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WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

A Social, Literary and Religious Monthly

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1915.

No. 1.

Published at 1600 Barclay Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

D. A. Chalmers

Managing Editor

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Editor's Page.

Our Eighth Volume

This first issue of our Eighth Volume is published at a time when business conditions consequent on the prolongation of the war are having an important bearing on the size, and even on the continued life of many publications. Within recent months several British Columbia periodicals have suspended publication, the cost of production evidently exceeding business income.

The scope of this Magazine regarding advertising space is to some extent restricted because our ideal leads us to place quality before quantity and principle before party or even policy, and we need not hesitate to state that we are planning and working in other departments that an increasing number of leading wholesale and retail business firms may be warranted in using our publicity pages.

It is with genuine satisfaction that we record the fact that even in these greatly testing days our circulation is being steadily increased. This fact, while specially encouraging to us at this time, also suggests that even in these more strenuous and thrift-inspiring times, many people throughout the Province have only to become acquainted with this publication and its aims to put themselves and their friends on our subscription list. It also suggests that there is an increasing interest in those questions that make for larger and fuller life, socially, mentally and spiritually.

Recent increases in circulation are none the less gratifying in that most of the new readers are resident in the smaller towns and districts out from Vancouver and Victoria. While we keep before us the ambitious motto, "Into All the World," we have all along recognized that our base of operations, of practical support, and of widening influence should naturally be the Province of British Columbia.

Contributors of ability and note do not fail us; but some months it is more difficult to give variety in the more limited space due to war conditions, as some articles cannot well be curtailed or divided with justice to themselves or their writers.

We are thankful, however, that owing to the faithfulness of many advertisers and the steady increase to our subscribers' list, we are enabled to continue to "wrestle through" these months of crises with the prospect of greater progress as soon as they are over.

Though the times are phenomenal we confidently appeal for consideration and support from the business men and public generally in keeping with the individual and social worth of the ideals which this publication works for, upholds and hopes to see realized more and more.

WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

SUPPORTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS,
AND RELIGIOUS LIFE
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

VOL. VIII

AUGUST, 1915

No. 1

A Glimpse at Great Britain during War Time

[By C. N. Haney, M. A., Barrister, Vancouver, B. C.]

(Part I.)

NOTE:—We believe the following impressions may prove specially interesting to our Canadian readers who have not yet visited Britain. To others with residential experience of conditions in the Old Countries, as well as in Canada, Mr. Haney's comparisons are likely to be amusing and refreshing. His observations are otherwise noteworthy as those of a Canadian lawyer and literary man visiting the Island Centre of the British Empire for the first time.—[Ed.]

In this article the writer will endeavour to give as far as possible an idea of the things which impressed him most during his recent short visit to the Old Country and to mention a few of the apparent differences between conditions there and in Canada which he observed when for the first time he saw the "Great Little Island" and its people, particularly a portion of the Scottish section of it.

We may begin when the good ship "Corsican" Captain Hall, commander, is nearing Fastnet Light on the South-west of Ireland off Cape Clear. Fastnet Light is a powerful revolving white light visible at a distance of 25 miles. Contrasted with any Canadian lighthouse that I can recall it has a giant lantern. The light seen at a distance of some miles gave one the impression of a solid, evenly distributed white flame about four feet square, or, roughly speaking, a light area six times as large as that shown by Point Atkinson light viewed from West Point Grey.

Between the Devil's Hole and Fastnet Light we had received instructions from a cruiser, so I was informed, as to the direction we were to take and before long we were speeding along, with the South shore of Ireland occasionally visible as we passed some of its points or capes, making our way between two lines of trawlers which were distant from us about a mile and were placed at intervals of say three or three and a half miles, patrolling, seeking mines and submarines. Each, I was told, contained three naval reserve men and carried a gun large enough to sink a submarine. Such were the Admiralty's precautions against the German "blockade" which, according to Berlin's announcements, was to begin the following day.

The following morning, the day the blockade commenced, I rose at 5 o'clock and came on deck just as we were bidding good-bye to Tasco Lighthouse on the South-east coast of "Old Ireland" and were beginning our journey across the Irish Sea. It was a most enjoyable day. As we approached the Welsh Coast and night descended there was some discussion of possible danger, but even those who had imagined the previous night that by going to bed dressed they were increasing their chances of escape in case of trouble, had become quite convinced that the terrors of the German blockade were, as far as our steamer was concerned, an exceedingly remote possibility.

Stewart, my cabin mate and myself had decided to stay up all night to see the Coast Lighthouse and the Harbour of Liverpool. The men had gathered in the smoking room and were singing, speaking, toasting and with two or three exceptions, drinking.

About 9 o'clock Stewart and I gladly heard the call of the Scillies Light. It was a revolving light, quite powerful, burning acetylene gas and visible from 15 to 20 miles, according to information gathered from one of the crew. A raw, cold wind had begun to blow but in spite of that we stayed on deck to greet the lights of Holy Head Breakwater and the South Stack.

From a signal station near the South Stack Light, in the army signal code came instructions and directions. The *Corsican* in accordance with custom was darkened by having curtains put over all the windows and was now only showing three small lights.

A short distance further on the North Stack came in sight on the starboard side, while a revolving light far off on the port bow told of the presence of three small islands. Near the North Stack Light a pilot boat lay and once again signals passed. First a rush light burned on the port side of the *Corsican* pursuant to previous orders. As this signal varies daily it may safely be mentioned. After this signal, certain communications passed which cannot be given or indicated, whether permanent or otherwise, and then we were told to go across the bow of the pilot boat following a certain indicated course, which we did. The pilot boat ranged up on our starboard side and the pilot came aboard. The pilot boat then steamed back to its former resting place and we went on.

Shortly afterwards the "*Lusitania*," bound for New York, rushed by with only the masthead, port and starboard lights showing. As it sped by in the darkness at about 29 knots per hour its straining engines shaking the entire ship, it seemed a frightened thing.

Chilled through, I had gone below to get warm when Stewart called "Here's Liverpool," and I reached deck just as we began our passage through the lights leading to Liverpool. We were travelling between two rows of lights of varying shapes and sizes. Some were

standing above the water like ornaments and the scene seemed more like an illumination for a fête than simply the directions for a navigable course for commerce. After the high lights which were all double deckers (lights near the water line and light at the pole top above), we came to the buoy line, only the master buoys being lighted on account of it being war time. They were less showy than the larger lights, but still attractive. Imagine two lines of lights miles long; on the port side globes of bright red light which were from six to eight feet in diameter and a nearly perfect, if not altogether perfect, circle; on the starboard side similar round globes, bright green in colour. Place these lights from 1,500 to 2,000 feet from each other and the row about one-third of a mile apart, add a clear night with the clouds outlining the windcut in soft golden lines at its edges, and a sea just rough enough to toss the lights uneasily, a dark ship steaming between the two rows of buoys, small light points showing—and you have the scene complete, save for a trawler or two on the port side, and, farther off, the sweep of the search light of one of John Bull's battleships visible against the clouds.

The lights of Liverpool and Birkenhead are in plain view ahead and above them two great searchlights surmounting the great towers which mark the Mersey mouth are revolving slowly, one entirely around, and one backwards and forwards for an angle of about 60 degrees. The revolving one is most powerful. Its glow lit up every bit of the *Corsican* when she was seven or eight miles distant, as though she had been in a brightly lighted dock. For a moment or two after it passed I was unable to see distinctly. It was now about 5 o'clock in the morning, and as we were to have breakfast at 6 o'clock, I went below. After breakfast we edged slowly into the loading place on the Liverpool side, which is certainly worth seeing. A large pontoon, 600 feet or more in breadth, and, I should judge, at least two miles in length, containing freight sheds, custom houses, storage places, offices, etc.; having its own sewage and water systems, and floating up and down with the tide, access to the bank being had through covered iron tubes which slanted down at a convenient angle for walking or draying.

All the hand-baggage was taken charge of first and then we were called into the dining room, our names read out alphabetically, and as we came to the door we were asked our place of birth, residence and nationality. Then we went down the gang plank and into the customs house where the baggage was gathered on the floor in positions marked by letters. You went to the portion indicated by the initial of your last name for the customs examination. We had 724 passengers. Some of them had 5 or 6 trunks and boxes, yet in an hour and three-quarters from the time we first touched the landing,

the passengers and baggage were ashore and our steamer had backed off and was on her way to the loading dock. Trunks and packages came up on an endless chain and were wheeled away to their proper destination. What impressed a stranger most in the matter was on the one hand, the splendid system under which everything was handled, and on the other hand, the slowness with which matters were handled under that system.

In our Eastern Atlantic ports, our handling of our passenger traffic is loose and disorderly, but there is far more snap and verve in the action and movements of the men, and I feel quite certain that an equal number of Canadians trained to the same systematic way of doing things, would have handled the same amount of baggage and parcels and packages in a considerably shorter time than the Liverpool dockmen did. The splendidly regulated way in which things were done, and the comparative slowness in doing them seemed the more regrettable in view of the, shall I call it, trained capacity everywhere exhibited in England.

From the steamer the passengers went to their respective trains. For the benefit of those who think that everything is slow in the Old Country I will give you the two trains and their times. The Glasgow special goes 78 miles an hour, including stops; the London special was scheduled for 235 miles in three hours and fifteen minutes, including stops, and from one of my fellow passengers I found out that she arrived promptly on time.

Stewart and I remained over for a short glimpse of Liverpool. To me, its solidity, substantiality, the dirty condition of its streets, the tremendous traffic, and the utter absence of any indication of war, were the outstanding features. You felt as if the builders of the city had built with the idea that life was permanent. You realized that you were in a place which had grown up in an orderly, regular, methodical way, unshaking, unshaking; a place that had existed for centuries and would exist for centuries to come, and one that was tremendously occupied with the immediate problem before it of the day's work.

Through the kindness of Mr. John Peace, Solicitor of Liverpool, I was able to visit the criminal courts of Liverpool under the guidance of one whose practise is, or has been, mainly along criminal lines. I saw magistrates who were not legal men, but whose keenness of intellect and sound common sense were very apparent. I saw also the trained products of the English Criminal Judicial system and it was certainly a revelation.

There was an air, an atmosphere, about Judge and Counsel which caused one to realize that they were really "learned in the law." Technicalities seemed to be abandoned by mutual consent and the parties dealt only with the real kernel of the situation before them.

The manner was more or less informal, but everything indicated that the different parties were intensely concerned in the problem of the moment. I certainly have a sincere respect for the magistrates, judges and counsel whom I then saw and heard.

To offset and more than offset the impressiveness of this phase of the situation was the sight of some of those in the dock or waiting to enter the dock. Fortunately for us in Canada we know nothing of some classes who were there represented. We are, at present, having hard times, comparatively speaking, in Vancouver (though at that we are more frightened than hurt), and some among our number can be classified by us as poor; but we have no real knowledge of poverty, of drink, or of what it means to be born and live without ever having had a chance. I cannot describe some of the people I saw because there is absolutely no standard known to me by which to interpret them to Canadians. To see a man or woman so devoid of any knowledge of what is or should be his or her position as to become an object to be treated with silent contempt and indifference as long as there is no infringement of the law and to be pitilessly handled when it does infringe law, is something that I pray we will never have occasion to experience.

After the courts, a brief glance at some of the tremendous industries and financial establishments, a glimpse at the endless stream of traffic moving in all directions, we went to the railway station.

There I found a number of tracks with cement platforms three and a half feet deep in between them, the whole, in an open square surrounded by buildings, containing different offices with one or two small buildings, ticket offices, breaking in upon the iron fence which surrounds the approaches to the tracks.

We checked our baggage, which consisted in handing it over to the porter and telling him at what station we are to get off at without receiving any receipt, slip or check of any kind. We passed in through the gate indicated by the guard and a moment or two later a little short engine came up, drawing seven or eight cars, each with a ridge around the side at a height corresponding to the top of the platform and in size about half the length of our C. P. R. passenger coaches. On the carriage nearest us there were two doors, the one next us marked "first class," the one at the rear marked "third class." "Do you see our train?" queried Stewart, who, being a Renfrew man, is fully acquainted with Old Country conditions. "No," I replied, "here is a suburban, but I do not see our express," for I fully thought I was looking at some train which simply ran to the outskirts of the city or at the most to some nearby town. However, we got in as it was really our train, and I then found that, as I had formerly read, the cars were divided into compartments. Some cars were occupied entirely

by first class compartments. The car in which we travelled had one first class compartment, one third class and one smoking compartment with a corridor along the side for the convenience of passengers and guard. Some of the British cars contained four compartments and no corridor but this train was a corridor car train. The guard locked the door of the car, a whistle, no bell, and we were off.

We travelled ordinary express rate, 75 miles an hour, including stops, and I note three or four things regarding railroads here and there. First, no bells are rung there. A whistle when you start, a whistle when you come to a station, that is all. Next the smoothness and ease of travel in the Old Country. On the C. P. R., the Chicago & Milwaukie, the I. C. R., I have been unable to write letters when the train was going at full speed or anything like it, which even those best acquainted with my writing could read. In an English train, going at the above rate I wrote a letter which one whom I had only written to twice or three times, was able to read and, from his reply, apparently without more than the ordinary difficulty caused by my handwriting.

The roadbeds in the Old Country are hard, firm and smooth, the lines double tracked, and now stone work, now cement, lines each side. Speed and comfort you have. The scenery you do not enjoy. There is no climbing to the tops of gentle slopes and allowing you to view the scenery like we have in Canada and America. Instead, there is a cut and you sometimes get a view of the country side, sometimes, if you are standing, you see the sides of the cut. With a solid roadbed sufficient to give smoothness and ease to the motion of our cars, I would much prefer Canadian and American travelling even if speed had to be sacrificed, in order that one might enjoy the scenery.

In workmanship and finish the British engine and railway train seem very superior to our Canadian article. I do not say that a British train is more beautiful to behold. To a Canadian, the short goods or freight car and the small passenger carriages have a suggestion of a toy train, but we in Canada will have spent many a year in close application to mechanics before we equal in workmanship and finish a British railway train.

(To be continued.)

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right—stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

—Abraham Lincoln.

A Practical Suggestion for World Peace

[By Rev. John T. McNeill, B. D.]

While our country is mainly busy about winning the war, and still in the full experience of all its agony and passion, it is not surprising to find among ourselves comparatively little effort to plan or prophesy for the state of the world when the conflict ends. It is well that so progressive and intelligent a nation as the United States has not been involved in the strife, if only that some prophetic spirits may be free to dip into the future, to forecast events and suggest policies in the realm of constructive world-politics. It is of course inevitable that much that is futile and impracticable will find expression where many minds are exercised on a subject so fraught with uncertainty; but some true prophets also are sure to appear, and perhaps by the time the war ends, or at least in time to prevent the beginning of another such struggle, these may discover for us the true basis of a stable peace.

We in Canada, in common with the people of the mother countries, are pacifists, but not passivists, and in this we are at one with the prevailing sentiment of both the allied and the neutral nations. Only the Germans believe in war, and only obscurantists like Mr. Bryan would refuse to resort to force in cases of national necessity or duty. People will not take seriously any scheme for world peace that discards force altogether, but a great many look forward to the internationalizing of military force for the policing of the world. From the stream of magazine literature written in this strain in the United States, it may be assumed that the opinion is fairly general in that country, not only that peace is desirable, but that its attainment is a practical possibility.

A series of interesting publications, reflecting different phases of the Peace Movement, appears under the auspices of the Church Peace Union. These may be had on application from the headquarters of the organization, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. When complete, the series will contain about a dozen pamphlets. The majority of the contributors are ministers, and most of the pamphlets were originally sermons. The writers include Bishop Greer of New York, Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, who gives an illuminating and fair-minded analysis of the causes of the war, and Francis E. Clark, whose subject is "After the War—What?" It is left, however, for a layman to write what is easily the most valuable number of the series from the practical side. This is a reprint of Mr. Hamilton Holt's editorial in the Independent, entitled "The Way to Disarm."

Of course the test of all recipes in government lies in their application, but Mr. Holt's article meets the demands of criticism to a

degree that distinguishes it from all superficial utopianism. Our purpose is not to review the scheme in detail but to suggest to readers the desirability of studying it in the original pamphlet. Mr. Holt's main idea is to draw into a League of Peace a sufficient number of the great nations to defend themselves against aggressive war on the part of any other power, reducing the armaments of the nations in the League to the point of safety from attack by any military nation or alliance of nations that might be formed against it. The author believes that the advantages, political and economical, of membership in the League, would soon lead most of the smaller nations to join it, thus reducing still further the cost per capita of the population, of maintaining the necessary defensive force, until even the nations of military traditions give up the struggle, and "the whole world is federated in a brotherhood of universal peace and armies and navies are reduced to an international police force."

The article suffers a little from too great brevity and leaves some points of detail ill-defined and open to question; but the main proposal seems most reasonable and practicable. The present writer at least believes that it presents the solution of the problem that will ultimately, at whatever date, be adopted, unless war is continuously to ravage, and finally to annihilate the human race.

The pamphlet is enlarged to include the comments of a number of competent judges, and these are almost unanimously favorable. The thoughtful comment of Dr. David Starr Jordan is in itself a valuable contribution to the subject.

"O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type."

After the War—What?

(SECOND ARTICLE)

[By Alex. Philip, North Vancouver]

Permit me the privilege of following up in some practical directions the able article under the above caption from the pen of our worthy member, Mr. H. H. Stevens.

All must echo Mr. Stevens' words when he says that after this war "things can never be the same again." This war is causing a complete social, financial, commercial and political upheaval. Old lines are disappearing, new arrangements, or shall I say new channels, are a necessity.

Take commercial life as an illustration: Germany had devoted years of diligent, yea, strenuous work to the furtherance of her commercial and industrial interests, and she was rapidly becoming the commercial mistress of the world. Her mad plunge for political supremacy as well, has, we confidently believe, rudely and effectively destroyed her commercial power, and the vast business she has been doing will nearly all seek new channels—and create new centres of influence. Where these new centres will be must depend largely on where the wide awake reliable business men are to be found. Necessarily, the supply of natural resources has always a bearing on locating particular interests; but if the right men are wanting, the resources alone will not suffice. Economic difficulties sometimes arise in particular localities that have to be dealt with by the community as a whole; others usually call for a broad-minded equitable spirit as opposed to sectionalism. Surely a new land like ours should have within its bounds a number of points that contain the elements necessary to become commercial or industrial centres.

In the financial world there is a tremendous upheaval taking place, and many of the old alignments must be changed. London will not cease to be a money centre of vast importance. That she will still reign as the queen of the financial world is another question. She has grappled in these days with financial problems of stupendous magnitude. The herculean task has been successfully carried through and every Briton must be grateful to the men who have so wisely exercised the power given them. But during this terrible interregnum with the giant task on her hands London had to disappoint many thousands of centres that depended largely on her for their financial sustenance, and these are now obliged either to seek other sources of supply or to get in and dig for themselves. It is true that London herself will have many compensating factors when the war is over and she may barely miss the losses sustained. Yet new channels

will have been opened up. New influences will be at work and other places will gain in financial strength. The element of self-reliance wherever it gains the ascendancy will be a most valuable one and in no place is it at present more needed than in British Columbia.

Past Mistakes and How to Profit by Them

The credit of British Columbia stood very high, actually on a par with the credit of the whole Dominion. But we became spend-thrift as a province and in our municipalities. Rome and all that it contained had to be perfected in a day. The Province must have a net work of railways and the municipalities must have a net work of beautiful driveways, and mortgage money galore came from the old land to help build handsome dwellings and splendid skyscrapers to yield a return in interest of from 8 to 10 per cent. But all this borrowing and all this outlay produced no return other than higher land prices and higher land taxes and they are a most disappointing crop. The candle was burning at both ends with a vengeance, as while we were sending out vast sums of money for interest on loans, we were also sending out still larger sums of money to provide the food we should have been raising in our own land.

If this Province had not been marvellously rich in natural resources our credit would have gone long ago, but now our great borrowing centre is closed to us and the day of reckoning has come upon us.

We now realize that it is necessary that we feed ourselves, and this we can easily do if we give due attention to agriculture. Had we done so 20 years ago we would from our savings alone have been richer as a Province by about \$250,000,000, and that is a moderate estimate. This Province should actually be exporting large quantities of agricultural produce, but the farmers have not had a reasonable chance. At last steps are being taken to stop this leak and hold our own market, but there have been so many disappointments along this line that we need not wonder if the farmer is not jubilant over his prospects. The Government have plenty of precedents of experience in other lands to guide them to a safe and thorough-going progressive farming policy. For one thing I do not hesitate to say that many parts of this Province are better adapted for dairying than any other place in the wide world, yet we are to-day importing into this Province about one-half the dairy produce we use!

Why Not a Provincial Municipal Bank?

The war has brought home to us the difficulty of financing our municipalities. Our heavy borrowings caused heavy losses in discount and commissions before, but for many a day now these losses are to be greater and we must pay higher rates of interest. Our municipal

business was a most profitable line for our banks during all these years of activity. They had on the one hand sinking funds and other large sums deposited at low rates of interest while for loans and remittance charges they were drawing high rates. Advances were made with a liberal hand and management never was questioned. But as our banks are governed by our wise men of the East, who are disposed to be panicky, our municipalities are being harassed by every kind of bankers' restrictions, and saddled with heavy expenses if they require any banking assistance; and tax sales must go on whether it be reasonable or not. We are having our war experiences in municipal financing and it is a bitter experience for the taxpayers. "After the war—What" in the matter of municipal financing? What is to hinder the establishment under direction of a local government board of a provincial municipal bank, with a provincial guarantee to receive all Sinking Fund and other municipal deposits and possibly other deposits at a reasonable rate of interest, and to buy or negotiate the sale of all municipal debentures under government conditions and guarantee at a rate in keeping with other government bonds? If the local government board had both advisory and restrictive powers they could exercise a most useful influence. It might be arranged that these provincial-municipal banks have an office in every municipality not only to receive municipal and general deposits, but also to do a general banking business. Certainly it is high time that our local businesses be freed from the uncertainty of the Eastern control—which looks to the West chiefly for deposits and to the East for the industries. In other words we should learn from our present experience to become as speedily as possible able to do our own financing and our own banking business.

In the political arena surely the war has given us one splendid object lesson in the present British Government where parties have merged their influences and now are a unit to maintain the interests of the nation. Britain has summoned her greatest men, regardless of party, to render her service. Surely a young nation like Canada, a young Province like British Columbia, needs a united front of the strongest, purest, and brightest men that can be got to guide the destinies and carry out the work of development within its bounds. After the war shall we have this, or will we still have the weary, foolish round of petty party strife and party wire-pulling, and party recriminations?

Friendship is for aid and comfort through all the relations of life and death—for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles; but also for rough roads, and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution.

—R. W. Emerson.

Socrates and Christ

V.—The Claims of Socrates

(By Professor R. E. Macnaghten)

Of all the men who have given up life for a cause, Socrates was surely the most unassuming in his pretensions. He presents in this fact a remarkable contrast to other great leaders of moral or religious thought. While the founder of Christianity made emphatic and repeated claim to divine sonship, and while the founder of Mohammedanism urged his mission with the cry, "There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Socrates not only made no claim to superiority, but proclaimed himself the most ignorant of men. And when in response to enquiry, the Delphic oracle asserted that he was the wisest of his contemporaries, Socrates had considerable difficulty in reconciling the statement of the Pythian Apollo with his own internal consciousness of ignorance, and he solved the difficulty in eminently characteristic fashion. As a man of intensely religious nature, he could not reject the statement of the Pythian oracle altogether, for that would have been to deny its divine authority. But human wisdom he argued, was purely relative, and if he really was the wisest of men, it must be owing not to the fact of his own wisdom, but of the amazing ignorance of his fellow-men. And though he recognized that many of them were in their special vocations gifted with considerable knowledge, he saw that the very conceit imparted by that knowledge made them lay claim to universal wisdom, in matters where they were supremely ignorant. It might therefore not unreasonably be argued that he who was at least conscious of his own ignorance was by that amount wiser than those who believed themselves wise, when they were really ignorant.

Socrates then, as an individual, *claimed nothing for himself*. As a man, he made no pretence to be anything but a disinterested and humble searcher after truth, justice and other cognate virtues. This search he held to be the one reasonable purpose of human existence, and his principal object in all his discourses was to induce his fellow-citizens to devote themselves to the same pursuit. To such an extent was he dominated by this idea that he positively refused to accept any pecuniary reward for his teaching, though if he had done so he would have been acting in harmony with the example of his contemporaries, the Sophists, who not unreasonably considered that the labourer was worthy of his hire. Very different in this regard was the attitude of Socrates. Teaching for reward he regarded as a slavish occupation: "for he wondered that any one who promised to teach virtue should exact money, and not rather consider that in the acquisition of a good friend he would obtain the highest reward." As an individual he

would take no reward from individual men; on the contrary he deemed himself amply repaid by the gratitude which those who associated with him felt for his influence, and the years of his mature manhood were spent in the consistent endeavour to lead others to make the pursuit of virtue the main object of their lives.

And it was entirely in accord with this humility of character and this single-minded pursuit of the truth that Socrates in regard to both religious and political matters should exhibit an attitude of respectful obedience to all constituted authority. And thus it is that though in his search for the truth he shows so essentially a liberal mind, nevertheless in dealing with established principles Socrates is so thoroughly conservative. The reformer is usually impatient of precedent, and anxious to upset established authority; but Socrates, who was not a reformer but primarily and essentially a seeker after truth, emphasized the essential character of his mission by his continued desire to submit to all lawfully constituted authority. This characteristic is made clear alike by Xenophon and Plato. So far was he from claiming any special authority or importance for himself that he exhibited extreme care to conform in his own person to the religious practices and ceremonials of the time, and was also, as is shown in the case of Xenophon, anxious that his friends should consult the oracles in cases of real emergency. Even in his last moments, as recorded by Plato, we see the same tendency to reverence custom and constituted authority. He reminds Crito that he owes a cock to Aesculapius, and urges that the debt be duly paid after his decease.

The same disposition to conform to established custom and to make no positive claim on his own behalf is also illustrated by his attitude to physical science. Socrates, though possessing in the highest degree a speculative mind, nevertheless seems to have thought that to attempt to pierce the veil which shrouded the mysteries of human life was to commit an impiety. All such inquiry he regarded as impious, or at the least foolish, and this for the very practical and characteristic reason that it is absurd to enter into such speculative matters before the nature and character of wisdom, justice, honour and the like are properly understood.

So far indeed was Socrates from claiming to introduce a new religion or even a reformed system of government that he has left us in the Crito of Plato the most striking defence of lawful authority that has ever been devised by the heart of man.

The argument is in answer to the suggestion that he shall make his escape from prison, and the reply of Socrates is as follows: "Then consider the matter in this way: Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: 'Tell us, Socrates,' they say, 'what are you about? Are you going by an act of yours

to overturn us—the laws and the whole State, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a State can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals? Tell us what complaint you have to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the State? In the first place, did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage? 'None,' I should reply. 'Or against those of us who regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you were trained? Were not the laws, who have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?' 'Right, I should reply. 'Well, then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true, you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands?—you would not say this? And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this?'"

How much this passage may owe in form to the literary genius of Plato, it is of course impossible to estimate, but that the thought is that of Socrates and not of Plato seems assured by the fact that it is in general accord with the whole tenor of his habit of mind, as recorded by Xenophon. Thus in the *Memorabilia*, Bk. IV., ch. 4, § 13, Socrates establishes the principle that "he who observes the laws is just, and he who does not observe them is unjust."

Socrates, then, however much he might benefit the individual Athenian, claimed nothing for himself by way of reward or honour. Nor did he make any claim to introduce a new religion or new social reforms. He regarded himself as nothing more than a simple inquirer after the truth, whose researches might possibly aid others who were engaged in the same pursuit. And if it had not been for the malignant persecution of those whom his fearless pursuit of that truth and his determination at all costs to do his duty as a citizen, had made his enemies, he would never have made any claim. But his habit of unceasing discussion and cross-examination naturally provoked considerable irritation amongst those whose self-conceit was put to open shame, and his fearless championship of the unfortunate admirals who had failed to rescue some of the Athenian crews, wrecked in the storm which came on immediately after the naval victory of Arginusae, was

a similar source of unpopularity. Public opinion gradually became more and more hostile; and when the thirty tyrants were swept away, the fickle Athenian populace forgot that Socrates had openly condemned their tyranny, and only chose to remember that Critias, one of the most odious of the Thirty, had once been his pupil. Hence it was easy for his accusers, Meletus, Anytus and Lycon to trump up the vague and indefinite charges that he had corrupted the youth of Athens and had endeavoured to introduce new deities. Such was the vague indictment which Socrates had to meet, and the penalty for failure was death. He was now, against his will, compelled to act a public part, and either to plead guilty or not guilty to the charges which had thus publicly been made against him. But all his life he had been engaged in preaching that the pursuit of the truth was the one real object of human activity; and now that he was face to face with such an emergency, it was from the very nature of the man impossible that he should do anything but put into practice the precepts which he had been preaching. Hitherto he had been dealing with truth in an abstract form; but now it was a concrete charge which he had to face. Was it true that he had corrupted the youth of Athens, or endeavoured to introduce the worship of new deities? To both charges his own conscience unhesitatingly answered 'no'; and, as a seeker after truth in the abstract, he had no alternative but to assert in the most uncompromising manner that his life quest had not been made in vain. If the truth, and his own search after the truth meant anything, he was bound to plead 'not guilty' to both charges in the most emphatic way. Thus, and thus only, could he maintain the dignity and the actuality of his own quest.

But the methods of criminal procedure at Athens were somewhat peculiar. While the accuser could name a maximum penalty, the accused could not only plead "not guilty," but could, in case of conviction, name a lesser penalty, which even if the charges were partly proved, might satisfy the sense of justice of the Athenian "dicasts," who were judges and jury as well. It was the fact of the existence of this peculiar procedure which really forced Socrates to his death. As a student of the truth he knew that he had not only committed no crime, but had also—to the extent that he had endeavored to inspire his fellow-citizens with a passion for the truth—benefited Athens to a greater extent than any other of her citizens. This under the circumstances was the actual truth, and as the champion of the truth he was bound to assert it. And thus it was that when Anytus was pleading for his conviction and death, Socrates instead of naming a lesser penalty, boldly declared that he had done no wrong, and that so far from meriting the extreme penalty, he really deserved the highest reward which could be conferred on the Athenian citizen, namely,

life-long entertainment at the public expense. Such a claim coming at such a time was naturally calculated to incense the Athenian jurors. Here was a man who was being tried before them on a capital charge. Many of them, though irritated by his habit of cross-examination, were probably inclined to regard his conduct as comparatively venial, and were quite prepared to vote for a lesser penalty. But it is only human to incline to the belief that a man who is on trial for a death penalty can not be altogether guiltless; and the claim of Socrates to such a public honour must have seemed to some of them as little short of a public insult to the State. That claim indeed sealed his fate beforehand, and that the man who refused to take any reward for his teaching should at such a time have made such a claim is one of the ironies of history. And yet it is hard to see how Socrates, being what he was, could have acted differently. He certainly did not wish to throw his life away uselessly, for he strongly held that no man has a right to take his life, until it is required of him by the deity. But he equally held that the truth must be maintained at all costs, and this being so, he was practically bound to answer the charge of his accusers by a counter-charge. If they endeavored to show that he was worthy of death, he was equally bound to show, now that the matter was brought to a public issue, that the pursuit of the truth was the noblest duty in which any citizen could engage, and that that citizen who had been most conspicuous in this exalted quest, was worthy of the highest honour which the State, in its official capacity, could confer on him.

Even in this case it must be observed that he claimed nothing from the individual. As a private individual he held not only that virtue was its own reward, but that it was dishonourable to make any charge for that knowledge which he was bound in duty to endeavour to impart. But the moment that he was tried for impiety he ceased to be a private individual. From his point of view it was not so much Socrates who was on trial, as the life-long champion of the doctrines which he had constantly taught. That position he had never sought for himself, just as he had never sought any public office. But now that it was thrust upon him, he was bound to act in such a way as would make it plain to the world on which side truth and justice lay. It was not himself but his office which he thus sought to magnify, and he did it without counting the cost.

At the risk of reiteration it seems necessary to insist on this point, because it offers the only reasonable explanation for conduct which otherwise would be paradoxical. It explains what would otherwise be unexplainable. During the whole course of his life Socrates had acted with consistent humility and extraordinary moderation. He had ever expressed a deep contempt for worldly wealth or worldly honour, and he had proved the sincerity of his words by a life of such temper-

ance that according to Xenophon the Sophist Antiphon openly expressed his wonder at any man being content with so miserable a mode of existence. "You live," said he, "in such a way as not even a slave would endure from his master. Your food and drink are wretched, your clothing is wretched, and you wear the same garment summer and winter, while you go about unshod and without a cloak." Even his enemies never attempted to deny that in these respects Socrates was of an absolutely blameless character. And yet the man who during his whole life had exhibited such extraordinary humility and self-restraint, now when face to face with death claimed the highest reward that could be given for civic distinction. But he claimed it not for himself and not as a private individual; and the fact that the claim was made at all was largely due to the idiosyncrasies of Athenian criminal procedure. And even though the claim was made, it still remains true that Socrates for himself and on his own behalf made no claim at all, but was content to be regarded as the most ignorant of men.

A Consecrated Life

[By Rev. Walter L. Raynes]

On the fourth of August there passed away in the person of Mrs. Archibald Pidgeon, one of the noblest of women. Among the lovely hills of Bonaventure County in the Province of Quebec, near the banks of the beautiful Grand Cascapedia, she lived in a modest home, most her life, unassuming, and in "simplicity sublime." There she spent the evening of her days with her husband, their son and family. Just as the sun was setting, and night was gently drawing its curtain of darkness over those scenes she loved so well, God came and called her spirit to the more beautiful Home Beyond, where there is no night, nor death.

It was my high privilege to meet her for the first time a month before her decease. It was like receiving a benediction to come into the presence of and to converse with one of such sterling faith. Her flesh was fast weakening, but her spirit was as a little child's. While I only met her toward the end of her life's journey, I felt I had known her for long; for one of her sons was my teacher in Westminster Hall for two years.

The vast majority, perhaps, of those who serve for the Master have chosen their calling, largely because of the atmosphere of their home, the aspirations and prayers of their mothers. Blessed is he who has first learned to pray at his mother's knee, and thrice blessed

is he who has been led to the Christ by her who reared him. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that all of Mrs. Pidgeon's sons should have been ordained for Christian service.

We speak of successful men and women, and our standards of success are generally very materialistic. But what could have been more successful than to have dedicated all one's sons to the service of the Living God? Everyone in the active work of our Church knows the Rev. Prof. G. C. Pidgeon of Westminster Hall, under call to Bloor Street Church, Toronto; and the Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon of St. John's Church, Vancouver. The other son, H. John, was ordained to the Eldership in his mother's church.

One was telling her that it was something to be proud of and thankful for that she had given all her sons to the Church, and that they had done so well. She gently corrected him, and said it was not a matter of pride at all, but a source of great thankfulness. And truly her sweet, noble life was as a thanksgiving prayer. God had given her length of days, and how those days were hallowed and crowned with radiant hope, those who knew her can well testify. She had passed the allotted span by ten years.

The Christ always held the pre-eminent place in her thoughts. "He," as she said, "who never yet failed her, would not fail her in the end." Besides the three sons left to mourn are her husband and their only daughter, Mrs. Dimock, of Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Pidgeon Sr., has passed his eighty-fifth year, and is yet strong of body, keen of mind and fresh of spirit. He and his beloved wife were constant companions, and of all the bereaved his loneliness must be the greatest now. But he, too, has the same simple faith of her who now liveth the larger, richer life.

She was laid to rest in the graveyard of the Church at New Richmond. The many who came to pay their last respects—by their presence and silence—spoke more strongly than any words of the winsomeness and influence, love and simplicity of the choice spirit whom God permitted to remain with us so long.

It was on Canada's Consecration Day that this consecrated mother bade us adieu. May all mothers, through her example, consecrate themselves and theirs to Him who never faileth, and who giveth the crown that never fadeth.

I think that Death has two sides to it—
 One sunny and one dark, as this round earth
 Is every day half sunny and half dark;
 We on the dark side call the mystery *Death*,
 They on the other, looking down in light,
 Wait the glad *Birth* with other tears than ours.

—George MacDonald.

Around the Hall.

Tennis Opportunities

This summer the St. John's Church Young People's Society took advantage of the permission granted to them last year to have another tennis court made on the ground to the east of the court made by the first students of the Hall. The second court has not yet as good a surface as the older one, but it seems to have increased the popularity of tennis as evening exercise.

The annual tournaments among Presbyterian Church societies, which Rev. A. Raeburn Gibson (now of Sidney, Vancouver Island), was mainly instrumental in organizing, have been arousing interest, and the results will no doubt be reported in the daily papers. Westminster Hall has representatives in both doubles and singles.

Whether or not the opportunities of the double court have affected arrangements, tournaments among the students as a body seem to have lapsed, while "doubles" have naturally become more popular than "singles."

Ladies' Auxiliary Picnic

War times may affect the nature of the arrangements made by the Ladies' Auxiliary for the annual outing to which they treat the Hall students, Faculty and friends, but no conditions were allowed to interfere with the society's usual kindly provision for the pleasure and entertainment of their guests. Mrs. P. McNaughton is at present resident near Victoria, and Mrs. J. A. Logan, who has, we understand, succeeded her in the office of President, was in the interior of British Columbia owing to her son's illness, but the other officials and active workers present carried through a programme in keeping with the Auxiliary's reputation. Ideal weather favoured the occasion and the sail to and from West Vancouver was most enjoyable.

The Rev. Alver Mackay, a Hall graduate, who was ordained and inducted to the pastorate of West Vancouver Presbyterian Church in the fall of 1913, put his delightfully situated manse-camp at the disposal of the ladies. Without loss of time many students were disporting themselves in the sun-lit waters that lave the tree-shaded turf on which this unique manse is located, while others, accompanied by their lady friends, as quickly availed themselves of the Hollyburn tennis grounds, placed at their service by ex-Reeve Lawson, one of the staunch pioneer supporters alike of the Presbyterian Church in that district and of the Hall.

Additional interest was given to the outing by the presence of Principal Sharrard of Indore College, India, and of Mrs. Sharrard and her sister, Mrs. King. The ladies mentioned are related to Mrs. Main, whose unflagging interest in all that concerns the Hall's welfare is equalled only by her remarkable vitality and bright spirit. Such visitors from the Far East suggest the linking up of the East with the West. At no very distant date Westminster Hall may become the college par excellence for the training of men for missionary enterprise in the Orient, because of its geographical position and also because of the genius of the men attracted thither, either as professors or students, by the lure of the West.

Members of the Ladies' Auxiliary—both past and present—and the congregations they represent—have done and are doing a much greater service to the Church and to the world than they at all realise, by their self-denying and untiring labours to help maintain and develop Westminster Hall. Could they but lift their eyes to the future and see the streams of vitalising power that will yet flow from the Hall "unto all the world" they would rejoice that to them was given the privilege of doing such yeoman service, and be inspired to redouble their efforts.

Nor would we forget the matron without whose care and faithfulness the well-being of the students could not be secured and maintained.

The Auxiliary Picnic of 1915 was a farewell one for a few of the company. Dr. and Mrs. Pidgeon leave at the end of August for Toronto, and six of the students graduate in September and go to their appointed fields. The picnic will be remembered by all as a refreshing and helpful time.

A Modern Crusade

"So to-day the drink evil is being revealed for what it is as never before. Many obscure people have been saying for a long while back, amid the indifference and contempt of the multitude, what every one with brains and conscience sees to-day in the awful light of war, that this national sin of ours is a supremely base and ignoble thing, and that the fight against it is one of the great crusades of all history. Our sin has found us out, as it was bound to do, and as it will continue to do till we have learned our lesson.

Shall we learn these lessons about war and intemperance and our other sins? All depends on that, and on true and heartfelt repentance, and a new birth of faith in God and consecration to Him. If God can find an understanding and obedient Church when He comes for it, then we are on the eve of a new age, and when we have paid the inevitable price that men always pay for the ransom of the future from the power of the past, we shall pass out of the valley of the shadow of death into the land of the morning sun, a fairer and nobler country than we can now ever imagine."

—Professor D. S. Cairns, D. D., Aberdeen, Scotland.