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# WESTMINSTER HALL MAGAZINE

## AND FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1914

No. 3

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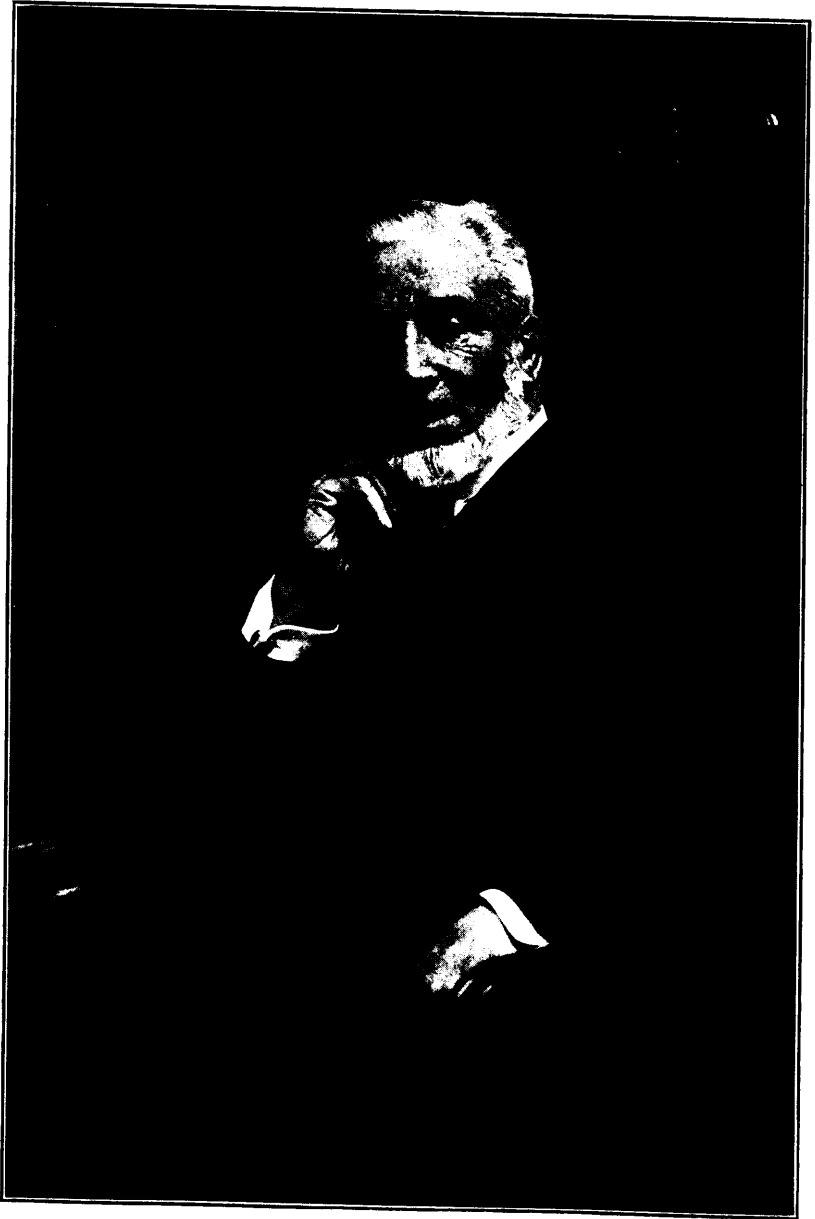
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D. A. Chalmers, Managing Editor

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IN MEMORIAM



THE LATE REV. PETER WRIGHT, D. D.,  
Minister-Emeritus Kitsilano Presbyterian Church  
Vancouver, B. C.

## The Late Rev. Peter Wright, D. D.

. . . "To the longest lived of us our service is but brief. It is not going to be long for any of us until we too, will lay down our arms and we too, will pass out from the scene of our earthly activity; and my prayer for every man in the ministry here to-day is this: that when we come to lay down our arms and to pass from this earthly scene, we may be as worthy of honor and affection as he was who has passed from us."

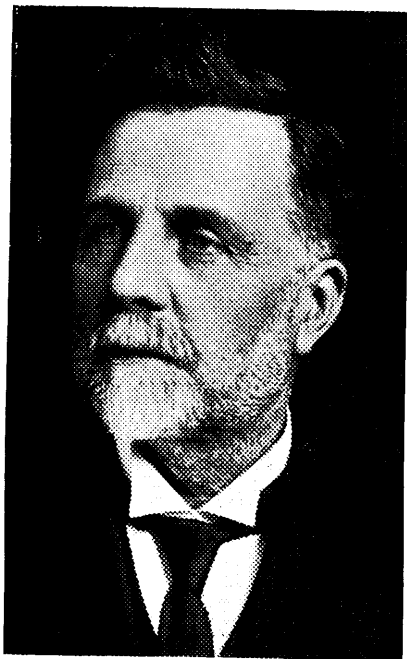
The above sentence, noted in shorthand from the remarks made by Rev. Principal Mackay in Kitsilano Presbyterian Church on the occasion of the funeral of Rev. Dr. Peter Wright, on Wednesday, 8th April, suggests the place held in the esteem of his brethren in the ministry by the venerable doctor who died on 6th April.

Dr. Wright's work in the ministry was briefly reviewed by Principal Mackay, and fitting reference was made to what he had done in establishing the Kitsilano congregation.

Rev. Dr. Mackinnon, Dr. Wright's successor in Kitsilano Church, Rev. J. W. Woodside, Mount Pleasant Church, and Rev. W. L. MacRae, Moderator of the Synod of British Columbia, also took part in the service, which was largely attended, the mourners including the members of Synod then in session in Vancouver city.

It may be noted that Dr. Wright was the subject of the first article appearing under "Ministerial Miniature" in the *Westminster Hall Magazine* of January, 1912.

The main feature of "Church Life and Work" this month was the meeting of the Synod of British Columbia, duly reported in the daily press. What may, without disrespect, be called the routine business of the Synod, was supplemented by a number of stirring addresses, the speakers including, in addition to local men, Rev. D. C. MacGregor, of the Social Service Board, and Rev. Mr. Macleod, of Formosa, whose address one pressman of insight characterised as a "heart cry." Rev. Dr. Ferguson, formerly of Nelson, and now a district superintendent, also took part in the Synod meetings. Miss Gordon, of the Social Service Home, gave an impressive address.



*Photo by W. H. Calder, Vancouver*

REV. W. L. MACRAE, OF GOLDEN  
Unanimously elected Moderator of the 1914 Synod of  
British Columbia

Perhaps no address bearing on the conditions at home was more calculated to impress western workers than that given by Rev. D. C. MacGregor. His report of the statement of a worker, who was formerly secretary for a licensed association, that the "problem is WITHIN the Church," carried conviction. "As soon as the people within the churches say this or that evil must cease, so soon will changes take place."

It is too true that members of the churches generally, and sometimes even ministerial representatives, are not awake to the power they might wield, through the press and otherwise, if they let their voices be heard clearly and collectively.

# WESTMINSTER HALL MAGAZINE

## AND FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

FOR SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS LIFE AND WORK  
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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VOL. V.

APRIL, 1914

No. 3

### \*Voices Out of the Past

*Or Supernatural Selection a Key to the History of Religion*

BY REV. EBER CRUMMY, B. SC., D. D.

What has seemed new theological disciplines have appeared upon the curriculum of the theological school during recent years. Most of these are merely new and modern aspects of well-known departments of theological science. Comparative Religions and the History of Religion have, however, about as much claim to being a new departure as any of these new disciplines and, like most new things, they still are expected to offer an apology for their existence.

It is acknowledged upon all sides that the comparative method has added very materially to our knowledge in connection with other departments of science, but there still lurks the suspicion that to effect comparison between Christianity and any other religion whatever is compromising from the point of view of Christianity. Of course resemblances are presupposed in order to the employment of the comparative method or comparisons would be impossible. On the other hand, if differences did not exist, a comparison would be wholly unnecessary. And it is really to discover these differences that these scientific methods are employed.

Another aspect of the inquiry also naturally invites hostility, and that is that we assume the evolutionary hypothesis in our treatment of the question, while not a few have felt and still feel this concedes at once that the position assumed by the Old Testament prophets as practically axiomatic, namely that monotheism was the original form of religion revealed to man, is erroneous. With regard to this objection two or three observations might be pertinent. First, if the evolutionary hypothesis seems to be warranted as a scientific method, both by philo-

\*Summary of Address delivered in Vancouver at opening of Westminster Hall Theological Session on April 2nd, 1914.

sophical considerations and by the light it introduces into the otherwise confused data of human history, the fact of its application leading to conclusions that may seem beforehand to be undesirable would not in itself be a valid objection. On the other hand the prophetic estimate of the fundamental elements of religion is too important a fact to be overlooked. But if we bear in mind that development and progress are two quite different things and that the field which comes within the range of our observation is only a limited portion of human history, it will readily appear that there need not be any conflict between these two positions. Further, if, as I continue to believe, we may accept the child in his development as best reflecting the history of the race, we seem to have a solution of this difficulty at hand. Monotheism would seem to be, from a psychological point of view, the earliest form of conception of God of which the race was capable, but it is a far cry from this unreasoned form of monotheism of man's childhood and that other form which the long experience of the race would enable humanity ultimately to entertain.

When we look on the other side of the account, that is the practical advantage with which our new theological disciplines will equip the Christian, we will be further persuaded to extend a welcome to the new-comers. As one who has had experience in the mission field, I can readily appreciate the immense advantage one is at in dealing with non-Christian peoples if he is able to regard those religious systems which have been held dear by multitudes of reverent souls as steps in the process of the self-revelation of God, which find their true explanation in the universal religion toward which they are feeling their way, rather than as monstrous systems of delusion and error. But within the Christian Church I think they have a service no less important which they can render. If the ultimate goal of Christian experience is to arrive at a consciousness of God, and an ever-deepening consciousness of God, everywhere, in all things, then the service which will be rendered by the interpretation of things given by this method of study becomes obvious.

In defining my subject, "Voices out of the Past," by the additional phrase "Supernatural Selection a Key to the History of Religion," I mean to convey that as one examines the milestones in the history of religion he will find great events transpiring in human history and in the unfolding of the conceptions of the race that require for their explanation the hypothesis of the prophet, that is of the direct revelation of God to those men of outstanding spiritual genius who have been endowed with this special capacity to commune with and to understand the Divine mind. In other words, as religion has been the indispensable instrument in the development of civilization so has the prophet been the indispensable agent of religion. This, I think,

would appear in practically every chapter of the history of religion. To-night, however, we can select only three or four such illustrations, yet these will be quite enough for our purpose. They will all lie in point of order in the process of development anterior to the beginning of what have been called the Positive religions. I may say that I have drawn upon Andrew Lang and Jevons at nearly every step, the latter especially have I followed in the part that Totemism has played in the history of religion.

The first chapter I would refer to is the origin of the supernatural. The literature of the primitive stages of man's history is considerable. It consists of the fairy tales. With the psychological law that a single occurrence of any phenomenon creates in the mind an expectation of its recurrence, together with the fact that even the animals have their laws and their places to drink, the conclusion is obvious that all the phenomena by which primitive man was surrounded was regarded by him as in no way surprising. As the fairy tales would illustrate there would be an almost complete absence of the idea of law. Man would be as if placed in a vast workshop filled with complicated machinery of which he knew nothing and yet which his pressing needs required him to control. In this perilous quest of his he owed his preservation to his inherent faith in the uniformity of nature. While this faith must have been general, yet, like all the principles which underlie man's development, it must have been emphasized and brought more clearly before the attention of the many by the keener vision of the leaders. The sequences, then, which man would observe in his struggle to make nature's mechanism serve him would create no surprise. It was the interruption of these sequences that would occasion surprise. And these interruptions he would naturally assign to some mysterious power beyond his control. Such interruptions, moreover, would often prove to be to his advantage so that no evil character or purpose would be suggested. With the sense of the supernatural already inherent he would naturally associate with this conception that power that seemed to control his destiny. As it was man's physical helplessness before his animal competitors that forced him to fall back on his intellectual resources, so it was his intellectual helplessness that forced him to fall back upon religion.

Through dreams man would conceive the idea of spirit as distinguished from the body, and as he himself was the key to all other objects lying within his world, he would readily come to regard them too as controlled by the spirits dwelling in them. These were, of course, as natural as himself. It was only the untoward event that would lead him to regard any particular spirit as possessed of supernatural power. The steps, however, would then be direct from a supernatural act on the part of any spirit to the notion that the whole process



was supernatural and then that the spirit was supernatural and was really the mysterious power that controlled his destiny. In the end all things that man would do were regarded natural, all things that he could not do supernatural. The sense of the supernatural then has had to be postulated as lying behind this discovery of the supernatural in experience, and this sense is related to the idea which underlies prophetic revelation. But this early discovery had in it that which if it had favorable development would lead toward modern science on the one hand and a higher religion on the other, but which might also, and actually did amongst the greater portion of mankind, produce "one of the most pernicious delusions that ever vexed mankind—the belief in magic."

Sympathetic magic was not an early form of religion. It was really primitive man's logic. Crude as his application of the principles may have been we can trace in savage logic precisely the same principles that appear in the logic of the modern scientist. While, moreover, man had reached the conclusion that what man could do was natural, he had not the least idea what the range of his possible achievement was. The application of his logical process was his means of finding out, and where a spiritual intuition did not assist him his sympathetic magic, that is his science, instead of serving its purpose of finding the boundary line between man and the supernatural, degenerated into a species of trickery for coercing the supernatural—a fungus that religion has never been quite rid of. But that which saved religion from this death grip was spiritual intuition and the agency through which that is stirred to action is always the spiritual leader, that is the prophet.

The next chapter in the history of religion we shall pass under review is that of Taboo and Totemism. Not only must the inherent conception of the supernatural be postulated to account for the facts of religious history, but a conception of duty. This found expression in its earliest form amongst primitive man in the institution called Taboo. Taboo is a Polynesian word meaning "strongly marked," but as an institution it is universal. Things were taboo which were thought to be dangerous to handle. The list of things taboo has included: things holy and things unclean; the dead body and the newborn child; blood and the shedder of blood; the divine king and the criminal; the sick, outcasts and foreigners; animals as well as men, women especially—the married women as well as the sacred virgin; food, clothes, vessels, property, houses, beds; a name, a word, a day, etc. And the list could be extended manifold. Nor does the length of the list begin to indicate the scope of the institution. The difficulty and danger it entailed upon the savage might be seen if we remembered that it was not only bodily contact, intentional or unintentional, that

entailed danger, but that even unintentionally to catch sight of the tabooed object or to be seen by the tabooed person was as dangerous as to touch, taste or handle. But the range of its infection was still wider extended by its transmissibility. Whatever came into contact with the tabooed object also became taboo. In addition the taboo extended to time and acts as, among the Basutos where the corpse of the dead chief defiles the day and all work done upon it.

An analysis of this complex situation will enable us to discover that at the centre of the whole widening maze lay a few things originally and inherently taboo. These were, first supernatural beings, and second a class of things that included blood, new-born children with their mothers, and corpses. The institution really marked the awe of primitive man in the presence of what he conceived to be the supernatural. His dread of contact with blood, babes and corpses presents him in his relation to the mystery of life and death and in his affinity to that supernatural power which he conceived to be a spirit like himself. It is an expression of his feeling that sense experiences are not the sole source of truth. It was the source and expression of moral obligation and in the conception of the transmissibility of taboo we have the foundation of social obligation. With these possibilities of good inherent in the institution it was only with the minority that they were realized. With the great majority it worked for barbarism, the desertion and abandonment of the sick and a brood of other evils as gross and heartless. Can we find a key to the difference? If we were to place in contrast the two terminal points of the institution the explanation would become apparent. On the one hand we have the taboo of the savage which spread like an interminable net over life. On the other hand the taboo of civilization, where all this is cast aside but only those prohibitions subverting the cause of morality and religion or those which lend their force to the code of honor, social etiquette and the minor morals. The process of selection which brought one out of the other could not have been experimental for experiment was in the nature of the case precluded. The difference lies in this. The savage taboo was mechanical, while the dominant conception of modern civilization is that the universe is rational. Now, wherever the operation of taboo, at whatever stage in religious history it may appear, is taken as an ultimate fact which requires no explanation, there progress is impossible. As soon, however, as it is taken up into religion it is no longer arbitrary but becomes the command of a divine being who has reason for requiring obedience. But the only conceivable way in which the transformation could be brought about is through the work of the prophet, that is through supernatural selection. Totemism is one of the earliest chapters which records man's inherent conviction that his life reaches satisfaction only through communion with God. It incidentally,

however, bears further testimony to the fact that civilization is religion's gift to man. The earliest social relation in which man found himself was as a member of a tribe wandering to and fro engaged in the hazardous occupation of protecting himself as well against other similar tribes as against the animal world, while he sought such food and shelter as he might from the scant supplies of nature, yet untamed and inhospitable. The tribe conceived of itself as being one through a common blood. Alliance with other tribes was often of great advantage, and this could be accomplished by a mingling of blood. The animal world, divided as it was into species, suggested a like tribal organization, and it was to the advantage of the human tribe to have as an ally an animal tribe. This could be formed also by a blood covenant. Here, however, man found himself impinging on the mysterious, and this alliance with his totem would be made to serve at the same time the instrument of his alliance with the tribal god. But the totem animal or plant thus allied to the god would thus become taboo—taboo in a double sense first as of the same blood and then as allied to the god. Now, until man substituted an artificial for a natural basis of subsistence progress was impossible since it took him so much of his time to scrape together the common necessities of life that he could give no time to the higher interests of life. That is, domestication of plants and animals was essential to the progress of civilization. The only way, however, in which this could come about was that every plant and animal must be placed in a relation to man in which it would be protected for a prolonged period when those species capable of domestication would become tame. The practical impossibility of this is obvious in view, on the one hand, of the absence from the mind and nature of the savage of the very idea of providence, and on the other of the fact that the possibility of domestication would never suggest itself. Totemism, however, would provide exactly the conditions that were necessary to secure the results we have in the domestication of plants and animals while it becomes at the same time the key to much that is mysterious in the history of religion. The gift of religion to civilization through this phase of its development cannot easily be over-estimated. On the religious side, however, we find the institution capable of a great variety of issues. The emphasis may more easily be placed upon the totem animal than the totem god, and a meandering of the religious currents until they lose themselves in the sands of a mingled animalism and pantheism, as in Egypt, be the result. If elsewhere, as among the Semites, the more easy tendency did not prevail, but the emphasis came to be placed upon the allied God the prophetic hypothesis alone can adequately account for the fact.

One other chapter in the history of religion is all that I shall be able to direct attention to—the growth of the priesthood. Amongst

the vast variety of duties prescribed for and restrictions imposed upon, the priest amongst people in the primitive or savage state one duty alone universally prevails. Whatever else the priest might or might not do, he and he only might strike the first blow in the slaughter of the animal for sacrifice when the tribe annually feasted with its god and renewed its covenant with him. He thus exercised supreme control over the sacrificial meal, but paid for it with his life. The totem animal used for sacrifice was in the highest sense taboo, and the priest who struck the first blow became thereby taboo also. While the blood of the god was supposed to be in him, that is for the year, he lived, and then was devoted to death. Securing a priest under such conditions was not an easy task and in consequence the term of life and service tended to become prolonged to five years, and then to twelve, and then through certain adjustments or substitutions, infliction of death came to be omitted altogether. But while the earlier custom did obtain only those naturally would volunteer for such service to whom the religious interests of the tribe so far transcended any personal consideration that each was ready to sacrifice himself to the god and the tribe. We have here, expressed in the crude forms of which primitive man was capable, that permanent intuition which has marked the pathway of man's ascent that intermediation between God and man is only through suffering. Indeed, in the early essays at communing with God in the sacrificial meal, inasmuch as the totem animal that was sacrificed was supposed to be the god, we have the idea of the suffering god, entering through his suffering into fellowship with his people. And this free prophetic activity, which lay at the foundation of the priesthood, marks the progress of the institution directly or indirectly throughout its whole history. Wherever religion has been taken over without a priesthood free to lead in its development, and stereotyped into a state form, as in China, the people's progress in any of the aspects of their life was effectually checked. Wherever, as in Israel, the priesthood became stereotyped so that its fundamental principle disappeared, progress was secured only by the spirit of prophecy expressing itself through a class who embodied in itself that principle of free communion with God through sacrifice, upon which the priesthood was in the first instance established.

My object in discussing this subject on this occasion has not been simply to engage you in a department of study in itself full of interest, nor yet to urge upon you the importance of theological study, though that, too, is always timely even in an institution under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church—a Church that has a proud record of fidelity along this line. And yet the increasing demands of the times are such as to even tax that fidelity. I've had, however, another purpose—the economic one I suggested at the beginning. Nothing is more needed

to-day in order to give reality to the Christian faith than that the ministry, who are the spokesmen of religion, shall be pervaded with the consciousness of the presence of God in all history. It was a world-gain for men to see the pathway of God in the history of a special people. The gain was enhanced when His footsteps came to be more clearly traced in all history and in nature, but when what was supposed to be the abode of demons shall become also a room in the House of God, when with a deepened sense of reality the priest stands before God in His holy temple always, this vision of his will help the dimmer vision of his fellows also to discern the living God.

---

## Timidity and Faith

(R. A. Hanley)

They speak of a city in glory bright,  
 With beauty and joys untold;  
 But O I must climb up the rocky steeps  
 Ere I walk on its streets of gold!

They tell me of music beyond compare,  
 In its glory of harmonies;  
 But O I must practise for weary years  
 Ere I handle those golden keys!

I hear of the crowns that the victors wear,  
 As they gather before the throne;  
 But O I must wage such a weary war  
 Ere I call one of these my own!

They sing of a land that is fair as day,  
 With fountains, and pastures wide;  
 But O I must traverse the desert sand  
 Ere I rest by its crystal tide!

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet I know a Guide who will take my hand,  
 And always on Him I'll lean;  
 The way may be hard and the journey long,  
 But my life shall be still serene.

Nesbitt, Man. (March 28th, 1914).

## Our Toronto Letter

### *A Corrective to Pessimism*

Two significant meetings were held in Toronto on Sunday, the 22nd March. In Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, thirty men's Bible Classes met, and completely filled the body of that fine auditorium and overflowed into the galleries. Eighty per cent. of the members were under twenty-five years of age. It was an inspiration merely to look down upon them from the galleries, and when the leader announced that splendid hymn, "Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might," and those 900 men stood up and sang it as if they meant it, the effect was tremendous.

Men's voices in hearty song grip one's heart somehow. I like to sing myself, but my book dropped and I just listened. I closed my eyes and was back in Massey Hall years ago when the Student Volunteer Convention met in Toronto. Much of the speaking of that great occasion, and it was of the best, has slipped from my memory, but I can hear them singing yet. I have heard nothing like it till last Sunday in the Bloor Street Church, when those young Bible Students sang to each other their encouragement—"Fight the Good Fight."

Roll call brought each contingent to its feet, and one of the men, in a brief sentence, gave the watchword of their activities. "What is the outstanding feature of your active Christian life?" the President, Mr. Roy Kinnear, asked; "Just in a sentence, please." It was a pretty hard test, and the Baptists came out far ahead. Clear-cut, terse and vital they gave their answer to the call, and it was well done.

Before Mr. Frank Yeigh, the organizer of this great meeting, rose to teach the Lesson for the day it was very late, and few men could have held the men as he did. It was no easy task to face those men with such sentences as this in the Lesson: "Are there few that be saved?" . . . "Many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." . . . "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." And one admired the admirable tact that guided the minds of those men, who might so easily have drifted into useless discussion, into the consideration of practical issues.

Who can estimate the effect of this sane Bible study upon the future of those men, and upon the Churches they represent. The Jewish contingent call themselves "Seekers after Truth," and the name fits the attitude of the whole body of men. Mere discussion of the problems the Bible raises will never hold young men together, but the discovery of truth, of truth that can be applied in the daily life, of truth that helps them to live right during the week, will bind them close and hold them as nothing else will.

The other meeting was within Knox College. There in the quiet of the Sabbath morning the Faculty and students met together for Communion—a last Communion service in the old Convocation Hall. One of the Faculty presided and dispensed the Communion, the rest sat on the platform and served as elders. It was a beautiful service, simple almost to severity, but one that will linger in the memory of those men through many a long year of service.

Towards the close of his address the Professor said, with a touch of wistfulness: "We, who have so many years behind us, look with intensest interest on you men who have all your life still to live, and our prayer for you is that you may live it worthily." . . . It was very quiet in the old hall, and the words fell upon the stillness with a wonderful power.

In these two meetings one finds evidence of the spirit that is abroad, a spirit of which one hears all too little. We magnify the evil that thrusts itself so brazenly upon our notice, and talk of it so incessantly that it would seem as if there was little of the real spirit of Christ left. We find ourselves wondering if there is any reality in the promises of ultimate victory over evil. I frankly confess that I, at least, found the best corrective to pessimism in the two services that I have described, and I pass the story on to your readers in the hope that they also may be heartened for the fight.

---

Can we forget one friend? Can we forget one face,  
Which cheered us toward our end, which nerved us for our race?  
One presence which has made us know  
To God-like souls how deep our debt!  
We would not—if we could—forget.

—C. Kingsley.

---

It is the noblest part of our nature—this loyalty to what is over and above us. Let us believe in it, for it is a faith which saves—this sovereignty of what is better and purer than ourselves. There is no victory over the lower, but by gazing at the higher; there is no security for past conquests but to surpass them and go higher still.

—R. W. Barbour.

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To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station of capacity in social life.—R. Ellis.

## Problems of Immigration

(By Principal Mackay)

### *IV.—Immigration and Finance*

Since writing the article under the title "Immigration and World Peace" for last month's Magazine there has come into my hands a proposal by Sir Max Waechter for "The European Unity League." While this is not exactly the proposal outlined in last article it is along the same lines, and the arguments for it bring into strong relief several factors which are of the utmost importance to Canada in this stage of its development.

In order that our development may be continuous and uninterrupted, good markets for agricultural and other natural products are of vital importance to us, as our wealth must always depend largely upon the exploitation of the immense resources which form our heritage. Our best market is the European countries. Our destiny is, therefore, bound up with their fullest economic development. To maintain their present position, to say nothing of the almost revolutionary reforms which are absolutely necessary if life is to be tolerable for millions of their peoples every country in Europe must make the most of each of its citizens by ameliorating the conditions of life and giving to each the highest possible intellectual and technical training.

But at present the nations of Europe are spending for war-like preparations against each other the astounding total of \$2,500,000,000 per year. But this is only the direct money outlay. In addition to this must be reckoned the withdrawal from productive industry of about 5,000,000 soldiers and sailors, the strongest and healthiest members of the race. These could certainly earn at least \$500 per year if employed in the industrial life of the various countries. So that to the armed camp now maintained in Europe there must be charged up the staggering total of \$5,000,000,000. What would such a sum not mean to Europe as a market for Canada's products if it were released from this awful maelstrom and turned into useful industry. The more highly developed European communities become, the better their citizens are fed and clothed and housed, the more wheat and meat and other products of our wide fields they will require. What would five billion dollars per year not do to that end? Most of this amount could be saved without jeopardizing any treasure won by our Christian civilization.

Then, too, what would the proportion of those billions which would be freed for the money markets of Canada not mean to us. Any country developing with the rapidity with which we are developing finds it absolutely necessary to make large capital expenditures on



permanent improvements. It is quite impossible to pay for these improvements out of current revenues, but the resources of the country amply justify the outlay involved if money can be secured to make them. Everywhere the demand is for money for works which are absolutely essential for the rapid and efficient utilization of our resources in the best interests of our incoming citizens. The money wasted in Europe in a single year on armaments over and above the requirements for policing the world would meet every legitimate need of all Canada for many years to come, and leave a large surplus to go to build up the other new areas of the world.

So long as the present basis of social organization continues, an adequate supply of money for loaning is an essential of progress in newer countries. Even the farmer finds it necessary to make a large capital outlay before he can begin realizing on his property and unless he is much better off than the average man of his class he must borrow at least part of it. The same is true of the lumbering, mining and other direct industries, to say nothing of manufacture and the development of roads, bridges and railways with which the Government has to do. And here a great danger arises. Some groups of shrewd exploiters, who manage to ingratiate themselves with the powers that be, in the financial world, trading on the almost unlimited natural resources of our country, capitalize certain of these at absurd sums and pocket the immense difference between these and their nominal cost without giving anything in return. Some of the flotations that have been made in British Columbia are a disgrace and are bound to react unfavorably on the credit of the Province for many years to come.

And these methods of high finance carried off successfully by leaders of great enterprises create a large crop of imitators who seek to mortgage the future in order to get rich quick, regardless of the effect their action may have on the future of the community. Where there is a continuous stream of immigration into the country, and migration from place to place within it, real estate speculation is a real menace to the permanent well-being of the country. With hundreds of people pouring into a city or district, a real demand arises for land, but the willingness of all concerned to trade in land creates a fictitious demand which is often ten or a hundred times more than the real. In many cases there is very little real demand, but the building of roads and other improvements makes a temporary stir and hundreds are attracted who, when conditions settle to a permanent basis, are forced to leave to find some other place of abode and activity, often leaving behind them their all.

Canada's growth has been retarded in many directions by the speculative mania caused by immigration. A few have been enriched, but hundreds of those who have been lured into this country by the advertising methods of the Government have been literally robbed of

their all and embittered for life through the sharp practices of speculators, and often by perfectly honest men who have themselves been deceived by inflated values. Prices have been raised all over the country until, at least in many parts of British Columbia, an unfair burden has been put on those whom our country most needs—the farmers and fruit-growers, who must make their profits out of the land.

This again is passed on in the shape of high prices on natural products to the towns, which have in many cases been artificially created or increased in size by this same abnormal condition.

If an abundance of money is available for loaning this process may go on for a long time, but so soon as prices and communities are tested by their actual basis in value, there is bound to be drastic readjustment with consequent loss and suffering.

This speculative mania also retards the development of the country in another direction. When the farmer or business man, or manufacturer seeks to borrow the money he requires for legitimate purposes, he is thrown into competition with the stock or land gambler who often makes large sums over night and is therefore able to pay almost any rate of interest. This becomes an almost intolerable handicap. The farmer, the fruit grower, and every other direct producer in British Columbia and most of the Western Provinces has to pay from seven to ten per cent. for money, while those of New Zealand and Australia pay four to five per cent., and we wonder at high prices here and at the fact that we are sending thousands of dollars every month to buy articles from these countries that we ourselves could produce quite as well if we only had a little common sense and did not so habitually kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Then, too, our vast area and great resources, and the rapid development of scattered communities makes possible a control of our national life by trusts, which has already reached alarming proportions. Trusts are good things when they are formed by men interested in the industry or development with which the consolidation has to do and are formed for the purpose of increasing efficiency and lessening expenses. But when, as in practically every case in Canada, they are engineered by groups of men who know nothing of the industry affected and care less, who add millions of dollars to the highest possible valuation of all the assets of the combination for some mythical thing called good will, which represents nothing but their own good (?) will to get rich quick, whether they give any value in return for what they get or not, they are a national peril of the most serious nature.

Many good men, who have not stopped to think it through, are engaged in this merger game. When it is seen in its true light it is taxation without representation, it is laying a heavy tax on every home in the land and on all the future developments of the country, and

must be controlled if the nation is to survive and be worthy of its high destiny.

Watering of the stocks of corporations and the arbitrary inflation of the price of real estate or mines or other natural resources come under the same category. They represent too large a return for the service rendered in each case and should be regulated by law. Wherever by long years of faithful toil and intelligent management a man has built up a business or improved a property he has a fair title to the greater part of the increment which has been created by the growth of the community he has helped to build. But when he simply buys a property or business to which he adds by a stroke of a pen fifty or a hundred or two hundred per cent., the community should receive much the larger part of the increment, and wherever a trust adds to any industry millions of dollars, which represent a tax on the future of the country, these millions should in large part go into the coffers of the State, if the State does not forbid this form of taxation without representation altogether and compel promoters to be satisfied with a fair return for the work done. It would do away with much of our high finance if promoters were compelled by law to take their profits on a percentage basis from the legitimate earnings of combinations formed by them. They would then be permanently identified with the success of such organizations, the investors' money would be more secure, and the people would not be compelled to pay millions of dollars with no return to the country but the creation of a few spectacular millionaires, whose net influence in the nation's life is injurious or doubtful. The get-rich-quick microbe is one of the most deadly foes of everything that is high and holy in human life, and too many Canadian millionaires are victims of this disease in its last stages, but they are made possible by the myriads of others who have the disease quite as virulently without the ameliorations of success.

In old settled communities with established institutions and strong traditions as to right and wrong, these speculative phases of development might be left to public opinion and experience to regulate, but the strong and successful efforts which have been made by Canada to attract immigrants to her wide and immensely rich domain have created conditions quite unprecedented. Very few of our communities are old enough to have traditions or public opinion of any kind, with the result that the only check on mad speculation and reckless flotation is the bitter test of experience, in which more often than not the innocent suffer more than the guilty. Canada has such boundless resources and such unlimited possibilities that she can muddle through almost anything. But we ought not to be content to muddle through. If we are to be worthy of our British connection and our British heritage, we must stand up like men and seek to build a nation worthy of the wonderful land God has given us. To-day we are not worthy

of our heritage. The net result of the conditions we have so far created is that the speculator, the company promoter, and the other more or less parasitic classes flourish, whereas the producer, the manufacturer, the laborer and the legitimate business man is heavily handicapped in many directions. The older communities have learned by experience and are settling down to permanent prosperity, but if we are to deal fairly with the thousands who are pouring into our country we must regulate financial conditions in such a way that greater security and better conditions are given to the farmer, the laborer, and the other classes who are turning our raw materials into available wealth and thus making possible our permanent well-being. We have vast machinery for securing immigrants, but once inside our gates we leave them to sink or swim as they may. This is not fair to them and it is disastrous to us. Our last census showed that only a part of the thousands we have brought to our shores have remained with us. I travelled down to Australia and New Zealand last summer with over a hundred of these, and many of them were bitter at the treatment they had received in Canada. Of course, there will always be failures and grumblers under the best conditions, but not the most sanguine of us can claim that we are making the best use of the masses of humanity we are bringing into the country.

The building of a nation is too great a thing to be left to the haphazard measures we are adopting. We ought not only to have a splendid immigration department, as we now have, but we should have a commission of the ablest and most disinterested experts for the distribution and assimilation of immigrants. This commission should study conditions all over the country and recommend checks on abnormal developments before they have gone so far as to cause loss and suffering to innocent men and women. They should study carefully the natural resources of every part of the country and as far as possible direct immigrants to locations and activities for which their experience fits them. And they should endeavor to recommend such financial arrangements as shall put the heavy burden on the speculative activities and give every encouragement to the workers and producers. This is what is being done in New Zealand and Australia, and were these countries not so far removed from the great centres of civilization, they would completely out distance us in the race for population. In situation, in resources and in all the natural conditions of success, we stand easily first among the population-seeking nations of the world, but if we are going to be the home of a contented, happy and worthy people, we must apply more intelligence and more patriotism to the laying of foundations and the building of institutions than we have hitherto done. The present lull in development is an opportune time to take stock, and he is no true friend of his country who refuses to face the unpleasant factors in the situation, as well as what is promising and hopeful.

## The Game and the Captain

To the Players in the Game:

One day in the grounds of the House Beautiful I was watching a game. A man in flannels, who by the way lived in the House, came up to me and said, "You look interested in that game."

"Yes," I replied, "but I don't quite understand it. It doesn't look like ordinary cricket."

"No," he said, "for the wicket we have to defend is made up of curious stumps called Work, Truth and Courage. The bowler is Evil Habit—my bad habit. Each of us has some temptation which he is afraid to stand up to. And yet ought we not to play the game?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Just look at that bowler. He puts plenty of work on the ball. Some come with alarming swiftness, others break in unexpectedly, some are dead on."

"But are you not describing an imaginary game?"

"Oh no," he said. "You *know* when your wicket falls. Take a boy who has a bit of work to do in school, and his bad habit is slackness in work. He has a curious inside feeling when he hands in the bit of work he is ashamed of—as distinct a thing as when the ball touches the off-stump and down go the bails.

"Or, when he is asked a question so suddenly that before he has time to say yes he says no, or says nothing. He feels something break inside. He may say afterwards to himself: 'What a fool I was not to be straight about such a small thing.' All the same his centre stump of Truth is knocked out.

"Or, perhaps some unkind and untrue things are said about a school friend, and he has not the pluck to stand up for his friend. He is clean bowled, and he knows it."

"But why does his wicket fall?" I asked. "Why does he fail?"

"Because he does not stand up to the bowling. He funks it. He says, 'This is a bad habit, and there is no good fighting against it.' Or perhaps—and this is what grown-ups do—they say, 'This thing is part of myself,' and they excuse themselves by saying they were born so. Born to fall! Why, that is like the lazy boy who said he was born tired."

"You make the game of life a serious thing," I said, "I thought I was going to have a nice easy time."

"Did you ever think of this?" he replied. "If there were no bowling there would be no cricket. Why is the bowler there? Not merely that you may defend your stumps, that is poor cricket; he is

there that you may make runs. He is put there; and you will never get away from a bad habit, except in one way. You are now fifteen; well, at twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-five, you will find the same thing there. For this game differs from ordinary cricket in that you do not retire when your wicket falls; you have manfully to set it up and face the bowling again. The only way to keep up your wicket is to learn to play the bowling; to step bravely forward, stand steady, and be ready for anything.

"Do not think I am making light of it in describing it this way. All your attention and nerve is needed, all your watchfulness; but a fellow ought to score. This ball must be cut, that one hit to leg; now let drive at that one and get a boundary. But watch the fielders. For I have stepped forward cocksure that I could score and have hit out, only to be caught out by that chap at long-on."

And this was the best thing he told me.

"There are two things that have helped me to play the game," he said, "for we are all in the same Eleven, playing the same game: the only difference is that some of us have been a little longer at the wicket. I used to think that temptation was a lonely thing, and so it is. There are three fellows standing together; something presents itself which is a temptation to one, but not to the other two. He knows that; a sense of loneliness comes over him. The hard thing is that the other chaps, not knowing that it is his temptation, may chaff him about scruples. He says to himself, 'It is no good; I am alone, I must give in.' It is as if an unseen detective had laid his hand on his shoulder and said, 'You must come with me.'"

"But look at it this way. Is that man at the wicket in the centre of the field alone? In a sense he is, for with the exception of the man at the other end, all those round him are intent on getting him out. But beyond them there is a crowd at the ropes watching the game. Think of the crowd at the ropes before you give in—your teachers, who are keen on your doing well, your father and mother, or that friend whose good opinion counts for much. And then there is the whole group of those who had the same difficulty at school, and yet played the game.

"And beyond these, in the background, is the 'cloud of witnesses.' A strange cloud that. It looks just like a mass of white against the blue. But as you look at it you see faces, the faces of those so far removed that you cannot hear them speak. Yet in quiet moments there comes a distant cheer, heard by no one except yourself, because you have stood firm.

"Another thing that helped me was this—to think of the end and meaning of it all. To think sometimes of the Captain, the only man who carried his bat, in spite of every change in the bowling. He knows how it bothers you."

"Another day my friend came up to me and began to talk about the Captain.

"We who have been longer at the game ought to know more about him than you who are just beginning, and there are one or two things that have struck me about him which I thought I might pass on to you.

"The first thing it this: He understands.

"The Captain understands you. In the preparatory school in which you are, and in the upper school of life in which the rest of us are, there is nothing harder than to be misunderstood. Were I to ask the cause of the trouble last week, you would say, 'It was because the master did not understand me, or my mistress did not quite understand, or my school companions misunderstood what I did.'

"Now, when you feel like that this week, will you just go away quietly by yourself and say to yourself, 'The Captain understands.'

"And I'll tell you how you may be sure of that. He knows just what you can do and has put you where you are. A wise captain will put you 'forward' in football, or the 'right wing' in hockey, because he knows that there you are in your place. And our Captain expects that instead of wondering why you are there, or wishing he had put you somewhere else, you will play up like a man."

"I think I see what you are driving at."

"Driving at——" he smiled and went on.

"Another thing worth remembering is that the Captain cares.

"I know that was not what you said last week when you were 'put out.' You said, 'It's no good my trying. It really does not matter.'

"You said this because you were 'put out.' What a curious expression that is. Who put you out? If it were only a game at cricket and I were placed in front of the wicket, you could put me out first ball—if you were anything of a bowler. But in this game, the only person who can put me out is myself.

"Now when you are put out and feel inclined to say, 'It does not matter,' will you instead go away quietly by yourself and say to yourself: 'It does matter a great deal—to the Captain. He really cares. He wants his side to win. And the cause of right will only win if I am in my place, and ready when the ball comes.'"

"Well, I shall try to be on the spot."

"Then say to yourself: 'Not only does he understand and care, but he believes in me.'

"In spite of all my mistakes, he is always giving me another chance. This is how I know he believes in me. In spite of the mess I have made of things, he is sure I can do better, and so he gives me another chance. He says to me, 'Don't bother about the past, I have

forgotten it and wish you to do the same.' It is the wonderful kindness of the Captain that appeals to me, that puts new heart into me. It makes me go back to my place in the field very humbly to 'play the game.'

"Let me tell you another thing he said to your father, or perhaps it was your mother or some other friend lately, as they were looking on together from the pavilion. For this game is more like cricket than hockey or football—when his side is "in," the Captain is usually in the pavilion looking on. He said something like this: 'I trust my team to play up. I don't want them to be always thinking about me. I want them to keep their eye not on the Captain, but on the ball; and so I sometimes turn away. But I count on their playing up, and sometimes during the pauses of the game I believe they think of me and how much the winning of the match means.'"

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## Selections from the Masterpieces—IX

### *The End of the Quest*

Three-and-thirty years of the life of Artaban had passed away, and he was still a pilgrim and a seeker after light. His hair, once darker than the cliffs of Zagros, was now white as the wintry snow that covered them. His eyes, that once flashed like flames of fire, were dull as embers smouldering among the ashes.

Worn and weary and ready to die, but still looking for the King, he had come for the last time to Jerusalem. He had often visited the holy city before, and had searched all its lanes and crowded hovels and black prisons without finding any trace of the family of Nazarenes who had fled from Bethlehem long ago. But now it seemed as if he must make one more effort, and something whispered in his heart that, at last, he might succeed.

It was the season of the Passover. The city was thronged with strangers. The children of Israel, scattered in far lands, had returned to the Temple for the great feast, and there had been a confusion of tongues in the narrow streets for many days.

But on this day a singular agitation was visible in the multitude. The sky was veiled with a portentous gloom. Currents of excitement seemed to flash through the crowd. A secret tide was sweeping them all one way. The clatter of sandals and the soft, thick sound of thousands of bare feet shuffling over the stones, flowed unceasingly along the street that leads to the Damascus gate.



Artaban joined a group of people from his own country, Parthian Jews, who had come up to keep the Passover, and inquired of them the cause of the tumult, and where they were going.

"We are going," they answered, "to the place called Golgotha, outside the city walls, where there is to be an execution. Have you not heard what has happened? Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another, called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people, so that they love Him greatly. But the priests and elders have said that He must die, because He gave Himself out to be the Son of God. And Pilate has sent him to the cross because he said that He was the 'King of the Jews.'"

How strangely these familiar words fell upon the tired heart of Artaban! They had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. And now they came to him mysteriously, like a message of despair. The King had arisen, but He had been denied and cast out. He was about to perish. Perhaps He was already dying. Could it be the same who had been born in Bethlehem thirty-three years ago, at whose birth the star had appeared in heaven, and of whose coming the prophets had spoken?

Artaban's heart beat unsteadily with that troubled, doubtful apprehension which is the excitement of old age. But he said within himself: "The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of men, and it may be that I shall find the King at last, in the hands of His enemies, and shall come in time to offer my pearl for his ransom before He dies."

So the old man followed the multitude with slow and painful steps toward the Damascus gate of the city. Just beyond the entrance to the guard-house a troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street, dragging a young girl with torn dress and dishevelled hair. As the Magian paused to look at her with compassion, she broke suddenly from the hands of her tormentors and threw herself at his feet, clasping him around the knees. She had seen his white cap and the winged circle on his breast.

"Have pity on me," she cried, "and save me, for the sake of the God of Purity! I also am a daughter of the true religion which is taught by the Magi. My father was a merchant of Parthia, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death!"

Artaban trembled.

It was the old conflict in his soul, which had come to him in the palm-grove of Babylon and in the cottage at Bethlehem—the conflict between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love. Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been

drawn to the service of humanity. This was the third trial, the ultimate probation, the final and irrevocable choice.

Was it his great opportunity, or his last temptation? He could not tell. One thing only was clear in the darkness of his mind—it was inevitable. And does not the inevitable come from God?

One thing only was sure to his divided heart—to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And is not love the light of the soul?

He took the pearl from his bosom. Never had it seemed so luminous, so radiant, so full of tender, living lustre. He laid it in the hand of the slave.

“This is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King.”

While he spoke, the darkness of the sky deepened, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth heaving convulsively like the breast of one who struggles with mighty grief.

The walls of the houses rocked to and fro. Stones were loosened and crashed into the street. Dust clouds filled the air. The soldiers fled in terror, reeling like drunken men. But Artaban and the girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall of the Prætorium.

What had he to fear? What had he to hope? He had given away the last remnant of his tribute for the King. He had parted with the last hope of finding him. The quest was over, and it had failed. But, even in that thought, accepted and embraced, there was peace. It was not resignation. It was not submission. It was something more profound and searching. He knew that all was well, because he had done the best that he could from day to day. He had been true to the light that had been given to him. He had looked for more. If he had not found it, if a failure was all that came out of his life, doubtless that was the best that was possible. He had not seen the revelation of “life everlasting, incorruptible and immortal.” But he knew that even if he could live his earthly life over again, it could not be otherwise than it had been.

One more lingering pulsation of the earthquake quivered through the ground. A heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He lay breathless and pale, with his gray head resting on the young girl’s shoulder, and the blood trickling from the wound. As she bent over him, fearing that he was dead, there came a voice through the twilight, very small and still, like music sounding from a distance, in which the notes are clear but the words are lost. The girl turned to see if some one had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one.

Then the old man's lips began to move, as if in answer, and she heard him say in the Parthian tongue:

"Not so, my Lord! For when saw I Thee an hungered and fed Thee? Or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw I Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? Or naked, and clothed Thee? When saw I Thee sick or in prison, and came unto Thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked for Thee; but I have never seen Thy face, nor ministered unto Thee, my King."

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again. And again the maid heard it, very faint and far away. But now it seemed as though she understood the words:

"Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto Me."

A calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the pale face of Artaban like the first ray of dawn on a snowy mountain-peak. A long breath of relief exhaled gently from his lips.

His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

—From *The Other Wise Man*,

By Henry Van Dyke.

"We go our ways in life too much alone!  
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;  
Too often we are deaf to sigh or moan,  
Too often to the weak and helpless, blind;  
Too often when distress and want abide,  
We turn and pass upon the other side."

Simply to do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshipping temple, dream out the most enchanting combination of melody and harmony.

—George MacDonald.

"Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.

—H. W. Longfellow.

## Editor's Page

### *Chinese Vicarious Suffering*

As this April Magazine is being prepared for the press—before Easter—Vancouver daily papers have much in them concerning the alleged murder of his mistress by a young Chinese servant in Vancouver city. The confession is such as to create feelings of horror in the mind of every normal human being, and the details as to the disposal of the body of the victim are calculated to appal the imagination. As a consequence it may be assumed that the murder will be reported in the press throughout the world.

It is natural that such a crime should turn attention to the Oriental question, and particularly to the Chinese in the West; but it is amazing to find how far prejudice and passion will lead men to impulsive and unreasonable action. Among the first reports of sequels to the discovery of the murder we read that "one man, prominent in financial circles, at once called his Chinese servant and gave him a month's wages in place of notice," and following on that, it is reported that large numbers of Chinese servants and employees have been dismissed. It may be a matter for question and investigation as to how or why these Chinese servants should have been employed originally—if white labor was available at all; but this method of making so many innocent Chinese suffer for the crime of one of their race is deplorable.

No sane person would wish to minimise in the least the horror of the murder or of the course his surroundings led the murderer to pursue in the instinctive temptation to cover up his crime, whether or not it began by one blow in a moment of passion; but though it is not pleasant to recall other cases, and does not lessen the heart-whole revulsion inspired by this crime, it should not be altogether forgotten that males and females of white races have committed as fiendish crimes. Instances need not be mentioned, but probably even the impulsive public has not yet forgotten how a certain doctor murdered his wife and disposed of the body and then sought to forget her.

As to the report that following on the murder in Vancouver, some unoffending Chinese were stopped and beaten by white men, people who retain any sense of fairness will hold that such actions are a disgrace to our civilization and a shame to our Christianity. In a different, but no less real way they suggest how thin is the veneer of civilization, and how easily man can degenerate into an unreasoning and passionate animal. Yet such ready descent of conduct also proves how wonderful is the ascent of man under Christian influences.

That there is an "Oriental Problem" in this country cannot be ignored; and it will be well that men of all parties who wish to see British institutions flourish should give no perfunctory attention to that question. But if the sight of a Chinaman recalls this murder, it might be well that we also let their appearance on our streets and elsewhere remind us of the fact emphasized by Dr. Endicott and others recently that many men and women of that same race, during the Boxer Rising of 1900, rivalled the courage of the Christian martyrs of any former age, and laid down their lives rather than escape by simply tramping upon crossed sticks which represented the Emblem of the Christian Faith.

Then, as another missionary later reminded us, it is no more reasonable to form our opinion of the Chinese as a people from acquaintance with men who may come from the lower classes in Canton, than it would be to judge of the inhabitants of the British Isles by those types or classes of degenerate humanity who are found in the slums of Glasgow, Dublin, and London.

No doubt we are the heirs of the ages and of the preceding generations in the predispositions that uplift and enoble, as well as in those tendencies and temptations that weaken or degrade; but white men, black men and red men, no less than yellow men, may each, when a murderer passes to execution, quote the words said to have been used of himself on such an occasion by John Bunyan: "There, but for the Grace of God, goes John Bunyan!"

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The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God.—Talmud.

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The Bible is, indeed, simple enough for the simple, but it is also unfathomably deep. No book takes such an entire sweep of all that affects and interests man. No book begins so low or ends so high. The most tainted being, whose face is one plague-spot from brow to chin, gets a new knowledge of himself here, not with the contaminating knowledge of curiosity, but with the healing and hallowing knowledge of repentance. And the most holy saint, the face that seems to its fellows already radiant with the beatific vision, looks in and says, "Hush! for I see something higher, holier still."—R. W. Barbour.

## In the Hour of Silence

### *The Ideal and the Actual*

It was after a night of anxious toil on stormy Galilee, toil ending in failure. Peter, in obedience to the Master's request, launched out again at an hour and in a place most unlikely for success and lo, a multitude of fishes. Peter's quick intuition saw the greatness of Him who had made the catch possible and that vision brought out in relief his own pettiness. "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord," was his cry of mingled adoration and confession. And from that moment the Master took him and made him a fisher of men. The vision of the Christ had shown him the baseness of his own life. But His loving mastery showed him the greatness of his life fulfilled in God. We owe much of our Christian civilization to that humble fisherman who shrank away from his old life and accepted his high destiny in Christ by the shores of Galilee.

And that same Christ stands on the shore of opportunity on each new day that dawns upon our lives, calling us to launch out into the deep for an achievement that seems impossible, but our ears are too often so heavy and our eyes so dull that we miss the wondrous draught and the transforming vision and remain sodden seekers for things to eat and wear instead of radiant, triumphant fishers of men to whom is always given a superabundance of "all these things."

### *Prayer*

O Christ, who didst walk at dawn by Galilee, turning the failure of responsive love into immediate success and everlasting joy; pity us. Our eyes are holden that we do not see and our ears are dull that we do not hear, and we spend our days over the things of earth that serve us but for a moment.

Some of us have toiled and taken much and our hearts are fat and dull and Thy presence means nothing to us; some of us have toiled and taken nothing and our hearts are heavy and sad, but we do not come to Thee for vision and for mastery, and life is drab and full of bitterness. O, patient Christ, have mercy upon us.

Strike through the things of earth that separate us from Thee and help us to see Thee and to know ourselves for what we are, sinful and foolish men. Through that vision and the contrition that it breeds save us and make us fishers of men, centres of Christ-like service to all the world. AMEN.

## Around the Hall

(College Notes, by Wm. Scott, B. A.)

### *Opening of the Summer Theological Session*

Here we are again, as the bad penny said to the grocer. Not that we theological students are to be compared to bad pennies. Far from it—this session has opened with as much dignity and solemnity as a bazaar. Unlike other sessions there has been little evidence of those effervescent spirits which, bottled up all winter when the men are on their mission fields, usually overflow in song and prank when college opens. There has not so far been any attempt at a song; and as for a prank, that seems as far from the minds of the students as a pun from a solemn judge. How are we to account for this? Can it be that the students have not yet recovered from the effects of the opening lecture? It was a big gun that Rev. Dr. Crummy fired as an opening salute, and the learned, heavy projectile he hurled at us may have jarred us out of all frivolity. Or must we look for the explanation in the changed social environment of some of the men? We have heard it said that marriage frequently tames wild spirits. Well, six of the men are married, and at least half a dozen others can be seen at any time during recreation hours studying the prices of a certain article in jewellers' windows. Even our sedate and burdened editor, whom of all men we thought invulnerable, has succumbed. We cannot delay to diagnose this case further, but respectfully suggest that steps be taken to bring back something of the old time jollity to assist the digestion, and cheer our professors.

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We extend a hearty welcome to the men who are with us for the first time. The first year bids fair to outnumber any of the others, and the men who compose it are of the right calibre. Already they have made their presence known in class and council meeting. We hope they will continue to do so, and take their full share of the responsibility of executive work. We take this opportunity also of welcoming Professor Morton, of Knox College, Toronto, who will spend two months lecturing to us in Church History. It is, perhaps, too early in the course for us to say how much we appreciate his work. If a man's greatness largely depends upon the amount of work he can get other men to do, Professor Morton is beginning to lay a good foundation—we can see mountains (not mole hills) of work looming up before us during the next two months.

Reference has been made above to the opening lecture of the session. It was delivered in St. John's Church on the first Thursday evening of this month, by Rev. Dr. Eber Crummy, pastor of Wesley Church. As we mentioned above, the address was a very weighty one, and revealed in Dr. Crummy a keen mind, alert to the latest discussions on religion. His subject was "Voices from the Past," or "Supernatural Selection, the Key to Progress." The thesis of the lecturer was that from earliest times, man instinctively recognized and sought an ideal in the world of spirit, and that this instinct, purified and educated by men of prophetic insight, is the key to all human progress. This thesis was maintained by reference to the ancient customs of taboo and totemism. The lecture was exceedingly interesting to anyone who had given the subject any thought, and was sure to stimulate thought in those who followed it carefully. Perhaps, however, it may be a fair criticism to say that the lecture was better suited for a classroom than for an audience so mixed as the one we had at our opening convocation. The subject is comparatively new, and scarcely seems an easy one to popularize at present. It was only the ability and experience of a man like Dr. Crummy that made it as interesting as it was. We trust that this will not be the last time that the students of Westminster Hall will have an opportunity of hearing Dr. Crummy. In this regard I venture to make a suggestion for the consideration of students and professors.

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The greatest problem of the student's life is not one of education; it is one of character, one of moral and spiritual power. It too often happens that the student, actively eager about other people's souls, threatens to starve his own. He spends the six months between college terms on a mission field, preaching and visiting from the first week until the last, with never a respite. When he returns to college he is generally compelled by circumstances to take a college field during his course. This precludes him from enjoying the ordinary services of the church. He seldom attends a prayer meeting, very infrequently a church service, never, unless he is exceptionally privileged, a communion. From one week's end to the other he listens to lectures on the subjects prescribed by the college authorities. We would not forget nor belittle the influence which our professors bring to bear upon our lives. They are all men of high Christian character and deep spiritual power. But the ordinary course of lectures does not give them the opportunity for influencing our moral and spiritual lives that a quiet, devotional hour would. Moreover, it does not seem fair that the student should be denied the strength and inspiration of the communion. Now, what I would suggest is this: Let the professors give us one hour a week, to be given up to a regular devotional service. Let us arrange with the ministers of the city churches to come and



speak to us, not with any Royal George which they think fitted to students, but with the simplest gospel story or devotional talk they have. Let them speak to us, conduct our service just as they would in their own church—for we students are only ordinary folk after all. And let us arrange to have the Lord's table spread before us, at least twice during the course. If this suggestion, or some other on like lines, were followed, I venture to say the spiritual life of students, professors, and the ministers alike, would be refreshed and deepened.

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At the annual meeting of the Theological Council, held this month, the following offices were filled for the ensuing year: President, Mr. William Scott, B. A.; Vice-President, Mr. Archie McLean; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. James Leslie. The Executive Committee consists of Mr. C. S. Miller, B. A.; Mr. Angus MacIver, Mr. A. D. Pringle. Devotional Committee—Mr. A. D. Pringle, Mr. J. K. Graham, Mr. Angus Grant. Athletic Committee—Mr. Angus MacIver, Mr. J. H. Buchanan, Mr. D. A. Smith. Mr. J. H. Buchanan was appointed Librarian.

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## Protecting the Investor

### *The New Trust Act of British Columbia.*

[NOTE:—At this time a word of compliment or congratulation is due the British Columbia Government in connection with the passing of the Trust Act, and the following contribution relative thereto is opportune, and should be of interest to our readers in Canada and elsewhere.]

More than ordinary difficulties confronted the solicitor of the Attorney-General's department and the Inspector of Trust Companies when required by the Attorney-General to prepare a bill—a new original bill—for the establishing, the regulation and management of companies having trust powers—trust companies, so-called.

Many companies created under the Companies Act, many created by special statute, many outside companies—extra provincial, so-called—had the power to execute trusts, to receive monies on deposit, etc. Some of them used these powers, others did not; and one of the great difficulties encountered was to so frame a bill to treat existing companies fairly and at the same time absolutely protect the public; and also to treat existing companies in as nearly the same manner as the requirements of new companies about to embark in this line of enterprise.

Many of the provinces had no laws in reference to trust companies at all; the Dominion House was just engaging in preparing an act; in the various States to the south, where there were such laws at all, they differed in each State. The American Bankers' Association had a "Model Act" which no State followed exactly; so that it will be readily understood that there were no precedents to go by in the framing of an act.

From a careful reading of the act as passed in March, 1914, the main feature noticeable to a layman is the evident design to protect— to protect the investor who buys shares in said companies, to protect the person who uses these concerns as his agent to invest his funds, to protect the depositor who leaves his savings with a trust company, and to protect the widows and orphans whose funds and securities are left with a trust company whom the husband and protector has appointed as executor or trustee after his decease.

Every possible reasonable requirement has to be complied with by trust companies who continue to act as such under the operation of this act. Many companies will require to have the trust powers eliminated from their charters, and it is surprising the number of companies and the varieties of the businesses they were engaged in, who had such powers; why such powers were asked for and granted originally is a marvel. For instance, one of the largest departmental stores in the province had trust powers; a large meat and provision company, a large contracting company, and a small retail grocery company in an interior town each had power to receive money and to act as executor and trustee.

Now, under the act just passed, each company desiring to retain their trust powers must change the name (if the word "trust" does not already exist in the name) so that the word "trust" is in it; the word "limited" must be eliminated, there must be a paid up capital of at least \$100,000, and a subscribed capital of at least \$250,000; the Inspector must be satisfied that the officers and directors of the company are such that they deserve the confidence of the public and are fit and suitable persons for such positions; that the company can pay its obligations, that its paid-up capital is unimpaired, that the books and records are in a proper condition and the company is required to deposit with the Government either in cash or acceptable securities, described in the act, a sum ranging from \$25,000 to \$200,000, as required by the Inspector, as a guaranty for the protection of the public.

When these requirements, and others, are complied with, the company which has successfully emerged triumphant from the ordeal, receives a licence to operate, which licence is revocable if other requirements as to the investment of funds, management of their business, &c., are not satisfactorily fulfilled.

Every credit is due to the gentlemen who prepared the act, and to the Attorney-General, who insisted on its passage in spite of a strong lobby against it, because if the act is enforced it is a reasonable certainty that any business done with or through a trust company will be conducted in such a manner that the public will be protected.

The depositor in a trust company has even greater legal security than a depositor with a chartered bank. In a chartered bank the holder of the notes of a bank—our ordinary money—has a first lien on the assets of such bank; then second to the note holder comes the depositor, then third, the shareholder.

In a trust company the company is required to keep at least 25% of the deposits on hand in actual cash, and must invest deposits in certain specified securities, which securities and money belong to the depositor until he is paid—the depositor comes first—and no creditor of the trust company other than a depositor can claim these. In addition, the depositor also ranks as an ordinary creditor.

Funds of estates, and the business, securities, and monies of deceased persons must be kept entirely separate and distinct from the monies and investments for depositors, as well as from the monies and investments belonging to the trust company.

Altogether, the Trust Company Act passed by the British Columbia Government last month, is one of the best of its kind, and we may fairly anticipate that its regulations will have a satisfactory effect on all trust businesses conducted in Canada's Farthest West Province.

A. D.

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“For the soul that lives is the soul that gives;  
And bearing another's load  
Doth lighten your own, and shorten the way,  
And brighten the homeward road.”

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“Unknown the way,  
Unknown, thank God, the coming care to-morrow;  
Please Him to-day,  
And in love's freedom trust Him for to-morrow.”

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*The Mystery of Pain.*

“Not in each shell the diver brings to air  
Is found the priceless pearl; but only where,  
Mangled and torn, and bruised well-nigh to death,  
The wounded oyster draws its labouring breath.  
O, tried and suffering soul, gauge here your gain:  
The pearl of patience is the fruit of pain.”