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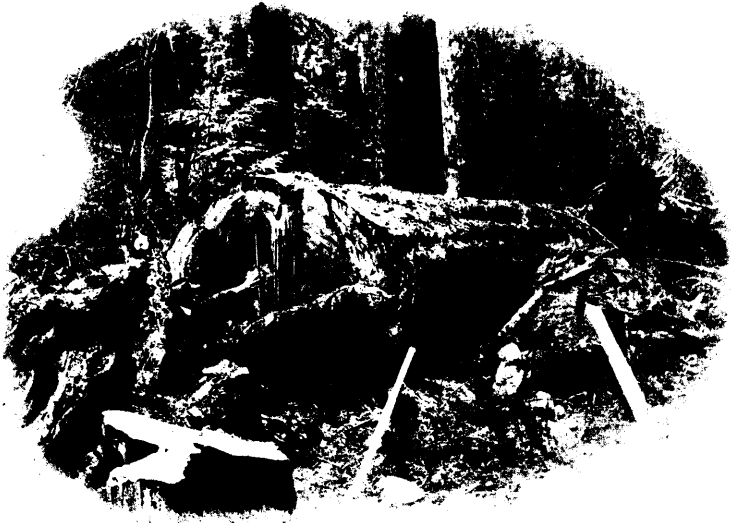
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## Announcement

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It has been decided to continue the publication of this Magazine throughout the year. We have been urged to this step by the desire of the readers and advertisers. There will be several changes in the staff, full particulars of which will be given next month. Subscriptions paid for six issues will be continued for a full year.

We regret that Mr. H. T. Logan's article on "Impressions of Oxford" came to hand too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.



**British Columbia Timber**

## THE CHURCH AND ITS PROBLEMS IN AUSTRALIA

By Rev. E. A. Henry B.A.

The problems with which the church in Australia is called upon to deal are the problems universally found in all lands.

How to cover a continent with the Christian ideal; how to save a new civilization from the dangers of materialism and pleasure; how to fill the already Christian heart with the missionary motive; how to save the growing cities from what menaces their best life.

Some of these problems are the following:

### *The Sparseness of Population—*

In the whole continent there are less than 5,000,000 people and of these one and one-quarter million are in the two cities of Sydney and Melbourne. The rest are in the few other cities and towns and the majority scattered over a vast territory, making a serious matter the manning of fields and the reaching these scattered handfuls with gospel ministry.

### *The Gambling Spirit—*

It was said by one church leader to be Australia's leading vice, nearly two and a half million changing hands last year.

### *The Love of Pleasure—*

The love of pleasure that is bred by the very climatic conditions. In Sydney the Sabbath is largely a holiday and its magnificent harbor and gardens make it easy for the pleasure loving spirit to gratify itself.

### *The Liquor Problem—*

This must be faced for the whiskey traffic has a strong hold at least in Sydney, the only city I saw outside Brisbane.

In the down town district nearly every corner seemed to have from one to four saloons and in more than one case bar maids are being supplied.

It is true, there was not much to be seen on the streets but the traffic is working away at Australia's vitals nevertheless.

#### *Lack of Men to Lead—*

In the Presbyterian church last year there were over 200 vacancies and one of the first questions asked me by a Brisbane pastor was "Are you come to stay? We need men.

#### *Low Moral Tone Among the Youth—*

This was deplored by last year's General Assembly, which also refers to laxity in parental control and the exaggerated search after pleasure and entertainment, the need of education in purity, the suppression of suggestive pictures, and medical addresses on the restriction and sale of drugs. All of which goes to show that human nature is the same in the Antipodes as with ourselves and that the Australian church is face to face with the same forces of evil as are found fronting God's Kingdom everywhere.

The social evil exists in Australia, but is no where made respectable by any form of segregation, active or passive. There is a considerable amount of religious indifference and church attendance is not as good as it should be. And yet men are interested too, for all over the "Domain" park on Sunday afternoon are scenes resembling Hyde Park in London, where these ever present problems are discussed from almost every point of view.

The forces that are seeking to combat moral and spiritual evil are largely the same denominations as among ourselves. The Church of England is the largest, some parishes being low and some high. One I attended was so high it took me all week to get down to the ordinary level again. It was amusing to hear a man with a splendid baritone voice trying to squeak the intoned service in the unnatural key considered appropriate. Still the high church is doing devoted work in many parishes

Next comes the Roman Catholic whose religious duties are covered early in the day, the balance largely serving opportunity to augment the crowd of pleasure seekers.

The Presbyterian and Methodist churches are about equal in strength—probably 10 or 11 per cent. The balance of the

population is scattered over Congregationalism, and the usual other "isms" found in our own land. There is a movement on for union among the same three bodies as in Canada.

It is doubtful if it has been as wisely led as with us and the immediate future is by no means certain, although the ultimate future must bring it about. The very needs of the country demand the closing up of the ranks and the economizing of the sinful waste of division.

There are no large Presbyterian churches. The most influential in Sydney only seats 850. The buildings, as is also true of the public schools, are not in keeping with the rest of the city, at least in Sydney. This is true, especially of the Protestant Churches. But Rev. John Ferguson of St. Stephen assured me that the Presbyterian people were loyal, devoted and self-sacrificing and doing their full share for the higher life of the community.

Years ago Rev. Dr. Lang of the old Scottish church was a tower of strength, not only preaching but sitting in parliament fighting the battle of righteousness and when hampered on the platform thundering from the pulpit. Today his statue stands in bronze in Wynyard Park, in the heart of the city, the only statue of a clergyman in the Antipodes.

Throughout Australia out of a population (1909 census) of 4,406,799 the Presbyterians number 493,375 or 11.19 per cent. The membership in full communion in that year (the latest report) was 59,021 in 44 Presbyteries. These are divided into 660 charges with 459 active ministers, 1104 church buildings, 375 manses and debts on buildings of £211,329.

In 1909 there were 2289 elders, 8925 deacons and managers, and a full list of societies such as Sabbath School, Women's Organizations, Temperance, Literary and Endeavor Societies. 1125 Sunday Schools had 73,339 scholars with an average attendance of 51,771 and 6530 in Bible Classes. The Sunday Schools are up-to-date and progressive in method. Mission work is carried on among the aboriginal blacks in the Hebrides, Korea, India and in the cities. There are two colleges, Ormond in Melbourne and St. Andrew's in Sydney. The church also conducts a deaconess institute near Melbourne, a girls' home in Victoria state and recently

has opened in New South Wales an Orphans' Home built on the cottage plan, well endowed and promising to be a valuable factor in child-saving work.

The ministers whom I met seemed to be able men, thoroughly seized with the situation, fully aware of the perils that threaten the Commonwealth and consecrated and self-sacrificing service for their church and country.

No one can read the minutes of their Assembly without feeling that the Presbyterian Church of Australia has its eye set on the nation's welfare and the prayers of all Christians will be that the future of that great continent at present but fringed with settlement, may be safer and higher and more in accord with the aims and ideals of the God of Nations, because of the exertions so trying and strenuous of the branch of the Church to which we belong and which we love.

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## FORESTRY OPPORTUNITIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

*By Judson F. Clark, Ph.D.*

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Forestry is a new thought in North America and a still newer thought on the Pacific slope, hence it is not out of the way to define it occasionally when one greets a new audience. I will therefore say by way of introduction that Forestry is the art of growing and harvesting wood crops. The harvesting of a naturally grown wood crop has been one of the biggest enterprises of this enterprising continent for more than a century, but no one will make the mistake of confusing the operations of the lumbermen as ordinarily practiced with the practice of forestry for there is vital difference between them; the lumberman harvests his crop of logs without regard to the future, while the forester harvests the crop with an eye on the production at some future time of a second and still other crops of logs.

Lest some might think that the production of log crops to be cut fifty or a hundred years hence not to be a very important mat-



ter, it might be of interest to note that all civilized and indeed all semi-civilized countries are constantly increasing their demand for forest products, and particularly for that major product, wood. Many can hardly credit this, for on every hand they see wood being replaced by coal, steel and cement. Unhappily this substitution is more than offset by the increasing use of wood in other lines, with the result that every decade shows an enormous increase in the annual toll levied on the forest. I use the word "unhappily" advisedly for increasing consumption of wood—a constantly ascending scale of prices and therefore a hardship on all users of wood, which is pretty nearly equivalent to saying a hardship on everybody. The only exception that I can think of just now would be the owners of timberlands.

But I must return to my text. What place shall British Columbia play as a producer of wood for the great lumber marts of the future? My answer is that it will occupy a place in the very front rank because of the vast area available for wood crops and yet unsuited for any other crop, because of her ideal climate for timber growth, because of the unsurpassed endowment by nature of almost all that is best in structural timbers and pulp woods, because her forest resources have remained practically unimpaired until the present, and because the wisdom necessary for the intelligent conservation of these resources in the future can now be had, thanks to the marvellous development of the profession of the Forest Engineer during the past decade.

British Columbia has but a small part of the 182,000,000 acres of forest with which she is credited by misguided enthusiasts, but she has, perhaps, 25,000,000 acres, fully 80 per cent. of which will never be as profitably devoted to any other crop. A very conservative estimate of the annual growth on this area under forestry management would be 200 feet, board measure, of lumber per acre, or some 5 billions feet per annum for the entire province. This would be about five-fold the present annual cut and would yield an annual revenue in perpetuity of about \$4,000,000 at the present rate of taxation and royalty dues. The revenue feature would be far from the most important direct financial consideration, for the logging and sawing of this crop would mean the additional distribution of about \$50,000,000 in wages and supplies. The indirect advantage of maintaining a forest cover on these rough lands might

even be greater than the direct financial return, for who can rightly value the future benefit to be derived from the influence of the forest on the climate and the stream flow and on the health and therefore, on the morals of the people.

The climate of British Columbia is a priceless asset in the inventory of the forest resources. Without exception, the climate of the Pacific North West is the most favorable for growing structural timber for profit in the whole world. Suffice to say here that as much saw timber can be grown on an acre on the B. C. coast in 60 years as can be grown in Eastern America or Europe in a century. This means that when current interest compounded for the extra 40 years is added to the cost of the eastern or European product, British Columbia is able to grow a cubic foot of saw timber for less than one-tenth the cost of its production elsewhere! If you cannot credit this, gentle reader, get a compound interest table and work it out. This is the overwhelming advantage which is bound to make the Pacific Northwest the greatest centre for forestry in the world, half a century hence.

Aiding and abetting our advantages in climate and available lands is the natural occurrence of some half dozen of the most valuable and most rapid growing of timber trees. The Douglas Fir is already known in all the great tide-water markets of both hemispheres. It is one of the most useful and will, with the decline of the Southern Yellow Pine, become the most used of all structural timbers. It is also splendidly adapted to reproduce itself on logged off lands, especially where fire has destroyed the debris without having destroyed the soil, as may be seen on every hand. Second only to Fir is the Red Cedar, the finest of all the cedars. Space forbids more than the mention of the Tide-water Spruce, Western Hemlock, White Fir and Yellow Cypress. Suffice it to say that all are admirably adapted for what foresters call natural reproduction, and therefore for perpetual crops of logs at lowest cost for re-stocking the lands after logging.

Wholly as a result of her geographical location, British Columbia finds herself at the opening of the age of Conservation with her forest resources practically intact. In the development of a practical forest policy she can, if she pays the small price required, take advantage of her neighbors' errors as well as the lessons that

have resulted from wiser measures. Rarely has greater opportunity been open for statesmen to achieve enduring fame than in the field of forest administration in British Columbia.

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## THE PRACTICE OF RELIGION IN WEST AFRICA

*By C. A. Mitchel*

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In Africa every village has its shrine or shrines devoted to animism. The totem is not in evidence as it prevails in Northern B. C., but on the wall of the bare or public hall there are usually rude frescoes of snakes, scorpions and leopards. Images are almost unknown, although I have seen a few huge uncouth figures made of wicker work plastered with clay and having huge hideously carved wooden heads. The only image seen in all my travels was one at the entrance to Kmanko country just after crossing Bel Kouke mountain. Taboo is quite prevalent. Certain families or clans of the tribe must not eat certain birds—others must not eat alligator—another the cerastes or horned viper, some boa constrictor, and one family (much to their regret no doubt) must not eat chicken. However, it will be more interesting to my readers if I just go on to tell you about the actual conditions, beliefs, superstitions and practices.

I am indebted to the late Rev. F. Schlenker, a C. M. S. Missionary, for some of my information, but most of it has been corroborated and some of it is original.

### TRADITIONS ABOUT CREATION.

The Timnis believe that this is the second earth and we are the second people and that there is to be a third earth and a third people. The world is flat and circular and is resting upon the head of a giant who faces east. When he moves he does so very gently but sometimes he moves with his head suddenly to the west and then we have an earthquake. The first man and woman made were brown or tawny in color and after they were made God seemed indifferent to His creation, but sent a servant to see how they got

along. Their first child was a black boy, followed by twins, white boy and black girl. The servant was sent later to tell them that they were to marry according to color and from them have come the two races. Later the servant was sent to give them their country and a choice of tools, etc. The black man chose a hoe, and the white man money. Having chosen the hoe the black man was placed in the bush to farm while the white man was put near the big water; having chosen money he has a good time now, but my informant more than hinted that in the future state things would be different.

#### BELIEF ABOUT GOD AND THE SOUL.

They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, but do not believe he exercises any providential care over mankind, and therefore they pay very little attention to him. Their name for the Deity is Kuru or Kurumasaba, but Kuru is also the name for the sky-heaven.

They have no conception of a resurrection, but they do believe in the immortality of the soul and that one's condition hereafter depends upon his conduct here. They believe that they will retain their slaves in Hades, if when they die they tie a rope around their neck and fasten it to a stick pinned on the grave for that purpose.

They also believe in a transmigration and re-birth. For example an innocent man put to death may come to life again and become a person of substance, but it is always in a far country. This they term O-falan.

A child, however, who has died, may be reborn. This they prove by marks upon the body agreeing exactly with marks upon the body of the child who died. The Timnis being strictly orthodox, the place of torment is called the Fire—*au'antr na-tabana*, the everlasting fire. The place of bliss is Odero-ma-bone. Both of these places are contained in Hades itself. The immortal part of man is called an-umpu. It really means shadow—of a person or tree. This term is also applied to the shade of an animal slaughtered as a sacrifice, whose shadow (an-umpu) appears in Hades on his behalf.

#### KRIFIS

As God pays little or no attention to him the Timni in turn pays little or no attention to God. The objects of worship are

the Krifis, beings who hold an intermediate state between God and man. As the stones representing these Krifis are taken away from relatives' graves, one might be justified in thinking they are defined ancestors. The happiness of men depends upon the good will or ill will of these Krifis, hence the many sacrifices made to them to keep them in good humor. There are good and bad Krifis as well as male and female ones. They say the Krifis cannot be seen but by the people with four eyes, the wizards, but they have representatives of them in their houses which consist of stones taken from the graves of relatives, never of strangers. These stones they call *am-baki*, the dead ones, the names or shades of the departed.

At the entrance to each village is a small thatched shrine at which sacrifices are made. The diamond snake, called *au-yaro* they sacrifice to a Krifi. The sacrifice is usually rice bread which is eaten by goats or ants, but occasionally a white rooster is sacrificed with much ceremony.

Some customs remind us very much of ancient Israel. Thus circumcision is practiced on both men and women, and any uncircumcised person is looked upon as unclean. At a certain time each year the Maranopo King, Bai Kobolo, with much ceremony, would take a jug of palm wine to the baboons, considered sacred, that lived near his town and later, accompanied by his headmen, make a pilgrimage to the top of Marampa Hill and there make a sacrifice to the Krifis for the good of the whole country. This bears a striking resemblance to the great day of Atonement. Other customs noted are found in Ex. 21:20 and Deut. 21:2; 22:15.

#### WIZARDS AND WITCHES.

The medicine man is one of the institutions of the country and affairs of importance are never undertaken without the benefit of his assistance, as to its being a lucky day, etc. The Timnis believe that by witchcraft people are able to turn themselves into animals, snakes, leopards, wild hogs, alligators, etc.

A certain deserted village on the river was always given a wide berth by the natives. The captain of our mission boat explained to me that it had been bewitched. Of an evening a resident would hear a knock at his door and on asking who was there the reply would be that a neighbor wanted to borrow some-

thing or have something returned that had been borrowed. The voice of the neighbor would be imitated by the witch and the man would open the door to hand out the article and he would never return. Finally the people left the place altogether and made a town across the river.

When anything happens to a man, such as sickness or an accident, or the destruction of his crops by wild animals, the witch doctor is called in to find out what enemy hath done this. After a day or two's drumming and incantations near the village, he proceeds to the village and "names" the people who are guilty. As the headman the witch doctor and the aggrieved party have each to get a share in the fines inflicted, it is always people who have property themselves or whose people have property who are thus named. They usually plead guilty, for if they deny it they are put to death until they confess.

Near Maghili a man had his crop ravaged by wild hogs and one of the accused men denied his guilt, so he was flogged severely several times, and persisting in his denial, they spread-eagled him to bent down saplings, over a fire of chaff and red peppers.

#### CHARMS OR AMULETS.

Charms or amulets are worn by everybody to protect them from evil and bring them good luck. These run from beads to elaborate phylacteries made of leather by the Mohammed priests. Inside the door of each hut is a bottle with only the mouth protruding, and it contains a gree-gree of some kind to prevent ill-luck. The women frequently use egg shells pressed one into the other and a strip of bamboo pushed down through them and fastened into the thatch to keep out witches. The finger nails of a friend or lock of his hair is powerful "medicine" against all kinds of evil, and red rags, feathers and snake-skin are greatly prized.

#### SECRET SOCIETIES.

There are at least three of these, two for men and one for women. The name of the women's society is An bondo, and they exercise a kind of a maternal oversight over the girls and young women. The men's principal society is the Poro Society or Am-poro. In many sections of the country the Poro men are as much

dreaded by the people as the Romanists dread the Masons. At least once a year they have a grand celebration in connection with each lodge. The drum is beaten all night long, and frequently the Poro yell is raised. They seem to dance themselves into a frenzy, and, daubed over with white clay, they make a raid upon the neighboring villages, capturing boys who are carried into the sacred bush and there initiated. Each Poro man has the devil's mark on the nape of his neck. No woman must see the Poro-devil, and when the Poro yell is given it is a signal for every woman to seek cover and stay hidden until the seance is ended.

There are many other superstitions that might be mentioned but sufficient has been said to give an idea of the general conditions of the people in their beliefs and practices.

In closing let me say that they watch the moon very closely, and have a tradition (allied with the prophetic teaching regarding the last things) that some day some great catastrophe is to happen to her and the end of the world is to be ushered in.

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### VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

*Delivered at the Annual Convocation, Sept. 29, 1911, by  
T. Gillieson.*

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MR. PRINCIPAL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Tonight, in bidding adieu to my work as a student at Westminster Hall and in looking forward to the larger sphere of a teacher and minister of Christ, I feel in the grip of very solemn and very awe-inspiring circumstances. On such an occasion as this many thoughts move the man, many regrets, many hopes. He looks before and after and pines and laments for what is not, yet in all the conflicting emotions that crowd upon him it is well if he be able to wear a garment of praise. There is always a sadness in farewell; a summing up and a revision of estimates. Memory at such a season is very vivid and sometimes she lays great troublesome loads upon the mind; but often she brings forth treasures more precious than rubies and thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and the clouds

that lowered on the horizon become dispelled by sunny hopes and radiant visions and dreams. Tonight I look back upon three of the most profitable and impressive years of my life—maybe on difficulties weakly encountered, or purposes only very partially accomplished, upon endeavors that very early lost their power. The way is littered with failures in life and service but here and there are cheering achievements and experiences, bright with the upholding favor and grace of God.

The saying runs that personal references are vulgar and inapt, often invidious, but anything I have to say this evening will, I trust, be the exception that will deliver us from the tyranny of a mere rule, at least I'm going to risk it for I will freely speak of my experience and relations with the men of Westminster Hall.

You have once walked in a beautiful rose garden. Unconsciously you felt the charm and sweetness communicated by your surroundings, your spirit was made glad and light, you felt rather than saw the loveliness and fragrance of things.

Or you have entered some room swept and garnished, where everything, walls and carpet, pictures and furniture, were harmoniously ordered and adjusted, all sweetness and light. Its comeliness and cleanliness and brightness had an immediately pleasing effect upon you—for the time being you were a different person.

Yes, we are wonderfully influenced by our surroundings, the garden, the home, one's own private room, they have a marvellous spiritual and educative value. This, we realize, that the spiritual forces in man are much more likely to produce nobility of mien and beauty of soul if wrought upon by things which are lovely and graceful than if choked and dammed by the smoke and dirt and dinginess of a reeking slum with its narrow streets and overhanging tenements. As with houses and gardens, so it is with persons. Every individual projects an influence upon all that he touches—every living human being changes in some measure the soul atmosphere around him, radiates an unearthly electricity, either producing elevating thoughts of God and the beauty of holiness or generating low, repugnant image (as do ugly things) from which one's inmost soul turns in neusea and disgust.

This influence this atmosphere created is the true index of what you really are, yourself, your soul. It is a far truer revelation



of you than your most regular speech or your most punctilious deed. It is thus each one purifies or poisons the spiritual atmosphere in which he dwells. Not one of us liveth to himself.

I believe that the best kind of epistle, the most home-coming word that God has for us is just the living epistle that can be read of all men, the good man whose walk and conversation witnesses in the best way to the best life. Truth is mediated through true men, and abstract principles, however commanding, only become vital and effective when associated with and embodied in a person. A divine brilliancy illumines some men's faces, a holy message issues from their eyes.

But if I become didactic in these words of parting, you will perhaps suspect that I am insincere.

Carlyle says in effect: "It's a wise man who knows his master and follows him!"

I well remember the first occasion on which I met the worthy Principal of Westminster Hall. My estimate of that past hour I have had no reason to revise, though even if it were revalued it would only serve to show you how respect had grown into love, and regard deepened to devotion. He and his colleagues of the Faculty have, out of and above their academic and scholastic attainments, an indefinable something that counts for more with young men than perhaps, they even reckon on—it is the subtle charm of personal power, personal influence. The first question a young fellow asks is—Are they men, real men? Then, secondly, and subordinately, are they masters of their art? And I want to say this to you here assembled tonight that the city of Vancouver and the province need to attract, encourage and hold men of Dr. MacKay's character and calibre, and that they may never do, if with the work and difficulties he faces and is willing to face, they do not support his hands with every means that lie in their power. I wish to thank him, publicly associated as I have been as a scholar and tutor at Westminster Hall, for the influence he has exercised on my own life; for the fresh currents of thought, the wider outlook, insight and sympathy with men and affairs he has inspired. We are fondly wont to claim that he belongs almost as much to the  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood  
Land of the mountain and the flood

as to Canada. Let us split the difference and say that the influence and inspiration of the one land on being carried over to the other has been magnified and extended. Your church has good reason to be proud of such men, of vision, of conscience and of power.

I often think if I were a Roman Catholic and were in search of a Father Confessor I would select our dear professor in pastoral theology. Dr. Pidgeon is the sort of man one can trust with the secrets of one's inmost soul. His regard for our future welfare, his wide-reaching sympathies with all that pertains to religion and life, his judgment on the trials and triumphs that attend the ministerial office—all these qualify him in a very real way to seek admission to the hearts of his students.

I have often had a shuddering suspicion and dread that if Vancouver Presbyterians took a thought to create this city one of the cathedral cities of Canada, the learned doctor might break cover from his college duties and be found back at the practice of the art which he loves so well. We will require to keep close watch and ward on such men as these—it is difficult to replace them.

No one who has ever come under the spell of the scholarly master of Old Testament studies is likely to forget the fearlessness and reverence with which Dr. Taylor can handle and light up the old memorials of our religion. There is a holy perseverance and zeal about the man that is awesome, and relentless. Voices that sounded centuries ago are, at his almost magic bidding, made to utter themselves again with all their native point and force upon every clamant question and perplexing problem of our own day. We are made to live over again in the presence of the seers and singers of old Israel, to hearken to their stern and unrelenting demand for social justice and humanity's rights, or to listen to a song whose tenor, be it joyous or sad, is always sweet as the voice of a bird singing in the sunshine or the rain.

We are today confronted with titanic tendencies, never mere movements, not single rolling boulders, but landslides, vast sweeping streams of influence, not all for good.

At no time in her history has Canada had such occasion to demand an effective church and an efficient ministry as at the present. A tide of reaction in sympathy with the principles of the

Gospel is setting men back into line with the Christian church. At no period, then, has it been so imperative that the walls of Zion should be built up, her palaces considered and her bulwarks secured for if that church who is the nurse of your nationhood, whose spirit and administration is most democratic and progressive, that Christian society which is and always has been the guardian and champion of the people's liberties and rights, I ask you, if this bulwark of your nation's life be permitted to suffer from the neglect and indifference of her people, if her position and influence be held in contempt, if the foundation be destroyed, what will the righteous do?

If there is one thing more than another, that with this opportunity I would seek distinctively to emphasize, it is the need of our time for a ministry of cheer. Look around you on the world, not necessarily in that sense in which it is associated in the anti-christic trinity, weigh the efforts, the aims, the prizes of life, and you find much sadness, very much self-defeat, for our commercial splendor and sovereignty brings grief as well as gifts in its train.

In view of that I would that your homes were more open to the higher influences of our social ministry. I earnestly desire the people of this land to grant an open door and a kind heart to the presence of their clergy. Hospitality is a Christian as well as a pagan virtue. We in Scotland like to have our minister with us in our joys as well as our sorrows, unless, of course, he be a marjory and a sobersides, one who does not believe in his heart that Jesus was present at the marriage feast, who cannot stomach the grand finale of the greatest of all the parables 'And they began to be merry.' There's an end to half your moral problems and social rottenness, when you have put to one side this prudish Puritanism and to the other unbridled and brutal licence. Oust cant and corruption by sane, hearty enjoyment.

If you take your pleasure in such a fashion as does not admit of the presence of your minister, then there is something very far wrong indeed; but if you can enjoy yourselves rationally and profitably, why bar the man whose life it is to preach a Gospel of Gladness? Let us share with you the joyful passages of your life; help us to realize that you regard us as human and not of some other caste and hue. Every sensible minister will invite your most intim-

ate acquaintance. We want to escape the charge so often levelled at the cloth, that they hedge and sidestep and hide their true selves under a cloak of sanctimouiousness; we want to come out in the open and shed abroad the love of God.

We don't want your money if we have not got your love and sympathy. Please don't subscribe either to your church or your college, if when giving you do not have the proper will and motive if, say, you just want to use the church for business or political ends; if your gift is just a bribe to blind or buy off the eyes and tongue that should be scourging your sins and that have not the courage and power to lead you the true way into the glad Presence. We of Westminster Hall crave your friendship, want the chance to exert a wholesome influence upon the community in which we are set as consuls for Christ. Don't make us feel like strangers and sojourners in a far country; encourage us to take our place in the social life of the home and the country.

The motto of my university of the City of Edinburgh is *Nisi Dominus Frustra*—"Unless the Lord the city build, the builders build in vain," and I mention it in appealing to you of Vancouver to lay the foundations of your future as a city on the sure and sound basis of integrity and earnestness in your social and religious life. And I implore you to foster and guard that life at its sources. Help the sons and servants of your Church to create the right atmosphere. Westminster Theological Hall stands as an educative and a social force in this community. The people of British Columbia have done and are doing a great deal to increase the power and effectiveness of this Institution. By their support they bespeak and secure guarantees for the future greatness, influence and prosperity of this province of your far flung Dominion.

There are tremendous tendencies at work in our midst that make for devolution and downfall. Are we doing all we should as a community to stem those strong pointed currents—are we with heart and head and hand and all our means helping to perpetuate all those forces that make for righteousness and national well being?

May I live to see the watchword "*Splendor sine occasu*" realized, the light of truth never quenched, just because we all stand by the principle expressed in the ideal of the older city "Unless the

Lord buildeth the city they that build do build in vain.”

As the graduates of Westminster Hall move out year by year into their work in the world for the Master, you may rest assured they go forth to stand up for all that is holy and healthy and best in the lives of men; to serve and do battle without fear; not in sorrows to yield, but to push on towards the goal.

Their heart's desire will be a ministry of cheer, of seasonable service, of goodwill and helpfulness. Noble hearts will look kindly upon us; their prayers and consent will follow us as a lasting influence precious beyond price. Good and evil we will certainly have to meet, but we will have what success is appointed us.

All we of Westminster Hall thank the Presbyterians of B. C. for the opportunities their generosity has afforded us of training and exercise for the grandest work to which any man can be called by God, the work of the Christian ministry.

While I may look back with regret at parting it is seasoned with grateful memories and happy associations and my last word must necessarily be one of hope. I thank you for the patience with which you have treated me—I am bidden to step to the marching music of mankind.

“The future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow,  
We press still thorough,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us—Onward!

And solemn before us,  
Veiled the dark portal  
Goal of all mortal—  
Stars silent rest o'er us,  
Graves under us, silent!

Whilst eager thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantom and error,  
Perplexes the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,  
Heard are the Sages,  
The worlds and the ages,  
Choose well; your choice is  
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you  
In Eternity's stillness  
Here in all fullness  
Be brave to reward you;  
Work and despair not."

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## THE SKY PILOT ON THE PRAIRIE

*(Written by One of Our Boys Now in Another Institution, and  
Published in an Old Country Newspaper.)*

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Near at hand are the lonely shacks of the homesteaders with here and there the more pretentious buildings of the "old timers." In the distance, the River Bow, curving in its course across the plain, raises its banks forty feet above its bed; while away on the horizon prairie and sky blend into one with a clasp of perpetual blue.

Westward rise the Rockies, their summits tinted by the rays of the setting sun into fringes of crimson and gold. They rear their mighty columns, like gigantic walls of granite, against the background of the reddening sky, eternally pointing heavenwards the glittering peaks of snow. There they have stood those lone sentinels of the plains, throughout the ages, in their immemorial isolation, in all their rugged grandeur and in their solitude sublime. The Sabbath sun sinks like a ball of fire behind them, darkness blinds the fleeting twilight, and soon are hidden from the view those austere and mighty monarchs of the West.

Moon and stars shine forth, now clothing the scene with pallid brightness. They reveal the landscape lying in mystic silence; they

show the mountains looming in the distance; and in the heavens they display a star bespangled beauty, such as only a prairie winter can disclose. The night is cold—bitterly cold, for the thermometer has steadily lowered since the setting of the sun. But the hour for Divine service has come and despite 30 below zero, hark to the silvery sleigh bells chiming over the snow. It is the people from those shacks coming to church, for even on the prairie, men's hearts still turn to God.

True, they have no church building, no choir, and no bell to peal forth the hour for prayer. The rude shack in which the preacher lives does duty for a church; every man and woman who attend composes the choir; and the only summons for service is the merry music of those jingling bells. From all quarters far and near they come, and after tying their bronchos to the fence, they enter the shack, which for the present has become a sanctuary.

The house has been put in order for the occasion. Planks and chairs have been arranged in rows across the floor, and soon they are all occupied until the place is crowded. The "sky pilot" has just arrived home, after a ride of thirty miles to other points, this being the third and last service of the day. He distributes the hymn books from his saddle bag, handing them round with a word of welcome. Soon all eyes are turned on the pantry door—for the pantry is his "pulpit"—and the service is about to begin. Silence reigns supreme; there is not a sound except the howl of the lonesome coyote crying outside in the cold.

The doxology is announced and without the luxury of an organ, all sing with heart and voice the grand refrain. There is then a short prayer, and in the silence which follows the simple intercession everyone in reverence feels that the Infinite is near. Next is sung one of the fine old Psalms:

When I look up unto the heavens,  
Which Thine own fingers framed,  
Unto the moon and to the stars,  
Which were by Thee ordained.

As the congregation sings the preacher has an opportunity to study the faces of his audience. It is composed mostly of men, for this is a men's country and the sky pilot needs to be a men's man.

On the front bench there is a family of German extraction, born in Eastern Canada. The father is leader in the choir. The next seat is occupied by a number of fair-haired Swedes, thorough-going Westerners now, Canadians to the core. They are past masters in the art of scientific profanity and none are better skilled in the secrets of "broncho busting" than those stalwart sons from over the sea.

Next to them sits a group of men from Glengarry—that old county in Ontario which has produced men of the Ralph Connor type, men whose kindness of heart the whole Dominion has learned to love. Near the back are a few distinguished fellows from Lower Canada. One has taken honors in arts from Toronto University. Another is a graduate in medicine. A third was once a school teacher, and beside him is a banker recently returned from South Africa. These men have left all in response to the lure of the lonely trail, and are known far and near as among the most accomplished horse traders from the Rockies clear through to the Bow. Here and there through the audience are men from several of the United States, Montana, Oregon, Washington and the Dakotas, each with an accent and a characteristic all his own. A few, but a few, come from the British Isles, and sad to narrate, not one to represent old Ireland—except the preacher himself.

The singing is over and the lesson is read. It is the story of Christ walking upon the sea. Then there is a hush, and "Let us pray." The leader seeks to voice the sentiments of the worshippers for success in this new land, for strength to fulfil its duties, and above all, for grace in it, to live the life worth while. There is a petition for the old folks at home, for all have loved sons far away. There is a plea for our country, this great wide Canada of ours—to some the land of our birth, to others the land of our adoption, and to us all the land we love.

Then there is the address, short, plain, earnest, "little Latin and less Greek." It is on the "Great Sky Pilot," taken from the chapter read. Life is a voyage on which we are all sailors. There are many shoals, and rocks, and sand bars in the passage, and there is imminent danger of shipwreck. Christ is the Pilot who can guide us o'er the waters and under whose seamanship alone we are safe. As an earnest appeal is made for all to allow Him to take the helm, memories of the long ago are wakened in many a heart, and in



response one man at least, decides to take the Great Pilot on board.

The service concludes with "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me," and perhaps never was it sung with more apparent earnestness. The benediction is pronounced, there is a shake hands all around and into the night with its cold and starlight the prairie congregation pours. The bronchos are prancing and snorting with the cold, eager to get home, their sleigh bells jingle, and in many directions their music dies away.

It is now night on the prairie, and the Sky Pilot's day's work is done.

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### THE ASCENT.

*By Henry W. Longfellow.*

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The longing for ignoble things,  
The strife for triumph more than truth,  
The hardening of the heart that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds  
That have their root in thoughts of ill:  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of far renown,  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more  
The cloudy summits of our time.

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UNDER NEW MASTERS our country must work out its destiny. The names of the members of Mr. Borden's cabinet have been published, although at this writing the portfolios allotted to each have not been announced. The new cabinet will include a number of men already well known. Mr. Foster was much in the public eye as Finance Minister in the years before '96. Professor Doherty and Mr. Monk are legal lights in Quebec province. Premier Hazen has proved a strong political leader in New Brunswick. The other names are scarcely so well known. No objection should be taken to Mr. E. W. White on the ground that he is a recent acquisition from Liberalism, although his position as a trust magnate makes his appointment unwelcome to those who fear the trust evil. It is to be hoped that Mr. Borden will prove himself strong enough to act independently of any of his dangerous friends. No one would claim for the new premier that he has given evidence of that outstanding personal power which was the chief force in the governments of Sir John A. McDonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But possessing as he does a substantial majority he is largely free to put his policy to the test. Mr. Borden has been elected through the collapse of the old party system. Liberal and Conservative are

names that do not mean what they did before this campaign. It has been shown that parties may be readily broken down and remodelled by the sentiments roused on a large issue. Such sentiment is difficult to maintain, and now that the Reciprocity issue is dead, Mr. Borden's new supporters may chafe in their environment. To enlist sentiment and maintain its popularity a government must have a definite and active policy and must not confine its attention to matters of small moment.

Nobody really cares very much about a naval policy, and railway schemes have become so commonplace as not to arrest great attention. The vital question of the hour in Canada, as in the whole western world, is that of the relation between capital and labor. With this question are closely associated the problems of social improvement and moral reform, which must be seriously faced in the near future. If the new premier fails in these great issues, the omnipotent elector will reflect with thoughts like those of the poet who asks:

Shall we that struck the Lion down,—shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage?

Mr. Borden faces the grandest of opportunities. He comes to power with a record of unstained personal integrity and with a good experience of Dominion politics. He enters on an office which by the growing greatness of Canada and the illustrious personality of the late Premier, has risen to prominence in the eyes of the world. The country is prosperous and optimistic. The curtain rises with applause and we shall see the play.

\* \* \* \*

THE MEN AND RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT is a notable expression of the tendency of the time towards more businesslike efficiency in religious work. It is in reality a home missionary enterprise on a great scale. Unlike the mission enterprises of the past, it is not handicapped and conditioned by lack of financial support. Originating in New York, it is launched forth with the wealth of several noted New York millionaires behind it. Its remarkably wide and thorough organization has won the admiring comment of many prominent journals. It aims to make itself felt in about 1,600 centres in the United States and Canada. Though its leaders are

in full accord with the aims of the churches, the methods to be employed are not the traditional evangelistic methods, but are such as will attract the support of business men. Religious awakenings in the past have sometimes been allowed to take a mordid turn instead of being directed to the ends of Christian service. The emphasis of this movement is to be laid on social betterment, and into that field of service the newly enlisted forces will be directed. A thorough study will be made of the economic and social needs of particular communities and a determined attack upon the strongholds of evil is expected to follow.

In largeness of aim the campaign proposed is the natural complement of the work of the Laymen's Missionary movement. Such enterprises present an expansive view of Christianity and show the world and the churches what the religion of Christ really is. Denominational bodies have been doing the intensive work of Christian culture, but the great crusades against sin at home and ignorance abroad must be waged by the combined armies of the Lord.

#### A CORRECTION.

We beg to correct an error in a statement on page 24 of our September issue regarding scholarship funds. The statement should read thus:

"At the first convocation three years ago we had two scholarships of the total value of \$150; we have now eight, totalling \$600."

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Ignorance wags his ears of leather  
 And hates God's word . . . .  
 Nor leaves he his congenial thistles  
 To go and browse on Paul's epistles.

—*Browning.*

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The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
 To haud the wretch in order;  
 But where you feel your honor grip,  
 Let that aye be your border.

*Burns.*

# College Activities

"Work Does Good When Reasons Fail"

## THE ANNUAL CONVOCATION

On Friday evening Sept. 29th, in St. Andrew's church, a large gathering witnessed the closing exercises for the term of 1911. The numbers present gave an encouraging indication of the interest taken by the Presbyterian community of Vancouver in our young college. Dr. Pidgeon, as registrar, presented a brief report of the year's achievement. Principal MacKay stirred the audience to enthusiasm in an address in which he dwelt on the work of the College, and appealed for continued sympathy and support. The presentation of scholarships was an interesting feature of the evening. The valedictory address delivered by Mr. Thos. Gillieson appears elsewhere in this issue. The address to the graduates was given by Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon, the new pastor of St. John's, who ably discussed the benefits of the ministerial calling.

Rev. Mr. Logan, Rev. R. J. Wilson, Rev. E. A. Henry, Rev. J. W. Woodside, Principal Burns of the Normal School and Mr. Gibson, chairman of the Board, were also on the platform.

At an appropriate moment the Ladies' Auxiliary sprung a surprise when Mrs. MacKay presented to each of the graduates in the name of the auxiliary a handsome copy of the Presbyterian Book of Praise. After the close of the meeting a pleasant half hour was spent in the school room where refreshments were served by the ladies.

## RESULTS OF THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS

The theological term, which closed on the 29th of September, was a strenuous one and the marks gained by the students in all years indicate the good quality of the work. The pass list is as follows:

Third Year—Thos. Gillieson, W. Graham.

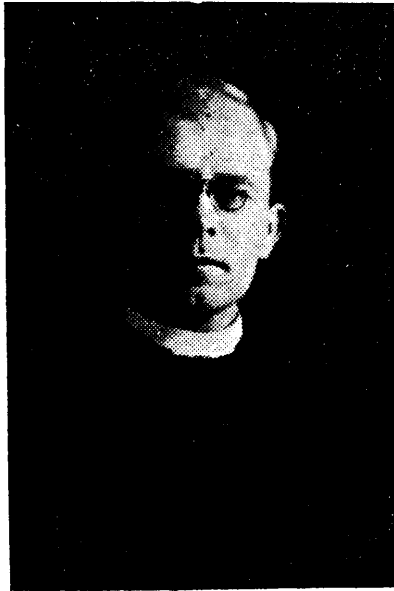
Second Year—J. T. McNeill, M.A., R. C. Eakin, B.A., J. M. Wyatt, M.A., B. M. Stewart, M.A., R. Van Munster, M.A., T. Mills, B.A.

First Year—Norman Macdonald, L. A. Muttit, A. Mackay B.A., A. O'Donnell, B.A., W. A. Ross, A. R. Gibson, B.A.

#### OUR DOCTORS OF DIVINITY

At the recent convocation Westminster Hall, for the first time in its history exercised the functions stated in its charter, of granting the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Both the recipients of the honor are among the distinguished men who have had a part in the upbuilding of this college, one as a teacher of Old Testament, the other as one of the chief founders of the institution.

REV. A. R. GORDON, D. LITT., is undoubtedly one of the foremost Old Testament scholars of the church in Canada, and is fast earning an international reputation. He has occupied for four



years the chair of Old Testament in Montreal Presbyterian College. But his influence extends through his published work far beyond the walls of his own college. Since the publication of his "Early Traditions of Genesis," he has been known to theological students all over the English speaking world. Dr. Gordon is a Scot. As a student he won distinction in Aberdeen university and New Col-

lege, Edinburgh. He continued his Old Testament studies in Berlin and Gottingen, and before entering upon a professorial career, spent two years as assistant to Dr. Stalker in St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow. He is remembered here for his lectures in Old Testament theology delivered in Westminster Hall in 1908.

REV. A. J. MCGILLIVRAY, M.A., who has recently left the pastorate of St. John's Church, Vancouver, is well known to our readers in this province. After a brilliant course in the Manitoba University, Mr. McGillivray took his Master's degree at Princeton, and graduated with distinction from Princeton Theological Seminary. He has occupied three important charges, the first in Guthrie,



Oklahoma, the second in London, Ont., and the last in Vancouver, where in his seven years' ministry he was instrumental in the building up of a strong congregation. Mr. McGillivray was one of the most zealous and far sighted of those who laid the foundations of Westminster Hall, and had a prominent part in its organization.

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Cuts of Drs. Gordon and McGillivray by courtesy of the "News-Advertiser."

## OUR GRADUATES OF 1911

"*Unum sed leonem,*" said the lioness in the fable, when reproached for having but a single cub. Westminster Hall has this year a numerically small contribution to the ministerial ranks, but her two graduates go forth well equipped, and conscious of their responsibility as a class.

THOMAS GILLIESON is a son of the manse, born at Olig, Caithnessshire, Scotland, in 1882. At seventeen he entered Edinburgh University, where his course was marked by an interest in literature and public speaking. He was a member of the renowned Dialectical Society of the University. He took a course in military training in which he won certificates qualifying him for a commission in the army. But the family predilection for the ministry asserted itself. In Edinburgh he was reader in St. John's Cathedral, and held for a time a mission charge at Piltochray, Scotland. Having married a distinguished daughter of the University, he came with Mrs. Gillieson to Canada five years ago. He spent some time tutoring in this city, and ministered on several mission fields, including Vananda, where he spent a year. Mr. Gillieson has already gained a direct knowledge of conditions in the province when he entered Westminster Hall in 1908. Throughout his course he has been prominent, both as a student and as a leader in college activities. He left the Tutorial staff of the Hall to accept an appointment to St. Paul's congregation last January, and has now received a call to that charge. Mr. Gillieson's ability as a preacher marks him out for conspicuous success.

NELSON W. GRAHAM hails from Oakwood, Ontario, and received his early training in Lindsay, Collegiate Institute. In 1904 he entered Toronto University, where his course was marked not only by diligent study but by an unflinching interest in every phase of college life. This year he graduated in theology from Westminster Hall where his name has been conspicuous each year in the scholarship lists. Throughout his course he has been very successful in mission work in the mountains and prairies of the west. He has just been called to Riverview, one of the most promising charges in South Vancouver.



## NEWS ITEMS.

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Mr. Gibson has been made Dean of residence in succession to Mr. Mills.

A temporary committee has been elected to proceed with the organization for football, and practices have begun. There is material for a splendid team and even the records of last year should be eclipsed this season.

We offer our congratulations to Rev. A. M. McColl of the 1910 Class on his marriage to Miss Grace Campbell of North Vancouver. We note in a local paper an interesting account of the reception tendered to Mr. and Mrs. McColl by the congregation of Tofield, Alberta, to which Mr. McColl has been called.

The new Church at St. David's was opened on Sunday, the 8th inst. Rev. Dr. Pidgeon preached in the morning and Rev. Mr. Logan in the evening. Mr. A. R. Gibson is to be congratulated on the progress of the field, which he organized only last May.

Cordner is attending the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Scott has gone to Toronto to continue his studies in music. Craig spends the winter at Princeton, B. C.

Hugh Eakin has gone to a sanitorium to recuperate from the effects of his recent illness. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The theologs have scattered widely since the close of the term. R. C. Eakin has gone to his charge at South Hill. Mills is spending a holiday at his home in Ontario. Stewart has gone east intending to study either at Queen's or at Columbia University, New York. Macdonald returns to Queen's accompanied by Muttit. MacKay is in Stewart, B. C. Ross has accepted an assistantship at Guelph, Ont.

Two of our ablest arts students of last winter have gone to McGill University, Montreal to complete their arts course. These are F. S. MacKenzie, who headed the list of first year students in the whole university last session, and R. G. Dunbar, who stood first in the second year in Greek and Latin. We wish them continued success and look for their future return to us.

**DR. TAYLOR'S MARRIAGE.**

Rev. Prof. Taylor was married on Tuesday, October 3rd to Miss H. Fern MacKay. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Alex. King, Hickson, Ont, Rev. Dr. R. P. MacKay, uncle of the bride, officiating. After a visit to eastern cities, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor will take up their residence in Toronto where Dr. Taylor is to deliver a course of lectures. They will be welcomed to Vancouver shortly after the New Year. The *Westminster Hall Magazine* extends hearty congratulations.

**GREETINGS FROM DR. STALKER AND DR. GARVIE.**

Rev. Dr. Stalker writes from Aberdeen acknowledging, with kindly approval our August number. The Professor and party enjoyed the voyage home in the course of which they were favored with exceptionally fair weather. We take the liberty of quoting the closing sentences of the letter:

"Be so good as to convey to the men our heartiest greetings. Though we have returned to the routine of our city and college, our talk is constantly of Canada, and we go all over the incidents of our brief visit to your shores. We are filled with the profoundest respect for the Principal and Professors, as well as the students of Westminster Hall, and we dream dreams about the future of that institution which may the Head of the Church fulfil in due time!"

Dr. Garvie, in a letter to Principal MacKay, expresses his warm enthusiasm for Canada, and this part of it in particular. He is preparing a lecture on his visit, and hopes before many years to cross the water again. We note in recent numbers of the *British Weekly* some interesting utterances from him regarding his observations while here.

**OVER FIFTY STUDENTS FOR THE WINTER TERM.**

The winter term began on Monday, Oct. 2nd. The following fifty-four students have registered in the Arts and Tutorial work. Those whose names are marked with an (\*) are from Latimer Hall; those marked (†) are not intending to enter the ministry.

In Arts at McGill College—

J. H. Buchanan, F. G. Cook, E. Crute, D. J. Gordon, A. M. Grant, M. Heslip, A. A. G. Kirkpatrick, J. A. Leslie, J. Y.

McGookin, A. McIver, A. MacLean, A. M. Menzies, T. S. Paton, W. S. Taylor, †R. N. Wilson, C. Young.

In the Tutorial Department—

A. P. Andersen, S. Appleton, E. B. Arrol, G. G. Barton, \*H. M. Bolton, T. Buchanan, P. Connal, W. J. Cameron, W. J. Connery, \*W. Dawe, A. B. Dustan, W. Eakin, H. F. Elliott, A. L. Foster, \*T. Frampton, J. C. Goodfellow, J. Grier, J. Hamilton, †J. Hills, J. L. Hughes, W. J. Mark, A. Munro, G. Murray, A. H. McCuddy, H. McDowell, W. McBain, P. MacKay, T. F. McGregor, D. McLaren, A. MacLean, H. M. Rae, D. A. Smith, R. G. Stewart, J. R. Thompson, W. R. Wakinshaw, \*P. F. Wardle, D. Gray, W. Davis.

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Let him be kept from paper, pen and ink,  
So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

—*Prior.*

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Such is the patriot's boast where e'er we roam;  
His first, best country ever is at home.

—*Goldsmith.*

---

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

*Cowper.*



## Critic's Corner

Dr. Robertson Nicholl's admirable "*Life of Ian MacLaren*" has been placed in the Archibald Library. With sympathetic insight the author reveals to us the charming personality of Dr. Watson. This renowned Scot possessed a Celtic temperament marked by patriotism and keen sensitiveness to environment. The latter trait amounted to a weakness. "He simply could not live in a hostile air. For his work he needed the sunny consciousness of sympathy. He could face contradiction and opposition, but not the steady environment of antagonism." He was often attacked by strange fits of depression, but his public ministry and family life were not marred by the appearance of gloom. Dr. Watson was one of those Britons who gave full value to all that is good on this side of the water. His first tour in America was a specially happy event in his life. He was pleased with the entertainment given him at Ottawa, where he was introduced, in a Presbyterian church by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He took a keen interest in the Presidential election campaign in the United States, which waged during his visit there. The letters, quoted at large, express his humanity, his humor, his courtesy and deep religious faith. John Watson was a college contemporary and life long friend of Henry Drummond and also of James Stalker.

\* \* \* \*

"*Shakespeare or X?*" not "*Shakespeare or Bacon?*" is the new form of the question regarding the authorship of the Shakespearian plays. That witty and versatile essayist, Mr. Andrew Lang, replies in the September *Cornhill*, to a recent book by G. G. Greenwood, M.P. entitled "*The Shakespeare Problem Restated.*" Mr. Greenwood's attempt is not to enthrone Bacon, but merely to dethrone Shakespeare. He has nothing to say of the "Cryptic rhymes" of Bacon, by means of which Baconians like Edward Bormann are able to prove Bacon the true poet. The end of Mr. Greenwood's criticism is purely negative. "Shakespeare" is a mere pseudonym, we are told, adopted by the great unknown, who is mathematically denoted X; and

this pseudonym is not to be connected with the actor of Stratford named "Shakspeare," whose historicity nobody denies. Mr. Lang's defence of the Orthodox belief on the subject should be a sufficient answer to the unbelievers.

\* \* \* \*

The October number of *MacLean's Magazine* contains an editorial in answer to criticism of excerpts from *Hampton's* in an earlier issue, arraiging the Church for the alleged inconsistency of its financial methods. The basis of the arraignment lies in the use by the church of large sums for the maintenance of foreign missions while many ministers at home are sadly underpaid. The editor in his defence of this argument overlooks the fact that Christianity is by nature, a missionary religion, and that experience proves the advantage to the home church of the support it renders to foreign work. While it may be true that "seven hundred dollar salaries are an invitation to weak men," yet many a poorly paid minister would not be classed as a weak man if he were in another occupation, and the weak men whom the church suffers most from are those for whom a comfortable salary is the chief interest. While the increase of salaries at home is urgently needed, it must not be attempted at the expense of the progress of foreign work. A living church is always a missionary church, and when it is ready to content itself with financing its local enterprises, it will never attract leaders who possess vision and zeal.

\* \* \* \*

In the *Twentieth Century* for September, Rev. J. R. Perkins has a rather interesting though rather unsatisfactory article on the subject "Socialism in the Churches." The writer discovers Socialism flourishing in the church and being preached from many pulpits. As Socialism is a name for a wide range of ideas, we are left a little in doubt as to precisely what is meant by the statements made. Mr. Perkins leaves some ambiguity about his own position, and his disparagement of the "new heresy" as he terms the Socialistic trend, is couched in terms that might read in an ironical sense. His prophecy that old lines of denominational differences will be lost,

as well as his fear of schism within the denominational bodies on the social questions will appeal to all as possible issues of the situation.

\* \* \* \*

The assassination of Premier Stolypin is the subject of much comment in recent magazines. The *Outlook* gives a brief account of the dead statesman's policy and character, with a rather unfavorable view. His masterly force and determination restrained revolution, although he failed to fulfil his promises of constitutional government.

In the solitary sternness of his character Stolypin suggests comparison with the Earl of Strafford.

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The *Aryan* is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the Hindu. It uses arguments from Christian ideals and quotes from English statesmen and poets. Its propaganda is for the extension of the full rights of citizenship to the Hindu in Canada.

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## EVENTS.

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Stolypin, the Prime Minister of Russia, was shot in a theatre by a Jewish Socialist on September 12th and died a few days later.

On Oct. 6th Sir Wilfrid Laurier surrendered his portfolio and Mr. Borden became Premier.

The Fourth Methodist Ecumenical Conference met in Toronto during the first week of October.

General Madero easily won the Presidential election in Mexico.

Italy's sudden declaration of war on Turkey, Sept. 29, was followed by the bombardment of the defences of Tripoli and the sinking of a number of Turkish ships of war. The "Young Turks" are attempting to resist, but have asked for the intervention of the powers.

Earl Grey sailed for England on the 13th. His successor, the Duke of Connaught, has arrived in Canada.

## SMILES.

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### *A Sorry Trio.*

A certain sectarian college in the United States was well equipped with everything except students. Of the latter it could muster only three.

"I suppose," said a sympathetic visitor to the head of this institution, "that you make up in quality what you lack in numbers."

"I fear not," that dignitary replied regretfully. "One of them is an ascetic; the second is a sceptic, and the third——"

"What of him?" inquired the interviewer.

"He is—a dyspeptic!"—(From a lecture in Church History.)

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### *Heroic Treatment.*

Doctor—You must take these pills two nights running, then skip one.

Patient—But, doctor, I can hardly walk.

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### *Theology With Qualifications.*

A speaker at the conference thus parodied the hazy views of some mild theologians: Although you repent, so to speak, and are converted as it were, you will be damned to a certain extent.

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### *Nil Desperandum.*

A professor in Theology dropped in to a Salvation Army meeting and was approached by an Army lassie, who asked him if he was saved. "Why, I'm a Theological professor," he replied. "Sir," she rejoined earnestly, "I wouldn't let that stand in the way."

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### *How Would They Say it.*

Racial differences are to be noted in the following descriptions of the same symptoms:

Ireland—Oim killed intoirely.

Scotland—A'm no' just weel.

England—I cawn't eat.

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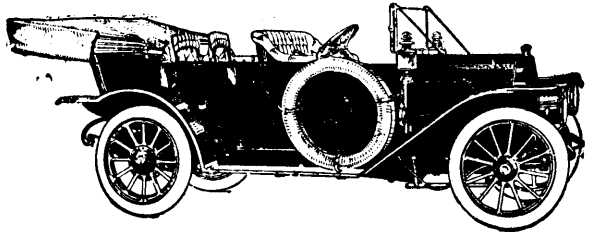
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