

equal parts of the strong countenance. As to his name and parish there was little to detain the critic. Both were soon forgotten as the leaf was turned with a Requiescat in pace! Buried in the wild and woolly West!

Fellow students, however, had long become familiar with that face and figure. They had paid a college man's tribute to a hard and studious theolog. They knew the sterling silver of his character. Nor yet had they missed the secret fire of devotion which burned on the altar of his soul. To one they would say, McQueen is a good fellow! To another who was passing the photo too quickly, keep your eye on the Home Missionary under the Northern Lights!

Thus Graduate McQueen followed the western star of duty and fortune. Without doubt it was the former that impelled his wearied feet to finish the journey to the far-off outpost of the church. Doing his duty was his idea of a minister's fortune. Nor yet has he changed it. Although to few have such high honour and good fortune come during the course of twenty-six years.

He went to Edmonton, then a lonely fur-post; to a little wooden church, overlooking the Saskatchewan gorge, whose homely pulpit had been occupied by Rev. A. B. Baird, now on the faculty of Manitoba University. The nails in that old church cost twenty-five cents a pound. The lumber was sawn in the flats below the log village. The church itself was a powerful centre of religious life for Scotchmen and fur-posters and a good many half-breeds. It was, as the new church is now, the chief church in Edmonton. On his home missionary journeys the minister travelled thousands of miles on the trails, especially between Edmonton and Calgary, all of whose unrailed stopping places were

known to McQueen's stout roan horse, "Jim," as well as to the stages that preceded the railway.

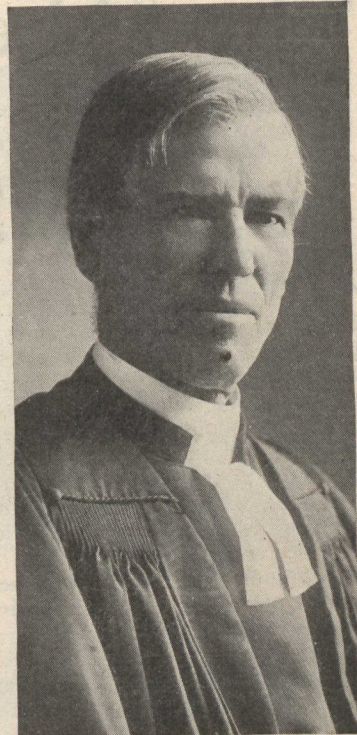
For years, McQueen had charge of all the students that went out in summer from old Knox College or from Edinburgh and Glasgow to mission posts on the prairie. He helped buy horses for them at the corrals. He was inspector of schools—for at that time there was little educational machinery in the North-West. And he preached then, as he does now, the strong gospel of uncompromising righteousness. He knew the half-breeds and the Indians, the Mounted Police and the fur-posters, and all the people who, after the railway went up from Calgary, began to dribble in to the fur-post towns. And he worked as he preached, to keep the lamps of faith aglow to all people, especially to such as might think to regard the West as a place where they might lose their respect for the established order of things.

THUS about two months ago, D. G. McQueen became a strong keeper of faith, and the Fathers and Brothers began to hear a new voice in the General Assembly. Those were the days when it was not easy for a stranger to get a hearing. For going to the Supreme Court of the Church was to sit at the feet of Caven and Grant, King and MacVicar, Cochrane, Warden and Robertson. But there was an emphatic ring about these new notes. He did not mumble over forms of overture or terms of Barrier Act. There was no courting a Moderator's favour or ambiguity in presenting his case. But old men began to see visions and young men dream dreams. Here was another prophet in the clerical garb and bronzed skin of the frontier calling the church to repentance.

It was not only at the big nights of the General

Assembly this ringing voice was heard, but it resounded in the chief temples on the Sabbath Day. It summoned men to judgment. The "Dies ira Dies illa," he made plain would be a great Canada neglected by those who had "become at ease in Zion." There were again the same unnerving eyes. And his eloquence resembled the hammering out of arguments upon an anvil of steel. There were no sky-rockets in either speeches or sermons. No discount was levied. McQueen had come to stay. He had made his own place among the Fathers and Brethren.

Such was indeed his only reward. He gave his annual reports as if he had been a bishop, but he had no title. What is more strange to our age, he had no remuneration. He only drew a "minimum stipend."



REV. D. G. McQUEEN,
Moderator of the General Assembly.



Spot-Light on the Senate

THIS week the Commons has been deserted, and crowds sat daily in the rubicund glow of the Senate. Never in the history of Canada, had that highly respectable body been called upon to decide so weighty a question. Political factions were keyed up to a high pitch of speculation and the little word "if" took a prominent place in everybody's conversation.

The Government leader, the Hon. Mr. Lougheed, moved the second reading of the Naval Aid Bill, and in a meaty speech some hours in length, which touched every phase of the question, he urged the Senate not to take the responsibility of rejecting the measure.

"If you do . . . you not only invite, but practically announce, separation from Great Britain!" warned Mr. Lougheed. He summarized the whole situation from what he considered an Imperialistic standpoint, taunting the Opposition with stubbornness in refusing to see an emergency. With fine irony, the Senator cried,

"I am aware that that which has been pronounced an emergency by the Admiralty authorities, by the Imperial Government, by the press of Great Britain and by public opinion in the overseas dominions does not meet the view of an emergency entertained by the Opposition. To satisfy them . . . they would require rival fleets to be in the line of battle, they would want to hear the booming of guns, the tearing noise of shot and shell, the swish of the torpedo, the crash of colliding ships and the agonized cry of the wounded!"

To emphasize this realistic picture of warfare, Mr. Lougheed went over the ground so often trod, of Canada's obligation, its responsibility as a part of the British Empire. He pictured loyal British Canadians hanging their heads in shame because Canada had refused to come to England's aid, and he closed with a plea that party considerations should be laid aside.

"The bill is bigger than any political party; dwarfs in its significance all party considerations; it is not bounded by the walls of Parliament, nor even by the boundaries of Canada."

He declared that the Bill was the expression of the direct representatives of the people charged by the electorate of Canada to give voice to the public wish that Canada should participate in the naval defence of the Empire.

SOME ladies entered the elevator on the ground floor of the Senate wishing to go to the third floor. They had just started when the bell rang imperiously—I nearly said Imperially, the word has grown to be a regular obsession!—from the gallery landing.

"Up!" said the autocrat of the lift, as he hove in sight.

"Down!" contradicted a white-haired old man in a wheel chair. "Down at once!"

And down the whole party went.

As the door closed and the lift again took its way upward, the man at the wheel turned apologetically to his passengers.

"He don't wait for nobody, that one!" he said.

"Who was it?" asked one of the ladies, slightly ruffled.

"Sir George Ross!"

No, Sir George waits for nobody; he goes right ahead. He said that the Senate should prevent the Second Reading of the Bill, and prevent it they did. He threw the Government arguments back in their teeth. "You call us disloyal and separatists," cried the Opposition leader, in effect, "because we want a Canadian Navy, want our coasts patrolled, because we want to take our place beside the mother country and take steps toward the foundation of a navy of which the whole Empire may be proud! We have remained steadfast to the policy which we saw eye to eye (with the Conservatives) in 1910; you have broken away! There is no need for this Bill—all that we resolved under the Laurier Naval Service Act will suit your present purpose."

"Did we send empty uniforms to South Africa?" he asked, "or did we sit smugly at home and make a contribution? Why should we send money to England, or why should we send 'empty shells' when we might man them with bones and flesh and blood?"

Unlike Senator Lougheed, who asserted that the members were not mere pawns (to be moved at the will of those who played a party game), Sir George confessed to being but a pawn—not of a party, however, but of the people. "The people of Canada are greater than we are," he said, "and we are here to do their will."

One of the strongest reasons for his rejection of the Bill was the belief of the Opposition leader that

its passage would lead to friction between Canada and the Empire. In that, he said, he and the Prime Minister were of the same opinion!

The speeches which followed the two leaders varied in force and originality. That of Senator Pope smacked of the House of Commons. His similes and metaphors called forth a protest from Senator Belcourt, who did not like that tone adopted in the Senate, and who placed the position of the French-Canadian in regard to warfare in an earnest and reasonable light. Echoing his Chief's words, Senator Belcourt said that the gift to England, as proposed by Mr. Borden, was unconstitutional without the sanction of the people at the polls, and he brought in the position in which Canada would place herself with Australia, did she break the agreement made in 1908 for the protection of the Pacific. In this way, if no other, would we be endangering the solidarity of the Empire. Then Senator Legris steps to the fore. Senator Joseph H. Legris can hardly be called a party man. He took his stand with Senator Lougheed against his party in 1910, when the latter wanted to go to the people with a referendum. To-day Senator Legris boasts that he is consistent, for he still believes that the measure should go before the Canadian people.

Mr. Borden repeatedly stated that he would undertake no permanent policy without the consent of the people, said the Senator, and if he has forgotten it, it is the duty of the Senate to remind him. He pointed out that the percentage of the contribution was higher per person in Canada than it is in the mother country itself; that Canada is not called upon to make so great a sacrifice—merely on an emergency scare.

THE Conservative senators who made the last stand in defence of the Bill before it went down to defeat, were the Hon. E. D. Smith and Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Senator Smith, making his first speech after his appointment, denied that the Naval Bill was a contribution. It was simply a proposal to contribute thirty-five million dollars to defend Canadian shores and Canadian commerce.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell was almost the last speaker. He repeated the war cry of his party that the policy of the Conservatives makes for unification of the Empire and the policy of the Liberals for disintegration. He, too, emphasized the Canadian function of the proposed new vessels. Indeed, he went farther and declared, "I am emphatically in favour of manning the ships with Canadians."

At one o'clock this (Friday) morning, by a vote of 51 to 27, the Senate approved the amendment submitted by Sir George Ross and Hon. Mr. Bostock. This amendment states that the Senate is not willing to pass the Bill until it is submitted to the judgment of the country. They do not say whether they are in favour of a referendum or a general election; they have left that point to be decided by the Government.

M. M.