, he has a heavenly visitation endowing him with supernatural power.

A second thing that should be righted is the abuse of party privilege. If our country is to prosper, the system of party patronage must cease. It will pay every one of us, in every way, to have in the public offices of the country men and women, qualified for service. Russia will see that this is the rule with her, and Russia will be one of our greatest competitors in world trade. Isn't it about time we got away from the puerility of party warfare? Surely we have a country that deserves our devotion.

Talking of party tyranny, one is compelled to the conclusion that the only autocracy in the world is not that of titled rulers. The military caste in Germany is stronger than the Kaiser; the church in Russia was more powerful than the Czar. So in Canada there is, unless curbed, a combination stronger than the government or the people—a combination of a few leaders on the inside concerting with a few adventurers outside. The balance sheets of pulp and paper companies, nickel mine owners, munition manufacturers and the like prove beyond question that we are at times not a free people. Autocracy takes many forms. Better to yield obedience to those whom heredity has favored than to bow down to men of low cunning and lower ideals who have been pitched into prominence by political accident.

The New School

THE new world requires a new educational system and a new method. The little log school will not suffice. The three R's do not make up a modern programme of studies. The scheme of culture must aim at the enrichment of the whole life of the pupil. Buildings, organization, teaching force must be in line with modern requirements. In a democracy individualism must give way to co-operative activity. Selfish acquisition must yield to the spirit of service. The school must look upon itself as the centre of culture in a community. It is the measure of present interest and future prosperity. Nothing is clearer than that the school in Western Canada must be modified to meet existing and prospective needs. It will take time and money to effect a change. In the forward march of civilization we have the advantage of a great natural inheritance. This alone will not save us. In the end it is the character and ability of a people that counts. This character and ability must be developed through properly established schools and colleges. Are we ready to pay the price?

The Home Fires

WHERE is work to be done outside the trenches. There is a battle to be fought in our fields and our factories. Every acre sown means bread for five for a year. Every hill of potatoes a dinner for three. Every day's work in the woods, warmth for a family for two weeks. And in the factories, every piece of honest work is a help to the Empire in her time of need—help in the great necessities of life or the necessities of warfare. On the other hand every extravag-

ance is robbery of some one. Twenty million men can not be under arms for three years without disturbance of economic systems and conditions of trade. We shall really not feel the pinch until restoration begins. For that pinch now is the time to prepare. So there is sense in the dictum "In times of war, prepare for peace"; there is sense in the advice, "Let every man work and let every acre be taxed to its utmost." We had thought the older ones might retire from active duty while the younger ones rested, but it can not be so. In field, forest and mine, in factory, shop and country house, in church and school and home, old and young must join in sharing the burdens. So will we face the future in confidence and hope; so will we be ready to give good cheer to the boys when they come back to our hearths and homes.

Mother and Son

The mother was rich and gracious, and the son was strong and bold,
And the bond that was fixed between them was not the bond of gold;
And they dwelt in sweet co-union, while the world looked on in awe,
For they lived and wrought by the Law of Love, and not by the Love of Law.

The mother was old in the years of man, but young in the years of time,
And her face was fair, and her arm was strong as a strong man in his prime;
And some who said, "She weakens, her day is nearly done,"
So spake because they wished it; her day was scarce begun.

And the mother said, "I have given you much, good gifts of honest worth,
A name that is known and honored in the corners of the earth;
A tongue that is strong and elastic, a law that is just and sound,
And the right of a man to be a man wherever my flag is found.

"The paths go down to the future, and the paths are yours to choose,
There's all for you to profit, there's all for you to lose—
For the eye of the race is onward, nor yet is the law recast,
That youth shall live in the future, and age shall live in the past."

On the swarthy cheek of the stalwart son there deepened a dye of shame,
"Mother, were I so base I should belie my mother's name.
The road may lead to the mountain tops or the nethermost depths of hell;
Even so, and if so you travel it, I travel the road as well.

"Ere yet I had learned in a foreign tongue to babble your name with pride,
They thought in the guise of a common cause to wheedle me from your side,
But I scorned the bribe of lust and power—for I read the rogues aright—
And I fought for you in my swaddling clothes, as only a child can fight!

"'Twas not for my own existence—I had no fear for that—
For I was lean and unlikely, and they were full of fat;
But the blood, and the sense of honor, and the duty of the son—
'Twas these that clutched at a weapon and battled them ten to one!

"Think not because life is rosy that I know what it cost—
I knew when I fell to the Ridgeway fiends, or lay in the Northshore frost;
I knew in the flush of triumph—I knew when I fought in vain—
And the blood that was spilled at Paardeberg was the blood of Lundy's Lane!

"Then lead, and your son will follow, or follow and he will lead,
And side by side, though the world deride, we will show by word and deed,
That you share with me my youthfulness, and I with you your prime,
And so it shall be till the sun shall set on the uttermost edge of time."

—R. C. STEAD.

Free Wheat.

AT last! The insistent demand of the Western farmers for a wider market for grain has been complied with. It is the first step towards trade freedom. We can rejoice in the victory, even if it comes just prior to a General Election. The fact that the Voice of the West has been effective in federal issues is significant. From this time henceforth decisions on matters of policy cannot be made without considering the interests of the settlers on the prairies.