

No other generation of Vancouverites can ever tread the old paths or see the old sights, or experience the old sensations. The pioneer days are gone, never to return. But on the ampler base furnished by the larger opportunities and capabilities of to-day, the men of the past and of the present may unite to erect a noble structure—a city that despises mere artificiality and conventionalism, and does homage not to wealth but to genuine worth; a city of high ideals and lofty achievements, in which the practice of a true Christian socialism will have power to drive out the unclean spirit of a socialism that prides itself upon its godlessness; a city of law-abiding, truth-speaking, right-doing, God-fearing men and women.

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

By Rev. John Mackay, D.D.

Thrown up by some titanic convulsion in geologic days, draped with nature's fairest flora and peopled by a sunny-hearted, kindly-natured race, the Hawaiian Islands float into the ken of history as the "fairest fleet of Islands that lies anchored in any ocean."

Twenty-five hundred miles from any other land, half-a-dozen little islands in the heart of the Southern Pacific, theirs is an atmosphere as pure and balmy as only ocean air can be. Lying one thousand miles north of the Equator, they revel in a never-ending summer, never hotter than Canada in June, never cold at all. From January to December the sun shines every day, the flowers bloom and the birds sing, great masses of fleecy clouds fleet across the sky, bringing out in relief its deep blue vault. There is always a shower of rain falling somewhere, freshening and sweetening the air, now up on the mountains, now down one of the deep valleys, now on the other side of the street, now on this, and ever and anon the fleecy clouds seem turned into a mighty silken veil, irradiated with all the colors of the spectrum. It has been called rainbow land.