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A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF OXFORD

By *H. T. Logan, B.A.*

It is exceedingly difficult for one who has so recently come out from under the spell and the glamour of Oxford to speak of that beautiful city of music and dreams in terms which would appeal to the casual, busy reader. If comparatives and superlatives had never been invented I'm inclined to think there would be far more truth spoken in our every day conversation, but for some reason or other one can scarcely recall any feature of Oxford and its manifold life and describe it to one's self in the positive degree. The High street—the most perfect Gothic street in Europe; its gloomy gray old buildings stretching in a low crescent on either side from stolid Carfax Tower to Magdalen bridge, run through all the easily-distinguished periods of Gothic architecture. The Bodleian?—the meeting place of scores of eminent scholars of every nation who come to consult its dusty tomes in every department of human research. The music of Oxford?—who can listen to evensong in the chapel of New College or of Magdalen with feelings other than of rapture? The quietness of the evening hour, the subdued light that falls through figured glass upon the white-surpliced choir, the angelic (if roguish) faces of the boy-singers and their pure clear-ringing voices that echo back from every corner of the vaulted chapel—all these seem to the devout listener to combine with the organ-pipes in suggesting the music of another world. I don't know what sort of music will be heard in heaven, but my unmusical ear will be thoroughly pleased if the angels sing even half so sweetly as the seraph choir of Magdalen. And then there is the river with its long, winding reaches to the 'stripling Thames at Bablockhythe'; or if you like you may search out some cool shaded nook on the Cherwell, and lie on your back in your punt and think, or just lie on your back for its own sake, if you're feeling too tired to think. Whether your energy takes you to the upper river, or your slackness to the more luxuriating Cher, if you have any sense of beauty at all you will return to describe the impression on your senses with no mere common-place epithets. You will ask yourself 'Is there any spot in the whole wide world where nature and man

and time have so successfully combined their powers to satisfy the mind and heart?’

And religion? Yes, when one thinks of it, Oxford is the religious heart of England. From her or from her sons has been sent forth again and again new spiritual vitality to feed and strengthen the languishing religious life of the whole country. Her ‘dreaming spires’ are proverbial. Every college has its chapel and chaplains. Every Sunday morning during term Mansfield College boasts a well-attended service for all ‘non-conformist’ members of the University, while in the Parish Church of St. Mary’s is preached weekly a sermon for all members of the university by some prominent Anglican divine. A glance at the list of members of the university today will reveal the names of a number of men who are the bulwarks of theological thought the world over. Driver and Sanday are household words in ministerial circles.

But the beautiful things of Oxford and its holy and sacred places are not, I think, for the ordinary undergraduate, the outstanding features of the time spent up there. Men studying history or those specially interested in architecture or antiquities will seek out the beauty spots of Oxford, but among the general body of students these but serve as a rather dim, unexamined background for a continuous series of ‘brekkers’, ‘foster-squashes’, tea-parties and smokers, interrupted by a weekly tutorial interrogation point. For were it not for the fact that at least one essay a week, in your own subject of study, by a wisely (?) rigorous tutor—who also inflicts upon you a college exam. (colleceer) at the end of term—it would be almost impossible to keep from losing one’s self in the social life of your college. The ordinary Oxford day is a curious but delightful mixture of play and work. Breakfast is commonly a social meal. Entertaining at this time of the day is convenient, both for the giver and the receiver. The host has the privilege, on the score of lectures, of turning his guests out when he wishes; if he be at all industrious he will allow no one to remain after 10 o’clock. The lucky guest, too, who sits down to a fat fish and egg breakfast which some one else pays for, can make his invitation an opportunity for taking a longer nap than usual and arriving well after nine for an 8.30 breakfast. He always has the plausible excuse ready that he never dreamed anyone else would turn up before nine, he had waited till the very last minute writing an es-

say! Somewhere between breakfast and lunch there normally intervene a couple or three lecture hours. After lunch, which is ordinarily of a very simple bread-and-water variety, everyone changes to go on the river to row, or to the college athletic field to play whatsoever his favorite game may be; or if he be of the modern scholar-gipsy type, he will go off to the Cowley or Radley golf course or for a solitary row on the upper river. One thing is certain that no sane undergraduate will be found in his rooms between the hours of 2 and 4. The question 'What do you do?' one soon discovers to be synonymous with 'What is your favorite pastime?' And here, in this fact that all have some sort of pastime, is something we would do well to copy in our university life. We seem to be too afraid of making fools of ourselves. At any rate we will watch a game or practice for hours, but comparatively few Canadian university men actually take active part in sports. In Oxford everyone plays the game. No one is a mere 'rooter'; and he does it because he feels it to be a manly thing, not necessarily to win a game at all costs, but to play it, to understand its technique from the inside, to learn to do things with others. And this spirit, too, leads to something else; it cultivates an exceedingly praiseworthy respect for authority, subordination to the team's captain. His word is law; no one would think of questioning it. The whole thought of the rowing man, therefore, is to 'row his guts out', to sacrifice self completely in the interests of the whole crew—a lesson which many a 'Varsity Blue has lived to put into practice in the foreign field as a civil servant in India or the Levant, or in some exacting post of public service at home. The lessons of life are not all to be learned by the aid of a murky student's lamp.

After sports comes tea, usually shared with one or two intimate friends; and after that a pause of varying length, depending upon the 'staying' quality of your friends, till the dinner hour at seven. Some few men known as 'swatters' have been found working between five and seven; others known as 'slackers' sleeping; each enjoying his own kind of pleasure. Most of us are inclined to think the slacker has the better time of it. The evening is the period of the day when the spirit of industry spreads itself abroad. Even the most devout worldling will endeavor on the eve of his tutorial appointment to fit together a spare and disconnected somewhat, with which to test the Christian qualities of his tutor in the morning.

Pity is for the poor; but no poverty-stricken man ever merited pity more than the Oxford don. Of course the undergraduate fully sympathizes with the unfortunate don, and I'm sure this feeling prompts the production of a meagre discourse to minimize the agony of the seldom impatient tutor. But no amount of corporate sympathy from the students has ever moved the 'congregation of the righteous' to cast out this 'thorn in the flesh'. Either they question undergraduate sincerity or else they have resolved upon martyrdom in the interests of higher education. I'm inclined to favor the latter interpretation—that deep down in the character of an Oxford don is embedded something of the martyr spirit which causes him composedly to stretch himself in an arm chair before his fire and listen with scarce a wince, while his soul is slowly tortured and consumed by the fiery contribution of some ardent young monarchist to the subject of the 'Genius of Julius Caesar.' Lecturers in our own Canadian universities know little of the gruelling process. They always deliver their lectures unchallenged. Frequently they cause minor annoyances to over susceptible undergraduates. Never are they obliged to submit to this living death of the tutorial system. They too, should send out a great wave of pity across the Atlantic to their distressed brothers in Oxford.

But if the don allows free speech during his tutorial hour he certainly makes up for it in the assertion of his authority in college administration. Marching orders are issued from the Senior common room. The unfortunate undergraduate who takes it into his head to disobey, has a hasty interview with the head of his college and is mulcted for a large sum by the bursar in his weekly battels.* The aristocracy which rules in Oxford is kindly disposed on all ordinary occasions; but attempt to establish anything approaching democracy and you will at once discover the 'mailed fist'. The college is a sort of artificially constructed home; the parental element is essential to it. Most Rhodes scholars feel the restraint of living under close supervision; of having a 'moral tutor'; of being locked up within the college precincts after nine o'clock in the evening; of being heavily fined or even 'sent down' for remaining out after midnight. They are accustomed to the greater freedom of colonial and American universities, where the undergraduate is the product of a different up-bringing and is also con-

siderably older than the average Oxfordman; but the Rhodesians are usually wise enough to see that certain conditions make this supervision of conduct possible in Oxford and certain other conditions make it virtually a necessity.

Life in Oxford is fundamentally different from life in our own universities. Tutors, sports, teas and breakfasts thrown against the unique Oxford background of history, of literature, of art, present a picture which a son of the New World does not readily understand; but once understood it is thoroughly appreciated; and rarely does a Rhodes scholar hear for the last time the happy chimes of that dear old place without a quiver of the lip and a tugging at his heart strings—the spell of an aged though beautiful and much-beloved mother alma-mater.

(*Fees for current expenses)

A MESSAGE TO STUDENTS

*Report of an Address Delivered by John R. Mott, LL.D., in
Aberdeen School, Vancouver, October 20th, 1911, to the
Students of McGill University College, the Normal
School, Latimer Hall, Westminster Hall and
Columbia College*

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:

I deem it a special privilege to meet with so many representatives of the important colleges of this progressive and influential province, and of a nation which is coming to its own, and which is already wielding an influence in the affairs of the world.

First, I have a very pleasant duty to perform; that is, to bring a message of greeting from the students of other nations and other races. I have come back from recent extended journeys which have taken me to many lands, and I cannot tell you in how many places I have been charged to bring the students whom I might meet on this tour across Canada, their special expression of hearty good-will. As I bring you this message, I am conscious of the fact

that I cannot convey with the message the spirit which prompted it, but I trust I make this impression; that you, an earnest body of students, are not alone, but are bound up in the interests and sympathy and desires for practical co-operation in the important works of the world with students of other nations, and other cares. I remind you that there is a student world, and it is a great world; I have been travelling in it for nearly twenty-four years, which have taken me to students of over forty different nations, and to not less than two thousand universities and colleges; but I have by no means begun to touch the whole of the student world. It is a homogeneous world, and I am reminded that the students are more nearly alike than any class of people in the different nations.

In every college I visit the students try to prove to me that there are several things peculiar to their particular college. There are three of these things that I never dispute; first, that their institution is peculiar and different from any other institution in the world; and in the second place, that they are worked harder there than in any other school in the world; and in the third place, that they have less money available for the different purposes. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, of these marked differences that distinguish them, and certain other conditions which make us richer and better—because it would be a most unfortunate thing if the students of all our countries were exactly alike—notwithstanding this, there is a unity in the student world that is most fascinating and impressive; there is a solidarity about the students of the world which is characteristic; and it is an influential world; the scholars and schools are centres of power. It was said by Bismarck that one-third of the students of Germany break down through dissipation; another third are incapacitated by overwork, and the last third govern the German Empire.

You remember the time, many of you, when the intelligence reached us one morning that the Japanese had captured the 203 Metre Hill Fortress. It did not require any special knowledge to see that this meant Port Arthur must fall because that fortress was the key to the position.

Now the colleges and higher schools are the "203 Metre Hill" of the nations. They teach the teachers, they preach to the preachers, and they govern the governors. They are the strategic

forces of the different nations. As they are, so are the nations. They are centres of power. All of this attaches particular importance to the attitude of students of our various colleges in the different nations toward Jesus Christ, and the religion which He founded. Are the students of the different nations losing their interest in His religion, or is Christ year by year strengthening His hold upon the thinking young men and young women of the world?

This is a very important question, regardless of our religious views, and the only way to consider a matter like this is the open-minded spirit which characterises our colleges and schools.

That the students in the colleges are very deeply interested in Christ is shown by the calling together of the great inter-collegiate Christian student movement. It is known as the "World's Student Christian Federation." Each one of these words suggests something to us. It is not an Anglo-Saxon Student Federation, although you will find it in every university in the British Isles, every one in the United States, and practically in every one east of here in the Dominion of Canada, in Australia and New Zealand; it commands the Anglo-Saxon student world; but it is not an Anglo-Saxon federation. It is not a German federation, although it is found in all the schools of Germany; it is not a Scandinavian federation; nor is it for Latin students alone, although I find special work being done in the great universities in Paris and France, in Switzerland and in Italy, and even among the students of Latin-America. It is not an Oriental student federation, although it has hundreds of branches in Japan and China, also throughout the Indian Empire, and other countries such as the Turkish empire, and other parts of the non-Christian empires of the world. It is a World Federation of Students. Isn't it a striking fact that the first idea to unite the students of all nations was the program of Jesus Christ? Not even college athletics, not even the fraternal societies, not the convivial societies all over the Continent and Europe, nor the patriotic societies—no one of these has yet succeeded in translating itself into the terms of the students of the world—but the religious idea, the making of character—this has drawn the students together.

And notice, it is a *Student* combination. While thousands of professors and masters have counted it a pleasure to number themselves with the students, there are at least 150,000 members in this

great movement—nearly all of them being undergraduates; that does not include hundreds of thousands who have graduated. This is a mighty combination for good among the nations. This is a student enterprise. While we have the counsel and sympathy of the discerning masters, of no matter what religion, and it goes without saying in every Christian nation, the students have the leadership of the work. They carry it on and control it. That explains the enthusiasm.

There are two processes of making character; one we all have to subject ourselves to, that is, the process of rules and regulations of the powers that be. There is that side of the shaping of character, but there is another side which I believe is infinitely more important, and that is that which proceeds from within, the spirit which rises up in the young man and the young woman, and says "I ought, and I will"; where they take the responsibility for making character, and that is what makes people strong—when they take the initiative. This organization permits that great idea of student initiative. It is a federation—not an amalgamation—not an effort to crush the students of all races and nations into one group and one manner of expressing themselves.

Each nation has its own national Christian movement. In some places there are international grooves which they work out on the line of their own nationality, and especially it is so in this council of nations. You will find each nation, whether small or large, young or old, backward or forward, expresses itself in its own way.

When I am in Japan, I make up my mind this is a Japanese movement, and when I am in Australia that it is an Australian movement; when I am in Holland I think it is a Dutch movement. There is something that gives it a secure anchorage in each country. I have sometimes thought if it should die out in every other part of the world, it would leap out from one country and transplant itself into every nation. It does not try to disguise the fact that it is a Christian confederation; it has never apologised in any sense for the fact that it takes Jesus Christ for its great central figure, its great authority, its great source of energy. You would expect a confederation like this, with its high aims, would become a power in the world, and you are not disappointed in your expectation. Under the influences of this movement, the universities and colleges have become centres of moral and religious earnestness and energy. I

heard the chancellor of one of the great universities say that it has well nigh the monopoly of the cultivation of the moral and religious side of the student life as a whole. Another one said his university might better lose any six professors than its student confederation.

When I was on my second visit to Japan, I had an interesting conversation with the minister of education at that time, and I explained to him the methods of carrying on this work. I told him I was there representing the students of other nations, and I wanted their government to understand everything I was there to stand for, and I explained what was being done in other nations, and what we hoped to do for Japan. He was not a religious man, but when we had finished he said it must be by some such energy as I was presenting that the moral life of the students of Japan should be conserved, and he gave me his full influence. He opened the door of the university to us, and the hall was crowded; and we now have branches of this association in not only the universities of Japan and all the higher schools, but in nineteen out of twenty of the government, or non-Christian colleges. It means much that this agency is so securely planted there.

It has been said that the college is a "place of education, a place of society and a place of religion." I sometimes think we forget the first of these in this part of the world. A student from one of our American universities wrote home that "Yale was a pretty good place if it were not for the lectures and the recitations." It reminds me of a student in one of our other colleges who said, "If we are not careful, Wilson will make this an educational institution." But, happily, the colleges are still a place of education. That the colleges are also places of religion is traceable to the strong working of this movement.

There is a great religious movement among the students. An editor in the state of Maine wrote me asking me to give him some facts showing the increase of infidelity and scepticism among the students. I wrote him that I was sorry I could not give him the information he wanted—I was sorry in a way that I couldn't oblige him—but that the universities were becoming less and less the homes of such things as that. I said they were the most religious places in the world. I think the facts show that more students are Christians, than any other class of people among the nations.

Take a country like Japan; I made an investigation and I found that the proportion of students in the government colleges who are Christians, is over thirty times greater than the proportion of men who are not students who are Christians.

When I was in India, in the Madras presidency, I was impressed to find that in Madras university one in twelve are Christians; a far greater proportion than you will find among the uneducated class of the Indian Empire. So it is all over the world. There is a movement on foot today that is nothing less than remarkable; away from the non-Christian movements; away from irreligion and indifference concerning it, toward a vital faith in Christ and His teachings—it is nothing less than remarkable.

I have had the privilege of visiting British universities many times and my last visit to Oxford and Cambridge and the Scottish universities convinced me that there had been no time like the present decade in the activity of the religious life. Even in the most unlikely, in Paris, it is awakening. I can remember when I first visited the University of Paris, it was with great difficulty we got together twelve young men; these young men trembled as they faced their task, but the number has now grown from twelve to two hundred and it has leaped out into other centres in Paris and other parts of France.

Not long ago, when I was in Rome, there came together both Protestants and Catholics, and we sat together in council about the moral and religious life of the students. This movement brings together the genuine Christians of all names.

Not long ago there met in Constantinople delegates from thirty-three nations, in this movement—meeting within the gates of the Mohammedan world, representing the universities and colleges, and there we had all kinds of Christians. There were represented fifty-two different branches of our Protestant religion, although the whole number of delegates was only a little over 200; we had representatives from Armenia, Russia and from Greece and Servia—members from the Roman Catholic churches, from the Jacobite and other churches. I suppose not since the early times of Christianity have so many come together to talk about the great things we have in common—the common Christ, and our desire to become like Him.

In the non-Christian nations the students are flocking into this Kingdom of Christ. The most remarkable revival I have known took place in Japan four years ago, when in three weeks over three thousand Japanese students became investigators into the Christian religion. I wish we could get some of the students in our country to investigate it with the same earnestness. When I hear men lightly push aside the whole question in this country, and see the prices the Japanese are paying, I am ashamed of our students

When I first visited China I asked if I could meet the Literati, to get in touch with the students of China. I was told it was impossible. When I was there four years ago the largest theatres would not hold the Chinese Literati who came together to meetings which lasted for three hours and a half. I have never found students who gave such intense attention—excepting in Russia and Egypt; it became so great one would wish to break it.

In Russia there are more students who commit suicide than in any other nation. More than six thousand students have been sent into exile because they set themselves against the government for what they thought was right. It is one of the strongest races in the world. There the largest halls we could get were packed night after night with students seeking for light, relief and peace, for power over their temptations. They followed me to the hotel and went on the street cars with me, though I could not speak Russian, and with the help of interpreters I got into their lives and they grasped after this great Christ.

Then in Cairo some one said "why don't you give an opportunity to the Mohammedan students?" We decided to try, and we hired the largest theatre in Egypt, but the only hour we could get was toward night, when the students were through with their day's work and tired—yet every afternoon the great theatre was crowded with students. It was necessary, after the first day, for the government to send the police to keep back the great crowds that could not gain admittance. There with the same openness, we presented the mission of Christ to the students, and I have never had more respectful and intelligent attention from the students of any religion than from those Moslem students. They do not become Christians readily, but they do become Christians increasingly.

In Cairo the other day we were told this incident. Someone

asked some little girls if they were Moslems, and they replied "Yes, thank God, we are!" I sometimes wish this pride in religion would characterise our own people.

The students all over the world are manifesting new interest in the Bible. This is shown by the increasing number of students in the voluntary Bible circles.

DeQuincy divided all literature into the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The Bible constitutes the literature of Power. It has become the great source of strength of the great nations. I was asked what made a nation great, and I replied that it was not the extent of territory and industrial developments, or the number of millionaires—there is something that lies deeper. It has always interested me very much to find that the highest achievements in industry and commerce are where the Bible is best understood. There is something in connection with other religions which weakens the will. The great creations of art have been in the pathway of religion. It is well to bear in mind and emphasize the fact that when we want to make a nation great. I tremble when I see the prosperity in the Dominion of Canada. My summer home for twelve years has been in the Dominion; I would not attempt to say how many journeys I have made among its colleges. As I think of my friends, graduates of Canadian universities, I look upon it as one of the countries that has been worked into my life with peculiar affection and strength. The only thing that makes this great abounding prosperity and its limitless possibilities safe, is that young men and young women like yourselves shall put first things first; shall give right-of-way to the great teaching of the wonderful Teacher, and yield your lives to His way. If you, and your fellow-students across the Dominion for half a century will do that, you will fix the ideals and determine the attitude of the nation for everything that makes for national greatness. This higher education is not intended so much for personal betterment as for unselfish public service. It is striking at the heart of the greatest dangers in our student life, and it is at the same time buttressing their lives.

There is a German proverb that says "What you would put into the life of the nation, put into its schools." Unless the men who are to become the lawyers, the statesmen, the editors, the doc-

tors and preachers are filled with the ideals, these ideals will not possess the nation. This movement has become a power in the life of the church. Under its influence men have been led to enter the Christian ministry—a larger number than under any other influence, except that of the Christian home. I hope we will never have to take back that exception—and yet I hope this movement will rise up and get the young men to dedicate their lives under Divine influence, to its calling.

Under the influence of this movement there have gone out from the colleges of the United States and Canada during the last twenty-five years over 5,000 students as foreign missionaries. There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. In the same period under the same movement, there went out from the British universities nearly 2,900.

The Archbishop of Canterbury told me there had been no such offering of life as this in any age and nothing filled him with more hope for the evangelization of the world.

This movement has raised up young men and young women as lay workers to permeate society. Not even does the preacher do his best work in the pulpit unless he is supported by those in the home, in the factory, in the school, the offices and in the arena of life.

This leads me to mention in closing one other thing—that is its great unifying work. It causes a unity among the students in facing certain questions and problems in which they can help each other a great deal. I was surprised that you did not have this in your province. Some of the strongest branches of this movement are in the universities of the east. The one in Toronto has the opportunity of becoming one of the greatest in the world. No other city in the world is so homogeneously Anglo-Saxon. They have the opportunity and I think they will seize it.

This movement has united the great societies of the nation and the different Christian bodies. It is the greatest power to draw Christians together with which I am familiar. It does so by magnifying the things on which we agree, and by summoning us to great discussions; and it is drawing together the nations. The minister of one of the great powers said to me in Paris that this was doing more to unite the nations than all the peace conferences and

arbitrations could do. I quoted him when I had audience with His Majesty the King, last May, and he said "I think that is right"; and he made this comment, "This movement, unlike peace conferences, arbitrations, etc., binds together the hearts," and when we add to that "it binds together the hearts of the future great leaders of the nations," it makes the statement stronger. Yes, the unity of hearts is greater than the unity of nations. When you bind together the hearts of the students of the different nations, you have established the strongest bond that can be established on earth. Christ wishes this to be established.

I venture to hope that the next time it is my pleasure to meet the students of this great province, I may find branches of this great Christian student movement in each college represented here this afternoon, and that you will be linked together under this federation that will enable you to send out waves of influence into the world.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—HER OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY

(Address Delivered at the Laymen's Missionary Conference, Vancouver, Oct. 19th, 1911, by Rev. R. J. Wilson, M.A.)

The subject which has been assigned to me as above is not of my own choosing. It has been interpreted to me to mean the opportunity and responsibility of the Laymen of British Columbia for mission work within British Columbia. If, therefore, my remarks seem wholly provincial, and have not that world sweep which gathering of this sort demands it will not do us any harm to remember that the condition of the world-wide evangelization is primarily dependent upon the vigorous, earnest, devoted consecration of the Christians at the home base, inspired and controlled by the same spirit as that which thrust forth the Christians of the first century to their world task.

I have often wondered why the waters of the St. Lawrence below the rapids are the purest water obtainable. It has been ex-

plained by the fact that for a thousand miles the great lakes have acted as a settling basin for the waters coming in and have purified them on their onward way. These waters now laughing over falls, now dashing themselves in spray, again quieting themselves in the narrow passages of the rivers; now beaten up and oxygenised as they pass over the rapids again, coming out below with that emerald hue as though they were fresh from the face of some great glacier. So may we not account for the manhood of British Columbia with the great settling basin of the prairies of the older provinces beyond. The men of the mountains and the valleys of B. C., the men of the coast lands and the sea have that breadth of outlook and that undaunted courage, that vision, that poetic touch, that heroic fire, which mark in every country the men of the hills. If, as I do most devoutly believe, this be true, the thought of it is chastened by this strange fact that as Christ upon the pinnacle of the temple gazed down and saw below Him the smoking fires of Gehenna, so every height of life has its corresponding depth. If you expect to see, as I believe you can discover in British Columbia, the noblest purposes, the highest ambitions, the most far-reaching hopes of any people in the world, so you can discover a more flamboyant paganism, a more complete materialism, a more appalling degradation, than elsewhere in this country. If British Columbia has the best type of manhood, she has thereby the capacity for the worst. I may not speak tonight of the natural resources and wealth of this province, of her mountain sides covered with the richest timber in the world; of the bowels of her mountains restless with the richest mineral deposits to be found on the continent; of her valleys rich with ninety feet of alluvial deposit capable of growing anything that ever gladdened the heart of man; of her waterfalls starting as mountain streams laughing and singing in the sun saying to capital "catch me if you can, and harness me if you dare. I will drive the wheels of your industry. I will light up your homes and streets. I will take from your backs the burdens. Life will be easier for you and for all who come after you if you make me do your work." I may not speak of the great coast waters of the finest ocean in the world teeming with fish—the most easily obtained natural product for the food of man. I may not speak of these things because none of these things, in my judgment, is essential to the Kingdom of God. It is easily conceivable that without these natural and material blessings the Kingdom of God in British Columbia would present

a problem not more difficult than the problem of the present day.

Let me rather address myself to certain conditions peculiar to British Columbia, which, in my judgment, make this Laymen's Movement peculiarly adapted to its needs. In a single sentence let us approach the opportunity of this hour. Let me ask the question in all seriousness: "To what extent are the men before me able to bring to a happy solution the problem of the religious life of British Columbia?"

There lies from Prince Rupert to Edmonton the all but untouched northern half of this great country. The connecting links of the second great transcontinental railway are being rapidly coupled up. Spur lines will go off from this main line into the Cassiar country—almost a province by itself, and the Peace river country equal to another province—down through the valleys and up through the passes, ramifying themselves and opening up country rich in minerals and agricultural lands and capable of supporting an enormous population. Already two well defined centres are more than marks upon the map. Hazelton is a town. Fort George lies almost at the strategic centre of British Columbia. Those will become in the future to British Columbia what Saskatoon or Winnipeg will become to the prairie. The great Peace River country must have western and southern outlets for its products. The Yellow Head and Pine River Passes present low grades and easy access through the mountains. Already through these there are charters for seven railways which are pushing their way to Fort George. From Prince Rupert to Hazelton is 200 miles. From Hazelton to Fort George is 320 miles. From Fort George to Tete Juane Cache is 200 miles. From Tete Juane Cache to Edmonton is 200 miles. Between each of these centres at the present moment the Christian church should equip, man and maintain not less than a sufficient number of mission churches to take care of the incoming population. It is not more than may be expected that the church should within the next five years plant an average of one church for every ten miles of the distance.

Or think for a moment of our coast work that has much romance and heroism connected with it, that has as much interest and pathos, and more future hopefulness than the far-famed work of Dr. Grenfell in the Labrador. Think of the five thousand

men working in the logging camps up this coast, shut off from their fellow-men, isolated, hardworking and sick with loneliness, who are engaged in the most fascinating and the most dangerous work to be found in this province. Think of them being met, as they come out to break the utter loneliness and monotony of their life, being fleeced from the hour they step off the boat until their last dollar is spent in the gilded halls of vice and shame. Welcome nowhere but in the saloon or worse, spoken to by no one except one of their own kind, struggling with temptations that the wild freedom of their life have made the more acute and terrible, with no one to care for them, no one to help them, no home open to them, no decent woman's voice to break upon their ears like the voice of a mother or an angel. Think of the men that go to the sea in ships, of the coasting trade that makes this city its centres, of the deep-sea fisheries, of the sealing and whaling operations, which upon this coast have scarce begun. On purely economic grounds it would mean much more than the cost of the mission to the employers of labor of this coast, it would be a saving to the government of British Columbia in the prosecution of crime alone if this work were developed with a vigor that the opportunity presents. What would it mean to the manhood of British Columbia? What would it mean to the future generations of British Columbia? What would it mean to the Lord Jesus Christ if men were met and moulded, if life were made tolerable and the life to come made real by the sweet and beneficent influence of the Gospel of the Son of God?

There is already thrust upon this province in one centre at least, the problem of the city. At the present moment in the city of Vancouver there is one mile square with only one reasonably aggressive Protestant church and one or two scattered missions. While the churches have already begun to move out of the heart of Vancouver to follow the family life and keep in convenient touch with their wealthier people, there have been thousands of people moving into the same district. They are not foreigners for the most part. They are not Roman Catholics for the most part. There are only a handful of Jews amongst them. They are Protestant people, come from Protestant stock. Several thousands of them are young men of as good a type as ever came west in the early days. The church in the centre of the city is hopelessly undermanned, and with the growth of the city a hundred

matters of social and moral reform, of preventive and redemptive work, of the care of children of criminal parents, of the orphan, of the sick and of the poor, thrust themselves into the foreground, Conditions in the centre of Vancouver are usually as bad as can be found in any mining town of the interior. For the most part the driving force of religious conviction is responsible for the upkeep of these organizations which aim at mending the rent in the torn social fabric. There ought to be in matters of reform a sufficient number of big Christian men, men of vision and outlook and all those essential qualities of statesmanship which would make the co-ordination of all the Christian philanthropies of Vancouver eminently possible. Upon the men of this convention must this duty fall. This, then, in brief, is the outline of our opportunity, the taking of the outposts before the inrush of settlers, the equipment and maintenance of our coast work, the serious attack and solution of the problem of the city. This is our opportunity. What of our responsibility?

The Responsibility. If the larger share of the work of British Columbia, and through it the larger share of the world work is to be effectively carried out, upon the churches that are already established and upon the Christian men whose hearts the Lord has already touched, must rest the responsibility of the forward movement. Think for a moment of the isolation of the communities of British Columbia peculiar to her geographical situation. Take the Kootenays as an example. There are two Kootenays. There is the Crow beyond the Kootenay. The communities there are widely separate. Some of them are already twenty years old. The rapid changes in population, the social restlessness, the socialistic propaganda, antagonistic, vicious and determined, makes life in such a community and the pulse of the church's life in such a community, beat slowly and irregularly. The awful loneliness of the newcomer, the appalling temptations of the open town the world recklessness, sometimes even lawlessness of the older elements of the community, the brazenfaced disrespect for law on the part of the drink traffic, the painted woman, the gilded and open and safe and sometimes inviting colonies of vice make the life of the church precarious. The unofficial Christianity, the band of responsible Christian laymen, the serious sense of humaneness of the Gospel alone will save these places. There are men in the towns of the Kootenays who have come from as good homes as any of us, who

have not been inside a home once, who have not spoken to a decent woman half a dozen times in seven years. No minister as such, no official equipping of a church as such, can in the nature of things meet the requirements of the case. Upon the laymen of the churches this responsibility must rest. If there were even two or three laymen in each of these centres who would agree as touching the things of the Kingdom an answer would surely come.

There is in British Columbia, as in no other part of Canada what someone has termed a flamboyant paganism, the worship of the almighty dollar, the spirit which has promoted men to get rich quickly, sometimes dishonestly, often repeating, even in the press and in public, the expression that "Money talks." The worship of money and the disregard of the church as such because it is neither revenue-producing or dividend-paying, even within the well-to-do churches, is a serious phase of this mammon worship. The spirit which makes the church's usefulness depend upon its equipment or the size of its minister's salary or the advertised fact that it is a going concern, all have their roots in a paganism as dangerous as that which swept ancient Rome from her base. The men who are openly and avowedly Christians must discover in their own hearts and engender in the community the actual spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ who cursed the worship of "things", who condemned the ease and luxury, not to speak of the licentiousness of His followers, who demanded of men who named His name, not only that they should depart from iniquity, but that they should share with men the sorrow and pain and sin of the world. If, I say, the Christian business men of British Columbia could but receive this new vision of the "magnetism of the uplifted Lord" their responsibility will never rest lightly upon them until the worship of money, the making of money for money's sake, the making of money for the sake of spending lavishly and often foolishly, will be driven out of this country and the Gospel will have free course and be glorified. I have not spoken yet of the serious responsibility which must rest upon the Christian community for the foreigner within their gates. Every tenth man in the lower Fraser Valley is an Oriental. The Oriental has never been fairly treated in British Columbia. The wild freedom of the Anglo-Saxon in this country is no longer the liberty of the Anglo-Saxon, it is the wildest licence. The worst elements of the Anglo-Saxon community have preyed for twenty years upon

the Oriental; have made his resorts to be a stink in the nostrils of the community; have made him their excuse for the non-enforcement of law, and when by an outraged community law-enforcement has been demanded it is usually centered round the Oriental quarter. Yet he comes from the lands nearest across the seas to our own. No man here can dream of the wealth that is yet to flow into this country when Canada reaches her hands across the sea to pour into her and through her an untold and untouched wealth of Asia. His kinsmen will either be our Eastern allies or our Eastern enemies. Yet he has by turn been ignored, persecuted and robbed in the Christian communities of British Columbia. He has not been Christianised. The Laymen sitting before me have never seriously considered that he was worth Christianising. They have spoken of him as a "Rice Christian." They have suspected that in the present there was little hope for him and beyond the present they never dared to go. Yet across the sea from Vancouver in the little territory of Korea there are several thousand of the Christian Church, every one of whom before he was allowed to become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ was made to pledge himself as one of the essentials in being called a Christian that he would offer himself a period of service as a Missionary teacher: with this result that with the great awakening in Korea, literally thousands of converts and tens of thousands of enquirers have been clamouring for admission to our Missions. "Rice Christians" forsooth, are able to do this. The comfortable, wellfed and prosperous Christian business men of British Columbia cannot be found in numbers sufficient to teach 15,000 Orientals the first principles of the gospel of Christ. It is high time that we awake out of sleep—lest we sleep the sleep of the dead.

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe and say my prayers.

—*Pope.*

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THE WAR IN TRIPOLI recalls the ancient strifes in which the Romans sought to establish their sway in North Africa. Now, as then, it is a conflict of Aryan against Semite, the former being the aggressor. When Rome cast jealous eyes on the Carthaginian power, she found a flimsy pretext for attacking her rival in assuming protection of the Mamertine outlaws of Sicily. That was in 264 B. C. In this year of grace modern Italy has a no less imaginary cause of quarrel. Her ultimatum to Turkey stated that Italians were being unfairly treated in Tripoli, excluded from commercial enterprise and exposed to personal injuries. In terms of meekness and surprise the Porte gave answer, promising satisfaction. But in the Italian cabinet Turkey had already been sentenced, and it only remained to execute the sentence.

The military task undertaken by Italy is proving larger than she expected. The initial successes of the war have been followed by reverses, and the forty thousand Italian soldiers now in Africa are reported on the defensive. The numbers of their opponents are variously estimated, but must far exceed the invading force. The Young Turks, by employing German officers, have succeeded

in organizing and training an efficient army. The Turkish forces in Tripoli, aided by the native Arabs, may be trusted to fight with fanatical courage, and the struggle may continue for months. The hope is that it will be confined to its present area. England's prohibition of the marching of Turkish troops through Egyptian territory, and Austria's warning to Italy not to attack any parts of European Turkey, should make this possible. The advantage lies greatly with Italy in her command of the sea, which permits her readily to pour a vast army into the region of war.

Accursed are the wanton makers of war. At this high-handed action on the part of a so-called Christian nation, the Mohammedan world is roused to a white heat of indignation. The Turks have been taking a great step in the direction of western civilization, and giving a hearing to the message of Christian teachers as never before. If they are left to interpret Christianity by the example of Italian greed and perfidy, they will be steeled against it for generations to come.

Have we not yet come to the time "when the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe," and is there not enough Christian humanitarianism among the great nations to establish some measure of international fair play?

* * *

PROPER BIBLE INSTRUCTION FOR THE YOUNG is a subject which is receiving a good deal of attention from educational writers. Sectarian differences on the part of parents incline many to the opinion that it should be omitted from school studies, and to this sectarian feeling the education departments of our Canadian provinces have generally bowed. The modern home has largely ceased to furnish any Bible teaching, partly on account of the conditions of living to which the old-fashioned home has not been able to accommodate itself. The inevitable result, already noticed and deplored by thoughtful persons, is that, except for the instruction imparted to a limited number who attend a half-hour class on Sundays, the rising generation today is left uninformed regarding the contents of the Bible. Something better than the necessarily scraggy knowledge gained in the Sunday School is required. The new light of modern research which has so vastly widened knowledge and

deepened appreciation of the Bible, has at the same time rendered it more difficult to teach the young minds.

More and more the value of the Old Testament as a child's book is being discovered. It reveals the religion of a nation in the stage of childhood. Its scenes are vital and its language concrete; its great characters are human types. And the focus of interdenominational controversy has always been in the New, not in the Old Testament. Critical controversy, which is not denominational, is a passing feature of the age. For educated men its chief points are already settled; but it remains to interpret to the young the results of consecrated study. It is strange that the best and chief text book of morals, the book upon whose principles is founded the strength of Anglo-Saxon civilization, should be barred from our schools because bygone controversies have left the Christian church in jealous sections.

* * *

READERS WILL NOTE several changes in the personnel of our editorial and business staff. With this issue the present Editor-in-Chief retires from the staff, to be succeeded by Mr. J. M. Wyatt, M.A., who will be in charge of the December issue.

With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

—*Shakespeare.*

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

Omar Khayyam, tr. Fitzgerald.

College Activities

"Work Does Good When Reasons Fail"

THE STUDENTS COUNCIL

The election of officers for the winter always creates a great deal of interest. In previous years confusion, and even turmoil, often arose consequent on the fact that there were no standard rules for procedure. A more than usual acute crisis having arisen last year, it was keenly felt that a "constitution" was absolutely necessary. After a considerable waste of time and energy, rules approved of by the majority of the student body, became the official constitution. This year, then, we were bound down not by the isolated opinion of a student here or a student there, or even by tradition, but by a set of intelligent, and let us hope, impartial rules.

That honors should go round form the very alphabet of our student creed. Hence all the offices were vacant. The President is, like the Roman Senator, not a *novus homo* but one who has held office in previous councils. This year though we had quite a number of eligible candidates, Mr. T. S. Paton was elected unopposed. No doubt could exist in the mind of anyone as to the fitness of the man whom we thus honoured. The following is a list of the names of those who were elected to the other offices:—

HONORARY PRESIDENT—Principal McKay.

VICE-PRESIDENT—J. H. Buchanan.

SECRETARY-TREASURER—James Grier.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL—A. B. Dustan, J. T. McNeill, A. McIver.

DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE. . Dustan, Anderson, Taylor, Cameron.

LITERARY SOCIETY :

President—Archie McLean.

Vice-President—A. M. Grant.

Secretary—A. A. Kirkpatrick.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS FOR THE MAGAZINE :

H. M. Rae, A. McIver

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGER

E. Crute.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The winter students of our college have displayed, in the past, no little enthusiasm for the success of the debating society. Many of its members to their credit be it said, have been known to make it a point of honour to be present at all the meetings. This session, let us hope, will be no exception to the rule. A good beginning has already been made. The first meeting was devoted to stump speeches, and though it was quite evident that a few were the victims of "stage fright," the majority of the speakers rose to the occasion. The value of a stump speech has long been disputed by very many eminent critics; but all agree that it stands unrivalled in its demand for native resourcefulness and presence of mind.

The debate on Church Union was of a different order. On this occasion the men were prepared, or ought to have been. The affirmative leadership was entrusted to one of our students whose stalwart frame is an index to his health. With a preacher's eye for divisions he hurled out his arguments under three main "heads." His sub-divisions we must, meanwhile, leave severely alone. After the applause, caused by the oratory of the leader, had subsided, it was left to the negative side to state their case. Up rose the chief for the opposition, with characteristic fire in his eye. He made a somewhat free use of the scalping knife to tear to shreds the arguments advanced by his opponent. His loud peal of oratory reflected most favourably on his gift of speech which more than offset in pith and force what it lacked in telling illustration and point.

The critic for the evening, who certainly looked far more scared than he actually felt, proved to be the right man in the right place. He goes beneath the surface, and gives the hearer the impression that he can give a reason for the faith that is in him. We hope soon again to have the pleasure of seeing this worthy disciple of Socrates playing the *role* of a critic.

We must not omit to mention that one of the supporters for the negative "funkt" on this occasion. Is it too much to hope, that a clause may be inserted in the "constitution" of the students' council which will make such an offence punishable by a cold bath—face downwards?

THE HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL

Variety is the spice of life. That student life at Westminster Hall is unseasoned with some of the choicest spice is an erroneous idea. The daily routine that calls forth at the same time energy, perseverance and concentration is happily relieved by much that is pleasant and profitable in other channels.

Our Hallowe'en social is one of the annual festivities to which we eagerly look forward. Then it is that we don our best attire, and put on our most gallant behaviour, for are we not to meet the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary—the cream of the institution?

Such were the circumstances under which we met on Tuesday evening, 31st Oct., 1911. Floral decorations, generously donated, and artistically arranged, were much in evidence around the reception rooms of the Hall. One could not help wondering if, after all, a company of students were worth so much trouble and kindness. But there is something within the heart of every man which kindness can touch; something which will vibrate and awake to nobler heights when brought face to face with home-like scenes. And if our Hallowe'en environment this year spoke to many of us of scenes far removed, of distant loved ones, of the pure joys of a childhood's home, and if the memory of it accompanies us into future years, then are our kind friends repaid in part at least.

An enjoyable repast, provided by the ladies, engaged our attention for some time, and not a few of us did a little more than justice to the good things provided. But all good things come to an end—so did our appetites. Rev. J. A. Logan, who rose to his feet to represent the faculty, through the regrettable absence of Principal MacKay and Rev. Prof. Pidgeon, made appropriate remarks regarding the indebtedness of the college to the Auxiliary. We were next pleased to hear Mr. Brown, a prominent lawyer in the city refer to his old college days. He seems to understand us almost as well as we do ourselves. Mrs. MacNaughton, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, addressed us in very sympathetic terms. Of all that was said by the several speakers there may be much lost to memory, but we all remember with keen appreciation that Mrs. McNaughton said the ladies would "come again soon." In reply to this our hands sounded the wish that they might come often. A programme was then proceeded with in the large classroom pre-

pared for the occasion. The first part consisted of some real old Hallowe'en sport, such as diving for apples, etc. Music and games pleasantly interspersed made up the remainder. The students wish once more to extend their thanks to the Ladies' Auxiliary for the pleasantest evening spent since the opening of the Fall term. Also to Miss Fraser who so kindly and entertainingly rendered such valuable assistance with the vocal parts of our programme and as accompanist.

FOOTBALL

NORMAL SCHOOL VS. WESTMINSTER HALL—Score 5-1. The opening football game of the season was played on Cambie Street ground against Normal School. O'Donnell, Crute, Smith and Appleton of our men played for Normal School as, unfortunately the latter could not muster a full team. This materially weakened ours, and we were beaten. No apology for this is required. The score, five to one, was larger than the play deserved. The Normal School players, like the majority of our men were new to the game, but happily were in good physical condition from their basketball exercises, while the Hall boys were "soft." Therefore we were unable to keep pace with men in training. And starting with so many freshmen whose metal had not been tested, the result did not look too hopeful. Some had been sanguine of success because such a goodly number of men in the Hall wanted to play football. Success, however, depends upon the men who can play football or are willing to put their best energy and ability into practicing and learning the game. The science of football waits to be mastered.

The weather for this game was ideal, and both teams were encouraged by their respective college friends. The Normal girls creditably supported their side with great vigor in shouting, and more than one of the players were heard to remark about the result. "It was the girls who did it." The referee, Jack Buchanan, gave perfect satisfaction. He had to penalise men frequently owing to their ignorance of the game, but this should not require to be repeated.

In the first half Normal School scored two goals. In the second half of the game the softness of the players was evidenced. Young scored a goal for us from a penalty kick, but Normal School raised their score by other three goals. Our team appeared to lose

head and heart, the forward line at times became hopelessly mixed, as many as three rushing together for the ball and colliding while the Normal players were well lined out for passing. A number of our men showed capability for endurance in a slow game, but some of them have to become active in fast work. It is usually more advantageous to turn on the heel than to run round in a circle. But although defeated our players accepted with a perfect grace the fortunes of the field.

WESTMINSTER HALL VS. S. S. "ZEALANDIA"—Score 7-0. The steamer arrived in port on Wednesday, and a match was arranged for the following afternoon, 26th Oct. At the opening of the game there was some loose kicking on the left, but the passing among the forwards showed a praiseworthy improvement on the previous game. The half-backs also fed the forwards—Hughes on the left played remarkably well. We had no lack of chances to score as the play was mostly in the Zealandia's half. During a scrimmage in the goal mouth McBain was kicked in the stomach. After a moment's anxiety he was up and in play again. The ball was soon transferred to the other end of the field. Our anxiety was shortlived, however, for Davis carried the ball well up towards the corner flag and from his splendid cross, Hughes opened the scoring. From the kick-off Zealandia carried the ball well down the field, but Appleton, who was playing a fine game at back, relieved with a well placed kick. The rush was then on the other goal. As the game proceeded it became more and more evident that Zealandia's team were not in good training, and easily outclassed. In attempting to head out a dropping ball their right back unfortunately put it through their own goal. In the second half our boys kept up a strong pressure on the Zealandia's goal, and McBain headed a third goal. Again he came in, neatly passed behind to Appleton who shot into goal, but Zealandia got away with the ball. Then our left wing got a chance, and Gray made a good try. A sharp tussle ensued around the Zealandia's goal, and then with a good clean kick McBain scored again. Two minutes later Davie Gray, who had been playing a splendid game on the left, beat the goal-keeper with a lovely cross kick. Again the goal-keeper was pressed and this time he conceded a corner. From the corner kick, McBain raised the score to five. The Zealandia men did their best, but were out of condition, and we ultimately came out winners in a rather slow and lifeless game by seven goals to nil. Only once

during the game was our goal troubled, and our goal-keeper, O'Donnell, got the ball away with his usual alacrity.

CAPTAIN VS. VICE-CAPTAIN—One goal to nil. As we had no game arranged for 2nd November, practice teams were chosen by Captain and Vice-Captain. It was a game which hardly anyone took as seriously as they ought. Even in practices players should put their best into the game. If they don't they are sure to show their training in some real contest where everything counts.

The game was fairly even, but in a rush on the Vice-Captain's goal the ball was headed through by one of their own men. An onlooker who was intimate with our activities and the personnel of the College might have gleaned the fact that it was a decidedly different matter for some, between playing the game on the field and playing it from the spectator's point of view. In a practice such as this we could put out two fair teams picked say from Hall vs. Annex, or in some way create a rivalry that would spur every player to his best efforts.

HARRIERS

The Harriers are doing splendid work under Captain Gordon and Vice-Captain McBain. They are turning out at least twice each week, the company numbering about ten or a dozen on the average. There are some strong runners in the crowd, but it would be too soon to mention names. The Captain and Vice-Captain have proved themselves worthy of their office. The same officials of the football team have proved themselves fit for the work of the Harrier team.

It is gratifying to see such a general interest in College Athletics. We are looking forward to a successful winter's sport, and we trust the men will stick to their places in the forces. We are much pleased with the support given by the Student Council. With thanks to them we have a good outfit. In the teams there is good material, and there is no reason why the Hall should not do itself credit this winter.

And now, Athletes! Get ready! Set! Go! in for training. If you can shine athletically get on the polish. You cannot all win the cup, but there are other prizes to be contested for. This is to be no mean affair. It is the inauguration of a Sports' Cup for Westminster Hall, and what is equally important, an Annual Meet. Get down to business, and make this a meet in every way creditable to the 1911-12 Session in Westminster Hall.

NOVEMBER*By Hartley Coleridge*

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;—

The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows;—

In the chill sunbeam of the first brief day,
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.



AN "AT HOME" DAY

The following is a note from actual experience of a student missionary's day "at home" at his log cabin after returning from a wide circuit of visiting on the trail, preparatory for organization. In a new country a man must do, or learn to do, everything for himself.

(1). Opened the day by interviewing with a 22-rifle bullet a rat which would insist in visiting me at unseemly hours and by pattering along the roof outside, and running round the walls inside, disturbing my slumbers.

(2). After making breakfast, took pony to water, and then saw that he had good feeding ground.

(3). Walked to the garden (at some distance from the cabin) and searched for a little "voluntary rhubarb"; it was not in another's garden, but came from a former year's growth without culture.

(4). Having found the shoulder out of a jacket on my return, fixed up cabin roof between boards, etc., to prevent rats having such easy access o' nights. (Such work takes quite a time).

(5). "Packed" water supply from natural spring at foot of steep hill near river.

(6). Baked bread.

(7). Broke enough firewood for baking and to make fires for cooking three times a day for a short time.

(8). Went after pony and when, by the tinkling of the bell, I had found him, went to the store for provisions. (A five mile journey).

(9). Did part of a washing—of clothes; "no help for it boys, but "Sunlight."

(10). In addition cooked three meals, beginning with rolled oats, of course, and washed up after each meal.

D. A. C.

NEWS ITEMS.

The cause at Lonsdale Avenue under Mr. Van Munster is steadily and rapidly advancing. At the communion held on Sunday, the 12th inst., twenty-four new members were added to the church roll.

The new church at Kerrisdale was opened with large attendances on Sunday, Nov. 5th. Kerrisdale is a growing and enterprising community. The good seed sown by the first missionary, Mr. D. Gray, took root in good soil, and a suitable church home is now erected. Mr. O'Donnell has had charge of the work for a few weeks, and the cause gives every sign of prospering.

The Local Option League has begun holding Sunday meetings in the Lyric Theatre with the object of dispensing information and fighting the liquor evil. At the evening meetings the evangelistic note is sounded.

Messrs. O'Donnell and Gibson are on an evangelistic campaign up the line.

MISSION APPOINTMENTS

The following is a list of Home Mission appointments made for the winter term:

Aldergrove, W. S. Taylor; Pitt Meadows, J. R. Thomson; Port Kells, A. M. Grant; Ruskin, A. Kirkpatrick; Stave Falls, A. F. Ritchie; Steveston, T. F. McGregor; Strawberry Hill, D. Gray; Sumas, W. H. Davis; Sumas Prairie, F. G. Cook; Blue Mountain, Charles Young; De Roche, James Hamilton; West Vancouver, James Leslie; Coquitlam Dam, W. Eakin; Vancouver Heights, A. McIver; Victoria Road, A. Munro; Edmonds, D. J. Gordon; South Hill, R. C. Eakin; St. David's, A. R. Gibson; Kerrisdale, A. O'Donnell.

McGILL NOTES

The students of McGill University college of B. C. are looking forward to graduation from the coming provincial university. Hon. E. Young, Minister of Education, has emphatically repeated the announcement that university classes will open in 1913. Mean-

while university college is erecting temporary quarters on the Hospital grounds. Several new teachers have been secured. H. H. Shaw, M.A., formerly of Prince of Wales College, has been appointed to assist in Mathematics. Miss J. McInnes, M.A., comes from Queen's to take the chair of Modern Languages. A. M. Thompson, Ph.D., is Professor of Latin. Dr. Thomson comes from McGill, Montreal, and is here through an exchange of work with Prof. Roberston who is spending the term at the university headquarters.

—You've seen the world,
The shapes of things, the colors, light and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!

—*Browning.*

Many a tale is spoilt in the telling.

—*Terence.*

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

—*Addison.*



Critic's Corner

The *Twentieth Century* has begun a series of articles with a view to pointing out needed reforms in standards of wages, hours of work, minimum ages for employees, etc. The first of the series is a luminous review of the legislation regulating child labor in the United States. The writer, Florence Kelley, deplores the prevalent notion that boys are well employed in selling papers on city streets, a notion that has been fostered by a type of fiction which adopts newsboy heroes. "The public assumed that the newsboy was destined to become a merchant or a railroad director or a president of the United States. To this day that perverse old tradition lingers." The proposal is made to reserve for cripples and convalescents the work of newspaper selling.

While American magazines are trying to account for the unexpected overthrow of Reciprocity in Canada, and British journals from various points of view are commenting on Canadian public affairs, it is pleasing to find out one of the most popular of religious monthlies treating a phase of Canadian life from close and sympathetic observation. *Sunday At Home* for October has an illustrated sketch of some strange peoples of Western Canada, under the title "A Jumble of Races," by Millicent H. Morrison. Hindu, Chinese and Japanese life on the coast are treated with some detail. The Bhuddist services held by the Japanese fishermen at Steveston are said to resemble somewhat closely in outward form, those of a Roman Catholic church. Amid all the conflicting creeds the writer finds one gospel to be very generally followed—"the gospel of getting on". The "Ten Demandments" hanging in a salmon cannery in Steveston are reproduced in full as an example of gross worldly wisdom. We cannot refrain from quoting two of these: "Don't lie; it wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and it is the wrong end"; "Don't do anything here that hurts your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me, is willing to steal from me."

E. W. Patchett, in the October *University Magazine*, gives a lucid summary of the results of historical research on the life and

character of that brilliant Christian Amazon, Jeanne D'Arc. He holds that science cannot explain away the phenomenon of her greatness. "The nearer we approach the truth the more brightly does her life story shine out as the story of unselfish devotion to those ideals men cherish most—God and country." Jeanne is to be numbered, despite late honors paid to her by the Catholic church, with the "Protestants before the Reformation." At her trial she affirmed in the face of threatening authority, "that principle which is fundamental to all Protestantism, the immediate relation of the individual to God."

"The Plan of Creation" is the general subject of a series of articles running in the *Contemporary Review*. The October number contains a chapter on "Death," written by W. W. Peyton. The writer has a popular way of expressing the present day views of theology. "Death," he tells us, "is the sacrament of the selection for new service." He abounds with instances of the tragic forms of death. Bold as his thought is, he leaves something to faith and mystery. "In the inscrutables of death the religious man sees the vastness of the plan and the honors of being associated in the working of it."

Arbor is a monthly, issuing from Toronto University. The contents have a wide range and are written with the flavor of wit and wisdom which characterizes university literary circles. Among serious articles on affairs, essays and poetry, appears in the November issue, an amusing sketch entitled "The Snob," by Arthur March. It is not the snob as Thackeray knew him, but the college snob who is depicted; the budding student who affects a great deal of familiarity with operas and varieties of tobacco, or "in confidential manner deprecates the low tone of college social life."

I to the woodlands bend my way,
And meet religion there. —*Southey*.

To the living the world belongs, and it is the living who are
right. Pessimists I cannot suffer. —*The Kaiser*.

EVENTS.

Italy's initial successes in the war with Turkey have been followed by minor reverses. Both sides are accused of practising brutal atrocities.

The Chinese rebels have reached the gates of Peking, after a campaign attended by great loss of life. The end of the Manchu Dynasty is believed to be imminent.

The close of the Morocco negotiations called forth a storm of anti-British utterances in the German Reichstag. Mr. Asquith has made a moderate and diplomatic reply.

The census returns give Canada a population of slightly over seven millions.

Recent elections in the United States resulted in a victory for the "Progressives," and showed a marked increase in the Socialist vote.

King George and Queen Mary have started on a royal visit to India.

The retirement of Mr. Balfour from the leadership of the Unionist party is announced. He has held that position since 1891 and was Prime Minister from 1892 to 1896. Mr. Bonar Law has been chosen to succeed him.

Since Nature's work be good, and death doth serve

As nature's work, why should we fear to die?

Since fear is vain, but when it can preserve

Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?

Sir Philip Sidney.

It was much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick castle to be astonished at, than live in Warwick castle and have nothing to be astonished at.

Ruskin

SMILES.

Just as Good.

Flora: "D'ye iver kiss the Blarney stone, Nora, me dear?"
 Nora: "Not exactly; but Oi wance kissed a fellah what did."

Lapsus Linguae Latinae

Mr. Woodbeewyes (laboriously reading and translating in Latin class)— Puer . . uno . . anno . . senior . . fratre . . fuit—
 Hum! The boy . . was . . one year older than . . . his father.

"The Female of the Species"—

Teacher: "Now, William, can you give me the feminine forms corresponding to these masculines?—Executor?"

William: (promptly) Executrix.

Teacher: Testator?

William: Testatrix.

Teacher: Rooster?

William; Roostrix.

Anticipating the Inevitable—

In a certain Scotch University there was manifest a lack of interest in Greek, and the worthy professor decided to hold private audience with the delinquents. One morning the following colloquy took place in the class:

Prof. (in commanding tones): Mr McCloshen, will you translate?

Andrew McCloshen (meekly): Not prepared, sir.

Prof.: Meet me in my room after the hour, Mr. McCloshen—

Will Mr. McTavish translate?

Fergus McTavish (penitently): Not prepared, sir.

Prof.: Meet me in my room after the hour, Mr. McTavish—

Will Mr. McPherson translate?

Alexander McPherson (plaintively): I'll meet ye in yer room after the hour, sir.