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Westminster Hall Magazine

AND FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

Vol. III

January, 1913

No. 1

Published at 1600 Barclay Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.
Subscription Rate: One Dollar Per Year

D. A. Chalmers.....Managing Editor

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—Photo by Duryea, Vancouver.
(Special engraving for Westminster Hall Magazine and Farthest West Review)

G. WHITEFIELD RAY, F.R.G.S.
South American Missionary and Explorer.

(See Note on opposite page; also see pages 28, (First Editorial) and 41, (The Book Shelf.)

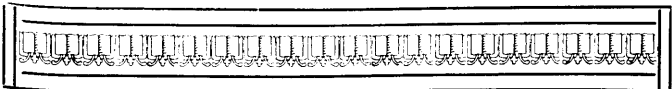


At our request, we have obtained a special photograph
and engraving of

G. WHITFIELD RAY, F. R. G. S.
"The Livingstone of South America"

who has been stirring and thrilling large audiences in Canada by his dramatic addresses and lantern lectures bearing upon his missionary and exploration work in "Earth's Darkest Continent"—South America.

Our editorial article on the subject was in type before Mr. Ray had addressed the Vancouver Canadian Club on 20th January. The large crowd of business men and citizens of all parties who make up that club listened to him with rapt attention, and many expressions of surprise at his story, as well as of appreciation of his power as a speaker, were made as the company separated—and there was a big demand for the record of his experiences entitled "Through Five Republics on Horseback."





REV. J. MACARTNEY WILSON

Late of London, England, who is officiating during January and February in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver. An article by Mr. Wilson appears in this Magazine.

Mr. Wilson is a native of Dundee, Scotland, where his father was a minister for more than fifty years. He received his university training at St. Andrews (where he graduated M. A. and afterwards B. D.) and his theological training in the United Presbyterian Hall in Edinburgh, under Principal Cairns, Dr. John Ker and others. Before his ordination he spent a year on the field in Canada, at Douglas, Manitoba, and so came into contact with Superintendent Dr. Robertson. On returning to Scotland he became assistant at Wellington U. P. Church, Glasgow, and some years later he took a short course at Berlin under Harnack, Dillmann, and Kaftan. Afterwards he was called to Bath St. U. P. Church, Glasgow, a struggling down-town Church, in 1892 and worked there for eleven years. During his ministry there Rev. Prof. James, A. M., D. D., joined the congregation. Later, Highbury Church, London, called him and he laboured there for over nine years. He took a large share in the preparation of a new hymn-book for the English Presbyterian Church, and he has been for some years Secretary of the Total Abstinence Society of that church. For five years he edited "The Presbyterian Messenger," the official monthly organ of the Church.

Being threatened with a breakdown in health, Mr. Wilson was ordered by the doctor to get away for a rest and a complete change, and he resigned Canada.

OUR THIRD VOLUME BEGINS

Special Notice



(1) Our February Number will contain the first of a new series of Articles on men prominently connected with Social Service: We shall leave it to speak for itself—and our Ideal.

(2) Though, in the short time intervening before going to press, quite a number of returns have been received, we have decided to extend "Our Imperial Policy" Option, noted in our December Number. We reprint the following, slightly altered:

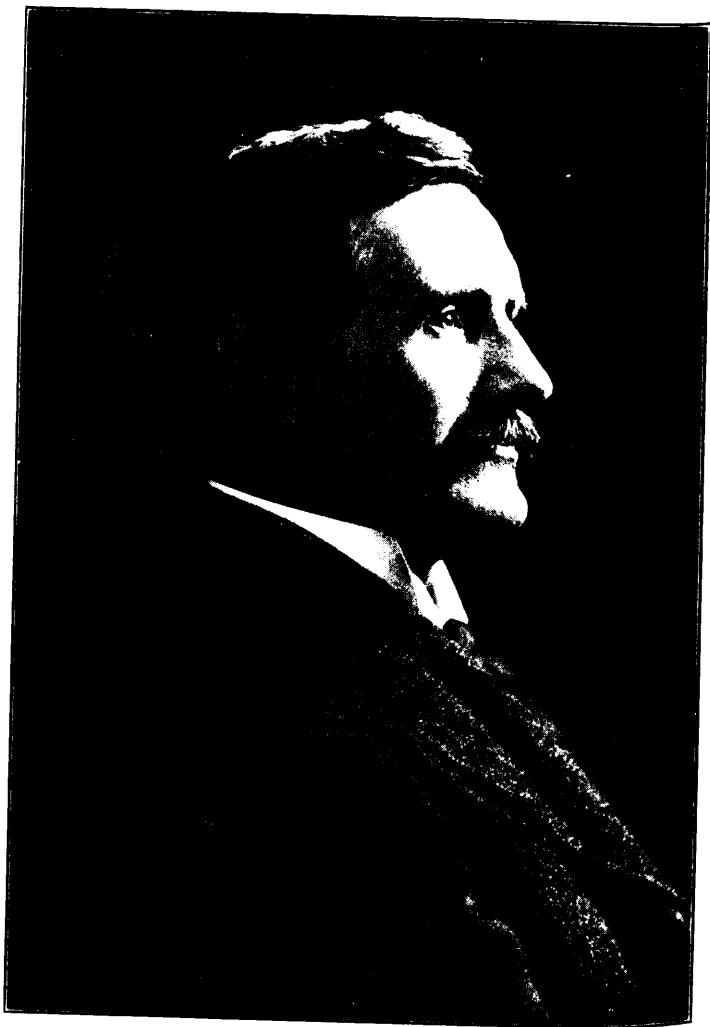
No doubt most of our readers have relatives and friends in other parts of the empire outside British Columbia. We have already quite a number of subscribers, not only in the other provinces of Canada, but in Great Britain; and, with good reason, we hold that, though we are now into our third volume, our work on the Pacific Coast as a publication devoted to "Social, Literary, and Religious Questions" is only beginning.

After unceasing organization work upon it for considerably over a year, the *Westminster Hall Magazine and Farthest West Review* has made very encouraging progress; so much so, that we are venturing to make this unique offer.

Every *bona fide* subscriber now on our list whose subscription is paid up, and others who enter during the first three months of 1913 may send us the name and address of a friend in any part of the British Empire, and we undertake to send this Magazine for a year to the address given.

We believe in press interchange as a supplementary, though not substitutionary part, of that friendly correspondence which binds the various Homelands together.

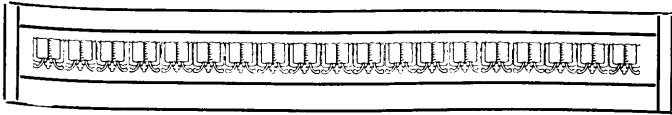
Our present yearly subscription is One Dollar, and the only conditions attached to ensuring the entrance of the second name are (a) that twenty-five cents be enclosed by the regular subscriber to cover the extra mailing and clerical work involved; and (b) that the sender note, typed or in ink, Sent by....." giving name and address of the sender for checking purposes.



(Special engraving for Westminster Hall Magazine, and Farthest West Review)

PROFESSOR R. E. MACNAGHTEN
Vancouver, Canada.

Author of the drama of "Ruth," the first portion of which is published in this number.



Biographical Outline Note
Concerning
PROFESSOR R. E. MACNAGHTEN.

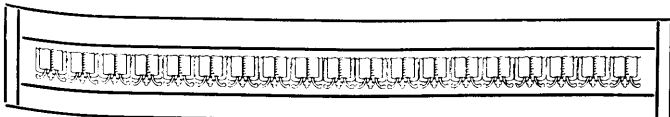
(Given, with portrait, by special request of Managing Editor.)

Professor Macnaghten was born in the East Indies a little over fifty years ago. He was educated at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge; Scholar of Eton; Exhibitioner and Scholar of King's College, Cambridge; Given Reading Prize at King's.

Graduated in First Class of Classical Tripos: also obtained "Blue" for Inter-University Lawn-tennis.

Was Assistant-Master at Harrow, but had to retire owing to break-down from over-work.

Emigrated to Tasmania: Was practising law there, when received an appointment at McGill University, Montreal, in 1904. Was four years at McGill, and has been four years in British Columbia. His home is in North Vancouver.





(Special engraving for Westminster Hall Magazine and Farthest West Review)

COPY OF THE "SISTINE MADONNA"

The Madonna's face here portrayed is that which was associated in the mind of the author of the drama with "Ruth," one of the chief characters of the story.

Westminster Hall Magazine

AND

FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

FOR SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Volume III.

JANUARY, 1913

No. 1

Published at 1600 Barclay Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.
Subscription Rate —One Dollar Per Year

RUTH

A DRAMA

By R. E. Macnaghten, Professor of Greek, McGill University
College, Vancouver, Canada.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ruth, the Moabitess.	Abimelech: A priest.
Naomi, Widow to Elimelech.	Benjamin: A shepherd.
Sarah, Widow to Lot.	David: His son.
Martha, a poor widow.	Two Elders.
Rebecca and Mary, daughters of Martha.	A Servant.
Two Women.	Two Suitors.
Boaz: A prince of Bethlehem.	Jehu.
	Attendant.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

A DESERT PLACE—Enter Naomi and Ruth.

Naomi.

Orpah is gone, and ere the daylight fades
And gathering night obscures the lonely path,
Go follow in her footsteps; and may He
Whose ears are open to the widow's cry,
The Living God, the God of Abraham
Of Isaac and of Jacob, thee repay
For all thy loving-kindness unto me.

Ruth.

Entreat me not to leave thee any more:
For where thou goest, thither I will go,
And where thou diest, there I too will die,
And in the self-same sepulchre be buried.
So do the Lord to me and more beside,
If aught but death shall me and thee divide.

Naomi.

Dear Ruth, beloved daughter of my heart,
The precious gift of thy companionship,
Which thou dost offer of thy boundless love,
I fain would take, yet scarcely dare receive:
For why should youth be sacrificed to age,
Or burden'd with a load too hard to bear?

Ruth.

There is no load I would not bear with thee,
Nor is there any sacrifice in love.
Thou call'st me 'daughter,' and I fain would be
Thy daughter, not in empty name alone
But in the very spirit of the word.
And since I am thy daughter, I do claim
A daughter's right, a daughter's privilege,
To bear her mother's burdens as her own.

Naomi.

How wondrous are the ways of Providence,
How mighty is the power and grace of God.
For when in that dread famine time we went,
I and my husband, forth from Bethlehem,
I never thought that any good could come
From Moab; "Nay but rather let me starve
Here in the Land of Israel," I cried,
"Than taste the corn of which the heathen eat.
How shall I worship in a foreign land,
Or tell Jehovah's praise 'neath alien skies?"
But good and prudent was Elimelech,
And well and prudently he answered me.
"Jehovah is the Lord of every land,
His power prevails wherever men be found.
He reigns indeed in Israel, but not
In Israel alone; He is supreme:
And wheresoever hearts are pure and true,
There is He worship'd. We may worship Him
Not less in Moab than in Israel."
And so we came to Moab, and I found
My husband's words were true; for many a time
When he, Elimelech, was in the fields
At harvest-tide, and I was left alone,
An alien, mourning in an alien land,
Thy mother or her sister would approach
With words of comfort, and would ease my pain,
To find such love and tenderness were mine
Though far away from my lov'd Bethlehem.
Yet still in secret heart I ever yearned
To see the land of my nativity.
And so the years passed by, and once again
When my two sons, Mahlon and Chilion,
Had come to man's estate, it grieved me sore

Naomi.

ACT I, SCENE 2—Morning.

What ails thee, Ruth? Thy countenance is sad,
As I have never seen thee sad before.

Ruth.

Last night I, all unwilling, dreamt a dream.
For I had thought to watch the livelong night
Beside thee, lest some harm should thee befall.
When on a sudden such a heaviness
O'erpowered my drowsy senses, that I sank
In vain resisting, down upon the ground.
And as I lay half sleeping, half awake,
I heard a song, like to an angel's song;
And, while it echoed in mine ears, I slept:
I slept; and dreamt a dream which makes me sad.
For I was working in the harvest time
With many an unknown maiden, binding sheaves
In some strange field, which I have never seen;
But yet, so clear the vision of the night,
That I should surely know that field again;
And lo my sheaf arose and stood upright,
And all at once the other sheaves arose
And mocked my sheaf, and I was full of fear.
Then suddenly a mighty angel came
And chid the other sheaves for mocking mine,
And all the other sheaves fell to the ground,
And, trembling, made obeisance to mine;
But I was ill-contented, for I sought
No homage for my sheaf, but rather love.
And so I prayed the angel—"Be content,
Suffer the other sheaves to rise again;"
And when he would not, I was very sad,
And, from the sadness of my heart, awoke.

Naomi.

Nay, dearest daughter, thou must not be sad,
There is in such a dream no bitterness;
For dreams are oft times sent from heaven above,
And touching this same dream, which thou hast dreamt,
There is no cause for sorrow, but of hope
That He who moved thy heart to follow me
Hath seen and marked thy goodness, and will make
Fit recompense in his appointed time.
But now the sun is rising in the East,
So fare we forward, for I fain would see
Before he sets, the gates of Bethlehem.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

David.

Benjamin, a Shepherd, and his son David

Come father, while the day is at the noon,
Rest we awhile beneath this welcome shade;

And thou shalt tell me one of those old tales
 To which I love to hearken—Judah's praise,
 And all the wondrous deeds of Israel.
 But most of all I love the prophecy
 Which dying Jacob uttered, and declared
 The glory of our own ancestral race:
 "The sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart
 Nor fail a law-giver between his feet
 Till Shiloh come to rule in Israel."

Shepherd.

Alas, my son, we live in evil days;
 The glory hath departed from the land,
 And Shiloh comes not; but, like scattered sheep,
 We live apart without a common head,
 And scarcely dare to call the land our own.
 And Boaz, from whose noble lineage
 I thought to see the hope of Israel come,
 Boaz, our good and honorable Lord
 And kinsman, (for his blood is one with ours)
 Remains unwedded in his ancient home;
 And there is neither sign nor prophecy
 To show that we are still God's Israel.

David.

And yet the former prophecies remain,
 And thou hast often said, Jehovah's word
 Could never be annulled nor pass away.
 And I remember, once in winter time
 When we were watching o'er our flocks by night,
 That thou did'st tell me of a prophecy
 That Balaam, Son of Beor, long ago
 Did utter from those mountains which we see
 Like some vast wall, encompassing the plain.
 It was a great and wondrous prophecy
 Which half remembering, I half forget,
 And I would gladly hear it once again.

Shepherd.

It was the time when, fleeing Pharaoh's yoke
 Our fathers from the land of Egypt came,
 A mighty host, with Moses for their guide;
 And Balak, King of Moab, when he saw
 The sons of Israel camping in the plain,
 And knew that they had conquered mighty kings,
 (Sihon, the Prince of all the Amorites,
 And Og the King of Bashan, whom they slew
 In war at Edrei) Balak was afraid
 And sent to Balaam, Pethor's prophet, "Come
 Curse me this people, lest they swallow me.
 For well I know that whom thou blessest, he
 Is blessèd; whom thou cursest is accurst."
 And Balaam fain had gone, for great reward

Was promised him by Balak; yet, the lord
 Preventing him, he tarried, till again
 More honorable princes came and said,
 "Our Master Balak bids thee straightway come,
 And if thou comest, he will honor thee,
 And give thee all things that thy heart desires."
 Then Balaam rose and saddled him his ass
 In haste to meet the King; and as he went
 He came unto a vineyard, with a wall
 On either side, and one strait pathway through.
 And lo! his ass stood still and would not move,
 And when her master strove to urge her on
 With blows, she crushed his foot against the wall;
 And Balaam's wrath was kindled, and again
 He smote the ass until she cried aloud,
 And chid her master that he thus should smite
 One who had served him long and faithfully.
 And Balaam marvel'd that the dumb should speak,
 Until his eyes were opened of the Lord;
 And lo, an angel stood to bar his path
 With sword in hand, and Balaam cried and said
 "I will return, for I have greatly sinned."
 Then spake the angel, "Thou shalt not return,
 But only what I tell thee shalt thou speak."
 So Balaam journey'd on to Moab's King,
 And Balaam said to Balak, "Thou shalt build
 Seven altars, while I go to meet the Lord,
 If peradventure he shall speak through me."
 And Balaam came from communing with God,
 And lifted up his voice before them all.
 "How shall I curse the people God hath blessed?
 Or how defy whom God hath not defied?
 For I have seen him from the topmost rocks,
 And from the distant hills mine eyes beheld him.
 I saw the people that shall dwell alone,
 The people that shall rule among the nations.
 How goodly are thy tents, O Israel,
 How blest, O Jacob, are thy tabernacles.
 For Jacob's sons shall spread on every side,
 And flourish even as the cedar trees
 Beside the waters. Who shall quench this people?
 Was it not God who brought him out of Egypt?
 A sceptre yet shall rise from Israel,
 And out of Jacob there shall come a star;
 Therefore his strength is like an unicorn's,
 And like some mighty lion he shall couch,
 Like a young lion he shall lift himself,
 The glorious lion of the tribe of Judah."
 Such were the words the Son of Beor spake,

As from the mountains of the Moabites
 He gazed upon the hosts of Israel.
 But Moab is our ancient enemy,
 And how can any good from Moab come?

(Enter Naomi and Ruth).

Naomi.

Good shepherd, who is owner of these sheep?

Shepherd.

My master Boaz, Prince of Bethlehem.

Naomi.

Is Boaz, Prince of Judah, still alive?

Shepherd.

Dost thou, a stranger, know my master's name?

Naomi.

In years gone by I knew thy master well.

Shepherd.

Although thou comest from an alien land,
 Thy speech is like the speech of Israel.

Naomi.

My speech is as the country of my birth,
 For I was born and lived in Bethlehem,
 Until the famine came.

Shepherd.

What is thy name?

Naomi.

My name was Naomi, but call me Mara;
 For I, who once forth with a husband went,
 Return in widowhood and bitterness,
 Alone, yet not alone; since with me comes
 One daughter who is dearer than the life.

Shepherd.

Was not thy husband named Elimelech
 The son of Jesse, kinsman unto Boaz?

Naomi.

Elimelech, son of Jesse, was my husband.

Shepherd.

If thou wast wife to that Elimelech,
 I bid thee welcome to thy native land,
 And mourn with thee at such a husband's loss.
 He was a man of valour and of might,
 And did me goodly service, in the days
 When first I tended sheep in Bethlehem.
 For every night a lion used to come
 And prowl around the fold, and seven times
 He seized the choicest ewes of all the flock,
 And bore them off before my very eyes.
 And Boaz, so it chanced, had gone away
 Upon a journey, and it grieved me sore,
 That in his absence I should lose his sheep;
 But I was helpless, being but a lad,
 And none would help me, save Elimelech.
 For all the neighbors, when they heard my tale,
 Began with one accord to make excuse,

But he, as soon as he had heard the tale,
That very night came with me to the flock,
And when the lion came, he stood his ground,
And thrust a spear an arm's length through its chest,
And slew the lion that had slain my sheep.

Naomi.

Such was my husband, bold Elimelech,
A mighty hunter he before the Lord.

Shepherd.

I would that I could do him service now
As he that day did service unto me.
Thou shalt not go to Bethlehem alone,
Being the wife of good Elimelech.
But we forthwith will bear you company,
My son and I; for double were my shame
To serve not gladly those who bear his name.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Porch of Boaz's Palace.

(Two elders, and Abimelech, the priest.)

First Elder.

I never knew a fairer harvest time,
Since that great harvest forty years ago
When Boaz, Prince of Israel, was born.
That was indeed the fairest harvest time
That I have ever seen in Bethlehem.
For all our vineyards glowed with purple grapes,
And every field was thick with ripening corn.
And men rejoiced and cried "It is the Lord,
Who looks with favor on us once again."
But most of all did Bethlehem rejoice
When in the fulness of the harvest time
A son was born to Salmon.

Second Elder.

Once again

There is the promise of abundant harvest,
But now our hearts are sad, for evil times
Have fallen on the house of Israel;
And Shiloh comes not, who we thought would come
To rule his people now and evermore.

Abimelech.

O slow of heart to think that God can err,
Or that the Lord can ever fail his people.
Shall mortal man set the appointed time
Unto the living and eternal God?
He measures not man's measurement; with him
A thousand years are but as yesterday,
And pass as swiftly as the passing night.
For man is in comparison with God
As nothing; like the shadow of a dream
That fadeth in the twinkling of an eye.

His days are as the coming of the grass
That in the morning groweth swiftly up,
At noon is cut and falleth to the ground,
And with the evening withereth away.
Yet God, who needs not help from any man
To bring about His purposes, requires
Faith from his people. Where he findeth faith
He giveth swift and sure accomplishment,
But those who doubt, delay his promised end.
For forty years, because they had not faith,
Our fathers wandered in the wilderness,
And, dying, never saw the promised land.
Faith is the ladder raised from man to God,
It is the key that opens Heaven's doors,
And makes the promises of God secure.
By faith, when God commanded Abraham
He took his only and beloved son,
And led him forth into Moriah's land
Unto a mountain told him of the Lord,
And there he built an altar and prepared
The wood in order, and had bound his son
And raised his knife to sacrifice him there;
When lo, an angel came and stayed his hand.
By faith, our father Jacob, when he heard
That Joseph was alive, arose and cried
"It is enough; for Joseph is alive
And I will go and see him ere I die."
And so, though weary with the weight of years,
He left the pleasant land of Canaan,
The land of promise, lovely in his eyes;
And journeyed down with all his company
And came to Egypt, and beheld his son.
By faith, when Moses came to manhood's years,
He chose to suffer rather than be called
The son of Pharaoh's daughter, for he knew
That God was with him. Therefore he endured,
As seeing him who is invisible;
And fearing not the wrath of Egypt's king
He kept the feast, and led his people forth
And brought them to the Sea, and raised his hand;
And when the hand of Moses was upraised,
The Great Red Sea divided, and they passed
As by a path, with walls on either hand,
And came in safety to the farther shore.
These all by faith endured, and shall receive
The promise, when the perfect day shall dawn.

Boaz.

(Enter Boaz).

Thou ever comest, good Abimelech,
A welcome guest to these my father's halls,

But never yet more welcome than today.
 For I have dreamed a strange and hidden dream,
 And I would fain thou should'st interpret it.
 Thrice have I dreamt this dream, and twice I said
 "The dream is peradventure but a chance,
 But, if I dream the self-same dream again,
 Then will I seek Abimelech the priest
 And ask him to interpret me the dream."
 Last night the vision came to me again,
 And therefore art thou doubly welcome now.

Abimelech.

Boaz. What is the dream whose coming troubleth thee?

I saw the heaven opened, as I slept,
 And from the midst and inner part thereof
 A vessel came descending, and therein
 Were unclean beasts, forbidden by our law,
 Conies and hares and swine that cleave the hoof.
 And I was hungry, yet I would not eat
 For these are all forbidden by our law,
 When, lo, I heard a voice that cried and said
 "Boaz, arise, nor fear to slay and eat."
 And when I would not—for I keep the law
 As all men know, and thou canst testify—
 I answered "nothing common or unclean
 Hath ever passed my lips." Then once again
 I heard the voice that cried to me from Heaven
 "Call not that common which the Lord hath cleansed."

Abimelech.

I do not know the meaning of the dream,
 Nor can I make interpretation now;
 But yet I think the thing is from the Lord,
 And if indeed the dream was sent by Him,
 He will in his own time interpret it.

First Elder.

What means this throng of people in the street,
 Returning as from some sad spectacle,
 With all the women weeping, and the men
 Speaking in mournful whispers?

(Enter servant.)

Servant.

Naomi,

That went away to Moab, hath returned,
 And passed but lately through the city gate.
 But she who went forth full returneth empty,
 For she has lost Elimelech, her husband,
 And her two sons are both in Moab dead.
 And I, it chanced, was walking in the field
 Outside the city gate, and others with me,
 When she approached, and one who knew her cried
 That it was Naomi, and greeted her;

And all the reapers gathered round us then,
And all the women gleaning in the field.
And all alike cried out to Naomi
And welcomed her to Bethlehem again.
But she with tears that streamed adown her face,
While all the people thronged about her, cried,
"Call me not Naomi, but call me Mara,
For I am sore afflicted of the Lord."
Then all the people cried aloud and wept,
And I wept too to see so sad a sight;
For Naomi, whom I remember well
A merry maiden in the days gone by,
Now bears the burden of the bitter years
Upon her face; her countenance is sad,
And all her former comeliness is gone.
But with her comes a daughter young in years
But ripe in wisdom, for I never saw
A maiden more discreet or dutiful.
And Benjamin thy shepherd and his son,
Who brought them on their journey since the noon,
Were full of praises for this foreign maid,
And said that Naomi had never reached
The gates of Bethlehem except for her;
With such devotion she attended her
And with such loving care relieved the way.
But when she reached the gate of Bethlehem,
And stood again in its familiar street,
She bowed her to the ground and knelt and wept.
And all the women beat upon their breasts,
And wept aloud to see her suffer so;
While all the men stood round with downcast eyes
Shunning to see so sad a spectacle.
And while she knelt and wept, she trembled so
That she had even fallen to the ground,
Had not her daughter, who was standing near
To help her, gently raised her in her arms,
And brought her once again upon her way.
And lastly, when she reached her husband's home,
And saw the place deserted, and the weeds
All thick, where once her pleasant garden was,
She lifted up her voice in lamentation
More bitter and more hopeless than before.
And there we left her, for we could not stay
To see so sad and pitiful a sight;
For I have never seen so sad a sight
As Naomi returned to Bethlehem.

Boaz.

It grieves me sore to know Elimelech
Is dead, a mighty and a valiant man

And kinsman unto me; and Naomi
 I well remember as a laughing girl
 Ere she became his wife. What can be done,
 That must I do to aid his widow's need.

Abimelech.

(Exit).

Now is the dream's dark meaning clear to see,
 For God Himself interprets it to me.

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE MASTERPIECES. III.

Carlyle on Burns (2).

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the "nine days" have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamour proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be wellnigh scorned of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable men of the eighteenth century.

Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort.

An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages.

How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself.

THE LUMP AND THE LEAVEN

By Rev. J. McCartney Wilson.

(For five years Editor of the "Messenger," London England)

The pendulum of the religious life swings, very slowly but with great regularity, between the two extremes of a bare individualism and what, as contrasted with that, we may call for the moment religious socialism. The Reformation initiated an era in which individualism predominated. The relation of each soul to God became the essential matter. Newman says somewhere that in religion there are two, and only two, factors: the soul and God. But in these days of ours the necessary reaction has been happening, and we are beginning to find that in religion a third factor is necessary, namely, the soul of our brother. Hence it follows that in our day the church is becoming more and more engrossed with the questions which lie on the social side of religion, and has therefore been ceasing to lay stress on the necessity of a personal relationship of each individual soul to God. Now we welcome the social tendencies of our day; they are necessary as complementary to the other; nevertheless it is necessary at times to lay stress on the individual side, lest it should be overlooked, and to point out that the real road to the solution of all social problems lies through the regeneration of every single soul. Both the individual and the social are necessary, but it must never be forgotten that the individual comes first.

All social questions, i. e., all problems which arise from the tendencies of great masses of human beings and their relationships to each other, are at their root only a magnifying of the tendencies of each human heart and its relationships to its fellow. There is a mountain in Germany called the Brocken; at certain times and in certain conditions of the atmosphere those who stand on the summit see huge dark figures, sinisterly threatening, moving amid the clouds above them. These spectres are very terrifying to the beholder, until he discovers that they are but the exaggerated shadows cast by himself and his friends. So it is with life. What are its insistent problems but the enlargements of our own weakness and vice, the magnified shadows cast by our sins?

Take, as an instance, the matter of war, about which so many minds are exercised today. What is it but an enlargement of the duel? The personal combat of the savage, in which any expedient was permitted and nothing was counted unfair, became gradually refined into the duel, with all its safeguards and precautions; and finally, in all highly civilized countries, it has disappeared altogether. A similar process is taking place in war. The old savagery and cruelty of war is being gradually eliminated as far as possible; dum-dum bullets are prohibited, the sick and wounded are cared for, non-combatants are protected. At some time, surely now not so far distant, barbarous war will follow the barbarous duel into the limbo where are to be found all the "old, unhappy, far-off things." But if this end is to be reached, the individual must be got at and reformed. He it is who is responsible for all this coil. If the individual Briton hates and despises the German, and longs for a war with Germany, and if the same feelings are found in the German heart, war between the two countries is inevitable. "Whence come wars and whence come fightings among you? Come hey not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and covet, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war." The first

step toward the ending of war, is to abolish hate and envy and jealousy and strife from our own hearts; when that is done, the larger problem will quickly solve itself; the fire will die for want of fuel.

Then there is a great complex of economic problems with which the state and the churches are wrestling today in a mood that at times is almost despairing. There is, in the old country, the depopulation of the rural districts; and in all countries we find the evils of bad housing, insufficient nourishment, unemployment and all the pressing questions that arise when we try to better the condition of the very poor. There can be no doubt, for anyone who looks closely into the matter, that if you trace such evils back to their roots, they spring from the greed and selfishness of the human heart. There is plenty of land for everyone, plenty of money, plenty of work, plenty of food. In this world which God has made so rich there is abundance for all. It is only because there are so many who desire and obtain more than their share that so many have to go without. And even in the multitude of cases in which a man has not more than his share, his heart desires to get and hold as much as he can without regard to his neighbor's good. Many of us who inveigh against greed are greedy ourselves. Many Socialists would immediately drop their Socialism if they could only get a large slice of pudding to themselves. And the duty that lies to the hand of the Christian church is to see to it that the hearts of those who follow Christ are cleansed of selfishness and greed. We do little good so long as we indulge in vaguely general diatribes about social problems; we must attack these questions at their root, in the individual heart of the hearer. "Thou therefore that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" Thou that sayest that a man should not grasp too much, art thou, when opportunity offers, ready to take more than thy share? Only the purified and surrendered heart can bring the right spirit to the solution of these problems.

So also with the problem of labor, the relation of labor to capital, the relation of employer and employed. In this matter, as in all others, judgment begins at the house of God. Are you, the employed, in the right attitude to your employer, or are you thinking just of yourself? If you were an employer, how would you treat your employees? If you are an employer, do not put your own interest first all the time? Every Christian conscience must be brought face to face with its own responsibility first of all; until a man has settled that, he is neither fit nor ready to deal with the solution of the same problems as they affect mankind.

So again, if we are to deal successfully with the problem of vice as it flaunts itself in our streets, or hides itself in the dark places of our great cities, we must first confront and settle the problem as it enters into our own personal life. Vice in the streets is but the larger reflection of impurity in the heart. To begin at the other end is vain. Clear away an evil, and out of the heart it will be born again, terrible and loathsome as ever. "He that is without sin among you," said the Master, "let him cast the first stone." Does the Christian, for instance, hold a different standard of purity for the man and the woman? If he does, is he not palliating this tremendous social evil, and giving it an excuse for existence? If we are to touch this question, and surely we must touch it, it must be approached with hearts surrendered to Jesus Christ and cleansed by the Holy Spirit, else our every effort will surely end in failure.

Let me touch on one more question with which the church is very directly concerned—the question of Foreign Missions. Our Lord laid upon the church the high and noble task of evangelizing the world, of preaching the Gospel to every creature. Every Christian who considers the matter must admit that the Church of Christ has been exceedingly remiss in obeying this command, and that it is very difficult to stir up the church to a sense of its duty in this matter. The great bulk of Christians care a little, and give, it may be, a little for this object. And we devise all kinds of plans for awakening the church to a sense of its duty, and stimulating the members to a far greater generosity in their gifts. The little we do is carried on with a hard struggle, and we cannot find a way to quicken the conscience of the whole church. The only way is to quicken the individual conscience. Every Christian member must be made to understand that it is his duty to be a missionary, not merely a potential, but an actual one. When a man truly loves Christ, and finds in Him the best that life has to offer, he immediately desires to tell others of the peace and joy which have come to himself. Wherever he goes, he bears this message. So the problem for the church is to turn every individual Christian into a messenger for Christ, an evangelist, a missionary, and the difficulty about missionary contributions will be immediately solved. More love to Christ in each one of us, hearts more fully surrendered to the influence of the Holy Spirit, the regeneration of the individual soul, all this is absolutely necessary for the solution of the great and complex problems which confront us today.

Hence we must bear ever in mind wherein lies the true task of the Christian church. Whilst we consider, as consider we must, all these large and difficult questions, we must strenuously insist on it that our main and fundamental task is the conversion of souls, and the bringing of them ever more fully under the purifying, cleansing and quickening influence of God's Holy Spirit. Out of the evil heart the evil world has come; the renewed heart can alone renew the old and weary world, and alone can rebuild and make glorious the ruined and desecrated City of God.

* * * * *

Love culminates in bliss when it doth reach
 A white, unflinching, fear-consuming glow;
 And, knowing it is known as it doth know,
 Needs no assuring word or soothing speech.
 It craves but silent nearness, so to rest,
 No sound, no movement, love not heard but felt,
 Longer and longer still, till time should melt,
 A snow-flake on the eternal ocean's breast.
 Have moments of this silence starred thy past,
 Made memory a glory-haunted place,
 Taught all the joy that mortal ken can trace?
 By greater light 'tis but a shadow cast,—
 So shall the Lord thy God rejoice o'er thee,
 And in His love will rest, and silent be.

—F. R. Havergal.

CHURCH UNION PROGRESS.

Presbyterian Committee Meets in Toronto.

For three days, in the middle of December, the Union Committee of the Presbyterian Church held a very important meeting in St. James Square school-room, Toronto. The attendance was large and representative of every shade of opinion and every section of the church. From British Columbia came Principal Mackay and Rev. H. R. Grant; from Alberta, Rev. W. G. Brown; from Saskatchewan, Rev. W. G. Wilson, President Murray and Mr. J. Balfour; from Manitoba, Drs. Du Val, Bryce and Gordon; from the far east, Principal McKinnon, of Halifax, and Drs. Stewart, McOdrum and MacMillan; while Ontario and Quebec were largely represented.

The delegates lost no time in getting down to business and three sessions were held each day, from 10 in the morning until 10 at night, so that when the three days were over, all felt that serious attention had been given to the task committed to them.

A full and frank discussion of every phase of the question was had and each man stated his own position as strongly as possible, yet the finest harmony prevailed throughout and all felt that whatever effect this meeting may have on the question as a whole, it has secured the most perfect understanding within our own church.

The practically unanimous favorable vote in the Congregational and Methodist churches and the large majority in our own church has produced a new situation which must be fairly faced. A good percentage of those present were strongly in favor of the fullest possible federation of all evangelical churches, retaining individual autonomy. Yet they recognized that unless the present full spirit of unity could be conserved there is no hope of achieving federation. So the practically unanimous verdict of the committee was that unless something better can be evolved out of the present negotiations, organic union must be consummated at an early date. No form of union not as heartily accepted as the present can be successfully tried, and most of those who are strongly in favor of federation now recognize that the alternative is federation or organic union. There can be no going back to the denominational rivalries of the past. Yet there were six members of the committee who plead for longer time in which to consider the whole question of Christian unity and who brought in a minority report recommending that the question of organic union should be dropped for the present and the full energies of the committee devoted to other forms of union. These were Drs. Scott, Sedgewick and Love, Rev. W. G. Brown, Rev. R. G. McBeth and Mr. Walter Paul. The committee felt that nothing can be gained by ignoring the conscientious convictions of ever a small minority and, even if organic union is consummated in the near future, some way will be found by which full justice may be done to those who may even feel compelled to remain outside of the United Church; so that instead of a bitter division in our own ranks, all may continue to work in harmony, recognizing that even if not one in outward organization, we cannot be true members of the body of Christ unless all are actuated by His Spirit.

SHORTHAND IN MODERN LIFE

By D. A. Chalmers.

(Formerly Newspaper Reporter, and afterwards Member of the Official Staff of Legal Shorthand-Writers, Supreme Court, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Sometimes people amuse themselves by imagining what the twentieth century would be like without telegraph, telephone, typewriter, and the various other mechanical devices which shorten or lengthen time (according to the viewpoint) and expedite the business and other procedure of an age that seems in danger of being mainly utilitarian, hurrying and worrying, and also largely luxury-loving.

But in the business world today there is extensively practised an art which, if it could be suddenly obliterated from the minds and memories of men and women, and also from all books, would lead to an experience in business circles which would quite justify the writing of a special record that might be entitled "When It Was Dark"—in the business world. For it is simple truth that to take shorthand out of commercial and business life generally, and particularly that system of shorthand developed, if not invented largely through the patience and genius of Sir Isaac Pitman, would seriously disorganize the conditions of work by retarding all clerical procedure.

Shorthand is one of the greatest boons of modern life, and in the world of work it is pleasant to find men recognizing and honoring the memory of the man who by years of patient study and practical inventive genius, did so much to advance its usefulness. At the same time, too, it is well to be able to recall the fact that while he still lived in this sphere of toil and training his work and worth were acknowledged by the biggest earthly "powers that be."

As a vehicle of expression which is "quick as thought," Pitman's Phonography is of immeasurable value in literary work of various kinds; for there are few men with anything like Macaulay-memories, and not many who, like one of our Vancouver daily-press editors, can reproduce a full and fair record of an address or discussion from the grey matter of his brain, without taking many, if any, manual notes.

Different Kinds of Shorthand Work

The use of shorthand for correspondence work is familiar to all; and it is equally well known for its utility in press work in taking notes or making summaries of lectures, addresses, and even of after-dinner speeches.

But it is probably in parliamentary or legal work that the severest tests come to the shorthand-writer; for in court work, (as formerly done in the Supreme Court of Scotland, at least) the legal scribe has a task which is, in strain of brain, and in need of mental alertness, not secondary to that of any one engaged in the onerous duties inseparable from court cases. The custom there was to take evidence "Question and Answer" and then in dictating one's notes to assistants, to turn the evidence into narrative form,—as if the witness were telling the story—unless, of course, where the question was such or was so phrased that it would not be fair to the witness or the side he represented to put his assent or dissent to counsel's question in narrative form.

With Court reporters, as in parliamentary work, we believe the method has been practised of having an assistant who read and dictated the notes of evidence taken in court by his chief; though it will be understood that, when evidence is taken at a high rate of speed and probably, as in shipping and other

cases, involving the use of technical terms, it is a fair and creditable task for the shorthand writer himself clearly and unhesitatingly to decipher and dictate in narrative form his record of the fast fluency of some expert witness.

In this connection, it may not be out of place to note that one Scottish Judge is credited with having said that there were three kinds of non-truth tellers: (1) Strangers to the truth; (2) Unmentionable strangers to the truth; and (3) Expert witnesses.

But whatever light any particular legal luminary may shed upon them, "expert witnesses" usually provide no light work for the official shorthand-writer. It is not only that they are free and easy with technical terms in the matter under dispute, but in cross-examination they are seldom willing to answer a question with "Yes" or "No" without adding a qualifying and often long-winded explanation beginning with "but," by which they seek to belittle, if not to nullify, the value of the admission wrung from them by the opposing counsel.

General Proficiency and Rates of Speed

Knowledge of shorthand is reckoned a commonplace thing nowadays, but it may fairly be questioned if proficiency in the art is so general as to make that commonplace. As with other things in life, people are apt when they understand its principles, to cheapen its value; forgetting that understanding its principles and practising them fully may be very different things, and necessitate vastly different levels of training and experience. To know the "elements" as expounded in the "Teacher" (of other days) is one thing; to have got beyond the "Reporter's Companion" stage, and to have had the experience of the expert that makes one feel master of the average speaker is quite another.

It may fairly be doubted if, out of the legion of clerical workers in any large city who readily claim "shorthand" among their qualifications, any very considerable percentage would be found who can report a fairly moderate public speaker and at once reproduce their notes with tolerable accuracy—to say nothing of a reproduction to which they would be prepared to swear as verbatim. In expert shorthand work, as in other lines of effort "there is plenty of room at the top."

Certified rates of speed in shorthand-writing have been remarkably raised within the past twenty-five years. It may be recalled how Mr. Bernard de Bear secured the first Pitman's certificate for two hundred words per minute, and was, if we remember aright, presented with a gold watch by Sir Isaac Pitman. In later years, we believe, a younger man, by constant practice, was able to display the exceptional quickness of brain and dexterity of movement which resulted in his obtaining a certificate for two hundred and fifty words per minute. In each case, we think the tests were for the usual Pitman-certificate time of ten minutes, with a small percentage of errors allowed.

Considering that official shorthand-writing in the law courts is not like these certificate tests, set for so many minutes, but may be continued for nearly as many hours, we have no hesitation in saying that court work is the most arduous kind of shorthand work that any man can undertake. In the Supreme Court of Scotland at any rate, it was not unusual for the Court to sit taking evidence from six to eight hours a day with a break of not more than half an hour for lunch. Besides, Court reporters were liable to be asked at any moment to read their notes of evidence in Open Court.

A Legal Speed Record

As to actual checkings of speed rates, we have reason to believe that on one occasion a "Hearing" was taken by a Court reporter and the time of Counsel's delivery noted and afterwards compared with the record of the speech when it was found that the words had been taken at the rate of 220 words per minute.

In some kinds of legal work fast speaking may be excusable; and one of the most fluent and at the same time clear and untiring speakers we ever heard was Mr. Clyde, K.C., (who is, we think, now a Judge in that Supreme Court). That gentleman certainly had a power of English expression which was remarkable, and which was calculated to test the most expert and longest-experienced shorthand-writers on the official staff. We should not be surprised to know that he has, in many "Hearings" in the Scottish Supreme Court, spoken at a rate in the neighborhood of 250 words and over per minute, and kept it up for much longer than the time taken in any arranged shorthand-certificate tests. There were, of course, quite a number of rapid speakers engaged at the bar of the Supreme Court; though a few outstanding men were more deliberate; and the writer recalls Mr. Shaw (afterwards Lord Advocate, etc.) on one occasion in cross-examination interrupting a very garrulous woman witness with the remark: "If you will go a little slower, we will get on a little faster!"

Genial and gentlemanly as Counsel and Court almost invariably are, there are apt to be times when "cross-examination" would justify special emphasis on the "cross." On the other hand, one of the most curious and sometimes amusing things about Court cases is the very different impressions or versions that will be given by different witnesses of the same circumstances, events or transactions, in which they have in some manner been concerned. To the reflective mind this is, of course, a reminder of the many-sidedness of Truth, and also of the pitiable, distorted and often otherwise-supplemented impressions of actual occurrences, discussions, etc., that may be given by individual persons through personal prejudice, through one-sided gossip with interested parties between the time of the events and the court procedure, and from lack of exercise of anything like clear or careful physical or mental vision.

The values of shorthand work and press experience generally in their power of inculcating attention and accuracy in details, are, perhaps, not secondary to legal training itself, and, to do them justice would need an article to themselves.

NEW YEAR CONFIDENCE

("I will trust and not be afraid" Isaiah, XII:2)

"Sunshine and shadow have mingled
 In the year that has passed away;
 Sunshine and shadow will mingle,
 In the year that we meet to-day.
 But hand in hand with the Master,
 We fear not what it may bring,
 He knows, He cares, and He loves us,
 And God is in everything!"

EDITOR'S PAGE

OUR SISTER CONTINENT—ANOTHER WORLD TO CONQUER

In these days of speedy transits, engineering feats, and wireless telegraphy, men talk as if the globe were becoming a very small place to them, and certainly it seems as if many of her great secrets were being wrung from nature and used or exploited for the benefit of the race who may all alike speak of "mother earth."

But in the great and gracious purposes of the All-Wise, it seems as if many of us are to be reminded, as never before, that there is a large part of a vast continent—a fair portion of the *earth* surface of our world indeed—countries vaster than either the United States or Canada, taken separately, most of which still awaits civilizing and Christianizing influences.

Years ago General Booth impressed the English-speaking world with his "In Darkest England and the Way Out"—a sad commentary, and yet a great sermon on the inherent weakness of humanity, which no merely "civilized" conditions can meet, and eloquent evidence that "Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game"—in other words, that men, whether or not they like the phrase, must undergo a process of "conversion," be "born again." Livingstone, Stanley, Gordon, Kitchener, and the names of many others are indelibly recorded in history in connection with the opening to light of the "Dark Continent" of Africa; but were only a fraction true of what the intrepid explorer, G. Whitfield Ray, F. R. G. S., has told us of the conditions in the larger part of our great sister continent South America, there would be in his story, there would be in the conditions, a challenge to the heroism of the race.

From the lips of one of our own western students—Mr. J. R. Craig, a young Scotsman who spent three or four years doing pioneering missionary work in some of the South American Republics—many Vancouver people have ere this been given some indication at first hand of the state of affairs obtaining there. But Mr. Craig's story, though of living interest, was but as a page to a book compared with what we have heard in these days from one who, in tone and fluency of utterance, not less than in subject-matter, is a speaker of arresting and compelling power.

South America may be divided into three parts: (1) the comparatively small portion in the coast cities, civilized, with a civilization that is agnostic or (as the lecturer termed it) atheistic in its attitude to

religion; (2) a large portion living in a combination of superstition and a degraded Roman Catholicism; and (3) a third and largest part containing millions of square miles of unexplored land, and in many parts teeming with savages in conditions probably more debased than that found to exist in any other part of the earth. In proof of that little more need be noted than that there is a race that buries its old people alive, and kills all children born in a family beyond two.

The explorer's story has only to be heard to thrill the heart and exercise the mind of any sane man. With all that, he gives ample evidence that nature there is lavish in her provisions for the nurture of mankind; and that her beauties of scenery are unsurpassed in any other part of the world, and, indeed in many respects unequalled. In that great continent there are mountains which make the "Rockies" insignificant; there is a waterfall (which few white men have yet seen) which is greater than Niagara; and there are other natural wonders of mother earth which might well make men admire, marvel, and worship.

Two things in particular must impress people outstandingly after hearing such lectures as those given by the author of "Through Five Republics on Horseback." One is the attitude in those countries of the Roman Catholic Church—or of a body or society which was an off-shoot from it, and is, we gather, in some way still connected with it—towards all civilizing and humanizing influences. Whatever our differences, we cherish no ill-will towards the great Roman Catholic Church, for, after all, with that Church, or at least with some of the best and most advanced men in it, we have much in common: but if only half of the verifiable allegations made against the men—it would be abuse of language to say "priests"—who officiate somehow in its name, were true there would still be clamant need for a "redding-up;" need for an organized and determined onslaught being made on the superstition, lust, and insatiable greed that keeps the better part of a continent of people under the grinding heel of an institution, or an ecclesiasticism which maintains a race in what is little better, and evidently often worse than heathen darkness, while desecrating the sacred story and name of Christianity by associating it with such a travesty. When one gathers that the men acting in the name of the "Church" are not only among the most profligate themselves, but that they are ready to make their knowledge "Procuress to the Lords of Hell," we feel afresh the force and the justice of the exclamation: "O Religion, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Yes, but unlike some others, we do not stop there. We believe

that the cruelties and unnatural crimes of "dark ages" associated with "the Church," in Europe as elsewhere, are to be attributed or traced only to the weakness or wickedness in the heart of man; and to misinterpretation or misapplication of the recorded letter of the Christianity of the Christ, the Spirit of which and of Whom can alone restore or uplift "fallen" or degraded humanity to the path of health and holiness (wholeness) physical, mental, and spiritual, which leads to a life in which God shall indeed dwell with man; for by a process, slow but sure as nature's greatest, the Spirit of the Eternal will have His yielding and obedient creatures become in very deed "sons of God."

Reader, is the gladness and the glory to be yours of becoming a worker in the conquest of this great new world? Who will join in a rallying cry—"South America for Christ!"

That question indeed touches the second thing that must impress all, namely the need for workers in the cause of genuine Christianity.

The explorer's story is one which should make any "live" young man filled and thrilled with an ideal of service to humanity through Christianity, wish that he had, not one but 100 lives; and that he could, with each of them influence another 100 equally ardent young men to join him in organizing a force that should begin the re-conquest of that great land.

Why should not the Anglo-Saxon peoples provide such a band?—nay, such bands? Why should not Britain, Germany, and the United States be and become indeed united states in the greatest and grandest of all world-wars—the fighting and overthrowing of the "Powers of Darkness?"—call them "Sin," or what you will, but recognize the facts!—in that land which, in many ways, is truly an earthly paradise where men, originally "of one blood," are like unto the wild animals of the forest and the merciless creatures of the slime—whether or not they have merely "fallen" from a higher earthly civilization or descended to such degradation from the spirit-barred gates of a Heaven-visited and Heaven-blessed Eden.

May it be so! May Anglo-Saxondom unite to fight this very real devil of inhumanity, superstition, and worse-than-heathen or Egyptian death-dealing Darkness! Then, perhaps before the twentieth century ends—ay, possibly before this generation has passed away—there will be occasion to write a new history entitled not "The Conquest of Mexico," but "The Conquest of South America for the Master of Men."

To our young men readers who are still free to choose, we earnestly commend "South America" as a subject and a place for their serious consideration regarding their life-work.

TOWARDS WORLD PEACE—WESTERN CANADA POINTS THE WAY

In a Farthest Western Church court in the middle of this month of January, 1913, there was brought up publicly a document, the terms and spirit of which all peace-loving citizens of Christendom should indeed rejoice to see permeate the civilized world.

That the court at which the Peace manifesto was introduced was connected with the Presbyterian Church, and that the mover and seconder of the motion connected with the document were men conspicuous in the western life of that community (Principal Mackay and Dr. Fraser) does not signify that the peace manifesto was in any sense of sectarian origin. On the contrary, we have reason to know that its terms have been endorsed by some representatives of other churches, and we believe the spirit, if not the letter, of it, needs only to be known to win the hearty approval of all churchmen, of the thoughtful men of all political parties, and indeed of all worthy citizens of the world.

Not only was the peace manifesto heartily and unanimously endorsed by the church court referred to, but it was decided that copies should be sent to all the clerks of all kindred courts, and that they should be asked to take action on it at their first meeting and convey the result of their action to the Premier and to the leader of the Opposition in the Dominion parliament, as well as to the local members in each case.

As we are sure that many will be interested in the peace manifesto in question, we think it well to reproduce a copy in these pages:

PEACE MANIFESTO

Whereas the Parliament of Canada is soon to decide its attitude to Naval armaments and

Whereas there is a growing opinion among thinking men that war between civilized peoples is a relic of barbarism, as absurdly out of place in the Twentieth century as it is wasteful and wicked; and

Whereas the loss of life and physical suffering entailed by war falls largely upon the producing classes, and the resulting sorrow and bitter struggle for existence upon their wives and helpless children; and

Whereas the immediate duty of civilized nations is to right the wrongs of the vast numbers within their own borders who are handicapped by poverty and harsh economic conditions; and

Whereas the immense sums now being spent on armaments would, if otherwise employed, vastly lessen the poverty of the civilized world; and

Whereas the development of the United States has been made possible by drawing upon the population of all sections of Europe, and the development of Canada depends upon her ability to draw largely upon the same sources; and

Whereas because of the complete inter-dependence of the world's financial and commercial centres, a great European war would produce practical industrial paralysis in the United States and Canada with its attendant frightful loss and suffering;

THEREFORE, we believe that the time has come in the history of Christian civilization when a serious inquiry should be made by the nations of the world as to the necessity of war. In order to secure this inquiry we would suggest the following procedure to the Parliament of Canada now in session:

1. That both parties unite in a Declaration which will make it quite clear to all the world that while Great Britain should exhaust every possibility in order to avoid the awful catastrophe of a European war, yet should such a war result, Canada is ready to stand or fall with the Empire.
2. That the Parliament of Canada should approach the President and Congress of the United States, looking towards joint action in making overtures to the European nations, to call at once a Council of their representatives to consider afresh their international relations. This council should proceed with an exhaustive investigation of the causes of the present situation, and should honestly and earnestly seek to find some method of adjusting international differences more in harmony with the spirit of modern civilization, and recognizing the fact that the ties that bind all people into one world family are now so many and so intricate that no two nations can even prepare for war without seriously affecting all others. The refusal of any European nation to enter such a conference, being an unfriendly act, may be followed by economic penalties, such as a surtax on its commerce with the United States and Canada.
3. That it be arranged by the United States and Canada that as soon as an understanding has been arrived at between European Powers, they will call a Council representing the world's powers, to establish a permanent court for the settlement of international disputes by reason and righteousness and not by blind passion and brute force.

CHURCH LIFE AND WORK

To Those Whom It May Concern.

We think it well to remind ministers and other officials who may act for churches, societies or religious bodies in the work of which our publication is naturally interested, that one way in which to ensure that some notice of any special function or arranged event of general interest shall not be overlooked in these pages, is that they send an intimation in good time to our publishing office at 1600 Barclay street, Vancouver, and (if it is needed in attendance) an honorary or complimentary ticket of admission which, for the press, is usually made to admit two.

To all men who are really awake to the channels of activity in the present age, it should be entirely unnecessary to say one word about the value of the press and reasonable publicity as affecting church work and the religious life generally. To this, as to some other things, churchmen in some quarters may have been slow to awaken, but we believe they are awake, and surely this is so in the "live" West of all places.

Lest there are some in official positions whose knowledge of the place and prestige of the press is still limited, we may add that practical experience of press work proves that pressmen have usually far more complimentary or honorary invitations to functions than they can well give attention to, and have, in that respect, as in others, to use their judgment about putting first things first.

At the same time churchmen generally may rely on our seeking to give anything and everything bearing on church life and work as much attention and space as is possible, consistently with equally due consideration and regard for the work of our other departments.

The Church's Social Work.

Those men, whether in official positions or elsewhere who, with light-tripping tongues, scoff at the practical work of ministers and the churches generally, might have found themselves silenced, if not shamed, had they been in attendance at the Westminster Presbytery meeting this month and heard the various proposals outlined by Dr. Taylor in connection with emigration-chaplaincy work, social settlements and rescue homes.

There is nothing easier and more congenial to some small minds than to pick faults and failings in the works and ways of men who publicly devote themselves to ideal service; but we think that a fair examination of the church organizations of the present day will demonstrate that the men at the helms are both anxious and eager not to ignore the practical difficulties that beset the work of the uplifting of the race.

Of course it will always be easy to say to all who set the Christian ideal before them: "Thus you preach, and so you practise;" for when men take for their standard that of the Christ, they must always fall short here of its perfection.

Most churchmen recognize that all true progress in the social, as well as in the individual, life must come from within, and sometimes because they work so energetically for inward renovation they are apt to be misinterpreted or misunderstood in connection with the attention they give to the outward means of regeneration. This is perhaps where or why many labour organizations fail to support the churches more directly: Some such societies say, in effect, to ministers and others, "All or nothing; come with us all the way—adopt and adapt our methods to your social work, or we will have none of you."

Nevertheless, all thinking churchmen must be in favor of all that would tend to lighten the lot of labour, and to inaugurate more enlightened laws and conditions for the welfare of the men whose work is mainly muscular and manual, though when all is reckoned, they are probably not the hardest-wrought workers of the world.

Speaking to Be Heard.

"If the brethren are not to speak out, I am going home." So said one member of the Westminster Presbytery at the meeting in mid-January.

There is no question that at such meetings the discussion sometimes tends to degenerate into an informal kind of conversational affair, which may be intelligible and "followable" only to those previously acquainted with the details or intricacies of any case under discussion; and it would be well for most of the "brethren" to make a practice of going to the front of the audience, and then speaking, if not in pulpit tones, at least in a clearer and somewhat louder tone than many of them adopt.

A man hardly needs acquaintance with press work, and to have the responsibility upon him of bringing back a report of the proceedings, to justify a feeling of annoyance arising at the undertones and cross currents of conversational address sometimes indulged in by members of deliberative assemblies; and ministerial bodies, being but men, are as liable to fall into that error as the members of other public councils and societies.

As legibility is of the first importance in handwriting, clearness of utterance is of prime consequence in speaking. For speakers to fail in that respect is to run the risk of being tedious and tiresome to others in their address, however interesting or important their subject-matter may be in itself.

A New Meeting Place.

The Presbytery of "Westminster" which, by the way, takes in Northern British Columbia as far as Prince Rupert and Stewart, and even the Yukon Territory, usually meets in St. Andrew's Church Hall, Richards Street, Vancouver. The regular meetings take place about the middle of the month. This month (January), however, the Presbytery met in the new St. Andrew's Church, North Vancouver, and we understand that the "brethren" were entertained to luncheon there. There was a congregational banquet in the Church the same evening. Intimation or invitation reached us too late to enable us to arrange to send a representative to either function.

Ministers and other church workers are no doubt busy; but it may be in place to note that they cannot well have more matters engaging their attention than fall to the lot of the literary and business management of this Magazine, and while we do not wish to omit due notice of any church function—"social, literary, or religious" of general interest, it is a sine qua non that we get timely notice thereof.

"Fathers and brethren," elders and managers, and other laymen in office, please take note!

Ministerial Resignations.

At the regular meeting of Westminster Presbytery, held on 14th January, the resignations were submitted of Rev. Mr. Douglas, of Chilliwack, and also of Rev. Mr. Collins, New Westminster. Action falls to be taken later.

Taking Religion Seriously.

If one were asked to mention off-hand some of the things that most impress a man who commits himself definitely to "church membership" somewhat late in early manhood, one thing emphasised would have to be the comparatively small attendance at pre-communion services. That was one of the first things that surprisingly and disappointingly impressed the writer of these notes when he first attended a pre-communion service in St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh, quite a number of years ago now, though at that time Revs. Drs. Whyte and Hugh Black were then jointly in charge of the congregation.

Church Business Meetings.

The same lack of due interest is suggested by attendance at annual meetings of the churches. Only the faithful few, comparatively speaking, put in an appearance. In this connection, it may be allowed that many of the younger church members have not the business interests or the experience of years, which more readily fits and disposes others, to show some concern in these practical affairs. But, after all, church membership should carry with it a responsibility which should not cease or be satisfied with the exercise of interest in only one department of church life and work.

The Work of Church Management.

Church managers and other officials who take their work seriously, whether their church is a "down-town," "west-end," suburban, or country one, may do real service to the Great Cause—service which is not the less valuable in that it is not of the kind that calls for much public notice, or any street-corner meetings.

It is to be feared that in the churches, as elsewhere, there is a fair-sized section of folks who stay outside of official bodies, and whose share in the work is of the critical kind only. Perhaps the best thing that could happen to such members would be their appointment to the onerous duties of office. These remarks are not made with any particular case in mind, or with special application to Vancouver and the West merely.

On the other hand it is to be feared that there are many fervent evangelical Christians who do not give business men and others the credit they merit for taking an intelligent and careful concern in the welfare of some church body. Christianity, after all, is as much for those who "wear fine linen and fare sumptuously every day" as for the inhabitants of any slumdom, and according to their circumstances, the former may need looking after spiritually just as much as (and sometimes possibly more than) the latter. That a man has the means of allowing his wife to wear a new bonnet or hat to church every Sunday is no guarantee that he or she, or any of their circle need the Christianity of Christ less than others. Religion has to do with the renewing of the heart-life, and that is as necessary for those who live in west-end mansions and ride in automobiles as for "the man in the street," travellers in tram cars, and other poorer bodies (though not necessarily poorer souls) who wend most of the weary ways of life afoot.

The Envelope System.

In further reference to living interest in the church, though we have had some experience of and connection with the Established Church of Scotland, we think that, in a voluntary church, membership should carry with it, as inevitably as the certificate of membership itself, a box of envelopes by the use of which each member should be trained to contribute with regularity, something, even if it be only five cents per week;—each member, that is, who has any income or settled position at all, no matter how humble. If a person hesitates to commit himself even to a small sum, the question may fairly arise—What is his religion worth practically? and for a man to say “I shall wait and see what balance I have, or what I have to spare,” is like saying, “I shall wait and see what the Giver of All will give me and then I shall consider what pittance I can give back to the carrying on of His work!”

The Publicity of Names.

At one annual meeting in mid-January an interesting discussion took place as to the question of publishing a list quarterly with the names of contributors and amounts given noted. Objection was taken to the publishing of the names, some holding that it should be sufficient to give the envelope numbers. Finally a compromise arrangement was proposed and approved, whereby it was agreed that the envelope numbers and amounts should be printed but not names.

Of course contributions to church support, like some other things, should be entirely a matter between the individual soul and the “Giver of All,” and if contributors put any conscience into the matter at all, it may be questioned as to why anyone need be concerned about Who Knows.

On the other hand a very good reason was given against publishing the names and amounts, though it is one which reflects somewhat deplorably on the human comparisons which are apt to influence detrimentally other interests in life, and which will even “creep and intrude and climb into the fold!” It seems that some poor souls, rich in gold, are in danger of reckoning their giving, not by asking themselves: “What have I received; what do I deserve; and How much can I spare?” But rather—“What does Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so give?”

The more fully men and women come to realize that religion is primarily a personal thing between “God and Thyself,” the less likely are they to have any difficulty or hesitation in contributing regularly by envelope system, for they will remember that they are concerned, not merely with a quarterly record-sheet, however arranged or printed, but with Him “from Whom we all derive—our life, our gifts, the power to give.”

Appointment.

As we go to press, we learn that Rev. J. A. Dow, late of Powell River, has been appointed to take charge of Dundas Street Congregation, Vancouver, for one year. This congregation has now the status of an ordained field.

AROUND THE HALL

Memories.

As our ambition is not to issue a publication the news portions of which shall have nothing to do with the date which it bears, Christmas (1912) will have passed into history, and the New Year will be well begun ere these notes appear in type. But it is only fitting that we enroll a line of happy record in this issue of the festive season that has gone. Among the greatest boons of the Christmas and New Year holidays are the happy memories that are so often left behind in all well-regulated homes and communities.

What not a few men whose lines have fallen within these halls and dormitories have on more than one occasion said in due compliment of this Farthest West "Westminster Hall"—situated as it is, near the far-famed Stanley Park, Vancouver City, B. C.—has been true in the experience of quite a number of men now. The College has been their "Home" in a fairly full sense.

At no time are we so much reminded of this as at the Christmas season, and the Christmas dinner of 1912 will be remembered by the men who have had some years' experience of the Hall as an occasion when Christmas fare was provided which should leave no reasonable man the least occasion to cavil at the arrangements. However radical young men may be in politics, we are all in many ways apt to become more conservative with increasing experience of life—we are always tempted to compare the good of a former day with the conditions of the present; and in experience of the Hall some men have already had occasion to hark back to the days of the first matron, Mrs. Garnham, who was a lady esteemed and liked by all the Boys. To say that the present matron, Miss Loudoun, who was present at the first Christmas dinner provided under her supervision, is proving in every way a worthy successor to Mrs. Garnham, leaves little more to be said—unless it be that her office and duties are greater in that the work and responsibility have much increased since the former days, for there is now to be considered, not only the enlarged "Hall," but also the "Annex" fully occupied by students.

Perhaps a line of reminiscence is not out of place. So rapidly has the institution grown, that already, of the total number of students who have been and who are connected with the College, the number is comparatively small of those who were present at the Christmas dinner, say, in 1909, when Captain and Mrs. Logan (now of Agassiz) not only were responsible for the provision of the main bounties, but themselves attended, and with Principal and Mrs. Mackay, made up something of a family party at the Hall. At that time, too, we had with us Mrs. E. I. Menzies (nee Chalmers), missionary of Wenchow, Cheh-kiang, China, sister of one then engaged as secretary and librarian at the Hall, and now associated with the life and work of this Magazine. Mrs. Menzies was returning to China from furlough in the Old Country, and came by Canada to visit her brother and other friends in the East and in Calgary.

On checking recollections with others, it seems that though we have now something like 40 or 50 men connected with the Hall in the winter preparatory term itself, apart from extra-mural students, or students who live outside, and

other men on the mission field (and not counting the men of the Anglican Colleges who attend our Arts classes), only the following list of men now connected with the Hall, were then in residence: J. H. Buchanan, D. A. Chalmers, C. C. Inglis (at present officiating at Okanagan Landing, B. C.), J. Leslie, J. Y. McGookin, A. McIver, A. McLean, T. S. Paton, W. Taylor, and B. M. Wallace.

Though for most of these ten men that was their first year-end at the western coast of this great new Homeland:

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
And silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.

Some may hold that the last two lines should give place to other two from another stanza of the same poem:

A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At any rate, calmly, happily, and "home-like-ly" passed our Christmas day. We had no speeches, but Mrs. Mackay presided at the piano, and appropriate songs and hymns were sung. If we thought of the "home folks"—and who did not?—we had no occasion to feel strangers in an alien land. We were "at home from home." Some folk may understand that better when it is noted that nine of these ten men are Scotsmen. The tenth man hailed from the Emerald Isle. No doubt all of them are now "United Empire Loyalists," to use the term with a modern significance.

So twines memory round the past.

A Time for Good Cheer and Reflection—Not for Speeches

Christmas dinner at the Hall in 1912 left nothing to be desired in the way of good cheer, and an extra supply of fruit, sent specially for the students by the Principal, was added to the Matron's goodly provisions for her large family of growing "Boys" with big appetites. In the temporary absence of the Dean of Residence on the football field, the president of this winter's students' council occupied the presiding chair, and called upon various men for impromptu speeches. Gordon, as a speaker he called upon at the last social remarked, has a good deal of the Irish "blarney" about him and, indeed, like "Father O'Flynn" has "a terrible way with him."

Various excuses for not making speeches were given the chairman on the spur of the moment: one man was "too full for utterance;" another (an Irishman, of course) said that "he was a man of action, not words at that season"—and forthwith resumed dining operations; while still another (a hard-working Scottish student) admitted that he was not "quite awake yet." All passed off in good humour, however, and however tired the men were—and many of them must have been tired after the examination and other work, and football and other play of that day and previous days and evenings—no one wished to cherish a grudge or knowingly hurt the feelings of any one else. It was indeed, as it should ever be, a happy Christmas dinner party; and if there was abundance and to spare to leave "a good taste in the mouth" physically, it may be believed that no man carried away any other than pleasant pictures to place in the halls of memory.

To one man, who apparently has not been attending First Presbyterian Church without benefitting, belongs the honour, on this informal occasion, of

striking, in spoken words, the best and happiest chord, though it was a chord which must have been kindred to one vibrating in the hearts of many of the men whose homes were originally, or still are, in Eastern Canada or the Older Homelands. A. B. Dustan, who has already won for himself a place as one of the best-natured, friendliest, and sensible fellows about the Hall, spoke of Home, and Home's memories and inspirations which came to all at such a time.

The "Vanished Hand" and the "Voice That is Still"—or Absent

Even in a Christian College it takes some men a long time (so complex and intricate a thing is human character) to become so well acquainted that they open to each other what may be called the inner sanctum of the individual life; and most men of thought, aspiration, and ideal, no doubt have an inner shrine, the curtain of which is not to be cast aside before any uncouth and careless (however familiar) friend who has not himself a memory-haunted "Holy of Holies," nor knows aught of the reverent sympathy which is essential for fitness even to approach these thrice-hallowed heart-enclosures. But when Dustan spoke of the inspiration of Home—though he did so in only a few sentences—we believe there could not well be one man in the company who had not some one to think of: Perhaps it was in dear dead days which live forever in memory associated with a mother, a sister, or someone not less loved. Happy—blessed indeed—is the man who is never ashamed to speak of his Home and his Mother, however humble or homely (in the more common Canadian use of that word) either may have been to other eyes!

Whether or not it seem contradictory to say so, such men are on the earthly Imperial Highway which leads to the Palace of the Great King; for they are learning that the Gateway of Life is God-ordained, and that, rightly used, all experiences and conditions which are inherited, are meant to lead human souls to "rise on stepping stones . . . to higher things."

A man need not be less patriotic in that he is more cosmopolitan. This old world may yet see the day when men shall so fully recognise that they are "of one blood," and that "One is their Master," that they shall not only (in Tennyson's injunction) with the passing years "Ring out false pride in place and blood," but say with another:

"All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love:
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee—
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

The Latest Social.

This month's notes would not be complete without a reference to the last social at the Hall. Dr. Taylor makes an ideal chairman. Mr. J. W. Woodside was the "visiting pastor" of the evening, and gave us a neat little speech, like his natural self, brimful of good humour and the joy of living. Mr. Woodside's statement that some of the most important parts of a college course were obtained independently of the regular curriculum, echoed an experience which is no doubt general among students. In so far as that had reference to the ladies, the speaker did not leave his meaning in any doubt; but his remarks were equally true as applied to other departments of life.

In addition to Mrs. Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Burch and Mrs. Woodside graced the function with their presence.

A Letter from Edinburgh

As we went to press last month we welcomed a letter from "John T." (McNeill) in Edinburgh. Though it was a personal communication, the Hall men will be interested to know that our last session's valedictorian wrote: "I am much pleased with Edinburgh, and have a number of good friends already. Dr. Pidgeon and Mr. Wilson ("R. J.," of course) addressed the students of the New College the other day and had a very favourable reception. Logan (Harry the Rhodes scholar), and I are much together."

Of course, "John T." sends his best regards to all friends in the Hall.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

I wish that there were some wonderful place
 Called the Land of Beginning Again,
 Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
 And all our poor, selfish grief
 Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
 And never put on again.

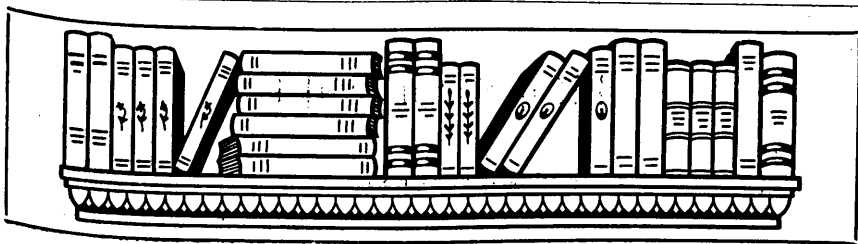
I wish we could come on it all unaware,
 Like the hunter that finds a lost trail;
 And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
 The greatest injustice of all
 Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
 For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do,
 But forgot, and remembered—too late,
 Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
 And all of the thousand and one
 Little duties neglected that might have perfected
 The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
 In the Land of Beginning Again;
 And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
 Their moments of victory here
 Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
 More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
 And what had seemed loss would be gain,
 For their isn't a sting that will not take wing
 When we've faced it and laughed it away;
 And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
 In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
 Called the Land of Beginning Again,
 Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
 And all our poor, selfish grief
 Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
 And never put on again. —British Weekly.



THE BOOK SHELF

"THROUGH FIVE REPUBLICS ON HORSEBACK."

Again and again we are reminded that "truth is stranger than fiction;" and to those who care to have this demonstrated to them by hard facts served up in a form which must be much more interesting than a novel to any person taking an intelligent concern in our world-home, we strongly recommend the perusal of "Through Five Republics on Horseback" by G. Whitfield Ray, F.R.G.S. (William Briggs, Toronto; \$1.00 and \$1.25).

The first thing that appeals to a scrutineer of the book is the wording of the dedication of it: "To my mother, who taught me simple faith, and to my father who taught me to show my faith by my works."

Mr. Ray, as all who have heard his lectures open-mindedly must have felt, has certainly shown his faith by his works; he gave up all the comforts of civilization, endured hardship and privation, and dared death itself among savages in South America to do missionary and exploring work. His story, or rather the short summary of it, was enough to call forth repeatedly the plaudits, and rouse the questioning wonder of the crowd of keen men from all departments of business life, and of all shades of political views, who make up the membership of the Vancouver Canadian Club, the members of which entertained him to lunch on 20th January.

We hope to be able to give a due review of this book another month. Meanwhile time and space only permit us to quote the following facts from "A Preliminary Word:"

"South America is pre-eminently the coming continent. It is more thinly settled than any other part of the world. At least six million miles of its territory are suitable for immigrants—double the available territory of the United States."

"The economic possibilities of South America cannot be over-estimated. It is a continent of vast and varied possibilities. There are still districts as large as the German Empire entirely unexplored, and tribes of Indians who do not yet know that America has been 'discovered.'"

"For centuries priestcraft has had everything its own way all over the continent, and is now at last yielding to outside pressure, but with desperate resistance."

"La Razon, an important newspaper of Trujillo, in a recent issue says: 'In homage to truth, we make known with pleasure that the ministers of Protestantism have benefited this town more in one year than all the priests and friars of the Papal sect have done in three centuries.'"

ECHOES OF LIFE

WELCOME LETTERS

One of the pleasures of Magazine management that counterbalances to some extent, the harassing phases of the work, is the letters that arrive from those interested in the publication and the ideal it seeks to represent.

Some people are averse to writing letters. It is a common saying "Oh, see the man and talk it over and arrange matters"; and no doubt it is often true in business dealings that the conversational method will sometimes serve the end more satisfactorily. On the other hand, letters usually reveal the character fairly fully. If it be true that words "half reveal and half conceal the soul within" in written words a phrase or turn of a sentence will sometimes indicate the deep sincerity (or shallowness, as the case may be) of the writer's mind.

The Moderator's Impress

Though the writer has had the pleasure and privilege of meeting the Rev. Dr. McQueen, the present Moderator of the General Assembly, more than once, a short letter he sent covering his recent "Message" revealed his character more fully. His words, and terse pointed sentences, somehow suggested a bracing breeze from the prairie, and in other ways reflected more clearly the strong personality who has done so much for the Great Cause in the capital city of Alberta. Through that short but happily-phrased communication we understood better the rugged strength and genuine heartening humour of the man which have enabled him to make so great an impress on western church life and work. His is a force of character which would have made itself felt in any sphere of activity.

The Response

As we have good reason to believe that many of our readers have already such a keen though cashless concern in our publication as to be interested in anything affecting its welfare and the extension of our scope and constituency, we may note that the first return received from a subscriber in response to "Our Imperial Policy" option noted in the December number, had two names added to the list, and the very acceptable note began: "In response to your invitation in the current number of the Magazine (which, by the way, is more than usually good) I enclose, etc."

We may add that the new names were not less welcome in that both had addresses attached to them in different parts of the Old Country.

We would indeed be unfaithful to our inheritance if we were not all Imperialists in these days! Let us be cosmopolitan Christians first, and British Imperialists next; then work for an Anglo-Saxon brotherhood.

Then shall spread world-permeation and probably world-dominance of Christianity.

Thereafter, with Christianity spreading all the time, may follow the Brotherhood of man and the "Federation of the World!" Let us do all we can individually to help, however humbly, through literature and life.

From Height to Greater Height

From among other correspondents who have sent letters with their renewals and additional names for our list, one writes: "Allow me to congratulate you on the success of the Magazine. I think your December number surpasses all previous ones.

Still another writes: "I have received and read with great eagerness and interest 'December', and must say that I am extremely satisfied and highly delighted with your productions of late. Each successive number seems to register 'one better every time.' I am almost compelled to say 'The 'bus is over the hill.' Am I right?"

We sincerely thank those correspondents and others who have written to us in congratulating and encouraging terms. In answer to the query at the end of the above quotation let us say—"Yes friend, you are right, the 'bus is over the hill."

We may venture to suggest, however, that the "hill" of the Ideal life rises before us like the big "braes" in boyhood;—one height attained only reveals another stretching before us, and calling for the exercise of unfaltering effort. We are, however, content to take one "hill" at a time, and, so far, we have reason to be glad and grateful for "something attempted, something done."

As in those experiences on the Highway common to all in early life, we may not know what is "over the brae;" but we hold it our duty to make good pace for the "top," and in our working towards the Ideal, we can be satisfied only by unceasing progress from height to greater height.

H. G. Wells on the Literary Life

"The literary life is one of the modern forms of adventure. Success with a book, even a commercially modest success as mine has been, means in the English speaking world not merely a moderate financial independence, but the utmost freedom of movement and intercourse.

"A poor man is lifted out of his narrow circumstances into familiar and unrestrained intercourse with a great variety of people. He sees the world; if his work excites interest he meets philosophers, scientific men, soldiers, artists, professional men, politicians of all sorts, the rich, the great, and he may make such use of them as he can.

"To be a literary artist is to want to render one's impressions of the things about one. Life has interested me enormously and filled me with ideas and associations I want to present again. I have liked life, and like it more and more."

BUSINESSES WORTH WHILE

NOTE—This section is opened for the interest and benefit of our readers. The idea was suggested by a visit to one of the new stores in Vancouver—a store which, for equipment, beauty of structure, finished workmanship, and probably also for the selection of goods in its particular line, may be held to rival kindred establishments, not only in any other Canadian city, but in the older cities in the present centre of Empire.

We make no stipulation or arrangement with any business firms that they shall be mentioned in this department, and the notices herein made are independent, and shall record facts or conditions such as an observer or visiting inquirer interested in the industries, goods, or businesses referred to, might learn.

With equal candour, we may add that we shall naturally give primary attention to the more prominent among the Business Best using our Advertisement Section, as we are sure they shall be found to be increasingly those who are indeed "Worth While."

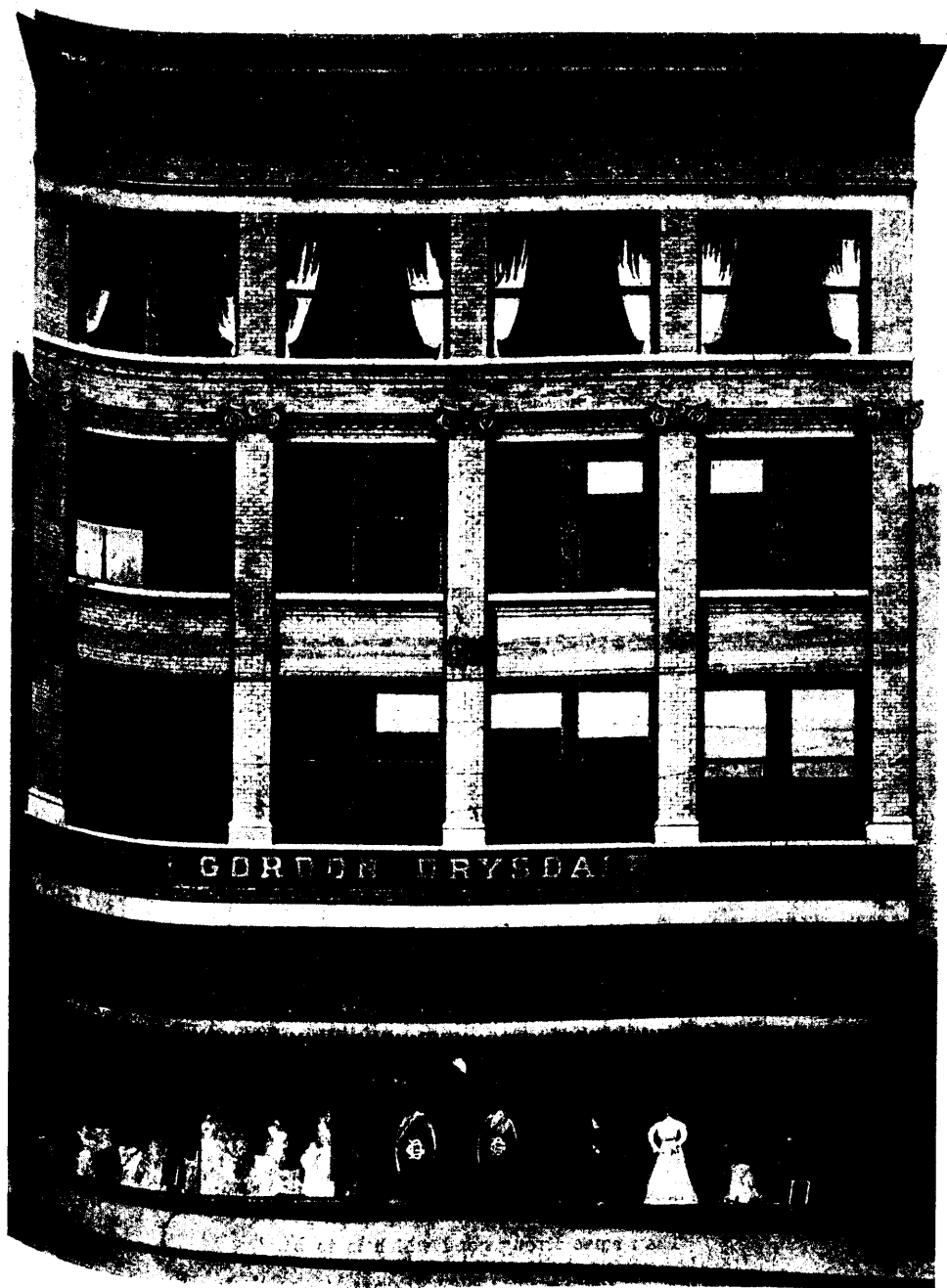
I.—GORDON DRYSDALE, LIMITED.

In former issues of this Magazine we freely used the simple phrase "We seek the best," to suggest our Ideal for our publication. In seeking to practise that motto in our business department, one of the first firms, a share in whose advertisement business we had the satisfaction of receiving, was Gordon Drysdale, Limited, and we believe it can be stated without fear of contradiction, that this firm has one of the leading Class businesses in the West.

Just as the very appearance of a house or home will indicate and reveal much to the observant eye and experienced mind, so the fittings of a place, the manner and method of address of the chiefs or representatives, unavoidably, though without set purpose, convey an impression which one feels is well based.

We have reason to know, that in recent times condemning remarks have been made—and probably rightly made—about certain stores paying low wages to employees, and so detrimentally affecting the standard of life and making right-living harder for the workers. We do not think we exaggerate when we state our belief that a walk through the establishment of Gordon Drysdale, Limited, would itself give evidence to the intelligent and discriminating, that here, at least is a business in which the employees get reasonable treatment and adequate consideration. The numerous assistants of both sexes in the different departments have an appearance of refinement, not to say comfort and well being, which is itself a testimony to the worth of the firm. Inside-counter seats are apparently provided for the young women, and there are other evidences of thoughtfulness which suggest that this is not a business house in which the members of the large staff are considered as so many "hands," but as human beings with souls to develop.

On some other occasion we may give this business what is spoken of out West as a "write-up;" meantime we merely seek to record our independent impression



of this store which is one of the leading of its kind on the coast. In the morning, conveyances of various types may be observed at the doors of Gordon Drysdale, Limited; in the afternoon the different departments will be found crowded with lady shoppers who have come by car or afoot.

There are several floors in the building, and each is connected with a different department. In conversing with the chief of one department, we gathered these facts, which we think worth noting for the interest of our readers:

(1) The head of the millinery department is at present in Paris in connection with the selection of spring fashions.

(2) The building is at present being enlarged by the inclusion of the shop that formerly belonged to Mr. O. B. Allan, Jeweller, and by other property.

(3) There is a "French Room" in which a large assortment of evening dress gowns are kept. A visit to this department, into which we were taken on our walk through the present premises, makes a mere man, uninitiated to the trade, marvel at the beauty and daintiness that can be put into garments, one of which (to say nothing of such a large consignment) baffles his powers of description; and, if he is sensible, he gives it up—to the ladies!

(4) And finally, all who have an interest in social progress must approve of the step in that direction taken by the regular closing of this business every evening, Saturdays included, at 6 o'clock. Unless their work has to do with the ministry—or a magazine—men and women should not live to work, but work to live; and we take it as a further proof of the front-rank position of this big business house that its responsible chiefs do not hesitate to lead the way in the shortening of working hours.

By request, we have been given the use of a picture of the front of the present building, and we have pleasure in reproducing it in this number.

* * *

BEVERIE

"Not all regret: the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone;
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead;
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,
 Than some strong bond which is to be."