

A Eulogium from the Lammermuirs

NOTE:—We have received many compliments about the December Magazine, but as this communication is the first received directly from Rev. Thomas Gillieson since he left Vancouver in 1912, we have sought to find space for it at once.

Mr. Gillieson, who is a graduate of Westminster Hall (1911), was for some time Minister of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church Vancouver. At the organization meeting of the original "Westminster Hall Magazine" he was kind enough to nominate the Managing Editor of this "Review" for the editorial staff, but the latter (being then under arrangement to do church pioneering work in Northern British Columbia), declined the honour and nominated Mr. Gillieson. He acted as one of the associate editors during the six or nine months this publication appeared as a college magazine, and by his attitude and advice during a critical transition period, helped to ensure the magazine's entrance upon its career of wider—and widening—usefulness.

In this issue we believe evidence will be found that we are anxious to maintain the standard of excellence set in the Christmas Number, and that the worst the publication now suffers from is "growing pains."—[Editor.]

The Manse,

Cranshaw, Duns, Scotland.

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to rescue a word from having a debased and sinister connotation and set it forth again on a career of decency. Such a word is "stimulating," often lightly used. In Scotland it has strong associations with drink. In Canada that adjective has been redeemed. When I say that the *Westminster Review* keeps me in touch with the West and raises many memories of the dear days there, I have by no means exhausted my vocabulary of appreciation for your Magazine. Let it not be forgotten that I, your humble servant, and now the minister of a quiet hill parish in Scotland, was present at its birth and bowed over its cradle. But now it is grown up—become apoplectic indeed in its last issue. I always find it beyond being instructive and newsy. I assert that I find it inspiring—I will not say "stimulating," although that is what I mean. You reach, Mr. Editor, your high-water mark in your Christmas production. You do well to mark it a red-letter day by the fine toned red of the covers—to an old man of the true blue days a trifle lurid I allow—and you suggest the veins of gold within by those same covers. I knew that James of the Robertson Memorial was an artist—why, one of his works faces me from the walls of my study here—but never till now did I know that he was a great poet. I might have guessed it though, from his preaching.

Bernard McEvoy is a stranger to me no longer, for across leagues of sea and land I discover a community of the spirit with this artist in the music of thoughtful words. Oh, yes, you have quite reached the apex of achievement in your No. 5, Vol. VIII. You cannot but go forward and prosper, my child (this to the foundling I nursed through its teething) if you maintain the standard of your last edition. While resident on your side of the Atlantic the irony of the Post Office administration often appeared to me singularly appropriate to some of the products of the press—"Registered as second-class matter." This libel can no longer be attached even to the outside of your *Review*. To read it is like meeting old friends again, for there are many names familiar to me in the roll of representative men who send Christmas messages. The spirit evoked is so sane and savours so much of your big environment, "colossal of the country," one might say; there is such a wonderful interpretation, a savouring of the sense of the times that could only come from the clean, fresh, golden West.

There is an exuberance about the life out there that must triumph for it will never accept defeat. This war in Europe with all that it is inculcating of patience and sacrifice is restoring that principle of adventure to our homeland's life and outlook.

From my innermost being I thank you for your precious pages so cheering, enterprising, sound, so excellent.