

a God of bone and flesh in his every attribute human is propounded, when God's wife is mentioned casually, and when Apostle Hyde said in a sermon: "If at a marriage of Cana of Galilee, Jesus was the bridegroom and took unto him Mary, Martha and the other Mary, whom Jesus loved, it shocks not our nerves."

The books of the Mormon faith are the Bible, the Book of Mormon, Doctrinal Covenants (being revelations to Joseph Smith), and the Pearl of Great Price, which Joseph Smith found concealed in the wrappings of a mummy he opportunely purchased in New York City. It was Mr. S. M. Woolf who told me in all seriousness of that manuscript in the mummy, only he did not say, "opportunely." The Bible is to be read only in the light of the Book of Mormon. To a dweller among them for a few days, the Saints seemed to go to the Bible just for occasional texts to support a peculiar Mormon doctrine and confuse the unbeliever. The testimony of those longer among them is that the Bible is not often read from or referred to at their services. Joseph Smith's "Doctrine and Revelations" seemed the oftener referred to, another case of "Me and God."

"What do you read?" I asked the lady who had left her dinner dishes and run out through the rain to see her daughter. She hunted under various accumulations and found some smudged periodicals. The Church provides literature also. "The Improvement Era," the organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, is a sober, solid little magazine, dun-colored cover with lettering of gold and purple. Travel stories by missionaries, well-illustrated, "The Utah Library-Gymnasium Movement," "Training of Children," "St. Paul's Companions in Rome," "The Writing on the Wall," and "Self-Control," are some of the headings, and a little biography, church news, and world-events finish the book. The illustrations are prone to have a moral, "Boys playing Cards at Haystack Bad for Character." "The Young Woman's Journal," organ of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, deals with domestic virtues, in story mostly, with love affairs centering around Hallowe'en, several preachments, and the usual leaven of church arrangements and study. "The Juvenile Instructor" has a story of the hand-cart days, a Sunday School department, a nature story, "The Girl Who Wouldn't Say 'Please,'" and several poems and juvenile departments, besides the religious pages. "The Women's Exponent" is the organ of the Relief Societies. And "The Deseret Evening News" is everybody's daily, with the church flavour.

The Mormons do not oppose education. They encourage it rather in these days, but direct it themselves. They are not great readers as a rule

and not highly intellectual, generally speaking, but their missionary work has given them the leaven of travel and they have the daily papers. Until the establishment of the Knight Academy, at Raymond, their schools were just the public schools of Alberta, working under the usual curriculum with the time allowed for religious instruction in any public schools the only occasion for the inculcation of Mormon doctrines. In Cardston the majority of teachers are still Gentile. In Magrath about half are Gentile. In Raymond, the most Mormon of all the Alberta towns, only two teachers are Gentile, and these two are not coming back for the next

term. They point to these Gentile teachers as proof of their tolerance, but I think 'twas sheer necessity. They are training teachers of their own faith now and employing them in the towns and in the many school districts round about.

The Knight Academy, the "Mother School of Canada," was opened October 17th, 1910, just thirty-four years to the day after the opening of the first Mormon Academy in the United States. This Academy is significant in that it is the first Mormon school in Canada, in that it calls itself the Mother school, and in that are taught therein the sinister doctrines of the Church, opposed to Canadian ideals.

THE NAVY'S CORONATION

IN the profoundest sense George the Fifth sailor King was crowned by the Navy, at the review of the British fleet. Recently Mr. Havelock Ellis, one of England's most penetrative and discursive writers, has said in an article on the Navy, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the greatest assemblage and parade of ships the world has even seen demonstrates not so much the strength as the hysteria of the British people.

So perhaps it may be. The great navy never would have been built but for the fear of the possibility of war. It never was reviewed by a monarch with such a complex feeling of what it meant to be the grand head of the greatest agglomerate fighting machine known to history. George the Fifth more than any other British sovereign has come to view the navy as the right arm of power. When his father was crowned the world had only just learned from the Boer War that England's power on land was no longer invincible. Even yet an Englishman cherishes the illusion that one British Tommy is worth one or more of any other kind of soldier—from Boer to Fuzzy Wuzzy. But he knows better. The naval review off Spithead was the last great spasm in what M. A. P. calls the rather overdone drama of the Coronation.

Here were 185 great warships with the voices of three thousand guns. For one day the genius of England fled from the Abbey and Westminster and Buckingham to the roadstead where lay the lines of the ships. And when the scribe aboard of the Soudan looked on the assemblage of the leviathans he was moved to the language of profound admiration. England knows better about a ship than about a barracks. The Englishman can see all his King's ships at once. The army at a glance he has never seen and never will.

To the onlooker born within the rim of the ship's line—and his fathers' fathers before him—there was the picture of final faith in the massing of the

men-of-war. The Royal yacht steering for twenty-five miles that day, never out of sight of British ships, was an uplifted symbol. The Sailor-King, with his field-glasses on the bridge, was momentarily a greater war figure than Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts on land.

So because he was moved by the last great spectacle the scribe wrote such words as these:

"It was the Navy's Coronation day. They were going to crown the King, not with diamonds, but with wreaths of smoke. They were going to play to him the music of a great orchestra, but the instruments were not fiddle-strings or silver trumpets. They were great guns whose chorus of deep voices would roar out an anthem which the wind would carry from shore to shore across the wide waters.

Other great troopships, painted blue-grey with yellow funnels, were steaming ahead of us, with flags twinkling from stem to stern. On their high decks were moving figures in scarlet coats, and sky-blue coats, and flowered head-dresses. The King's Indian visitors were going to see the majesty of his sea-power. Great passenger ships, heavily laden with little dots of humanity, and all in gala dress, crowded the waterway. Bells were jangling. There was laughter in the wind that tossed the frocks of the ladies on their decks. The King's Colonial visitors were going to the concert of great guns.

Beyond and away, far as eye could see, was a great city of ships, ranged in streets of steel-clad walls. They were as ugly, under the heavy rain clouds of the morning, as black monsters of the deep who have poked their heads up from the slime of prehistoric mud. Yet presently, when the sun broke through the wrack of clouds, and the wind swept the dirt from the sky, this great Fleet of 200 warships was touched with the magic of a great enchantment."

THE GREAT ROYAL REVIEW OF THE NAVY AT SPITHEAD



For one day the genius of England fled from the Abbey and Buckingham to the roadstead where lay the lines of the ships. And this was the message of the Sailor King: "I wish to express the gratification with which I have reviewed the Fleet to-day and my highest appreciation of the admirable appearance of the ships and the marked precision of the lines."