

ful influence which the art of the pencil and brush has in common with music, in the development of that inward sense of beauty which can be made one of the most efficient handmaids to morality, touching the soul to finer issues, and stimulating the growth of all that is of highest worth to us."

* * *

In harmony with the ideas expressed in the preceding paragraph, the Vancouver School Board has decided to open, in October next, a school of "Applied Arts and Decorative Design." Mr. G. Thornton Sharp has been appointed principal, and he will be assisted by a corps of able teachers, each a specialist in his own particular subject. Vancouver would fail to achieve its destiny were it not to become a great manufacturing centre, as well as a world seaport. The new school will supply an element without which our industries cannot hope to meet the competition of those established or to be established in other parts of the manufacturing world. The British Columbia Art League, co-operating with the School Board in an advisory capacity, is to be congratulated on its efforts to bring about the blending of the cultural with the utilitarian, whilst the School Board on its part is to be congratulated on its clear-sightedness and its readiness to adapt the city's educational system to the present and future needs of an industrial community.

* * *

The reorganization of Sunday School classes follows close upon the reopening of the day schools in September. In this connection the leading idea of the following paragraphs is worthy of serious consideration.

A short time ago the Rev. Mr. Unger, missionary to the lepers in Korea, told in a Vancouver church hall the story of his work in that interesting country. While at home on furlough in the United States he presented an appeal in New York City for the opening, equipment and maintenance of a new centre of work in Southern Korea. His hearers generously voted him twenty-five thousand dollars, and then said: "Now, get out and get the money." Acting on their suggestion he got out and got twenty-seven thousand.

This is apropos of an account of a new form of Sunday School organization coming to us from the other side of the international boundary line, a system that has put Sunday School accommodation at a premium unheard of before.

The organizer in a particular district first enrolls his volunteer teachers, say, a hundred. Next, he canvasses his district to discover children not attending any Sunday School. He finds, let us say, a thousand of these. He notes their names, ages, addresses, and any other particular information. Then he groups these in classes of perhaps ten each. Finally, he assigns to each of his volunteer teachers a suitable class of boys or girls, saying at the same time: "Now, get out and get them." This sounds like business, like a modern rendering of "Go out into the highways and byways, and compel them to come in, that my wedding may be furnished with guests."

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AFRAID IN THE DARK.

It gives me a bit of chagrin
In making this candid remark:
I am now, as I always have been,
A little afraid in the dark.

I know 'tis an old haunting fear,
From a time long before Noah's ark,
When evil shapes often would leer
And make men afraid in the dark.

I have been there, as you have, as he,
A lad coming home from a lark:
If he whistled he surely must be
A little afraid in the dark.

What forms could the new-moon reveal
Of ghosts that were living or stark!
What a bush or a stump might conceal
To make us afraid in the dark!

When the shadows will gather me in,
As on my last trip I embark,
I shall be, as I always have been,
A little afraid in the dark.

Edwin E. Kinney.

FROM ALICE MOUNTAIN

By Gordon Stace Smith, Creston, B. C.

Tell me, what Pioneer
First ascended here,
And what was his aim?
Tell me whence he came
And how was he dressed?
Where does he now rest?

I can see the quiver
Where the Kootenay River
Merges from the hills—
From the cool, wild hills—
And her winding passes
Through the meadow grasses.

I can see the gates
Of the neighbor States,
And that glare of snow
Is in Idaho.

There's the borden-line:
'Wonder what hopes shine
For its future dates,
Or what malice waits?
Whisper, who shall know,
Freedom to and fro
Or a barricade?

Gazing from the shade
Of a summit tree,
All alone and free—
O what joy it is!
And to throw a kiss
From the topmost bough
To the towns below!