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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
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Volume 24

JUNE, 1925

No. 5

Canada's Destiny?:

1. INDEPENDENCE?:

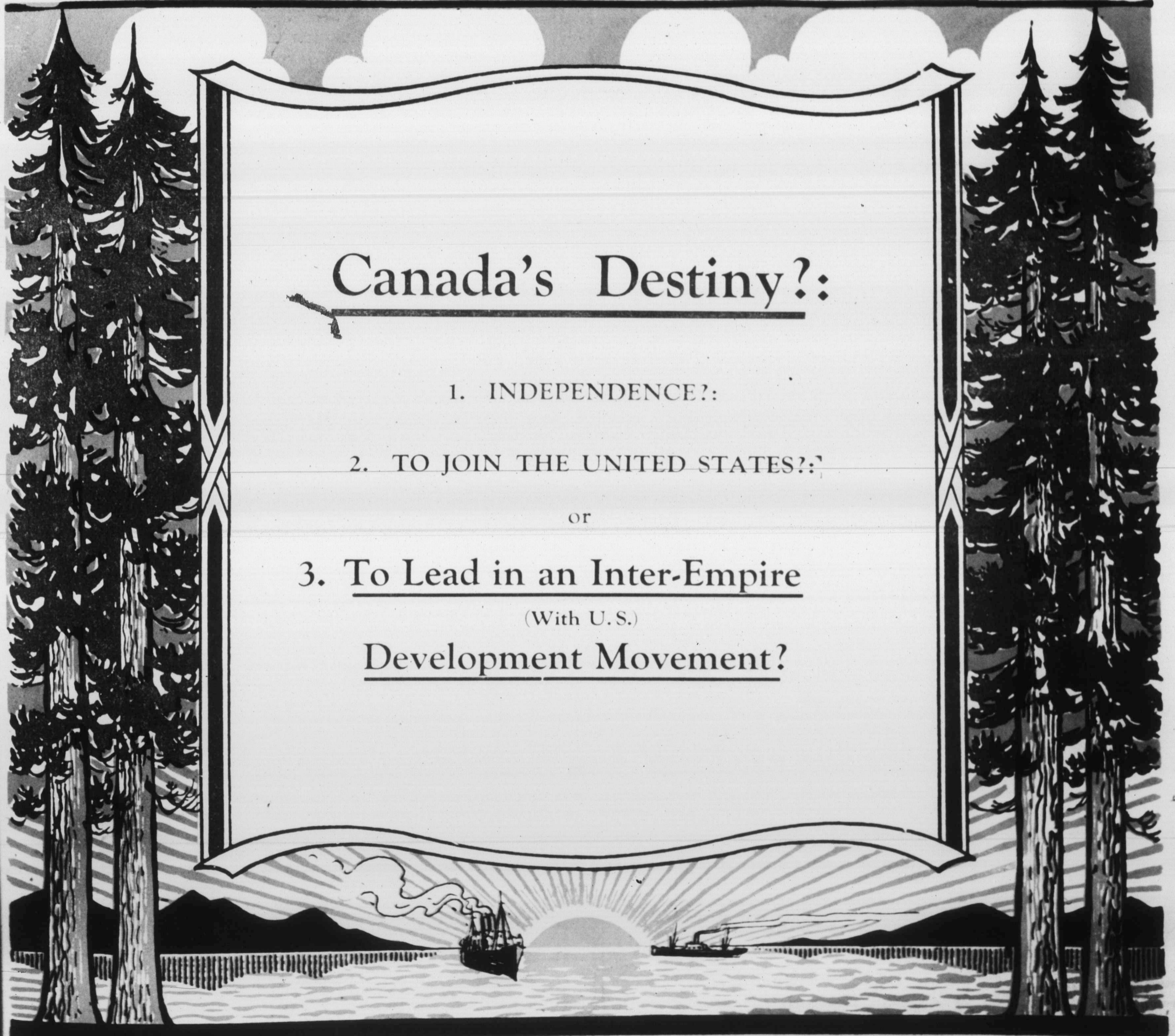
2. TO JOIN THE UNITED STATES?:

or

3. To Lead in an Inter-Empire

(With U.S.)

Development Movement?



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"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. 24

JUNE, 1925

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CANADA'S DESTINY?:

(1.) Independence?; (2.) To Join the United States?; or (3.) To Lead in an Inter-Empire (with U.S.) Development Movement?

FROM A MULTIPLICITY OF LOCAL EVENTS AND INTERESTS, each well worthy of comment, we turn again to the larger question of Canada's destiny. As the whole is greater than its part, so the welfare of British Columbia and the vast Canadian West is bound up in what may happen in London, Ottawa, and other Empire or Dominion Capitals.

RECENTLY A CRITICAL READER, whose candour we respect, accused this Magazine (or its editor) of being "imperialistic in the extreme." It having been our lot in other years to come under the spell of Statesmen like Lord Rosebery, with his Empire-building vision, we make no apology for the pre-disposition of the British-born. On the other hand, as one among citizens of the Canadian West, we believe we may, without being justly charged with inconsistency, record that we hold that members of that Imperialistic race must not be expected to retain the same vision indefinitely—REGARDLESS OF THE CHANGES IN ACTION OF THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE SECESSION OF THE UNITED STATES no doubt taught the Motherland a lesson in Colonization from which she has profited in succeeding generations. But the complexity and progress in the conditions of Empire expansion in modern times, may make it desirable, and even necessary, that the Powers-that-be behind the Throne, should be ever alert to the actions and re-actions taking place in the outer portions of the Empire, which, in each separate Dominion, to citizens living and working THERE, is an important—indeed, the important—Centre of Empire TO THEM.

SINCE OUR BRIEF REPLY TO THE CRITIC of our Imperialism was published (in the April Magazine) we have been more than ever concerned to "size up", so far as numerous opportunities have permitted, the trend of public thought, and to note representative individual expressions on the important question of Canada's position, (1), internally; (2), in relation to the United States; and (3) with regard to the Mother Country and the Empire generally.

ONE OF THE FIRST DUTIES of mortals in this life is to learn to face the facts, whether or not these be as they would like them. Camouflage may have its uses in Peace as well as in War, and we know it is not always wise to enlarge upon things at their worst, especi-

ally when that worst may be exceptional and not general. But when one finds a number of men—unrelated in time, position, etc.—giving expression to sentiments which have a kinness of questioning in them, perhaps one can best prove his loyalty to his Western Homeland, as well as to the British Empire, by plainly indicating the conditions, and the attitude of mind revealed—and thereby, it may be, do our bit in increasing the alertness and activity of the Responsible Authorities in London and elsewhere.

NO GOVERNMENTS OR AUTHORITIES, in Canada or elsewhere in the Empire may be able to control public opinion, but in most cases, Provincial, Dominion and Imperial, if their Ministers and Cabinets are "on the job" they may directly and indirectly see to it that, while various forms of propaganda permeate a community, they themselves do not remain inactive or negative.

THE SAIL PER C. P. R. STEAMER from Vancouver to Nanaimo is only about two or three hours, but many members of the Vancouver Kiwanis Club must have a pleasant memory associated with a recent trip there. Though it was early in the season the weather was ideal—a day like the best of mid-summer days in Britain. Detached from business cares, individual members of the company settled into random groups on deck, and opinions were exchanged with that freedom which is possible or common only when men, linked with kindred interests, feel that they can open their minds to each other.

HERE WE GOT OUR FIRST IMPRESSION (following our former writing on the subject) of how a certain measure of detachment from, if not also criticism of, great Britain might easily become more pronounced. Two Englishmen-born both now settled in business and doing well in this Farthest West, spoke of their impressions in re-visiting the Old Land. Like most others who have spent any length of time in Canada, especially in British Columbia, they made clear that they could not readily contemplate settling again in Britain. That is natural enough, and needs little explanation to those who know the general conditions of life and living in the Old Land and Overseas.

But what remained with us was this: These Englishmen—in common with many Scots folk of whom we know—saw life in the Homelands as in some ways

"cribbed, cabined and confined"; the people apparently contented to be in what seemed—to the Empire travellers—a routine condition; and, what was perhaps most disappointing of all, evidently often disposed to speak and act as if "what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them."

WITHOUT WISHING TO BE CLASSIFIED AS A "superior person," the writer may remark that Shakespeare's line "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit," suggests a far-reaching truth affecting all ages and stages of life. And we venture in a word to say that if the bands that bind the British Empire should be so stretched or neglected that they hang loose, so as to be in danger of losing strength, it may be due to the people of the PARENT HOMELANDS betraying a detachment from or indifference to the interests and outlook of the virile and reasonably ambitious PIONEERS in Empire Building ON THEIR OWN in the dominions beyond the seas.

WE KNOW THAT THE MOTHERLAND HAS MUCH TO TEACH US; but she may also have something to learn from her enterprising children in the Dominions who, unsatisfied or dissatisfied with the limited horizon around them at "Home," have courageously fared forth to make their homes—if not their mark and something more—in the, comparatively, sparsely peopled places of the Empire,—where, however, assuming reasonable foresight is exercised and steady work maintained,—not by the clock but as duty calls,—the conditions of life may become much more tolerable and attractive for the many than (before the war at least) even in dear yet "dole-ful" Britain.

INDEED, TOO TOLERABLE AND TOO COMFORTABLE for the ordinary worker, it may sometimes seem: For just as the "British working man" in the pre-war generation had too often "to work the life out to keep the life in," so here in this Continental country, it sometimes seems that, with Labor Unions and what not, the plain working man or tradesman may, by questionable wage "standards", set by trade-union combinations, somehow command, not only a goodly "hire" for his labour, but one often out of proportion, compared with what falls to those who have to invest capital in money or brains, or both, and bear all the responsibility of organiza-

tion maintenance. But—that is another story.

IN SEDATE AND LOYAL VICTORIA (British Columbia) the writer met another Englishman who, when we spoke of its being time for the men at the centre of Empire to "wake up" more fully to the potentialities of Canada, at once questioned IF IT WERE NOT ALREADY TOO LATE? If, to some folk, it should seem disloyal in us even to publish such a suggestion, we would answer that we publish it—and if we feel warranted, shall publish more along that line—because we believe THERE IS NEED FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, and the citizens generally in the Centre of the Empire, to be MORE FULLY AWAKE than they seem to be to this Canada of ours—and THEIRS!

"FREE TRADE ENGLAND IN KILLING THE EMPIRE" was another remark, made to the writer in the course of a lengthy chat with one of the prominent professional men in Western Canada, who also happens to be a man of wide-reading and a student of affairs. If there is truth in that viewpoint, the sooner PREMIER BALDWIN AND HIS COLLEAGUES who hold the reins of power in the British Government, are thoroughly impressed by it, the better. If British Statesmen do not waken up to the Empire's potentialities—and that includes Canada's—if they do not evolve and put into active working order, a system that makes for larger INTER-EMPIRE DEVELOPMENT and EXCHANGE, they may too late waken up to the fact that some portions of the Empire will make other arrangements—arrangements that, whatever may follow from them, will not strengthen connection with the Homeland.

OUR USE OF "DEAR YET 'DOLEFUL' BRITAIN" has in it more of sorrow than of anger. But there is something of annoyance, if not of shame, in the thought that—according to the information that reaches us—our British Homeland, including even the Land of Wallace and Bruce, Burns and Scott, and numerous other patriots, statesmen, poets, and race-leaders, is in danger of being disgraced by "the dole." As another outstanding man in Western Canada suggested to the writer—a man who we are confident, does not wish any more than this note-maker to be disloyal to the Empire.—If Britain cannot run her own country BETTER, she may find ere long that the British Dominions beyond the seas, will THEMSELVES arrange some combination that will not only recall—

"Daughter am I in my Mother's House, But Mistress in my own", but demonstrate that the "Children" NATIONS of the EMPIRE are grown up, and, without wishing to be undutiful towards, much less to forget their "parents", have learned that they too must DO THEIR OWN PART in their day and generation.

TO PREMIER BALDWIN AND HIS COLLEAGUES in the British Cabinet we made bold to send a suggestion (published in our issue of November last) that as far as possible the members of

his Cabinet in turn should have an Empire-touring holiday—for recreation, for information, and to help in the completion of their education for the great and noble task of lasting Empire building. We sent that message marked to each member of the Cabinet, and we appreciate the various acknowledgments received. Incidentally, even if our notes be likened to only an ounce in "tons" of influence otherwise brought to bear upon them, we were pleased to learn in recent months that the Premier himself MAY visit Canada. We trust he will come, and that he will not be the only member to use the "Trans-Canada" ALL THE WAY.

IF WE WRITE SO OF LONDON, what should we say of OTTAWA? It is not so long since one Government Minister from Ottawa (in the previous government) visited Vancouver and admitted that it was for the first time. To appreciate that fairly our British readers have to be reminded that Vancouver is approximately about as far from Eastern Canada as Quebec is from Glasgow or Liverpool. At the same time it is inexcusable that any man should be in the Dominion Cabinet for any length of time without visiting and learning at first hand about every Province in this Dominion. In Provincial Governments the same principle should apply to knowledge of districts, no matter what the Party badge may be.

SPACE AND TIME, so far at least as the journalist is concerned, are limited, and we have reached this point without introducing or dealing with another communication from the critic formerly mentioned.

BECAUSE WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF FREE DISCUSSION, and believe that our publication of certain questions raised by that correspondent, may at once accentuate and justify our own attitude as above indicated, we shall close these notes by reproducing VERBATIM the questions that our former critic asks. Following other references to the contents of a previous issue, with which time alone prevents our dealing, the reader who accused the editor of this Magazine with being "imperialistic in the extreme," writes thus:

"As a reader I would like to ask your opinion on the following questions, and trust you will give some space to their discussion from month to month, as you can spare it.:

1. As a country with a history dating back to the French Settlements in and around the first part of the seventeenth century, do you think this northern part of the Continent, now known as Canada, has made the progress we naturally might expect?

2. Can a strong National spirit be developed in any country that is part of an Empire, composed of countries with widely-divergent interests, and scattered in different parts of the globe?

3. Can a strong National sentiment be developed in a country such as Canada, where the population is a mixture of almost every country under the sun, without a distinctive flag, as well as a National Anthem peculiarly its own?

4. Taking into consideration that at least seventy-five per cent. of the magazines read by the Canadian people are periodicals of the United States and full of American sentiment, and a portrayal of the greatness of everything American; that at least eighty per cent. of the Moving Pictures shown in our theatres are tinged with their ideas and customs, and that the greater portion of the capital that is being used in the development of our National resources comes from the republic to the south, do you not fear that we are not only being drawn into the American Maelstrom, but are actually in it now, and sooner or later are to be engulfed in some way?

5. Is it now too late to steer the ship out of the maelstrom, and still get into the waters of independence?

6. The above are questions which this country must face. I have asked many business men, as well as others in Vancouver, as to what they thought of political union with the United States, if it could be obtained on an honorable basis. Without one exception they have exclaimed: "The best thing that could happen to us, but for goodness' sake do not mention my name at present." They were agreed that values in this city would double overnight, and that an era of prosperity in this country, never before dreamed of, would ensue.

"Mister Editor, what have you to say on questions of this nature: As a Canadian by adoption, what is your opinion?"

Perhaps our opinion and attitude may be inferred from what we wrote in the April Magazine, and also above, before turning to our correspondent's letter.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION IS, what are the thoughtful and influential citizens in the Canadian Commonwealth THINKING on such topics TO-DAY? For the direction of their thought-to-day must influence the trend of the ACTION of TOMORROW—assuming that the life of this world and continent is allowed to follow normal lines, undisturbed by wars, earthquakes, cataclysms, or unchanged by Higher Evolutions!

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Verse by Western Canadian Writers

ACORNS.

(By Annie Margaret Pike.)

"Oh, tell me where you look for them, the green and shining acorns?"

"A-lying in the wild wood beneath the tall oak tree."

"And what do you do with them when you've gathered up a lapful?"

"Come with me to the wild wood and you shall quickly see.

"Look! I gather up a lapful of green and shining acorns,

And I take them to the goblins' grove as you shall see,

And I lay them down and leave them until the stars are shining,

And then I hide me swiftly behind the largest tree.

"And I watch the merry brownies, who softly in the starlight

Alight beside my treasure and fold their silver wings,

Till their king in robes of state waves his wand and breaks the silence,

And each takes up an acorn and tunefully he sings:

'Forest tree
Grow from thee!
And may earth,
Mother mild,
Bless her child.'

"And whither do they carry them, those silver-winged elfmen?"

"Away to barren places with ne'er a shady tree;
And they plant them there, and watch them, and water them with dewdrops,

And shade them from the winter winds, as you shall see.

"And little children go and play beneath the growing oak trees,

And all are gay and gladsome, and not a wee one grieves;

And old folk come at sundown and rest from toil and labour,

And think the fairies' laughter is but the rustling leaves."

"Oh, right heartily I thank thee, fair maiden of the greenwood,

And I'll come and gather acorns beneath the tall oak tree,

And I'll take them out by starlight and leave them for the brownies,

And standing by the goblins' oak may I the fairies see."

VLADIMIR ROSING.

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

Across the spaces of a frozen world,
Purged of all earthly dross, come muted cries;
A meteor splits the blackness of the skies;
And in the dawn a cobweb flutters, pearled
With dew-drops. Wine of beauty that flowers spill;
Horror of portents in the starred abyss;
The icy breath of death. . . What art is this
Enchanting all the senses to your will?
A lullaby moon-silver, misted green;
Smouldering passions fanned bursting to flame;
Vanity withered with the breath of shame;
Your gestures, gained from sculptor's art, between,
Death-rattle and the skull your art evokes,
But to that dread the the spirit's joy it yokes.

SHACKS.

(By Annie C. Dalton.)

Mean hovels built from stately trees,
Low ~~campers~~ that forest kings
Have arched with royal bones to house such things,
Such trivial things as these:

Rough shelves, a broken glass, a comb,
An axe, a gun, a box, a new
Bright stove, a bunk, a lamp, pots, pans, a few
Stained photographs from home.

Yet, these have, too, a sacristan,
Holy are they, their simple aim
To serve that pure, divine, florescent flame,
The spirit of a man.

WHEN FIRST I TOUCHED YOUR HAND.

(By Irene H. Moody.)

Beloved, when first I touched your hand,
All the long waiting was as naught.
Years fell from life, like the dark thought
Of starving winter in a summer land.

One moment of heart's beat ceasing, the quick pain
Of too much joy—an ecstasy unsought—
Then bounding pulse, a sigh with yearning fraught,
And loneliness, like some bleak, northern plain.

ANY WIND THAT BLOWS.

(By Bertha Lewis.)

This is the song that the wind sings to me,
Up on the hills or down on the lea.
"To and fro, around and around,
Rocking the trees and sweeping the ground
Rushing or gushing,
Playfully brushing
The leaves of the trees,
The waves of the seas,
Then off to the mountains away—
With the soaring eagles to play.
Up and down, around and around
Singing a song with a merry sound,
North or East, South or West,
O! I am the wind that you love best."

I love your song
As you rush along,
Relieving my grieving,
Never deceiving,
You blow all my cares away
To music mystic or gay.

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The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA.

NOTE: This month the Wayside Philosopher expresses views on the "K. K. K.," which we are not at all sure will commend themselves to our readers generally. But if others are disposed to present different viewpoints on this or other questions we shall welcome them. (Ed. B. C. M.)

The Klu Klux Klan.

We are informed by the press that the Klu Klux Klan has an organization in Vancouver. From other sources we learn that this organization is already a strong one—counting a number of our best citizens among its members and seeking to enroll all who are essentially British in ideals and aspirations.

We are further informed that the plea, on which the supposed necessity for an organization of the sort in Canada, is based, is this: "All the anti-British forces—all those who seek to destroy British rule, British institutions, British culture and ideals—are organized. Therefore, those who cherish and support this rule and these institutions and this culture must organize to preserve them."

It must be admitted that there is much to be said for this plea, much that must be granted as existing in our midst, by way of lawlessness, disorder, unrest, ideals as separate and apart as the poles, themselves, from British ideals: e. g., anarchy of different types, dissolutism and decay, such as may well arrest attention and cause thoughtful enquiry.

Granting all that, the presence of such an organization as the Klu Klux Klan is not only needless, but it is, in itself, a great peril. The plea is appealing, perhaps, but unconvincing.

Something in this question, no doubt, depends upon one's viewpoint, and we write from our own particular viewpoint. This, shortly, is that God is the Supreme factor, nay THE ONLY FACTOR to be considered in such a question. GOD, Supreme in Power, in Mercy, in Love—whose Law will not and cannot be gainsaid though the world unite to order otherwise.

If God, as we believe, is the final and only arbiter of all destiny, individual, national, universal—then it is in His laws that the answer to any question comes.

First—we premise that only truth can stand, only it may live. We believe with Carlyle that "All the artillery of Europe cannot enforce a lie," and say, further, what he no doubt meant, that "No earthly power however great, can give wrong the victory."

For example, in the apparently darkest hour of defeat, the prophet learns that he is not alone, that "There are 10,000 who have not bowed the knee to Baal." We are all too timid, too short-sighted, in this manner of vision, and, as Lowell tells us:

"Daily with souls that cringe and plot,

We Sinais climb, and know it not."

However that be, there can be no question, in our mind, that "The will of God shall prevail."

If it be true that only goodness or truth can live, then it follows, to our mind, that an individual, or a nation, lives just in proportion as he or it makes goodness and truth his, or its, own.

The greatest heights that man ever climbed were the heights of simple truth, love and goodness, simply and naturally lived, and to those heights the people of to-day—ourselves included—can only look from the pigmy hillocks of intellectualism, or some one or other of the "isms" that reveal our inefficiency, moral turpitude and decay.

Britain's present standing and future position depend, therefore, on her approximation to God's laws in her national life, or, to put it more plainly, in the individual lives of her subjects.

This, and this alone, is and will be the barometer of her life power.

If this be true, how can righteousness in the individual life be reached? Certainly not through organization, per se at all events. Who would be fool enough to think that a human soul could be "organized" into a knowledge of saving grace or made thus fit for Heaven? Yet, it is presumed that by organizations the power of God can be infused into British national life and it thereby preserved.

What we need is not organization, but a wholesome sense of our need of God, and acceptance in every life, of His truth as the only way of salvation—a humble seeking to know His will and to do His pleasure.

Let those who have rallied to the standard of the Klu Klux Klan in Canada forget its darkling star and turn to the One who alone is light, power and truth. Then they may do something to preserve Britain, or Canada—which is all one from our standpoint.

Let them remember that their organization has three inherent and irreparable weaknesses. First, it is conscious of its own virtue, and this, in itself, shows that virtue to be a sickly and secondary one.

"They that are healthy know not of their health, but they that are sick." This is a well known truth. The moment we know our virtue, it has lost its Godlike relationship and character.

When you hear a man talking of his honesty, you deal carefully with him and know him to be dishonest. When a man is truly insulted by the suggestion that he acts dishonestly, you know that you can trust him with your all, and yet, he will never claim to be an honest man, will in no wise accept any particular honesty as his due.

Those who follow consciously the light of the Klan, the service club, the fraternal society, and other partial lights, are like Carlyle's gouty man "Walking with a vengeance—no whither."

Next: The Klan finds its virtue in organization. "Organize and ye shall live" it cries. What says history? Does the Klan hope to rival the excellences of the Roman army in its organization? Where now is

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Rome for whom this great organization dared all things?

Has organization preserved any world power in the past? Germany's organization in 1914 was particularly excellent, but Germany lost the war. "Not in might, not in power, but in My law," thus saith the Lord. Suppose we accept this and govern ourselves accordingly.

Thirdly: The Klu Klux Klan is a dangerous precedent. Its members believe themselves, their principles, their ideals, right. They rally to their support. Can they deny the same right to others, then, who having different ideas and ideals, will also organize? We will have Lords many and Gods many. Principles, of every kind and description, will have their organized followers. Who, then, shall say which is nearer right, which should prevail? We have the revealed light of God—why trifle with such dangers as these may become?

Let us avoid all this clamour of tongues. The British Constitution has stood centuries because it sought to interpret to men God's teachings as to Justice, Truth and Freedom, to make rightness the only ground for its protection. Experience has ripened its wisdom, emphasized the eternal nature of its principles, organized its practices, brought to light its weaknesses, dangers, and so to-day it stands the most powerful element in human political thought.

What need has this great triumph of human achievement of the protection of such an ephemeral

thing as the Klu Klux Klan? Queen Victoria is said to have pointed out to an inquirer that Britain's greatness was due to its foundation truth being the Bible. Whether this be truth or fiction we cannot say, but she, or any other person, could say it in all truth. Who would propose to eliminate that foundation and substitute the Klu Klux Klan as a guarantee of permanency to our Constitution?

Other aspects of British nationality can be similarly dealt with, but surely just, fearless and wholesome administration of our laws, the honest and God fearing conduct of our daily lives and duties is infinitely a greater safeguard of permanency than any Klu Klux Klan or other institution, however organized.

Were we in the United States and mindful of the fact that it has, in many ways, forgotten God, we might be convinced that, in the conditions existing there, the Klan was, or could be, an aid to better things.

Where "home" has lost a large part of its meaning; where human life has lost some of its greatness; where marriage is a matter of convenience, not of principle; where graft and corruption flourish and money is God and King—even the Klan might be of use. At most, however, it is a doubtful blessing.

Here in Canada, we neither require, nor desire, the Klan. The common sense of the race, sanctified by a true conception of our relationship to God, is our only needed guarantee of permanence.

Educational Notes

(By Spectator.)

"The public school is civilization's insurance against the loss of its most valuable form of wealth—its knowledge, ideals, and habits of right conduct. The public school is also civilization's method of insuring future progress. It offers a nation a chance to make a new start with each new generation."

* * * *

The legislature of Manitoba has passed a Teachers' Retirement Bill, to provide superannuation for teachers of the province in places other than Winnipeg. The latter place has long had a system of its own. Ontario has an excellent system similar to that of New Zealand. Alberta teachers are moving toward the same goal.

Modest provision for the teacher's closing years tends to the betterment of the service, and therefore to the public good. Lessening of a teacher's daily anxiety puts him in a fitter frame of mind to manage and teach his pupils; and, when the infirmities of age have impaired the effectiveness of his earlier years, there is no hardship in asking him to give way to one who is younger and stronger, better fitted to live and work with the fresh young lives committed to his guidance and care.

* * * *

To test the readiness of their pupils for promotion to the high schools, the teachers of Grade Eight classes in the public schools of the city have been giving them a series of intelligence tests. These tests may have their value; but some things they cannot very well measure, e. g., character and the disposition to plod on and stick to a problem, however uninteresting or disagreeable, until it is solved.

It might be more to the point, perhaps, to test intelligence at the beginning of the term, to ascertain the capacities of the several pupils at the commence-

ment of the year's work, so that the teacher might be in a position to fit the burden to the back, and exact from each worker just the proper output and achievement, no more, no less.

* * * *

In the elementary schools it is only fair that the teachers should give adequate attention to the slower pupils, so that as far as possible they may attain to fullness of achievement and life.

But should we stop here? There is a surprisingly high percentage of retardation in the vast majority of the schools of the continent. Let us suppose that, roughly speaking, a third of the boys and girls are retarded. Another third may perhaps come just up to standard. The remaining third should be accelerated sufficiently to balance the retardation of the lowest third. This apparently is rarely the case. But should we rest satisfied with this state of affairs? Surely not.

A generation ago a very large proportion of the most satisfactory pupils in the smaller high schools had received their preliminary education in ungraded rural schools. The teachers of these schools were many of them mature men and women, with long years of successful experience to their credit. Self-help, the basic principle of the Dalton system, was, perforce, largely made use of, since one teacher was often responsible for the progress of forty or fifty pupils classi-

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ned in eight or nine grades. Spoon-feeding, the bane of our graded schools, was unknown. Consequently the graduates of the highest classes were strong, independent and aggressive.


Could not even better results be achieved in city schools by some slight changes in organization and methods? By the use of intelligence tests in a school of five or six hundred pupils, one or two, or perhaps even three classes of pupils with high I. Q.'s could be selected. Each class would consist of several grades, at least two or three. These classes should be placed in charge of experienced and competent teachers, and, with advantage to themselves, by judicious use of the Dalton system, the pupils might easily cover the work of eight grades in six years. The acceleration of these would probably go far to offset the retardation among the lowest third of school intelligences.

But would not such a system impoverish the other classes of the school, depriving them of leadership and inspiration? By no means. The classes of lower grade I. Q.'s would develop new leadership; and the teaching, in its nature and pace, could be adjusted to the needs of the boys and girls. The idea is worth a trial by an able and courageous teacher.

In an illuminating address to the Canadian Club of Vancouver, President Tory, of Alberta University, took for his subject "The Man of Theory versus The

Practical Man." demonstrating clearly that in many instances the so-called practical man is but building on the foundation laid by the man of theory. He recalled the invention of the first electrical machine, the progenitor, one might say, of all electrical machines since invented—by that eminent man of science, Michael Faraday. The material used cost about five pounds. Amongst other visitors William Ewart Gladstone called to see it. After completing his examination he exclaimed, "But of what use is it, Mr. Faraday?" Of its economic value the inventor had not thought, but had enough wit to answer, "Oh! Mr. Gladstone, you might tax it!" The joke proved prophetic. During a single year of the Great War the Chancellor of the Exchequer collected a hundred million pounds in taxes levied on the electrical plant of the United Kingdom. So in the ultimate analysis the man of theory is pre-eminently practical.

President Tory might well have gone back another step. The theorizing of the man of science is conditioned on the dreams of the philosopher and the seer, the Heaven-sent visions of men in religion, intellectual speculation and art. It is no accident in human development that Isaiah and Paul, Plato and Aristotle, Phidias and Praxiteles, Homer and Vergil, Dante and Shakespeare—all antedate Sir Isaac Newton; and that Sir Isaac Newton in turn antedates Arkwright and Crompton, Watt and Stevenson, Bell and Edison, and Henry Ford.



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The Enthusiasm for Union in Scotland

(By Rev. Thomas Gilleson, Parish Church of St. Bride, Edinburgh, formerly of Vancouver, B. C.)

NOTE: Those concerned in Church Union in Canada will welcome this readable impression of the Union situation in Scotland—where, however, conditions are different. Though farther away from Vancouver than most of the earlier teachers, graduates, and some Board members of Westminster Hall, to whom this Magazine gave publicity in other years, Mr. Gilleson, as a teacher in and graduate of that College, has repeatedly demonstrated that he retains interest in this Magazine—of which he foresaw the possible development in service. (Ed. B. C. M.)

To one who was privileged to be present in both assemblies, that of the Church of Scotland and of the United Free Church, it is not difficult to estimate the atmosphere and feeling that animated those bodies.

A hush of expectancy fell over the U. F. Brethren at the conclusion of the moderator's eloquent opening prayer. Men had been drawn very close to the Holy of Holies. Earthward things began to fall away and lose their exaggerated magnitude. The spirit of man seemed for a moment to rise on the wings of prayer into the divine presence and glimpse things in something of their true proportions.

Dr Drummond presented a quiet, compressed, informative statement, largely of a historical nature, looking back over 16 years of negotiations and then forward a little. He reminded his hearers how the Act of 1921 dealt with the powers of the Church in spiritual matters and how the Bill (since become an Act on 25th May, 1925) at present before Parliament, sought to provide for the settlement of the temporalities of the Church—both of them Enabling Acts only, i.e., putting into the hands of the two contracting Churches powers, full powers to order their own house in all affairs concerning belief and practice and finance.

The reply of that redoubtable champion of free speech and opinion, was most modest and moderate, James Marr, M.P. Parliament has changed and modified this boiling spirit. The old song was sung—that these were national moneys and did not belong to any church to do with as they would, that the proceedings were contrary to the Act of Union between England and Scotland, and as a consequence invalid. The audience listened patiently, although indeed they knew it already like the pages of a well-thumbed book.

The whole debate was restrained and marked by deep earnestness and intensity. Men felt that the hour for action had come, that Union was very near. No one was surprised that a substantial majority rose to approve the proceedings of the committee who watch the case for Union.

The Church of Scotland held a private meeting the evening before this debate. The moderator of assembly, Dr. White, who is also convener of the "Union" Committee (so-called, for the proper name is The Committee Appointed to Confer with the United Free Church) introduced proceedings in an informative and witty speech. Indeed, he again and again invited questions. He and his vice convener, J. A. S. Miller, W.S., were there to meet the interrogations of the House and obviate delay and waste of time the following day. To some intent this purpose was served. In both assemblies it was noted with gratitude and pride how much in prestige and pocket the Church of Scotland was sacrificing in this whole movement toward union. On one item alone the old Church abandons a claim to £60,000 per annum. The U. F. Church is assumed into the Union with a debt of £250,000 (quarter of a million pounds sterling) hanging over her churches and manses.

Scots discuss material things with a fine grace, with a grace that savours of spirituality, with a consciousness that all things are holy and that somehow, in the eyes of God, the distinction between the sacred and the secular does not and never did exist, because both are contributing to life.

Many eyes have been on Canada and a fine tribute and benediction was pronounced over the Great West for wisdom in this vital matter of Union. Essential unity we have already—what we want is Union, a united front, the principle of the Single Command, to go shoulder to shoulder into the field against evil and error. That was stated to be the high and holy purpose of Union, which none could withstand or confute. This we must choose ere the purposes of God cast us to one side or ride over us as narrow, worthless factionaries.

Wide-eyed wonder mingled with pity greeted the hour-and-a-half speech of that famous obstructionist, Dr. Mitchell, of Killearn. To those in touch with the needs of the world it sounded like blar-

ing brass or a clanging cymbal. It was beating the air. Here too the majority in favour was overwhelming. If Union is a fait accompli, as it may well be, in a matter of three years' time, there will be no split and no secession. The times are too serious and menacing. Such an effervescence of energy is unthinkable.

Scotland faces two dangers—the impatience and consequent attrition of her Presbyterian Church membership through the needless and senseless standing apart of two units of Christ's Church that the process of history has already made one. The younger generation have no taste or flair for the disputes that agitated their grandparents. The gravamen of their interest is removed from the old niceties of doctrine and administration. Scotland is stripping to the waist to fight the devil.

The second danger that is bidding the Church close their ranks and unite is the invasion and advance of the Roman Church in her midst. In West Scotland the majority of the people are Irish and Roman Catholic. In such a severely

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Protestant city as Edinburgh we find six out of twenty-five members of the Education Authority, which governs all schools, Roman priests, two of whom are dignitaries of that Church, adroit and able, and carrying great weight even amongst those who are pledged to Protestantism.

In view of these dangers one almost

fears that the negotiating Churches have moved too late.

It is not too much to say that Protestantism may soon be in the position of fighting for her very existence. It looks very like as if she were now fighting with her back to the wall.

The need for Union is imperative. Union will come. The voice of dissent

will be small and negligible.

That is the abiding impression brought home by this assembly. For above the clamours of long-drawn out debate, a higher voice has been heard, a call certainly, a challenge if you will, "One fold; one Shepherd," and one dare add, "Unity of Command" against the array of evil and error.

Sir James Outram—and Mountaineering

(By Arthur P. Woollacott.)

An enthusiastic Vancouver audience some time ago listened with intense interest to Sir James Outram's modest but graphic recital of some famous first ascents of peaks in the Rockies and Selkirks.

In the annals of mountaineering it would be difficult to find an alpinist with more scalps to his credit than Sir James, who in the space of a few summers, merely by way of recreation, made twenty ascents of peaks over ten thousand feet and a dozen more of points slightly below that altitude. It has been his pleasure to journey along the ridge-pole of the continent from the grand rocky obelisk of Mt. Assiniboine, often referred to as the Matterhorn of America, to the dazzling snow-crowned heights of Mt. Columbus, a distance of about two hundred miles.

His greatest achievement was the conquest on Sept. 3, 1901, of Mt. Assiniboine, which up to that time had foiled the efforts of several parties.

Sir James is an enthusiastic lover of nature with a poetic and artistic appreciation which serves to give an added distinction to a mountaineering narrative, which without such touches of the beautiful would still be remarkably absorbing.

To attempt to sublimate the glory of the mountains in a few phrases is to attempt the impossible. Switzerland has charm, variety and accessibility in its favor, but for tremendous effects of elevation, extent, wild desolation, and rugged immensity it is necessary to go to the Himalayas or the Andes. The mountain climber, however, whose chief ambition it is to make a first ascent must look to America as a field for his activities, and the Canadian section of the Rockies with its ranges and peaks on such a grandly extended scale offers opportunities that will not be exhausted for decades to come.

For real alpine characteristics one must go away from the trodden trails of the tourist to the culminating point of alpine grandeur that is to be found in the vicinity of the great Columbia snow-field which covers two hundred square miles and is ten thousand feet above sea-level. From this remnant of the glacial age streams empty finally into the Arctic, the Pacific, and the Atlantic.

Mountaineering in Canada may be said to have had its birth in 1888, when Rev. W. S. Green and H. Swanzy, of the Alpine Club, headed the roll of climbers, and awakened interest in the great peaks of the province. Later Huber and Sulzer, of the Swiss Alpine Club, made the first ascent of Mt. Sir Donald, one of the most prominent peaks in the Selkirks. The lecturer remarked that the pioneering work in Canada was largely done by members of the English Alpine Club and American alpinists.

Sir James took his hearers on an exploratory trip up the now famous Yoho valley, over the Ottetail ranges, and round about the Columbia ice-field, illustrating his descriptions by splendid photos taken by himself, often under the most difficult conditions.

When Sir James decided to devote some time to mountain work, he selected Cascade Mountain, near Banff, as his training ground, and from the summit he obtained his first distant view of Mt. Assiniboine, twenty miles to the south.

This peak at the time was attracting a great deal of attention because of its resemblance to the Matterhorn, and was becoming generally known through excellent photographs of it, and because of the difficulties that were encountered in the attempt to scale its heights; and it was probably while climbing Cascade Mountain that Sir James first conceived the ambitious plan to master the difficult peak.

This mighty monolith was first named by Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Dominion Geological Survey, after the tribe of Indians of that name. In appearance it is a massive pyramid forming a conspicuous landmark standing out 1500 feet above all its neighbors.

Messrs. Barrett and Wilcox, with the famous guide Bill Peyto of Banff, were the first to make a circuit of the mountain, and obtained much valuable information.

Messrs. Wilcox, Bryant and Steele made the first attempt in 1899, and at 10,000 feet two of the party lost their hold and started sliding down to death. One of them, however, slung his ice-axe into a crevice and thus arrested their downward course, which otherwise would have terminated fatally.

The Walling brothers tried next, and failed. Wilcox and Bryant made a second attempt with two guides, but when within 1000 feet of the summit the avalanching aspect of the snow and the lateness of the hour forced them to return.

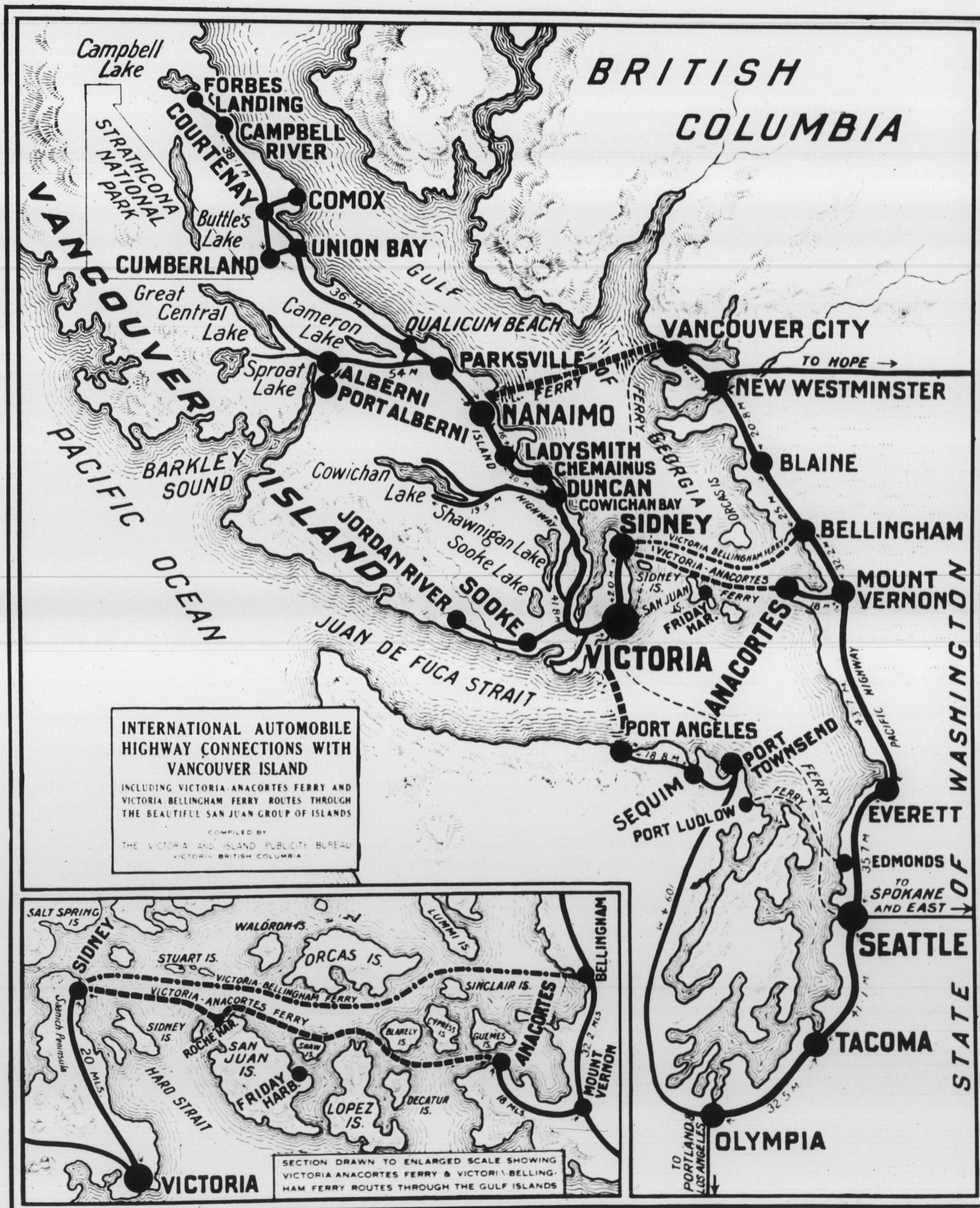
On Sir James' memorable ascent he took with him the Swiss guides Hasler and Bohren, and Peyto and Sinclair as packers, ascending easily to a pretty little lake, where the first camp was made at 7200 feet. The night was disturbed by the crash of ice and rocks from the glacier nearby. Three thousand feet above that glacier the stupendous pyramid of the carboniferous age towered in all its unique glory. Like one of the mighty works of Egypt, many times multiplied and weathered into massive bands and steps, snow and ice strewn, stood the crown of Mt. Assiniboine, truly a sight to whet the appetite of the most ambitious climber. A marked peculiarity of its stratification was observed in the colored bands of brilliant red and yellow streaks that encircled the mountain. In places erosion of these colored strata produced fantastic spires and pinnacles radiant in the glowing sunshine.

At 6 a.m. Sir James, Hasler, Bohren and Peyto started out with two days' provisions, following up the glacier and zig-zagging to avoid the crevasses, until a narrow pass was reached at nine, at a height of 2400 feet above their camp. Clouds and drizzle with sleet obscured their surroundings, and it became necessary to make little rock piles to serve as guides on their return journey.

At 10,750 feet a wall eighty feet high was encountered, and in endeavoring to circumvent it the party came suddenly to a sheer precipice of six thousand feet, and later found themselves unexpectedly on a peak at 11,000 feet, which one of the guides thought was the summit. The weather conditions forced them to descend.

Next day, Sept. 3, dawned brilliantly, and at six the party, taking advantage of the previous day's experience, quickly reached the colored belt, taking a general line diagonally up the face. The rock was very friable and the footing insecure. The steps were filled with solid ice, and the exposed rock with a thin coating of ice, which made travelling very precarious. It was necessary to do some ticklish step cutting.

A final scramble up a chimney lined with solid ice brought them to the south ridge, 300 feet below the summit, which was easily reached by a ridge of snow. They could only spare a quarter of an hour on the peak, which was crowned by a dangerous overhanging cornice. But nothing daunted, each member of the party crawled out to the edge, being safely roped to the others in the meantime, and peered down to the glacier 6000 feet below. In all directions the brown-grey mountains lay in the wildest confusion, while a dozen pretty lakes nestled peacefully in the arms of the mighty giant. Strangely enough this ascent, made on the last possible day of the season, gave the incident a dramatic touch. Next morning a heavy fall of snow occurred and further climbing would have been impossible.



Map of Vancouver Island—indicating its attractiveness as a holiday "play-ground" for Mainland folks.

Ambition's El Dorada

(By Rev. J. B. Silcox, D.D.)

NOTE: This address—specially for younger folk, yet suitable for people of all ages—was delivered by Dr. Silcox on 10th June to a united service in First Congregational Church, Vancouver. Apart from the pros and cons of Church Union, we believe the spirit of this discourse should commend itself to all readers alike. To give space to it in full it has been necessary to withhold our usual short story. (Ed. B. C. M.)

(Proverbs 23: 17-18.)

The book of Proverbs teaches men their duty in practical life. Its maxims and axioms are as helpful to-day as when written three thousand years ago. It contains the condensed wisdom of many minds illuminated by the Spirit of God. It is full of brains. Read it and you will find it an intellectual as well as a moral tonic. This book makes clear the truth that religion is as much for this world as it is for the next. The shop and the store are as sacred as the sanctuary. Honest work is as acceptable to God as reverent worship.

As I understand it, my text is addressed to the young and the ambitious. Here is a young man on the threshold of life, pushing to the front. Far away in the distance is his El Dorado, his golden land of hope and promise. The young man has great expectations. He is not content with mediocrity. He will not burrow in the earth like a mole, but like the eagle with his eye on the sun, he will rise to the heights, and write his name among the illustrious in the calendar of fame.

The inspired writer does not denounce ambition. He encourages it. It is right to seek the highest blessings Heaven can bestow. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Life was intended to be a success. God never created a human soul to fall and fail. We are under obligation to make the most of ourselves. If you have one talent, double it and make it two. If you have five talents, double them and make them ten. No man ever formed a conception of life and service too high or too beautiful for God to make real.

We begin life with great expectations. We are sanguine of success, confident of victory. It is well it is so. The more hope there is in a man's life, the better fitted he is for life's tough battle. Despair cuts the nerve of endeavor. A discouraged man is a defeated man.

There are men and women all round us whose hearts are strangers to hope. Disappointment and disaster have crowded thick and fast around them, and all the golden dreams of youth's glad day have come to nought. Hope deferred has made the heart sick. Life has more cloud than sunshine for them. The years behind are filled with bitter memories. The mistakes of the past block the way to future success. They say, if I had done differently years ago, I might have succeeded, but now it is too late.

"God pity them, and pity us all

Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, it might have been."

When hope dies out of the heart, when despair like a starless night settles down over the human soul, man loses ambition, makes no effort to better his condition, drifts with the debris downward, becomes a victim to his worst passions, and is destroyed by his own vices.

It was a great truth Paul uttered when he said, "We are saved by hope." No book ever written is so radiant with hope, so surcharged with good cheer as the Bible. From Genesis to Revelation the Bible is optimistic. It is never pessimistic. The gospel of Jesus is a gospel of hope; hope for the hopeless, hope for the lowest, hope for the weakest. The gospel despairs of no one. To the most discouraged soul on the face of

the earth its message is up and at it again. Though you fall you shall not be utterly cast down. From lowest depths there is a path to highest heights. From the bottomless pit of perdition there is a way out and up to the shining heights of regenerated manhood and womanhood. God is willing to give you another chance.

"Then courage, soul, nor hold thy strength is vain,
In Hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee;
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy."

Hope should grow with our years. Expectation should brighten with increase of days. If old people grow gloomy and morose, it is not because of age. It is our follies and sins, not our years, that make us sad. The path of the just shines more and more unto the perfect day of divine coronation. As the lights of earth grow dim, the lamps hung out in heaven shine all the brighter. "Thine age shall be clearer than the morning because there is hope."

The young man of my text is hopeful and ambitious. A lofty and indestructible faith in the destiny of man fills and fires his youthful soul. The curtain of the future rises and discloses a scene beautiful as a dream. Cloud cities rise before him in many colored splendor. All possibilities are within his reach. Dangers do not daunt him. Difficulties do not deter him, for far up the height he hears the voice, "Excelsior."

He has great expectations. Let us be thankful that he has. A man destitute of ambition, without the desire and determination to excel, will never take his place among the heroic souls of earth. A man without ambition is dough without yeast. He will never rise.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, in one of her books, has an old man to say concerning the heroine of the story: "There's good dough in Rose, but it ain't more than half riz." That is the fault with a great number of young people. They have good qualities of manhood and womanhood, there is good dough in them, but they lack yeast, which is ambition.

Ambition has been much maligned. Preachers and moralists have warned men against it. One will tell you, "Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels." Willis says, "Ambition is a glorious cheat, angels of light walk not so dazzlingly the sapphire walls of heaven." Some one kindly warns us that soaring too near the sun with golden wings melts them. Very well, let them melt. Better have your wings scorched by soaring too near the sun, than have them smirched by trailing in the mud. Better be wrecked out on the high seas of heroic effort than rot piecemeal at the wharf of commonplace mediocrity. Browning makes one of his characters say, "Better fail in the high aim as I, than vulgarly in the low succeed." And again he says, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's heaven for." The gospel lures us upward.

"Build on, and make thy towers high and fair,
Rising and reaching to the skies,
Listen to voices in the upper air."

It is my faith that the desire to better one's condition and excel, is a God-implanted desire. God never made man to rest in absolute contentment. We are

born to hopes and aspirations that reach into the eternities. The doctrine of evolution means eternal progress toward a high and ever higher goal.

"The white doves brood low with innocent flight,
Higher, my soul, higher into the night, into black night,
Beyond where the eagle soars strong in the sun;
Naught hast thou, if only earth-stars be won.
Beyond where God's angels stand silent in white,
Higher, my soul, higher, into the light—
Straight to God's sight."

Every young man and woman should have before them a divine ideal of character, and a high standard of achievement. It is your duty and privilege to emulate the glorious achievements of those whose lustrous fidelity to high ideals illumine the pages of human history. The golden age of the world is before us and not behind us. Mankind has higher levels yet to reach. The limit of achievement has not yet been attained in science or sainthood, in art or literature, in invention or achievement.

God is saying to the soul: On, forever on. It is a sad day in a man's life when he is contented with what he has accomplished, and feels in his soul no beating of strong desire to do something larger and nobler.

The life of Cecil Rhodes has always been of interest to me. He had great ambitions, not for himself, but for the British Empire, and the world. He tells us that a sentence from Aristotle was the guiding star of the life he lived. The sentence was this: "Virtue is the highest activity of the soul, living for the highest object, in a perfect life." Under the inspiration of that classic incentive he could not be content with mediocrity of achievement. He must be adventurous and do as Tennyson bids men do:

"Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway,
yours or mine,

Forward, till you see the highest, human nature
is divine."

You tell me ambition has ruined men. I admit it has ruined men. This also I know, where you show me one man ruined by excessive ambition, I can show you thousands ruined for both worlds, because they were destitute of ambition. The shame and ruin of multitudes is, they are content with a low level of character and achievement. "Not failure but low aim is crime."

To elevate the Indian is slow work because he is so empty of ambition. The average Indian is as ambitionless as the crowd of young men and young women who spend their nights with the cheap novel, the movie and the dance. I am not surprised that some of them get behind a cigarette and smoke themselves into confirmed mental imbecility.

Ambition, like other of God's gifts, has been perverted and worked harm, but the perversion of a power is no argument for its annihilation. Great learning has been the ruin of some men. Will you therefore condemn scholarship? Because one man's ambition led him to "wade through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind," is no argument that ambition itself is evil. I wish men were more ambitious, more determined to better their condition. I like that saying of the poet Keats, "I was never afraid of failure, for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest." Jenny Lind, the singer, said, "I am determined to be content with nothing but the best that is possible for me, no matter what the sacrifice may be." Watts, the great English artist, said, "One thing only I possess and I never remember the time I was without it,

an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it." Browning has one of his characters to say, "My business is not to remake myself, but make the absolutest best of what God made first."

In Paracelsus he has a character who put his ambition for excellence in dramatic form, saying there are

"Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One when a beggar he prepares to plunge,
One when a prince he rises with his pearl.
Festus, I plunge."

That is magnificent. You must take the risk. You must make the plunge if you would find the pearl and rise the prince. You must launch your vessel, crowd your canvas, and follow the gleam. A noble ambition to reach the heights, and be the best possible, is religion. Rightly understood, ambition is a command of God, a call from heaven to make the most of one's self, not at the expense of others, but for the benefit of others.

To every young man and woman whom this appeal reaches, I say, It is your duty, your religious duty to develop your God-given faculties to the highest possible reach of excellence. It is the glory of our race that we are climbers. It is better to climb than to crawl. "Unless he can above himself erect himself, how mean a thing is man." For a young man to let his life go to waste like a sluggard's garden is to sin against the Holy Ghost. "Not failure but low aim is crime."

Roosevelt spoke truth when he said, "It is hard to fail, but worse never to have tried to succeed."

Longfellow felt that "Excelsior" was one of the best poems he had written, because it appealed to the deepest chord in young human hearts, namely, the purpose to put pleasure aside, put indulgence aside, put the love of ease aside, and rise higher and ever higher in mental and moral attainments.

The world suffers, and every good cause languishes because there are so many incompetent workers, mere bunglers, men and women who are ready to say of their poor work, "It is good enough, it will pass." They are found in every trade and in every profession.

Take an inventory of people out of work, and you will find in most cases it is because they are bunglers. A skilled physician will have more patients than he can mix medicine for. An able lawyer will have more cases and clients than he can do justice to. A preacher who can preach will get called to ten times more pulpits than he can occupy. Of average workers there is a surplus. For men who excel, there are openings everywhere.

The Bible inspires men with a high and holy ambition. Its ideals are lofty and are reached only by the aspiring and ambitious. God's word to man is: "Go

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on unto perfection." "Covet earnestly the best gifts." "Seek that ye may excel." "Set your heart on the higher talents, and I will go on to show you a still higher path." The religion of the Bible bids you reach after the highest things of this life, as well as of the life to come. The Bible encourages men to attempt the heroic. "They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Do not for one brief moment think that religion extinguishes the blaze of ambition in young human hearts. It does the reverse. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, as the swift seasons roll," is the voice of true religion.

Joseph when a youth built castles in the air. He dreamed of filling places of eminence and distinction. He dreamed of sheaves bowing to his sheaf. He had visions of future greatness. He had an El Dorado before him of clean, upright manhood. Things went against him at first. It looked like a losing battle. But he kept the faith. He clung to his ideals of purity and honor, and at last climbed up out of obscurity to be the counsellor and companion of kings. By the upward gravitation of superior worth he rose to fulfill the ambitious hopes of his boyhood dreams. His career, and the career of many like him, confirms the truth that Richard Watson Gilder saw:

"He fails not—he who stakes his all
Upon the right, and dares to fall.
What though the living bless or blame,
For him the long success of fame."

Let those who are in the morning of life look out expectantly into the future. There are tempting opportunities before you. A great nation like this calls for men of superior ability. Qualify yourself for highest service in law, in medicine, in manufacturing, in every department of service. There are more vacancies for able, capable men than there are men fit to fill them.

The limits of achievement in character, knowledge, discovery, invention, have not yet been reached. There are great territories of thought yet to be explored. There are continents of Truth waiting a new Columbus. There are noble poems yet to be written, noble pictures yet to be painted, noble marbles yet to be chiseled, noble reforms yet to be effected. On, God says to the soul, on, forever on.

"The peak is high, and flushed
At its height with sunrise fire,
The path is high, and the stars are high
And the thought of man is higher."

The pessimist will dolefully tell you that these glorious pictures of the imagination are never to be painted on the canvas of real life. God's kind angels tell you they may. There shall be a reward, thine expectation shall not be cut off. The pessimist will point to the many who began life with fair hopes promising well, but ended in disaster, and prophesy similar failure for you.

I know men have failed. The shores of Life's turbulent sea are strewn with wrecks. But are you to begin life, handicapped with the expectation of defeat? No, no, the hopes that God has implanted within you, the aspirations after higher things are prophetic of possibilities. They bring grand achievements within the range of the possible. They are that still small voice of God in your soul, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it.

"Like tides on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts, high yearnings
Come swelling and surging in,
Come from the mystic ocean,

Whose rim no foot has trod.
Some call it Aspiration,
And others call it God."

The great question that confronts every thoughtful, ambitious soul is, how am I to attain success? How am I to realize my expectations? This is the critical point in life. The purpose to excel, the determination to rise, are divinely right and good. As one has said, "There is an ambition that has about it something of the sacredness of an inspiration, and you do well to cultivate and satisfy it; only take care what means you adopt."

The most fatal mistakes are often made at the beginning of life. The moral obituary of many a man may be compressed into one line—"He got started wrong." In a letter a young man wrote me some years ago was this sad, significant sentence: "If I had started different from what I did, I would be getting along better, but—" He felt that the mistakes of his early life were hampering, hindering, baffling him at every turn, and they were. But by the grace of God he faced them, floored them, and rounded out his life with a noble success. The prayer for every young man on the threshold of life is, "I am a stranger in the earth, hide not Thy commandments from me."

My brother, if you want to get on and up in the world do this, "Commit thy way unto the Lord." In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." My mother gave me that Bible passage at a critical hour in my young manhood. By the grace of God it turned my life into a path that has brought me the best things of the life that now is, with promise of the life that is to come.

With confidence I repeat her counsel to you. Commit thy way unto the Lord. Give yourself to the guidance of God as the Alpine traveller gives himself to his guide, as the patient gives himself to his physician.

Listen! If God guides you, you will be led to the best things of this life, and the life to come. No good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly.

My text is a warning as well as an encouragement. The warning is, "Let not thine heart envy sinners." Do not look longingly on the success of wicked men. Do not covet their wealth, crave their honors, or imitate their methods. The success of men who have trampled truth and right under foot, has been a stumbling block to men in every age. The seventy-third Psalm pictures an experience through which many have passed. "I was envious of the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. Their eyes stand out with fatness. They have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt. They speak wickedly. They set their mouth against heaven. They say how doth God know? Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world. They increase in riches."

The prosperity of the wicked led the writer of that old Hebrew poem to conclude that truth and justice and goodness were losing quantities in this world. It looked as though fraud and cunning and conscienceless brute force were the winning forces of life. "Until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery

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places, thou castest them down into destruction." It is true to-day as then, that by fraudulent means men vault into positions of wealth and fame.

But did you ever consider how short lived is such success? They rise, brilliant as a meteor for a moment, then sink into midnight blackness. Their wealth and fame seldom reach to the third generation.

Some men fall, and like an elastic ball they rise again. The harder they are thrown down the higher they bounce up. But some men fall like an apple that is beautiful on the outside, but rotten within. They do not rise again. When you look for them you find nothing but a malodorous heap of conglomerate rottenness. They are brought into desolation as in a moment. Across the sky of European politics the first Napoleon swept like a flaming meteor. His triumphant march shook the continents. But how sudden and irreparable was his fall when he met Wellington at Waterloo. The right hand of God reached out that day and a voice from Heaven said, "Thus far shalt thou go and here thy proud march shall end." His career was a mountain stream that ended in mud. It was well for the world that it ended so.

"For had he died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again,
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night."

Study the history of the commercial world, the political world, and you find that men who by duplicity and fraud gain positions of wealth and fame, do not retain them. They may make a covenant with death, and with hell be at agreement, yet when God lays judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet, their refuge of lies is swept away and their ill-gotten honors become monuments to their shame. "Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short and the joy of the godless but for a moment."

Jeremiah put this truth in forcible phrase, saying, "As the partridge sitteth upon eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days and at the end shall be a fool." He was a fool all the time, but did not know it until he got to the end. "I was a fool not to have seen this," said a banker to me one day when I visited him in a prison. He knew it was wrong to use the bank's money in his own personal investments. He was trying to get riches, but not by right, and it landed him in prison. And he said to me, "I was a fool not to have seen this."

The history of human failures emphasize the lessons of the Bible. Let not thine heart envy the prosperity of the wicked. Follow the counsel of my text, "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." Have a great reverence for God, and for the laws of God in your daily life and business. This is the secret of enduring greatness. The history of permanently successful men declare as emphatically as does the Bible that unswerving adherence to the eternal principles of religion and rectitude lie at the basis of enduring greatness. "Treasures of wickedness profit noth-

ing." "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." "Godliness has promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

I hear men say that you cannot succeed in business life, professional life, political life, by adherence to Christian principles. The man who talks that way is a moral imbecile. History with tremendous emphasis gives the lie to the assertion that the principles enunciated by Jesus cannot be built on, relied on, lived on, in this world. They are the only principles that can be relied on for permanent success and enduring fame. He who builds on anything else builds on sand, and invites disaster.

A man, in violation of the eternal principles of righteousness, may make financial gains for a time, but the lightnings of God will strike them later on and scorch them to ashes.

The Quaker poet Whittier saw that truth working out in his day, and to men who had amassed dishonest wealth he said,

"Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just;
The gilded chambers built by wrong,
Invite the rust."

Men who build ten-story, twenty-story, forty-story structures know that unless the foundation is right, the whole building will one day collapse into ruin. Build your life and business on camouflage and deception, and it will tumble into ruin as a house built on sand.

The truth that needs to be written in letters of gold over the door of every bank, every store, every factory, every school-house, every home, is "This is God's world. The laws of God are practicable in God's world. They are the only laws that lead to true success." It's a simple proposition and needs no elaborate argument that God will do better for a man in this world than the devil.

The man who takes the devil's way in life instead of the way of God, shows a lack of good common sense. It is moral idiocy for a man to ignore or go contrary to the laws of Almighty God. You might as well monkey with the laws of electricity as attempt to play fast and loose with the eternal principles of righteousness revealed in the world of God and written in flaming fire across the pages of human history. The man who lives contrary to the laws of God is as foolish as the fool who said in his heart, "There is no God."

Those two young Jews in Chicago, graduates of a university, thought themselves specially clever when they picked up and killed an innocent lad. They thought they could hide their tracks and escape detection. During the trial a young woman who had been a companion of one of them, visited them in the prison. She said to them, "You thought you were clever, but you were just stupid." Every man that lives his life here on earth in opposition to the righteous will of God, is just stupid. Irreligion is moral stupidity. Religion is moral intelligence.

The man who says the Golden Rule of Jesus is not workable in business, is not only feeble-moralled, he is feeble-minded and narrow-minded. He sees things in the small. He sees them in the microscopic dimensions of his own little life, and does not see them clearly in that way either.

Listen to what a statistician says, a man who studies business institutions reaching over this entire continent. Babson says, "Statistics teach that a business man will be happiest by following the teachings of Jesus. Statistics teach that the Golden Rule is practical. Statistics teach that prayer is a real force

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with unlimited possibilities. Statistics show that most of the church people are prosperous, and most of the poor people are outside the church."

Notice what he says. They are not outside the church because they are poor. They are poor because they are outside the church. They seemingly do not know enough to come in to the church and be taught how to live properly and prosperously in this present world."

Some years ago, after a sermon I had preached on the practicableness of religion in business life, a little concern on two legs came up to me and said, "Your sermon sounded very well, but as a business man I know it is impossible to succeed in business on Christian principles." I watched that man's career. I wanted to see how a man could succeed on devil principles. That man failed once, failed twice. Became bankrupt in morals as well as in money. He got to a place in business where he could not get credit for a towel to wipe his dirty hands with.

There is a passage in the book of Job that describes these sharp little fellows who think they can outwit Almighty God. "He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again." When God gives one of these little fellows an emetic and it begins to operate, they disgorge their ill-gotten gains with violence. After the emetic has done its work their dishonestly gotten wealth does not look quite so attractive.

If you study the career of men who have climbed high and stood long, you will find they put conscience into their business. Their house stands because it was founded on a rock.

Jesus believed in the conquering might of Truth and Goodness in this world. When an unprincipled Caiaphas ruled the church, when a lustful Herod ruled the state, when a time-serving Pilate sat on the bench, when a conscienceless Caesar sat on the throne, when wrong and rapine were everywhere dominant, Jesus said, "The meek shall inherit the earth." His words were pushed aside with contempt. They were regarded as the Utopian dream of a visionary enthusiast. Jesus said it, and the world derided it, when they nailed Him—the meekest of the meek—on a cross of shame. Meekness, gentleness, goodness, instead of leading to a throne of power, led to a cross of shame. What sarcasm it would have been for some one that day to write over that cross: "The meek shall inherit the earth."

But look ahead and tell me what the long stretches of human history say. They say what Jesus said, the meek, the just, the righteous, the humane, inherit the earth and rule it. Although in the courses of human history we have seen Fraud dominant in the senate and Tyranny triumphant on the throne, have seen Truth on the scaffold and Justice in chains, yet we have also seen what James Russell Lowell saw and said:

"Though the cause of Error prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,
And although she wanders outcast now, yet I see around
her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all
wrong.
Careless seems the Great Avenger, History's pages but
record
One death struggle in the darkness, 'twixt old systems
and that Word,
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim
unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above
His own."

Thank you, good poet of God, for putting the truth so beautifully clear and strong before us. The Cross on which the Prince of Glory died outshines the golden throne on which the Roman Caesar reigned. The empire of Jesus extends immeasurably farther than Roman eagles ever flew in all their proudest flight. The day of the Pharaohs and the

Napoleons, the day of the Caesars and the Kaisers—they are all of the same breed—their day is gone, and men more and more are seeing that the regnant forces that inherit and rule in God's universe are the principles that Jesus taught by the seaside and on the hillsides of Palestine twenty centuries ago. He who builds his life and business on these principles builds on rock. All other ground is sinking sand.

Young man! If you want to stand among the great men of the world, do this: link your life with the great Christ who said, "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." That is as true as when Jesus first spoke to a group of young men who stood around Him in the days of His Galilean ministry. Norman McLeod packed a great gospel sermon in a few lines which I love to repeat:

"Courage, brother! Do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God and do the right.
"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether winning, whether losing,
Trust in God and do the right.
"Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight,
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

If you want confirmation of the truth that God will honor those who trust Him and do the right, look over the pages of business and political life. You will admit that Gladstone was successful in this present world. He sat in the highest places of honor in the greatest nation of the world. Through all the mutations of a long political career he wore the white flower of a blameless life. How did he attain and maintain that splendid eminence? His political rival in the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury, gave the right answer to that question when he said of him, "He was a great Christian!" In his young manhood Gladstone resolved to follow the Sermon on the Mount in politics as well as in business. By that course he came to highest honors in life, and dying left a light and landmark on the hills of fame to guide others up to God and the glory.

You admit that Abraham Lincoln was a successful man in this world. From lowest levels of birth and environment he rose to the highest seat of honor his nation could give him. And the star of his fame brightens with every decade. Why did he rise? "The meek shall inherit the earth." Genuine sincerity, kind-hearted humanity, crystalline honesty, unswerving rectitude, characterized his entire career. He was the incarnation of conscience. He walked in the path of righteousness and in that path came to enduring fame and helped us understand what Jesus meant when He said, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

I give you one more illustration. I will take it from the political world. I will go back the stream of human history to a far away age and nation. I will go back to the land of the Nile and the Pyramid. I will select one of great personalities of history. As a young man he followed Conscience, was loyal to Duty, and kept faith with God. At first it seemed a losing game. Everything seemed against him. He was compelled to leave king and court and as a penniless exile make his way into the solitudes of Midian, where for forty years he lived the life of a common cowboy. But he would not barter his soul for gold, nor palter with eternal God for power. Did he have his reward? Were his expectations cut off? "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall grow stronger and stronger." Did he find that word of God true? After forty years' solitude God called him, and made him the Leader and Lawgiver of a nation, so that to this day he is an example and model to nation builders. He was honored in life. He was honored in death. "Had he not high honor, the hillside for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait, with stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes, over his grave
to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land, to lay him in the
grave."

Honored in life, honored in death, honored in heaven, for the song the redeemed sing about the throne is the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Young men and women, I counsel you to be ambitious. Seek the highest and best things God can give you. Covet earnestly the best gifts. Be ambitious for eternity as well as for time. Rest not content with the fading laurels of earth, but by the grace of Christ seek the crown that fadeth not away forever. Do not rest content with your name inscribed on earth's honor scrolls of fame, but see to it that it is written in the Book of Life.

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways and a way,

And the high soul climbs the highway,
 And the low soul gropes the low,
 And in between the misty flats,
 The rest drift to and fro.
 To every man there openeth
 A highway and a low,

And every man decideth
 Which way his soul shall go."
 "Let not thy heart envy sinners, but be thou in the fear
 of the Lord all the day long, for surely there is a reward,
 and thine expectation shall not be cut off." He shall give
 thee the desire of thy heart.

Literary Notes

(By Roderick Random)

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF "R.L.S."

I have just been reading the new biography of J. A. Steuart, "Robert Louis Stevenson, The Man and Writer," which has aroused a good deal of discussion in the press. When Graham Balfour wrote his "Life" Mrs. Stevenson was still alive and the biographer was necessarily much restricted in dealing with certain aspects of the novelist's career, especially of that part relating to his courtship and marriage. The unusual circumstances of the case made it a delicate matter to handle and Balfour's reticence is not to be wondered at. However, Mrs. Stevenson died in 1914 and since her death, her son, Lloyd Osborne has published a book of reminiscences of his stepfather in which he has dealt, with some freedom, of intimate matters in connection with the family's home circle. Moreover, recently a good deal of new material in regard to Stevenson has been made available through the efforts of Americans in Boston, and the new biographer has had access to this and has drawn upon it for the picture of Stevenson which he presents to us, a picture which is somewhat different in shading from those put forth by earlier biographers. For one thing, he has gone into the writer's pedigree in very careful detail and brings out the French ancestry to which he ascribes certain features of his work which many have found alien to a purely Anglo-Saxon or even Celtic genius.

Miss Masson, in her biography, sketched somewhat lightly the Bohemian tendencies which Stevenson showed as a youth in Edinburgh in his fondness for keeping company with folk who were outside the pale of Edinburgh respectability. Mr. Steuart has dwelt on this at some length and with complete frankness, in the course of which discussion the character of the old Stevenson becomes somewhat qualified and altered. Indeed, there is not much halo left when Steuart gets through with him. The biographer, also, condemns in no uncertain terms the son's heartlessness in his indifference to the sufferings which his conduct caused to his parents, especially to his father. If one had the time, it would be an interesting study to take the "Letters" and read them in connection with this biography and find out how far Steuart's strictures are justified in the light of what the novelist writes in confession to his intimate friends. He was one who unbosomed himself somewhat freely and, as human documents, these epistolary remains are more valuable than those of most famous men. Stevenson was an egoist in the extreme and it is this, partly, that makes him so interesting both in his essays and his letters.

If Steuart has dealt thus frankly with the novelist's early follies and peccadilloes, he is not slow to acknowledge the fine qualities that he developed in later life, not only the courage with which he fought against illness and kept bright and cheerful to those about him, while

despair was at his own heart, but the unselfish courage with which he championed the cause of the oppressed.

The description of the life in the South seas and in Samoa and his relations with the natives is given with a fulness and completeness lacking in any of the other biographies. The struggle to make money in order to support the rather ambitious menage which Stevenson had taken upon his shoulders is set forth. At one time, he reached an earning power by his writings of five thousand pounds a year. According to Steuart, he was far from happy. The estrangement from Henley, the cause for which, by the way, is fully explained earlier in the book, had been a sore trial. The exile from the familiar scenes and friends of his youth bore upon him very heavily. On the whole, it is not a very cheerful story that Steuart has to tell although it has many glints of brightness too. After reading it one recalls a paragraph in a letter written by Stevenson from Hyeres to his friend, Mr. Dick in Edinburgh. "I re-read the other day, that heartbreaking book, the Life of Scott. One should read such works now and then, but O, not often. As I live, I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave-spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. We wish it to be a green place; the Waverley Novels are better to re-read than the over-true life, fine as dear Sir Walter was."

One thing, I think the Edinburgh people will not be particularly pleased by this biography as the writer is inclined to cast up to them how with Stevenson they bore out the truth of the proverb that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.

THE U. S., THE BRITISH EMPIRE— LITERATURE AND FILMS

Recently a prominent citizen of the United States confessed in a speech at a public gathering in Toronto that the literature the people of his country were reading was by British authors. Then we have a member of the House of Lords in London complaining that American films were dominating in the theatres of the British Isles and proving a tremendous propaganda for American ideals which often tended to belittle British prestige. An animated discussion followed in which all were agreed as to the desirability of having films of home manufacture, scenes and peoples that would deal with the Empire.

Closer at hand in our sister city of Victoria, one of the aldermen, commenting on the matter, pleaded for the establishment of the film industry in British Columbia, where we have scenery that is second to none in the world.

Seeing that the educative power of the screen, for good or ill is so tremendous, it might be worth while considering whether it would not be advisable to provide a subsidy of some kind to foster such an enterprise. It is true that we have not the plenteousness of sunshine to be found in California, but

our summer climate should be suitable enough. Indeed, Californian companies have been coming for years to take advantage of our scenic beauties.

For a long time, thinking Canadian have been realizing the menace to our national life of having so much of our literature purveyed from the United States. Some of it is good and some bad, but in either case, the fact remains that it exploits, to a certain extent, alien institutions and has a tendency to distract and divert the eyes of our people, more especially the rising generation, from their own to a foreign flag, and all that it stands for.

If this is so in regard to books and periodicals, it is also so of the moving pictures, which, in the last twenty years, have become such a power and have achieved such popularity. The danger with these is perhaps more insidious, for besides hindering the growth of our own national pride and self-consciousness, they tend to vitiate and destroy the moral sense of our people on account of the sordid sensationalism of so many of them and their appeal to the baser passions.

What we need is a motion picture drama of our own, clean and virile and rational in its plot and making full use of the picturesqueness of background and wealth of atmosphere which our country so bountifully affords. This would foster in us the pride in our own land and the incentive to youth to seek to develop its own resources. It would advertise us to foreigners, especially to our kinsmen in the Old Land, and attract the settlers of which we have such pressing need to fill up and cultivate our great unpeopled spaces, valueless without settlement, but rich and wide enough to provide homes for millions.

Perhaps our biggest problem in Canada, as it has been and is in the United States, is the assimilation of these immigrants, of widely differing races as they are, and many of them with alien ideals and sympathies and unused to our form of government.

We cannot, as a rule, expect very great success with the first generation of these, the adults who come in here with their habits and modes of thought fixed. Our opportunity comes with the children. Now, the greatest factor to mould these into useful and patriotic citizens is, of course, the school system, both day and Sunday school. After this, one of the most potent influences might be the moving picture show, far more so than the spoken drama because of its much greater popularity and its capability of penetrating into small country towns and community centres, which the other can never reach. Statesmen, then, might do well to consider the possibilities of fostering a national screen drama that would be a propaganda for Canadian ideals and institutions among our own people.

The best of foreign art, whether on the stage or on the screen or between the covers of books, must always be welcome—for art transcends nationality—but we should seek to develop it at home.

Corner for Junior Readers

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

CHAPTER VIII. Bees and Borage

Denis had been busy cultivating his own particular strip of the garden.

He had grown nothing but borage.

The plants were now in blossom, and although Bridget was willing to concede that the blue flowers were a pretty colour, no one else had a word of praise.

Denny did not appear to be discouraged.

For most ordinary occasions and even in emergencies Bridget possessed an all-sufficient, if a rather miscellaneous, vocabulary. One morning it failed her utterly.

It was on the day in the Summer holiday when Denny explained why he had grown the borage.

He scorned a verbal explanation as being unimpressive.

Bridget had collected what she wanted for sweeping the parlour, tea leaves for keeping down the dust, a broom, a dust-pan, a duster, and some large dust-sheets for covering the furniture, and she was just entering the room when a horrible figure sprang out from behind the door.

Its face was hidden in a cage of wire netting which hung loosely by a gauze attachment from the brim of a wide-brimmed hat; the arrangement was continued downwards by ample folds of the same thin material tucked inside the collar of a dilapidated coat. The ankles were covered by bulging anklets. The hands were encased in huge yellow leather gloves, and held a fumigator which was instantly put into action.

Bridget stood speechless, as the figure sprang past her.

Recovering her presence of mind she followed to the garden in time to see Denny, for of course it was he, empty a swarm of bees from a straw skep into a bar-frame hive that stood open beside his borage patch.

He had quieted the bees with the smoke before doing it, but for all that, Bridget, unprotected by bee-veil and gloves, decided to return to her sweeping rather than to stay near them.

The borage blossoms were to supply pollen when the bees did not care to fly far for it on windy days.

Denny had kept his plans a secret, which was all the easier to do as he and Alf Flynn were partners in the venture, and the carpentering of the hive was done at Alf's home with the help of Edmund. The mysterious little box too, that came through the post, with the fine Ligurian Queen Bee they had bought, was handed in to Alf, who was on the watch for it.

That year the young bee-keepers had a goodly number of one-pound sections of honey-filled comb, which they sold at the price then current of a shilling each.

Once a swarm of theirs got away and settled on a tree in a neighbour's garden. She, kind soul, hastened to tell the boys, who brought a straw skep and shook their property into it. Then she lent them a large cloth to wrap it in and they went off home, and housed the bees in the new hive they had already prepared. Very few accidents happened.

Robert was helping one day to put in the frames that held the new comb-foundations. He was wearing low shoes and had forgotten to protect his ankles, and he got some bad stings in consequence. Indeed so bad were they that he fainted away.

Kathleen was never stung, although she often allowed tired bees to rest on her bare hands.

If any small intruders, such as moths or beetles ventured inside the hives they paid dearly for their temerity. The bees stung them to death and left their bodies on the alighting platform outside. Once a larger intruder was also killed, but being too heavy for removal, it was decently buried with wax in the corner where he fell.

CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Fanny's Pigs

Those unhappy people who have never eaten stuffed pork steaks have missed a savoury dinner, and one that called for no large outlay.

Pork chops can be had and are good too; but pork chops have bones. Pork steaks have none.

Bridget knew how to cook them to perfection.

It was after a pork steak dinner that Denny gave his family a dissertation on the subject of pigs.

He maintained that they were the cleanest animals alive; but he had to pause there to allow Robert's shout of derisive laughter to subside.

"Yes," said Denis, "and it's proved by their lying down and rolling in every puddle they come to."

"Why, Denny, how can you say such a thing?" expostulated Kathleen.

"Well, it's this way; when they feel dust and dirt on their —" here he paused for a word, and his father gravely suggested "fur."

"No," said Denis laughing, "not fur, Pater, on their coats, they naturally" ("being such clean animals," said Kathleen) "want to wash it off."

"Now, that's what I call logical reasoning, Den," said Robert, "you'll be head of your class in Euclid yet."

At this point in the discussion the postman's double-knock was heard, and Bridget brought in a letter for Mrs. Donnelly, who, seeing that it was marked "Immediate" opened and read it at once.

"It's from Aunt Fanny," she announced "and she wants one of the boys to do something for her this afternoon. I'll read you what she says:—

Dearest Kate,

I've arranged all the furniture at last and the house is comfortable now. Come up and see it as soon as you can.

I couldn't bear to see the pigsties empty, so I've bought two fine young pigs from Pat Molloy this side of Rathfarnham.

I wish Robert or Denis would do me a good turn and drive them up here at once. Pat's too busy to do it himself, and I'm afraid if they're left long he'll sell them over my head.

In great haste,

Fanny."

Robert had to go back to the office, so Denis was the one to go to Rathfarnham. He took a stout stick, for Bridget warned him he might have to use its persuasion to get the "creatures" along.

Perhaps a short tow-rope might have served the purpose better.

There was a little delay while Pat Molloy was rounding them up, for there were many puddles about the farmyard, and of course such clean animals had to wash in each one before appearing on the public road. By the time the gates swung to behind them, Denny was quite willing to excuse them from any more ablutions; but the pigs were not willing to excuse themselves.

They washed, and rewashed, and then washed again, and all Denny's persuasiveness with the big stick could not prevent it. He wished he had accepted Pat's offer of a rope or two.

When they were not washing in the puddles, they were botanizing under the hedges, and they never by any chance chose the same side of the road at the same time.

Denis was sure he walked a good dozen of Irish miles back and forth distributing persuasions that grew more and more persuasive as the botanizing grew more and more absorbing.

He felt afraid at last that he should not reach Rockbrook before dark, and having no lantern might lose the pigs.

When he was almost in despair a cheery voice hailed him and looking round he saw a man and cart. The man asked if those were Mrs. Grant's pigs, and on Denny's saying they were, told him he was a friend of Pat's and that Pat had seen him passing and asked him to look out for them and give them a lift in his empty cart.

The man was well used to the ways of pigs and soon caught them.

Denny mounted the driver's seat beside him and in a short time they arrived at their destination.

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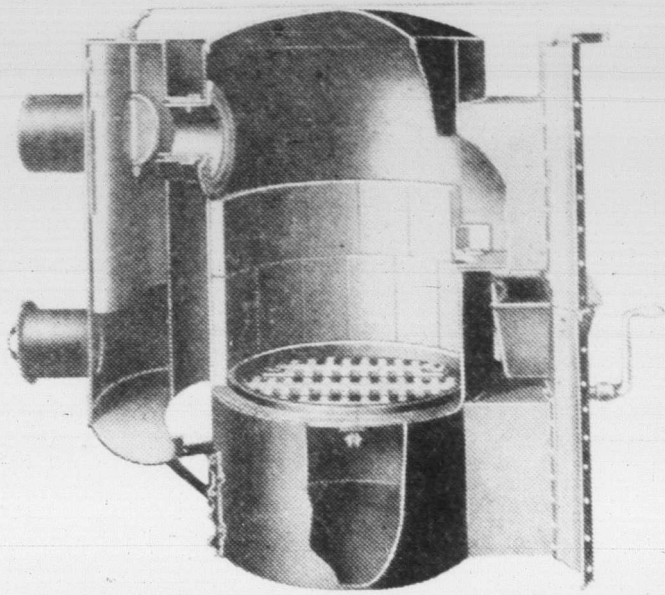
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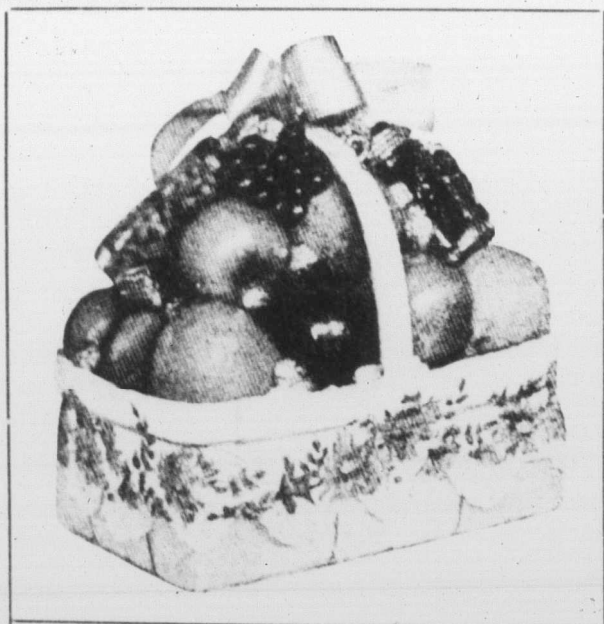
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