

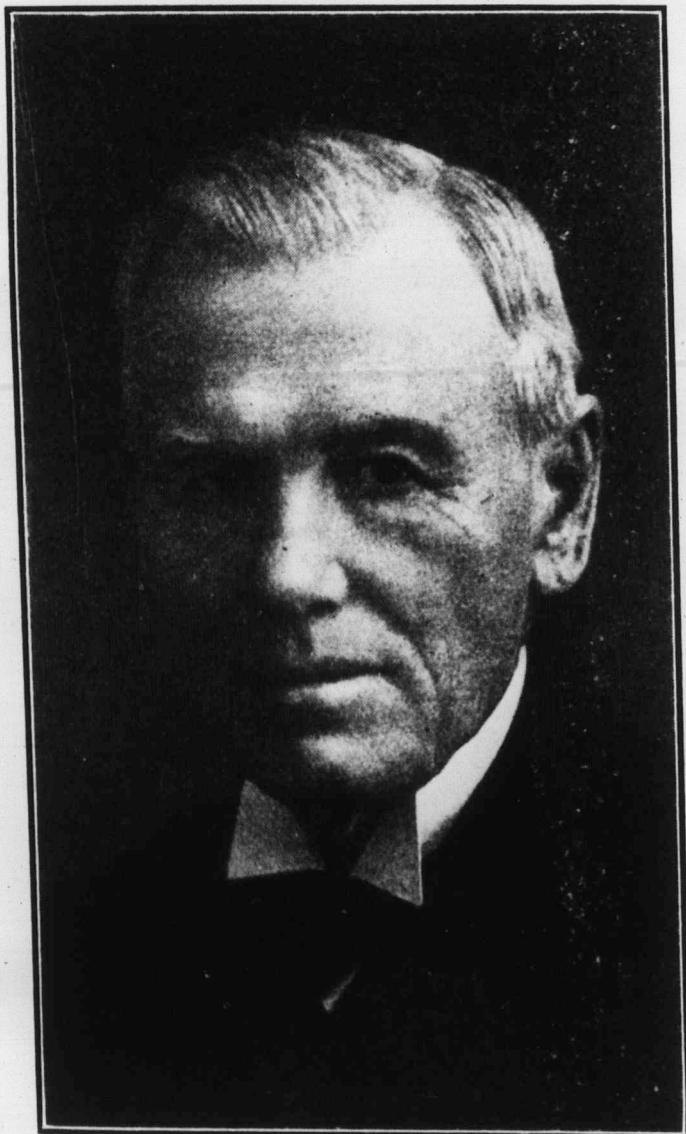
but the very fight welded him to the brotherhood of the conquering spirit, and he is the better for the fight.

Second, there are several things which bear directly upon the life of the spirit, and as such are not matters of observation. When a man is instantly killed, we may regard it as a calamity from our point of view, but so far as he is concerned it is a forward step toward the goal of Christian idealism. Many of the tragedies of the world are of this type. Again many of the wider, cosmic upheavals, such as plagues, natural calamities, have a much wider bearing than individual relations. It is evident that anything even in its horror which arouses society to eliminate the causes of pain, suffering, war, accident or avoidable trouble in the long run work out the ideal, which is the heart of Christian experience. Many things can only be viewed in this wider range, and may well be left in the realm of faith rather than of observation.

This great message alone provides a working philosophy

of life. Any other view inevitably means defeat and disaster for the best. This is the guarantee that in the end goodness will triumph. Paul does not imply that everything in itself is good. He claims all things work together for good. The sum total of nature yields a system in which life and beauty abound. Many of the individual things are very trying. So in grace. The sum total of experience yields a system favourable to the development of Christian character. Many of the experiences are very trying, but the true Christian has experience enough to believe that these are part of a great plan, working out the eternal purpose of God. There may be many things we cannot understand, but we believe that the Eternal mind and purpose of God are higher than human attainment; and further, that any plan, working toward perfection, will necessarily have elements beyond our present knowledge. In this higher realm faith brings both assurance and abiding peace. One day Hope will issue in Knowledge.

## A Prominent Pioneer Passes



For a city Vancouver is very young, being only 38 years old. But as that period forms a large portion of the adult years of even long-lived folk, it is inevitable that the passing of pioneers should become a fairly common occurrence in these years of grace.

Among pioneers of Vancouver city, well-known and highly respected for their personal worth and for their works' sake, perhaps

none was more outstanding than the late Mr. James McQueen, formerly of Haro Street, and latterly of Laurier Avenue. A man of ripened experience when he came to Vancouver, he put in over a quarter of a century of active service in connection with various social, educational, and other institutions, including the City Council itself, the Hospital Board, Westminster Hall (the Presbyterian College), and St. Andrew's church, etc.

Of strong convictions and an able speaker, he was an uncompromising opponent of all that was detrimental to public or private welfare, and it may fairly be said that he was a stalwart, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Born in Eastern Canada of a sturdy stock, Mr. McQueen was not without interest in the former place of origin of the McQueens, in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

While he was a man whom it was a satisfaction and pleasure to come into contact with in a public way, it was more of a privilege to be among those who knew him in an intimate friendly way. It happens that personal acquaintance of former years was, in the case of the editor of this magazine, supplemented by a cousinly relationship (through marriage); and so for years he was among those happy in

the exchange of social meetings with this strong soul and his home circle.

Like most folk beyond the allotted span, Mr. McQueen had reminiscences of various kinds, and one of his stories of special interest—especially to Scottish-born Canadians—had to do with his notes and recollections of a trip to the south of Scotland in 1867 when he visited the McQueens of Midlock, whose farm had on one occasion been visited by King Edward when he was the guest of Lord Colebrooke in the hunting season. Mr. McQueen's personal impressions of the Old Country and of conditions as he found them, supplemented by a record made at the time, were naturally of particular interest to those whose relatives were still resident there.

Of this pioneer's living and up-to-date concern in all that effected the social, political and Christian life of Vancouver and British Columbia, there is no need to write. It is enough to say that he was of that strong-minded and healthy type who retain wholesome interest in the continued progress of this world's affairs, while earnestly alert to the viewpoints and visions that are sanely associated with citizenship in that restful "Beulah-land," experience in which many believe with John Bunyan, is the most fitting prelude to entrance into that Fuller Life to which what we call death is but "the Gate."

At the funeral service Rev. Dr. E. D. McLaren, formerly minister of St. Andrew's church, Vancouver, gave the short address, and Rev. Dr. R. G. MacBeth, and Rev. Principal Smith also took part. Compliments are unbecoming about such a service, but it is a simple fact to say that in fluent and fitting expression on such occasions, Dr. McLaren is unexcelled. In choice language he can outline a character or career and at the same time, in his survey, lead the minds of the friends assembled to thoughts of death that are at once comforting and inspiring. On this occasion Dr. McLaren did indeed touch on a question of interpretation which is of general interest as to the condition of the personality immediately following death and of which more might be welcomed from him and others. . . . Then, in closing his address the doctor, who is himself among the prominent pioneers of Vancouver city, recalled the beautiful injunction at the end of W. C. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" or "View of Death",—lines which may well linger in the memories of those who value fine thought, finely expressed:

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.