

came to. With warm blankets, warm drinks and a change of dry, borrowed clothing, she and Sam were soon themselves again.

Our trip homeward was started with nothing worse than an hour's delay.

It was a very silent and solemn party on that return journey. One after the other, the boys put in apologetic and kindly words to Sam, until he was confused and irritated.

"Say nae mair aboot it," he pleaded quietly. "I just happened tae be the lucky chap."

As we said good-bye at the city wharf, Edna shook hands with Sam and tears stood in her eyes.

"Don't greet," he said softly. "It's a' right. I'm sorry, Miss Craney, that I lost your bonny basket,—just like the big gomeril I am." That happened on the Monday.

On the Tuesday, Sam came home from work, beaming with happiness.

"I've got a better job," he cried. "They're takin' me oot o' the Warehoose and puttin' me on the road. I've tae be junior city traveller".

Sam was not more pleased than were Jim and I.

On the Friday night of that same week, we scented, from the very extensive toilet Sam was making, that something extra special was afoot.

We opened his bedroom door and blocked the entrance.

There he was, dressed and ready to go out, resplendent in a brand new suit of the latest Canadian cut, and a soft, blue-felt hat,—looking the perfect gentleman he really always was. "Where are you bound for?" asked Jim.

"Never mind," he said, laughing and trying to push past.

We stood firm, still blocking his way.

He laughed again. "I could clink your twa heids together like a pair o' egg-shells,—if I had a mind tae. But it's no' worth while. I'm going to visit Miss Craney. Her mother insists on seein' me. I tried hard tae get oot o' it, but I couldna without offendin' the lass,—and I wouldna do that for the world."

"He's all right now," said Jim to me, after Sam had gone. "Dressed in Canadian clothes; city 'drummer' for a wholesale house; takes in the evening paper; helps to gather up the collection in the Presbyterian Church; speculates,—ahem; and, now,—a Canadian sweetheart. My responsibilities are over. He's safely on the way to being a full-fledged Canuck."

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Notes and Comments.

Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

OLIVER LODGE.

Oliver Lodge, spiritualist and speculative thinker, has come and gone. A courtly, distinguished gentleman, an acknowledged authority in the realm of physical science, who in many great gatherings of scientific men, some of them more or less agnostic, stood up for the Christian faith, he is entitled to our respect and admiration. But it is doubtful if he adds to his reputation or to the sum total of human happiness by such performances as reading alleged messages from those who have passed over the Great Divide. There is no necessity or reason for doubting his perfect sincerity but that he can, through mediums, more or less imperfect, receive communications from the unseen world is another matter. That we are living in the midst of a spiritual world we all believe and that our lives are being more or less clearly influenced by the activities of ministering spirits who are "sent forth to minister to heirs of salvation" is not questioned by Christian people. But that we can have intercommunication by spoken or written word that others besides ourselves may understand, is something that has no warrant in the words of the Great Book. And if there were intercommunications they would surely be so sacredly confidential that we would hesitate about giving them out to the general public.

THE GAIN

But apart from the vagaries of these beliefs there has been a notable gain in regard to some of these truths since the outbreak of the war. Men all over the world grew to feel that neither unbelief nor even agnosticism was sufficient for a life tried by the burdens and the anxieties of a terrible time. Horatio Bottomley may not be our ideal but the strength of his mind and the courage flavouring his convictions are undeniable. And it will be remembered how he said editorially that if Foote the leader of Freethinkers in England, had died six months earlier than he did, that Bottomley would likely have been elected as his successor. But the Great War had come and had changed all that probability. And Bottomley wrote that he had under the stress of the time, forsaken a creed that had no comfort for weary hearts or solace for sorrowing lives. "I am now," he said, "fifty-five years of age, and have lived a strenuous life and here I wish to declare my belief in God and the immortality of the human soul." Somewhat similar was the case of Conan Doyle, the great novelist. What faith he had before the war is not known but the war changed the course of his thinking and he was led into a thicket of spiritualism which, despite its weirdness and uncertainty is an improvement upon any position that is agnostic in regard to the spirit world. A great many more might be quoted but these are well-known cases. Thus we have made gains through the pressure of calamitous times and many have discovered the meaning of Augustine's prayer saying that we were made for God and our souls find no rest till they find rest in Him.

AN INSTINCT.

One only wonders that it took the tragedy of a great war with all its countless separations to bring some men to a confession of having discovered what is in reality an instinct or intuition. Not only in Holy Writ and in the teachings of sages like Socrates but in the history of pagan peoples who have had no missionary message from without, do we find the assertion of the instinctive belief in immortality. The Indian of these western lands of ours was quite sure of a life beyond this earth in "the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit." And not even Oliver Lodge could coin a more

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