

champion Hackney female.

Undoubtedly, Calgary's Eighth Annual Horse Show was an unqualified success.

The cowboy had his day. He drove out the Indian. He was driven out himself, first by the wire fences and then by the automobile and the crush hat. Western civilization, always a revolution rather than a process, is seen at its hectic height in such a city as Calgary, and at the horse show it is focussed into a high-light, impressionistic picture. Twenty years ago a gang of cow-punchers in from a roundup could make more noise than a camp of Piegans at a sun-dance. What cowboys are left are pretty well absorbed into the new civilization. Like the mounted police, they learned to

adapt themselves to new conditions. The cowboy is not altogether lamenting the change when a prominent cattle-man is president of the Calgary Horse Show Association. The broncho in his day was a fine institution, just as the cayuse was in the buffalo days before the cattle came on the ranges. The broncho still survives. The cayuse is just about extinct, except on the Indian reserves. Nearly thirty years ago Rev. A. B. Baird, then preacher in the Presbyterian church at Edmonton, and writer of editorials on the Edmonton *Bulletin*, wrote a classic lament on the passing of the cayuse, whose utility on the great plains was as marked as that of the camel on the Sahara. If the same gentleman, now a professor in Manitoba University, could have

been at the Calgary Horse Show in 1913, he might have been moved to a still more inspiring reflection on the development of the horse in modern times. And he might have listened with half-amused interest to the poetic plaint of the cowboy continued from the head of this article:

"Take me where there ain't no subways,
Nor no forty-story shacks;
Where they shy at automobiles,
Dudes, plug hats an' three-rail tracks.
Land of prairie grass an' cattle,
Land of sage bush an' of gold;
Take me back there to the rangeland,
Let me die there when I'm old."

Personalities and Problems

No. 26—Archdeacon Cody

The Cleric Who Consolidates Human Interests Into a Great Organization of Spiritual Dimensions

"*Quo officium ducit, sequere.*" *Whither duty leads, follow.* . . . *Ancestral motto of the Cody family from Cornwall.*

VENERABLE H. J. CODY has one supreme purpose to achieve before he becomes a ripe, middle-aged man. It is the biggest and most expensive thing of its kind in Canada. It is over 200 feet long, nearly a hundred feet to the top of the nave—and there's a great basement under the floor of that. There are great rows of superb pillars supporting a tremendous and gloomy groin-work of timbers. There will be splendid stained glass windows. There is to be an organ costing over \$30,000. Some day there will be a great tower costing perhaps \$200,000. By that time the concrete purpose of Dr. Cody will represent a total valuation in the coinage of this world of not less than a million dollars.

Four years ago the first contracts were let for the cathedral parish church of St. Paul's. It will be more than a year yet before the last, not including the tower, is completed. Away last fall the pipe organ was being built down in St. Hyacinthe, Que. There are fat contracts enough on this cathedral church to have made a few men very well off indeed. But the church has been given the advantage of low estimates. The stonework alone—Credit Valley sandstone—might have cost a fortune more if put in by ordinary commercial tender. But the head of the firm that supplies it is a member of St. Paul's. He gives the church the benefit of lowest possible cost.

So this will be the greatest parish church building in Canada. It will have the dimensions and the character of a cathedral. And it will be a monument to the unanimous enthusiasm of many men, chief among whom is the rector of St. Paul's.

LOOKING at the huge block of stone that bulges over the canyon of Rosedale and the pretty ivy-grown parish church below; watching it year by year crawling to completion—one might recall the temple of Solomon, not built by the noise of hands, and suppose that it is the work of a man who lives in a spiritual world. No worldly-minded man could have conceived it; no fox-hunting parson; no mere ecclesiastic or theologian. Congregations don't conceive great churches. That is the work of one man; not the architect, who works by rule and by merely poetic imagination at best. But a church is the work of the spirit. The man who conceives it and works out its anatomy when other men are busy with the world, who gazes at it day by day from his study window whenever he has a spare moment, who carries in his mind almost every jot of its construction—must be a man who realizes what a great church feels like from the pulpit and the vestry.

At all events such a man will not be average. He is bound to be unusual. He will be different from most parsons. Bishop's gaiters would scarcely become him; much less a lorgnette.

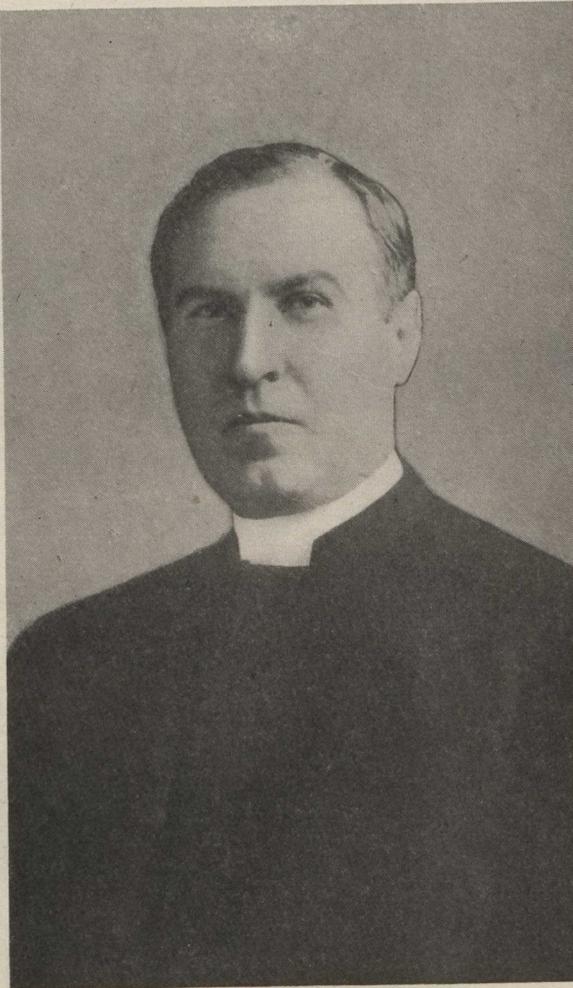
Mere guesses at the kind of man capable of conceiving and building St. Paul's are of very little value. You must see him at close range; not in the pulpit, that always throws some glamour about an Anglican preacher; but in his study, where he does most of the thinking and the plain talking that work out into St. Paul's.

Down a broad staircase in a very large house drifted the dulcet tones of a clock striking the cathedral chime; me-ri-do-soh—with variations such

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

as you hear in any cathedral tower. Ten o'clock. The rector was still busy with his curate mapping out a week's itinerary over thirty square miles.

It was a lovely sound. Lest you might think Dr. Cody is a dreamy, meditative parson thumbing a



"A face that one moment suffuses with the blandest of smiles; the next knits up into a concentration of ideas and a purpose."

book of religious poems in his library and humming the sound of the chimes, let it be clearly known that he is not that kind of man. Concerning that type of preacher there could be but one opinion. Of Dr. Cody there are many. And there is no place like a man's drawing-room among a lot of dead chairs and idle books while you wait for an interview—to call up the various opinions of a public man; especially a preacher who is necessarily more at home than a man of business.

Some call him Low Church; others Evangelical. There is a very slight distinction; but both are different from either the extremely High Church, with its undisguised relics of pure Catholicism and the Centreists, who combine certain elements of both Protestant and true Catholic. Most people imagine that the Evangelicals are the broad gauge, the true Liberals of the church. Much depends upon the angle. A High Church or a Centreist may regard an Evangelical as a sort of Tory in belief. The general public think that plain preaching and an absence of ceremonial in a church ser-

vice are marks of the true Liberal or Progressive. There is no reason why an Evangelical should not be a mild sort of bigot. All depends upon how much intolerance he includes in his evangelism.

Dr. Cody has never been considered a bigot. Nevertheless, he may have a few extreme evangelical sticklers in his church to whom certain concessions have to be made—as a matter of policy; just as he has other men who are broadly catholic in view. It would be a miracle if so eclectic a congregation as St. Paul's ever were built up without compromises and adaptations. And St. Paul's is no mere definition of catechism. It is a strangely human aggregation of diverse people, all astutely centralized by the rector who, whatever may be his precise catechetical creed, knows better than anything else the personal and the human equation.

THEOLOGICAL? Yes. Years he has been a lecturer at Low Church Wycliffe. A scholar? Yes, an expert in classics and not a graduate of Trinity. A traveller—much. Born in Embro, Oxford county, Ont. All his life in Canada; much of it in our largest English-speaking city. Known to clerics and ecclesiastics and common people; to lawyers and business men and financiers and downtowners of all descriptions; to clubs and popular movements; to city hall influences, and to Y. M. C. A. enterprises; to synods and to men on the street; moving about, let us suppose, with a fixed spiritual intention, to inspire the humblest life with the light of the immortal. For that is what we were taught is the duty of the great preacher; not in the pulpit alone, nor in counsels mainly—but down among the dead men if need be to show them the way of eternal life.

When the chimes struck the next quarter upstairs you felt sure this must be the essential Cody. And popularly—it is. No one suspects that the man who has begun to build up the cathedral church of St. Paul's ever did it by mere organization or interesting wealthy men; but by going among the sinners in all ranks with an eye clear to the good of the whole church; welcome in every little pulpit in a suburb, in shacktown and slumtown—

And so many have said. Some by repetition; some by intuition, somewhat judging the man by his sermons, which are never snobbish but always plain and clear to the humble soul. Not forgetting that once it might have been easy for this man to become the Bishop of Nova Scotia—when he stayed with St. Paul's; that he was talked of in the newspapers as a possible Bishop of Toronto—when he stayed with St. Paul's; that for years he has been a power in Low Church Wycliffe College; that he was a prominent member of the University Commission reorganizing the University of Toronto. And so on.

This is no slight story—of the man who stayed with St. Paul's. And there is a reason for such a man of one big centralizing purpose; a reason known as well in the head office of a big financial corporation as in the mean little shack that the curate reports as needing the attention of some part of the benevolent machine operated from the parish house and the rectory of St. Paul's.

The curate was at the door. And the rector came smilingly in. A singularly affable man; energetic and swift-moving; clean-shaven as a priest, sharp of feature and keenly alert with small, grey-blue eyes, and a face that one moment suffuses with the blandest of smiles, the next knits up into a con-