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Social Betterment, Educational Enlightenment,
the Upbuilding — in City and Church and State
— of Christian Government, and the Develop-
ment of Spiritual Life

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—Burns.

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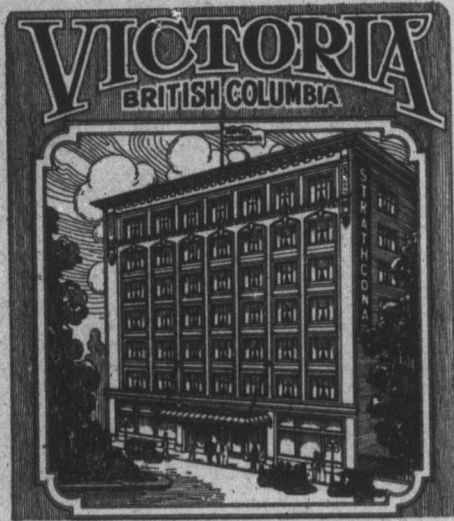
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SUPPORTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS,
AND RELIGIOUS LIFE.
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

VOL. XI.

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No. 5

British Columbia to England

(By Ernest McGaffey)

From the wastes of the frozen Yukon
High up in the Northern lands;
From the shores of the blue Pacific
Ringed 'round with its silent sands;
From the towns and the hiving cities
And the far-off Kootenay,
We have come to the tryst together
And we are here in the fight to stay.

Ranger and hunter and rancher
And men from the lumber camp;
Doctor and lawyer and banker
And miner with cast-off lamp;
Farmer and preacher and idler,
Where there's a will there's a way,
We have come to the tryst together
And we are here in the fight to stay.

English, Irish, and Scotch are we,
And men of the Maple Leaf;
Sons of the old-time Loyalists
And heirs of the Scottish Chief;
Cornish and Welsh, and Islanders
And the Lion's whelps at bay,
We have come to the tryst together
And we are here in the fight to stay.

We have burned our boats behind us,
We came when you signalled "Come";
We have taken the sword and rifle
To march to the pipes and drum.
We ask for a fight to a finish,
For that is the only way;
We have come to the tryst together
And we are here in the fight to stay.

Canadian Poetry

(By C. N. Haney, M.A.)

PART I.

(Introductory)

At a time when the lights and shadows of a great war are revealing us to ourselves with faithful, yet far from pleasing likeness, I offer no apology for calling attention to those men who have made and are making the real Canada; whose songs, mingled with the glorious flood of Irish, Scottish and English melody, will, in my opinion, prevent the canker and worm of national and social vice and selfishness from destroying those homely virtues and traits that constitute the true greatness of Canadian character.

It is not my purpose to attempt any scholastic or critical review of Canadian poetry. Neither my own skill and attainments, nor the vehicle I have chosen to reach the public heart in (a magazine article), would allow of such. I simply aim to call, in a desultory and uncritical way, attention to one great class of "the Saviours of Canada," and perhaps cause an occasional reader to seek to know those who have ministered so greatly to my happiness and who, with Byron, Browning, Burns, Shelley, Boccaccio, and others, have shown me the real life "existent behind all laws" and taught me to face with some courage and hope situations otherwise unbearable. If through the inartistic, but glorious, gateway of Canadian poetic literature, I can induce some soul to wander into the more cultured paths of European heart music, I shall feel indeed honored.

C. N. H.

Emerson has said "that man is one half expression," and however various our interpretations, he states a great truth. It may, perhaps, be assumed that for the moment Emerson excluded from the term "expression" what has been described as "dumbly articulate" *action*, the really highest, though silent, form of expression.

I presume he had in mind those great forms of expression: (1) music, (2) poetry, (3) art, (4) literature (prose), (5) oratory. (The order is my own and I give them in their order of merit in my own eyes.) Not to mention that largest and commonest form of expression—conversation—in which is included letter writing, as a sort of written conversation. The classification and arrangement is a pure matter of taste. Whoever will may classify and arrange otherwise.

Music is given pre-eminence as expressing those yearnings, aspirations, ideals and that sense of oneness with Life, Nature and God that can by no means be adequately expressed in language. Longfellow, a valuable though not really great poet, gives some hint that in his mind music had some such value when he writes:

"The rest may *reason* and welcome,

"Tis we musicians *know*."

It is not the intention of this article to discuss or defend any position or any theme or quality or excellence of the great forms of expression. It is only intended to give such hints of the writer's viewpoint as may render its references and statements intelligible.

As our theme is Canadian poetry, let us define first of all poetry as it will be used in this article. It is "truth set to word music." It is a soul's message clothed in melody. This is the touchstone by which we distinguish "poetry" and "rhyme," etc., etc.

If that idea is correct, Horace's statement that "a poet is born, not made," expresses a great fundamental truth; the "soul" is an absolute essential a *sine qua non*. But while the "soul" of poetry is the essential and one which, as the history of poetry will show, is most eccentric in its habits—budding and blossoming forth in the most apparently unpropitious corners of life and often refusing to appear where one would soonest expect it; at the same time in the viewpoint of this article the real poet is he who:

"Best adorns the fiery flash."

"Struck from God's anvil,"—

and while a Browning may pour forth his divine message in rough and rugged verse and by his sublimity of thought overtop the patient, careful Tennyson, yet neither a Browning nor a Tennyson can be created without culture of ideals and expression, and the real poet is he who skillfully clothes his thought in pure, beautiful, exact, yet artistic language.

Thus, while in our great, grand, rough, beautiful Canada, a land in its making, conscious of great endowments and a great future, and conscious also of a vast ignorance of itself and its possibilities, we have in a very real sense and in goodly numbers* Canadian poets, I may perhaps be rightfully understood if I say that in a very real sense we are without a poet.† This is only a natural thing, and their birth at a period in our development when we have not properly assimilated the heritage of British parents with our current world-wide borrowings and the great new truths or phases of truth to which we are necessarily giving expression in our daily national life, as a result of our natural endowments in this wonderful land of ours; while their birth at such a period is a disadvantage preventing their entrance into certain poetic circles of attainment, in another sense it is a blessing enabling them to help frame a nation that, if it be true to its parentage and realizes its opportunities, will do, under God, a work no other nation or country can accomplish. Let us honor them for their simple worth and their rugged merit, cherishing the noble truths they tell not the less whole-heartedly, because of the external defects which none regretted more than they themselves.

As the idea of this article is simply to remind the poor, harassed, burdened public of the many sources of comfort to be found by them amongst Canadian Rhymesters (the term is used in no sneering sense) and, perhaps, to inform some young heart of the existence of writers unknown to it hitherto, it is time to deal with the subject direct. Again let it be stated that only a very few lines will be quoted and those only from a standpoint of personal appreciation, not from any doctrine or dogma of poetry. Nor will there be any differentiation into lyrical, etc., but only an impulse-guided ramble here and there and everywhere into such authors as I happen to have met (in books) with a somewhat lengthy reference to Service.

If one were to be asked into what natural division Canadian poetry fell, he would probably answer two: religious and general. By religious, he would indicate what seems to be the common acceptance of the term. In the viewpoint of this article, all poetry is religious—must, from its nature and essence, be so—can in no sense be irreligious.

No lengthy reference to Canadian hymnology will be here attempted. Such would be to enter a field which has been splendidly covered by the

*[Some three hundred in all with few of whom I profess any acquaintance and of many I have had the good fortune to read but one, two or three poems.]

†[It may be thought that this statement is harsh, and some will at once say what of the gifted author of "Saul." The answer is that that poem is indeed excellent but, from my reading, constitutes the bulk of Heavysege writings—is almost a single, though beautiful, monument to his genius. He would be the Scott of a scantier literature whose Burns had not yet appeared.]

capable and cultured A. Wylie Mahon, and might, unwittingly, mar the pleasure some now take in the hymns he has dealt with. Reference to his "Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers" is the best method of praise for our hymnology, but the fact that such hymns as Scriven's "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," are of Canadian production, gives a peculiar interest and satisfaction to them.

Before passing on to deal with the greater bulk of Canadian poetry, let regret be expressed that Mahon, or some other suitable person, has not dealt with Canadian poetry as a whole in such manner as to give us a library-or better still, pocket-edition which would not only contain the largest possible quantity of Canadian verse, but give therewith notes and comment, biographical sketches, etc., that poetry-loving Canadians might bathe the soul therein in sweet content and our young folk—aye, and our older folk, too—get the revelation anyone gets who even casually tries to investigate the extent and sweetness of the "Songs of the Maple Leaf." Whoever does this will do for their country an unlimited and illimitable good and will earn for himself, or themselves, undying honor.

All hail to those who have pioneered in such a field and earned a nation's thanks for their earnest, loving, loyal and ever splendid achievement. To Rev. E. H. Dewart, Mrs. S. F. Harrison, Garvan, Lighthall, Rand and the joint editors of the Scottish-Canadian poets, let us give our sincerest thanks. On the foundations they have laid let a fitting superstructure be erected, till in its full glory, the temple of our poetic literature, shall rear aloft its majestic beauty, symmetry and art. Then Lampman, Carmen, Roberts, Drummond, Crawford, Cameron, Campbell, Heavysege, Mochar, Harrison, Johnson, Lockhart, Sangster, Howe, Davin, D. C. and F. G. Scott DeMill, Lighthall, McGee, Moodie, McLachlan, Service, Eaton, Keith, Thompson, Muir, McLennan, Reade, Smith, Edgar, Wolley, Murray, Wetherald, Rothwill, Kirby, Stewart, McPherson and the many others who are worthy of a place in such a temple, shall be at least known by name, more probably revered and loved with deepest devotion by those in whose hands during the future years the destiny of the Land of the Beaver shall rest.

Lest those who know the writer's frailties and lack of skill should fear for some loved poet idol, let me haste to say that not even from the comparative few above named is it proposed to quote. Admirers of Muir and Heavyregis will learn with relief that to Lucian's "Week-end" notes in the Sunday News-Advertiser I leave them, glad to know they have been and will be so fittingly handled there. Dr. C. J. Cameron has in his own masterly manner, recently, dealt with Geo. Frederick Cameron. If the pleasure that some readers have gotten from other equally deserving source is spoiled, I cry pardon and plead good intentions as the excuse.

We live by faith; but faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Evangelism and the Kingdom of God

(By Rev. Ernest Thomas, Vancouver.)

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"—this was the gospel, and the only gospel which Jesus preached to his own people. And it was indeed a gospel. It proclaimed that a righteous social order was within reach, and that the day had gone by when prophets were merely to foretell it as a distant goal of aspiration. The day had come when aggressive men were to reach forth and make it a fact of common experience.

Such a message was good news to the Hebrew people, for it proclaimed the realization of their historic ideal. With the Hebrew people and prophets the great objective had ever been an ideal social order. Personal religion consisted for the prophets in coöperating with the God who was bringing that social order to pass. In the process of history, and nowhere else, said Amos, men were to prepare to meet their God.

Such a message is by no means assured of a welcome to-day by all who name the name of Christ. For the conception of a gospel has changed. Christianity was the child of God's wedding of the Jew to the Greek. The Greek quest was for personal redemption by sharing in the immortal life of the gods. The gospel which Jesus gave was related to His audience who sought personal blessedness solely as members of that righteous social order which would embody the law of God. But the Greek sought the law of God in the secret of immortality. He sought not to "get right with God," but to share the life and the experience of God.

The Greeks in every important city had their societies for religious salvation—and by salvation they meant salvation from being swallowed up by death. This did not by any means always call for high moral character or severe spiritual discipline. But in most of the societies members were led to assist in a dramatic representation of a God who died to give His life for the future, and who rose again. Every member of these societies had been initiated by assisting in such a dramatic presentation of the death and return of the God. Every member knew what it was to die with his god and to be raised with Him. And Paul used the common language of such devotees to describe his own experience, as he, too, had witnessed the risen Christ. He, too, had died and risen again, not with Osiris, or Tammuz, but with Christ; and the Cross of Christ was the cross by which he himself had been crucified unto the world.

So Paul brought into the Greek quest for immortality the Christian consecration to unselfish life. But it is easily possible to keep all the great terms and omit this greater content of meaning. It is fatally easy to be interested in the search for immortality and bliss without the Christian self-abandonment to the promotion of the ideal social order. The Hebrew despised physical culture. The Greek glorified it. The Maccabean struggle showed how the Jew could resist the new Greek emphasis on self-realization. But Christianity won the Greeks only when it embodied the ancient ideal of social order in a form of perfected human nature such as was shown in the Incarnation. No longer did the Jewish distrust of the human nature hold sway. Our common humanity was set forth as the supreme and essential vehicle in which God in the fulness of His glory enters into the stream of human history and experience.

In St. Paul we see the quest for righteousness dominant, though frankly united to the assurance of an immortality which will partake in the Divine nature. But when we come to the Fourth Gospel, we find the

quest for life, eternal life, is the supreme care; and those who share this eternal life are just those who have gained God's great secret of the loving life—"With what kind of love the Father has endowed us, in order that we might be named children of God and indeed actually share his life."

Thus the gospel which Jesus preached gave place to the gospel about Jesus which has been preached by the Church. But to countless millions there is something else—there is the gospel which Jesus IS. He IS the assurance that God may be expressed in terms of human life, human comradeship, and human devotion to the purpose of the Father. And millions of people in all ages have lived and died in the trust that the power which came in the Flesh of Jesus can raise us up also with Jesus. And more or less reflectively, men have been caught up in the great stream of loving impulse which emanates from Jesus, however elementary be our knowledge of Him.

Dogma arose in the effort to interpret the Christian experience. Its value lies in its power to explain experimental fact. To assert the dogma, while ignorant of an indwelling consecrating love, is of no avail. The dogma is not the gospel of Jesus, but a philosophy of the gospel. It is the gospel which the Church has taught about Jesus, but it is not the gospel which Jesus taught, and its value lies in its interpretation of the fact of history and experience that Jesus is and in all ages has been Himself the gospel; "Jesus, the joy of loving hearts, the fount of life, the light of men."

Divorce dogma from the loving life which it presupposed, and then entwine with that emasculated dogma an interest in immortality chiefly inspired by animal terror of animal pain, and the result, while it can quote any number of texts to corroborate special aspects of its statement, is on the whole a complete caricature of the vital and vitalizing gospel which Jesus preached, which Jesus is, and which the Church in its fullest utterances has ever taught.

It was a Life whose law was love and whose symbol was the Cross which provided the Human vehicle for the Divine self-manifestation. Such a life when interpreted in its fuller meaning will demand a society organized to express loving life in a system of reciprocal service. To usher in such a new order Jesus died, giving His life as a ransom for the many. Until our social organization consciously provides for lives inspired by love rather than by competitive self-aggrandizement, none of us can be fully Christian. We can at best be Christians at heart, with the Christian will still unrealized in social action. But until such a Christian social order is realized it becomes us unceasingly to will the Christian will—the will to love and serve.

Quite properly, therefore, an evangel may insist on the central principle and postpone detail. It may insist on acceptance of the Cross of Christ both as a revelation of God and as the revelation of the law of life. For it is all too easy to lay such emphasis on this or that particular item in social programmes, to say, "Lo, Christ is here," or "Christ is there," that we come to have a mere ethic without any evangelical dynamic. Moral reform may fail by diverting attention from the Cross of Christ.

But any preaching which reveals indifference to social justice or which fails to insist at least in principle on the law of self-abandonment for the sake of the whole Body, however it may present certain aspects of dogmatic statement, and however it may cherish Jewish traditions about the hereafter, has little in common with the gospel of Jesus. Yet

such a message may win great applause, for it awakens no adequate sense either of sin or of righteousness; it demands no drastic opening up of the whole order of life to the new creating power of the Spirit; it demands no transformation of the habits of thinking such as St. Paul said was the essence of repentance. It demands adjustment of detail while leaving things essentially as they are.

There is ground for unity among all who love Christ and love righteousness. One man may insist on the central revelation of the Cross, using particular incidents and social interests merely as special illustrations of the application of the Cross, or as tests of our sincerity in accepting the Cross. This is the method of the present writer, who declines to preach on any particular project of social reform save as incidentally but vitally belonging to the man who has been branded with the Cross. Others, on the other hand, may emphasize now one, and now another form of social enterprise, pointing only in an incidental way to the spirit of the Cross which is expressed, but leaving the concrete statement to convey the spirit of the Cross. There are well-known examples of this ministry among us. These types are supplementary and reinforce each other. God save any of us from ever begetting a competitive rivalry! But any "evangelism" which allows a place for sneers at social justice, or which scorns and discountenances earnest efforts to Christianize the social order, is the most subtle menace which the Christian pastor and the Christian citizen has to face.

It is well known that great and powerful interests have become alarmed at the great social awakening now that it has come to include the Christian Church. Great sums of money and vast organizations are employed to divert the attention of the Church from this, its task of Christianizing life. For there are some professions and some forms of business which will not survive in that new order, and those who are thus engaged must at any cost transform the growing horror of social injustice into a more harmless horror of a post-mortem hell. And this work may even be aided by some furious but harmless jibes at the now fatally wounded liquor trade. Enthusiasm for prohibition is no guarantee of interest in social justice, and some labor leaders have with reason insisted that prohibition is urged by those who wish to exploit the money thus saved. The essential change which determines all else is the decision which President Wilson says that we have made, that in future wealth and power shall not be enjoyed save in return for definite service rendered. In other words, men are catching the spirit of the Cross and insisting that service, not profit, is the measure of life's value, and are repudiating any programme which seeks rather to be ministered unto than to minister. Such an awakening must be arrested even by elaborate hypnotic suggestion of other worldliness. The Cross as the symbol of life must be displaced by the Cross as the substitute for Christian justice. The issue will not down.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—E. DICKINSON.

Notes and Comments

(By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M. A.)

A Dominion Election

There will be general regret that there has been no agreement possible for the extension of the life of the present Parliament of Canada and that, in consequence of this failure to agree, a Dominion election is imminent. It is a pity to have the minds of the people diverted from the main business of winning the war, but there can be no halting now in this main business unless we are satisfied to allow all the sacrifices already made to go for naught. And it is fortunate that the election will not be fought out on old party lines. Many Quebec Conservatives are practically opposed to the prosecution of the war, and many Western and other Liberals are determined to see it through to the victorious close. It may be just as well to get this Quebec question settled by the rest of Canada waking up to the situation. The people of Quebec have, under the British flag, enjoyed more freedom than they or their ancestors ever knew before, and it is about time they should recognize that fact by assuming their proper share of Empire responsibility. The rest of the Provinces ought to stand firm in the present crisis.

Relieving Guard

When in other days it fell to our lot to be on active military service, one of the special duties, considered almost sacred, was relieving the men who had been a certain number of hours on guard. To have allowed men to overstay their time would have been looked on as improper and inhuman. At the present time the men from Canada who enlisted for three years' service should be relieved. The strain upon them has been terrific. But, if we have stopped recruiting in Canada, and intend to be frightened into abandoning Conscription, we are going to compel these men of the first line enlistment to stay at the front indefinitely. Some men at home say they object to compulsion for themselves, but they are practising it upon others with a vengeance.

Food Control

One of the anomalies of the day is in the fact that some people are submitting cheerfully to food control—men who for years have been prating about liberty and declining to submit to drink control; and so, while we have meatless days, the shameful tide of drunkenness goes on unchecked except for a few paltry restrictions as to hours of sale. And tragedy after tragedy is taking place around us directly traceable to drink and drinking resorts. Moody's prayer is in place under such conditions: "O Lord, give us some commonsense."

Investigations

Probing into commercial concerns seems to be the order of the day. And then, when some investigation has apparently discovered undue profiteering, another commission is appointed to investigate the investigator, which reminds us of the story told in regard to an applicant for a Government position in the States some years ago. His alleged claims were such that he could not well be ignored. He was told that there was no position to give at the time, but that he would be appointed on a Commission to find out why there was no position available. But, if we succeed in cutting off excess profits, we can, perhaps, put up with the merry-go-round of investigations.

Free Speech

There is wide discussion to-day over the question of free speech in Canada. In the ordinary sense, free speech is a British birthright, but in

reality there can be no such thing as unlimited free speech. No man is free to use foul and abusive language to another, nor is any man free in a Christian country to use blasphemous words. In either case he is liable to arrest. And it is difficult to see how unrestrained and abusive language used against one's country should be permitted in a time of crisis. Freedom is not license.

Back to the Land

It seems certain that one of the by-products of the war will be an increase in the back-to-the-land movement. The farmer who was once spoken of somewhat superciliously by fools now holds the key of the world's situation. "An army," said Napoleon, "marches on its stomach," and that shrewd leader was one of the first to speak openly as to the supreme importance of the commissariat. But the commissariat depends on the man who tills the soil and raises the stock. And hence he is worthy of distinction as the key man in the present world conflict. Farming and gardening are the foundation industries of the world. The man on the land is not only free from the dread of want which haunts the city dweller, but he has the satisfaction of doing his share to keep the wolf from the door of the world; and many who have now found that out will consider favorably the possibility of joining his good company.

A Letter from the Trenches

I had watched a 15-inch howitzer at work and concluded that for its size it made far less noise than an 18-pounder field gun. I was told on pretty reliable authority that you could see the shell leave the gun, so I sat down about forty yards behind the big fellow. The crew heaved in the shell with a crane, closed the breech, and stood clear; the lieutenant announced everything ready and the choleric major rushed out of his dug-out, asserting "Fired!" just as though somebody had doubted his word. I looked at the gun; it obviously had not fired, and I was just about ready to think the major's statement was slightly exaggerated, when a great spurt of flame leapt from the stubby barrel, a cloud of dust scattered from the foundations as the front of the frame bounced with the recoil, and, all in the same instant, the crashing report and concussion so startled me that I saw nothing of the shell as it went screeching miles into the sky. For the next three or four minutes my ear-drums buzzed from the shock.

We are taking the fresh air cure on a bare chalk hillside. Our shelters are just tarpaulins hung over a rope, forming open-ended tents three and a half feet high in the middle. The scouts happened to have no blankets issued to them, but the battalion on the terrace above us moved out of their bivouac at dusk, and several blankets and tarpaulins naturally gravitated down-hill, so now we sleep comfortably.

Would you ever imagine that common cocoanut fibre doormats were of any value in warfare? They are used by the R. F. A. to protect the "buffers" of the guns from shrapnel.

I guess I am a tough-looking guy just now. I have not washed or shaved for about five days, and my shrap' helmet is all streaked with candle grease from use at night as a lamp stand. These helmets make a man look aggressive, anyway.

—Don Munday.

Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

—E. B. BROWNING.

Helps and Hindrances in Church Life and Work

(Contributed by "Dum Spiro Spero")

The writer responds with readiness to the request of the Editor, inviting from his readers an expression of opinion on above subject. Congregational activities are either helped or hindered by the "atmospheric" conditions prevailing within the congregation itself. The spiritual atmosphere of some congregations is decidedly chilly, that of others is merely lukewarm, but unless the temperature, so to speak, is warm and energising, the life of the congregation, in the true sense, cannot be other than sickly.

The duty and responsibility of creating and retaining the proper atmosphere falls on Pulpit and Pew alike. If the wider vision grips the Minister, and he has the ever-present consciousness that all his work is but part of the great Scheme of Eternity, then the Sabbath Services, the Prayer Meeting, and all the organised activities will become, in a new and richer sense, consecrated channels of effort for the Master. Above all, let his own spiritual life be tended with care, at the same time not being neglectful of intellectual food, and he will assuredly in time witness similar evidences in his people. His messages will become fraught with comfort, encouragement and edification to all, while his pastoral visits will result in an outflow of blessing to his members and to himself. Let no such thing as acrimonious criticism, written or expressed, dampen his zeal or clog his work. Despite repeated failures and mistakes, let him go forward, confident in the assurance that he is a co-worker with God in the regeneration of the world.

To us as occupants of the pew, the call is equally clear. Do we really value church membership? Were we true to our vows, the words of carping criticism respecting our fellow-members, office-bearers, or pastor, would fall less frequently from our lips. Are we doing "our bit" in the work of the congregation, or do we sit idly by, and judge (or misjudge) the motives and endeavours of others? Do we make the mid-week service, usually called the Prayer Meeting, a time of real refreshment and encouragement, and do we constantly at home ask God's blessing on our Church's Work in general, and that of our own congregation in particular? The times are "out of joint" and call for prayer unceasing.

"Like priest, like people" undoubtedly conveys a considerable measure of truth, but it must be borne in mind that there is a reflex action at work also, and an indifferent congregation will in time cool the ardour of the most enthusiastic preacher, while a responsive people will quicken their leader to more supreme efforts.

With prayer as the never-failing resource of both pastor and people, new avenues of usefulness will constantly reveal themselves, suggestions for increasing the power of the Sabbath and mid-week services will ever be occurring, and so gradually but surely the erstwhile lukewarm or even arctic conditions will be dispelled by the rejuvenated spiritual life of the congregation.

An Elders' Union was proposed for Vancouver and district two years or more ago, the meetings to be for prayer and helpful discussion. The organization, however, was not continued, unfortunately, but there is no real reason why such an association should not be a permanent institution in our midst. The results would soon be apparent in the increased vitality of our various local congregations.

"After the War, What?"

A Message From the Front

(By "Sapper")

The first issue of Vol. XI. of the *Westminster Review* has just reached me here "Somewhere in France," and I am more than glad to see from an article under the above title, that the Church is beginning to awaken to the great problem that will face it when the boys come home. It is a matter that has caused me much concern and thought, for I can foresee a problem which, if grappled fearlessly, broad-mindedly and enthusiastically, will result in a great impetus to the cause of Christ on earth, and to the power of the Church, but which, if let slip, or handled half-heartedly, will leave the Church much crippled in influence and power.

The return of the boys will no doubt be heralded with great acclamation, numerous banquets and many kind compliments, but these will not solve the problem. Men will come back with greatly changed ideas. For one thing, we have learned to value men, not by *who* they are, but by *what* they are. Out here it matters not what position a man held in civilian life, or how prominent he was in Church work. He is judged not according to reputation, but character. A Sunday saint is despised if he is not a week-day saint as well. The soldier admires genuine goodness, but has nothing but contempt for cant. If the Church is to be successful in holding the new man for the Church, Church members must prove the value of their religion in practical goodness, honesty and fair dealing in business. Creed will matter nothing. "Jack" will not be won by beautiful repetitions and quotations by pious-faced members, unless such members can stand the testing question, "Does he ring true?"

The awful experiences of the battlefield have only intensified his belief in an Almighty Power, but he has scanned with questioning eyes the Church members. Too often the shallowness of mere profession has been painfully apparent.

The Church must awake. She must throw off the yoke of petty quibbling that has been strangling her in the past. She must have a single eye to her aim on earth. Christ has promised that if He be but lifted up *all* men shall be drawn unto Him. Let us never again obscure Christ in maze of theology. Simple preaching, honest discussion, earnest work will win the day, if every man and woman forgets that he or she is "so-and-so" and contributes such and such an amount to the Church, and enthusiastically, with a courage gained from on high, seeks to do good and abhors all meanness, questionable tactics in business, lays aside forever the petty, trivial quibbling of personal affairs, and seeks first the Advancement of the Kingdom of God. Let psalm and hymn singing be the outcome of religion—not the whole of it.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Charity begins at home, but it should not stay there. Life is service. Service is a part of life; it is the only real human life, and from Christ's own existence we see the great example of it.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A Review from the Interior

A TIMELY BOOKLET

Dr. John MacKay's "Steps Into the Larger Life."

Man's relation to man is undergoing a rapid and radical change; so also is his relation, or perhaps one should say his attitude, to God and the Unseen. The results in the first case are being registered in social and economic reform; and in the latter case by a re-expression of religious method and phraseology. Theology is expressing itself in terms of psychology and in so doing is making that reconciliation with science which is essential to the progress of both.

In his little book, "Steps Into the Larger Life," Dr. John MacKay, of Westminster Hall, exemplifies these remarks. He has to a large extent emancipated himself from the old technical phraseology and speaks in a language which recognizes Kant and James.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the teaching of Rev. H. W. Simpson will recognize many familiar ideas in this work, but they are ideas certainly new to devotional literature, which is too often marked by sickly sentiment and cant. Dr. MacKay leaves our feelings alone, but he stimulates our thought. We take the following sentences more or less at random:

"Each spirit has its focal centre in a body, but we, the real we, reach wherever our sympathy, our thought, our feelings, our volitions extend."

"Heaven implies all that is holy, pure, and good."

"When we accept His will we follow the dictates of our own highest nature. . . . It is the highest freedom for it is the fullest expression of what life ought to be."

In his preface the author quotes a man from the trenches as saying: "Send us something to make us think." The little volume certainly gives us food for thought, and we believe there are large numbers of people in our churches, and outside, too, who will find a great help in this book. It is "up to" the ministers of religion to *place it*. Books of this description do not circulate at random.

We should like to commend to our readers Dr. MacKay's scheme for a *Bureau of Devotional Research*. The vast majority of Christian people do not know the A B C of the Devotional Life, and the greatest service that could be rendered to modern Christendom would be to systematize and popularize the science and art of devotion. This is what Christian Science and New Thought are doing outside the churches. It is time we got to work ourselves. Details of the scheme will appear elsewhere in the "Westminster Review."

W. H. B., Cranbrook, B. C.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Book Notes

WAR BOOKS BY AMERICAN JOURNALISTS

One good result of the war may be the establishment of a new order of journalism which will be characterized chiefly by the exercise of independent judgment—a love of truth—and a vigorous critical spirit which will keep the people mentally wide awake. Popular journalism has been found out, and the average reader is very tired of it.

Americans use very freely the expression "Trained journalists" when referring to the chief exponents of the popular style of journalism. They are very smart men—these trained journalists—most of them brilliant reporters with no gift of analysis and no great regard for the truth—at least not the whole truth. One looks back with some amusement at the early efforts of such men, for instance, as Sam Blythe, a brilliant member of the staff of the most popular weekly in the world. How he asked milkmen and grocers and such like why England was at war, and how he discovered a hatred of Germany by the English when the children of an English friend played a game of killing Germans. He assumed an air of disdain over the slow response to the call to arms in the early stages of the war, and declared that in similar circumstances the City of Chicago would respond with hundreds of thousands at the first call. It would be unkind to go further into this. It is just mentioned as an example of how far a "trained journalist" may go astray. At any rate the Americans have been the spoiled children of journalism during the war. To them more than to any others was given the privilege of seeing the war in every phase. As a result both sides engaged have presented their case to the world in general, and to America in particular, and it is a tribute to the cause of the Allies in itself that the verdict has gone in their favor on all counts.

GERMANY—THE NEXT REPUBLIC?

Mr. Carl Ackerman is the last journalist in the field with a book of his own making. His ideas of the origin of the war were made in Germany and do not seem to be worth revising. He attributes the outbreak of hostilities to jealousy between England and Germany. Like many others he was willing to accept the idea that Free Trade Britain was hungry for German trade and was willing to fight for it. It would do Mr. Ackerman and other "trained journalists" good to read Theodore Dreiser's book, "A Traveller at Forty." This book was written two years before the war. The author is an American of German parentage. What he has to say about the German state of mind at that time is strangely prophetic and throws new light on the origin of the war.

Mr. Ackerman has many interesting things to say about the Germans, and gives sidelights on present conditions in Germany which reveal the need for endurance and persistence on the part of the Allies. The author is a man after Mr. Roosevelt's own heart since he remained a true American and so behaved throughout his long stay in Germany.

* OBSTACLES TO PEACE (Samuel S. McClure)

Mr. McClure has written a book of absorbing interest, but the title was not well chosen. His book deals with the origin of the war, its conduct, the spirit of the people engaged, and intimate glimpses are given

of the leaders in the warring nations. Many original documents are quoted at length which deal with diplomatic negotiations preceding the declaration of war. Their hopes and expectations as to the outcome are given as delivered by representative men to the author in his travels. In reading the book one recalls to mind a curious fact. The author and his journeyings in England were made the subject of enquiry in the British House of Commons, and the reply given there left the impression that Mr. McClure was an object of suspicion. There is no trace of antagonism in the book, and no reference to any embarrassing incident. It is possible that the affair was planned to secure a favorable hearing in another country. The book is a splendid example of the gift aforementioned. Mr. McClure is a reporter par excellence.

THE LAND OF DEEPENING SHADOW

(Dr. Thomas Curtin)

Hist! Speak softly, walk gently! Here is a book to be taken up with awe and read with bated breath. It is the ought-to-be thrilling story of a Northcliffe spy in Germany. It is not very exciting, nor is it very helpful to those who looked for the sort of inside information which might be expected after the flourish of trumpets with which it was announced.

CREDO

Not what, but WHOM, I do believe,
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give;
Not what, but WHOM!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
Not what I do believe, but WHOM!
Who walks beside me in the gloom?
Who shares the burden wearisome?
Who all the dim way doth illumine,
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?—
Not what I do believe, but WHOM!
Not what, but WHOM!

—JOHN OXENHAM.

THE LIFE BEYOND

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.
Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.
There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

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