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As noted above, the business management of the Magazine has now passed into the hands of Mr. D. A. Chalmers.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson



CHRISTMAS is our yearly reminder of the childlikeness of God. So astounding is the fact that few believe it, yet for those who do, the air is full of angel visitants, singing "On earth peace, good will to men."

For some, God is the Universe-embracing All, who is honored by our Pantheistic self-annihilation. For others, he is brute force or dead matter and life is a groping through agnostic darkness out of an unknown past into an unknown future.

Some make pleasure their god and others make success and lay waste their lives in following them.

There be gods many and lords many, but only one God, and through the unfolding centuries a few have stood with bowed, bared heads beside the manger at Bethlehem and understood the Master's words "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter therein." To them has come the wondrous truth that the sinless life of the man of Nazareth was the full and perfect unfolding of the babe of Bethlehem, unmarred by mistake, unsullied by sin, ever keeping the child heart, simple and tender and appealing, ruling the hearts of men by the simple art of love—and this life, from Bethlehem to Calvary is God, incarnate in our humanity.

And this discovery makes them bond servants forever to the most absolute sovereignty in the Universe, the law of love, yet they know themselves free, for it is their deepest joy to do the will of the Master whose mightiest instrument of compulsion is the hand of a little child.

And so, dear reader, in this wonderful West land, where we are too much impressed with our money and our clothes, our corner lots and our earthly habitations, I wish you none of these things, but the pure heart, the childlike spirit that sees God and knows that Heaven is here this Christmas of 1911.

John Mackay

THE JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

By *J. S. Jamieson, M.A., B.C.L.*

In an interesting article recently published on the subject "Our Human Misfits" it is pointed out, with much effect, that, however we may profess to believe in the preponderance of good over evil in the world, our real working creed gives the lie to our profession; and especially our methods of dealing with the criminal minority of the community are on the whole decidedly panicky.

All the crimes by which modern society is terrorized are the acts of a paltry one-fiftieth of the community; and, moreover, these crimes are not the acts of men resourceful in either intellect or physique; but, on the contrary, are the "petty, pitifully feeble dodgings, and evasions and cheatings by those who cannot win according to the rules of the game, or are unable to play the hands that have been dealt to them."

Visit any penitentiary and you are at one and the same moment struck with pity for the feeble and half witted creatures they call criminals, and with the wonder how society ever came to dread them so. Instead of quietly and rationally and confidently setting ourselves to solve this problem of the "two per cent. of human misfits," we have rather gone on making laws for the whole community that are applicable to less than two per cent., teaching our boys that every man will cheat who ever gets the chance, that "to be good is to be lonesome" etc., etc.; and always holding out to our youth the jail and the policemen as dangerous possibilities. There is indeed, much truth in the contention that our criminal jurisprudence and police administration have been constructed on the two principles; firstly—That every man would be criminal if he dared unless restrained by force of fear or punishment; Secondly—that all who violate the criminal code do so deliberately, voluntarily and must be punished accordingly.

Suffice it to say for purposes of this paper, that the passing of the Juvenile Court Act, the establishment of Juvenile courts all over this country and the tremendous success that has attended the

methods of these courts in dealing with the city's bad boys is a practical demonstration that the above mentioned principles are wrong and vicious at any rate as applied to juvenile offenders.

Hitherto, our criminal courts have seemed too much disposed to hurry a boy's photograph into the rogues' gallery; just as on the other hand, they have been too slow to recognize the grave difference between the case of the hardened habitual criminal and the first offender, and so, again and again, after short term sentences, have turned loose the criminal who has proven himself an incorrigible to prey upon society.

A chief of the detective force in one of our largest cities in addressing a convention of experts on criminology, expressed his firm conviction that the habitual criminal was an insane man. After alluding to the fact that a criminal is commonly found to specialize in a particular form of crime—(the burglar is a burglar and seldom if ever also a horse thief, the counterfeiter of money is never a forger)—he cited a case which came under his observation, where a skilled mechanic was so given to horse thieving that the chief was satisfied that if the price of the horse were placed beside the horse, the criminal in question would undoubtedly take the horse and leave the money.

In certain of the States, notably Connecticut, Massachusetts, Washington, Illinois and Ohio, anyone who has been convicted for the third time of any of the more serious indictable offences, such as theft, burglary, etc., is publicly recognized as an habitual criminal and statutes are written requiring him to be imprisoned for a term of twenty-five years, and in some instances (as in Washington) for life—and with professedly good results.

Criminals may be classified as follows:

- (1) Criminals born.
- (2) Criminals made.

Careful students have estimated that from 20 to 30 per cent. of our offenders are "criminals born" and from 70 to 80 per cent. are "criminals made"; and all agree that from 50 to 75 per cent. even of criminals born can be saved to society if taken in hand at an early age. But it must be conceded that anti-social traits must

necessarily be checked during the formative period of life if they are to be prevented expression in the so-called "habitual criminal."

The juvenile delinquent is never an habitual criminal, although he may become one if born defective, and by abnormal environment is pushed over the line. How urgent it is that we take in hand seriously, and at the earliest possible age, all children so born with a moody criminal bent! How shameful of us ever to allow any conditions in our society to make criminals of children not criminally inclined!

As already suggested, heredity is one of the most potent factors among all the causes of delinquency. Given an environment which is conducive, and heredity will produce the born criminal. In this connection I take the liberty of quoting from an American writer a concrete case which although an extreme case, illustrates well the gradual transition from "moodiness to murder."

To quote the writer's own words:

"R. H., son of a carpenter; mother, moody and peculiar, but not recognized as definitely insane, died a few years after his birth. He had a comfortable home and fair surroundings, but grew up moody, shy averse to making friends, and so bad-tempered, if interfered with, that the other children at school soon left him severely alone. He was slow in learning, his teachers complained that it was difficult to fix his attention, he seemed to be always brooding over something so that, though regularly in school, he did not learn to read until nearly twelve years of age and had barely reached the fifth grade when, at fifteen, he dropped out of school and went to work in his father's shop.

Here he worked fairly steady, but clumsily and poorly, and when given some bills to collect was discovered reporting no collections and pocketing the payments. Later, though well supplied with spending money as well as clothing and books he took money out of the cash-box in the shop. Matters dragged along like this for several years, the boy's only amusement being long solitary walks in the country and incessant devouring of stories about pirates and burglars.

Suddenly one day, this quiet, shy unsocial boy of nineteen, with a drawn revolver in each hand leaped into a waiting automobile standing by the sidewalk, thrust one muzzle against the ear of the chauffeur and ordered him to drive at once through the open streets at mid-day to a local bank. The instant the machine was halted there, without the slightest hesitation he blew out the brains of the

unfortunate chauffeur, dashed up the stairs of the bank and appeared before the cashier's window with a demand for all the money in sight on his desk. When the cashier hesitated, he promptly shot him through the breast, fortunately not fatally; and when the president of the bank came rushing out of his office another bullet from the revolver crashed through his brain. Shifting both revolvers to one hand, the boy calmly gathered up with the other all the bunches of bills he could reach through the grated window, thrust them into a sack that he had brought, walked down the steps and disappeared around the corner before the horrified crowd could realize what had happened.

So insanely public and open was his attack, so well was he personally known in the town that his arrest was a matter of only a few hours.

Next morning his eye was clear and bright, his countenance smiling and undisturbed and his manner as unembarrassed and at ease as if he had been a favored guest brought to the cell by invitation. On being asked if he had slept well he replied:

"Oh very fairly, thank you, considering that it was my first night in a strange room." And this with the faces of his victims fresh before him and the howling and curses of the mob of his midnight flight still ringing in his ears.

And the writer pertinently asks "Who is most to blame, this wretched half witted boy, or the society calling itself intelligent and civilized, which had allowed him unhelped and unhindered, to nurse and nourish and brood over his insanity until it suddenly exploded in that awful crime?"

As already stated, the case is an extreme one and one fortunately rare. But are the conditions that produced it so very rare? Innumerable children are born into the world diseased, weak and moody and grow up unheeded and unhelped by parents, teachers and the community at large till perchance they land in our police courts, there to be branded forever where they belong. Nor can we wonder at the outcome. Science is deeply moved over the problem of how insanity can be prevented. How to prevent criminals is the very same problem. In the latter case just as in the former prevention is not only better but easier than cure. We shall have taken a long step towards the prevention of criminals when society fully realizes that it simply can not under any circumstances afford to allow any child born into it to grow up without a square deal from the start; and when, too, it demands in the policemen as

great qualities of head and heart as in the doctor or the teacher or the pastor.

Then, too, in the environment of our boys and girls today are found many factors making for delinquency, not only among children born weak and so inclined but also among those who under normal healthful conditions ought to grow up to be useful, strong members of society.

Many parents, through weakness, mental and moral, are utterly incapable of exercising that firm discipline or of giving to their children the strong, sympathetic, wise direction which every robust child needs.

Other homes are too hungry and cheerless for any boy to stay long in. Poverty may be no disgrace to the individual under certain circumstances; it assuredly is a disgrace to the community that tolerates its slums and its houses with small windows that drive the boy to the street corners and the brightly lighted show and billiard room.

A city without play grounds is always and of necessity a city with a long police court docket.

Moreover, however favorable the home conditions may be in other respects, a careless disregard on the part of parents as to how and where a boy spends his evenings and spare time and the sort of companions he associates with may, and often does, mean his downfall in the end. A boy's father ought to be his best chum, in whom the lad can confide and to whom he can tell all his joys and sorrows and ambitions.

It is unnecessary to mention further causes of delinquency. A few concrete illustrations may suffice to relate these causes above mentioned to the delinquent acts of children which have brought them under the owl eye of the law.

A couple of years ago a large warehouse in one of our eastern cities was burned by two small boys. The writer asked one of the little chaps why he had done it. He replied "Things were awfully dull on our street that night and we wanted to see the fire reels come down." What an eloquent plea for a play ground. Incidentally there wasn't a play ground in that part of the city.

In the same city that winter and on the same street a boy of thirteen was arrested and charged with "wandering abroad." When asked by the Judge about his people he replied: "They're all in jail."—Father, mother, two brothers and two sisters all in jail for different offences. The juvenile court took him in hand and had him placed in a boarding school with the best of results.

Another member of the same gang, a boy of fifteen, was arrested on the charge of breaking into a wholesale warehouse, and on this occasion was brought before the Juvenile Court Judge. Charged with him was an older boy whose acquaintance he had previously made in jail. The writer recalls the following as part of the boy's evidence:

"Were you ever arrested before?"

"Yes, I did a month."

"What for?"

"Swimming in the canal without my clothes on."

"What is your father doing?"

"He is doing seven months"

"What about your mother?"

"Oh, she's all right."

"Well, go and get her and come back to me. Will you do that?"

"Yes."

This illustrates, not only the new method of dealing with such boys, but illustrates too, the failure of the old methods which often made criminals in the very effort to prevent crime.

The following case came under the writer's observation: A boy from a splendid Christian home and with a previously clean record had in three brief weeks recorded against him two charges of forging cheques, three charges of theft and one of housebreaking. Upon investigation it appeared that just previous to this outburst of delinquency he had become intimate with a boy older than himself and with a record. In the lad's pocket were found two things (and I leave the reader to infer their significance)—(1) A case of dice with the compliments of a certain pool room with the injunction to stick to that particular pool room; (2) A clipping from

"East and West" written by himself a year or so before boosting Vancouver, describing enthusiastically its scenic beauty, etc., and then mentioning a few of his boyish ambitions, among others a desire to join the Boy Scouts. The lad was a little too old for the Juvenile Court, but the learned judge applying Juvenile Court methods suspended sentence. The boy was not bad at heart. He is now preparing for college and will make good.

The whole civilized world has been watching with keen interest the work of such men as Judge Ben Lindsay in these children's courts. The Juvenile Court Act came into force in Vancouver in June, 1910, Judge Bull holding juvenile court for the first time in this city at the detention home, corner of 10th avenue and Pine street on 23rd day of June, 1910. Already the court has attained an efficiency and possesses an equipment not surpassed in the Dominion. Court is held every Wednesday afternoon, the present judge being Mr. Shaw. Since its inception here 370 boys and girls have come before the court. Each case has been considered on its merits and solely from the standpoint of the young delinquent. As far as possible the causes of delinquency have been enquired into, the homes visited and in each case the parents dealt with as well as the child. Truly wonderful results are being achieved by the Children's court. Comparatively few of the children have had to be brought before the judge a second time.

These results are largely made possible by having the child while on probation report weekly at the Detention Home and freely talk over his troubles with his big brother, Mr. Collier, the probation officer, and also by means of the periodic visits of the officer to the homes from which the delinquents have come. It need scarcely be said that much, very much depends on the character and ability of the Probation Officer. In this respect our local court is extremely fortunate in having the services of an officer so eminently fitted both by long experience and by ability in handling boys of this class. To do his best work the Probation Officer must command the love and confidence of the boys. Every boy loves Collier.

Where the home conditions are bad, or for other special reasons the delinquent may be taken into the Detention Home for a time, in which case he is immediately put to school there under

a duly qualified teacher appointed by the school board. The latest addition to the equipment of the Detention Home is a circulating library of boy's favorite books. This serves a double purpose. First, it takes the rough edge off a boy's weekly visit to the officer when he also has to "change his book"; secondly it affords an opportunity of wisely directing the child in what he reads.

The Home is in very truth a home and many a delinquent boy receives from Mr. Collier and his kind-hearted Christian wife, who is matron of the Home, his first strong impulse to make good.

THE MAID OF BURMA.

By Walter J. Agabob.

As I sit in my chair by the hearth, the Spirit of the Christmas season carries me back to my childhood's days. Woven by the hands of memory there is spread before me a magic carpet of the East, and from the delicate threads of folk lore and fairy legend there comes the form of the maid of Burma.

Ma Shwe U was a village girl of Kyaukse, in Upper Burma, pure as the lily and 'constant as the northern star.' She loved and was loved by Ko Shwe Maung, a young man, brave as a lion and true as steel. And as lovers would, they vowed to be faithful, even past the funeral pyre. In order to earn money enough for them to live on, Ko Shwe Maung took, one day, a great timber-raft to Lower Burma, promising to return in a year at the most. But a year passed, two years, and he did not come, and all the days she sat working at her loom, hoping against hope that each day would bring her lover home. In all Burma there was no maid so beautiful as Ya Shwe U, and many came to win her love but in vain.

In the evening she would wander amongst the great hills of Kyaukse, anxiety for her lover growing into fear that he would never return. So fair was she that a Nat, the Prince of the Mountain spirits, beholding her, whilst she was roaming thus, one evening,

was enamoured with her beauty and filled with love that would not be denied. Taking the form of a handsome youth, he came to Kkawkse, and like so many others failed to turn her faithful heart either with soft words of rich proffered gifts, or even with his magic art. When, by his power, he discovered that Ko Shwe Maung was on his way home, it was he who caused his rival's boat to upset and founder, and he would have killed him but that Ko Shwe Maung had another fate, and 'where the power of Kamma turns the Wheel of Life, not even Nats can overcome it.'

This, the Spirit of the Mountains learned, much to his chagrin and rage, for in spite of his art, Ko Shwe Maung was nearing home. Mad with unrequited love, after one passionate interview with Ma Shwe U. in which he vainly threatened her with death, he changed himself into a tiger, and, seizing her as she sat lonely at her loom, carried her lifeless body to his distant hills. But as he bore her away, the yellow Yingat flowers in her hair scattered and fell; and so great was the power of her love that the broken flowers took root so that the hills, whither her spirit-lover carried her, are to-day all covered with scented golden blooms.

Thus Ma Shwe U died for love's sake, faithful, as she had vowed, even beyond the portals of death. For on that evening, whilst her lover, after his long delays, was sailing up the great River, thinking how soon he was to see his beloved again, how soon the wedding-water should be poured over their warm clasped hands, there came a distinct music down the tide—a sound like silver bells chiming in unison; and a great fear gripped the heart of Ko Shwe Maung, for what he heard was the Music of the Nats.

And then an ethereal form appeared speeding down the River which, in the gathering night, came and stood upon the raft and all his fears changed into an agony of love—for the apparition was that of Ma Shwe U, glorious with the soft radiance of the Nat-children, her arms outstretched towards him, and the love that death had not availed to quench deep flaming in her eyes. Only one word she said, only "Come"—and then the vision faded, leaving the air perfumed as with the scent of the Yingat flowers.

But Ko Shwe Maung knew that his love had passed from earthly life and his fellow toilers in the boat saw death in his eyes. Saying, "Love, I come," his heart broke and he died; and since

that day belated men have seen two fair Nat-children, man and maid, walking in the gloom through the yellow flowers on the Kyaukse hills.

So ends the story of Ma Shwe U, the ideal of every Burmese maid and man, and the legend, immortalizing the faithfulness of our maid of Burma, is carved in wood all over Burma, and finds a place even at Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

MONTAIGNE AND THOMAS a KEMPIS.

(A Brief Study)

By Professor W. R. Taylor, Ph.D.

One would scarcely need at any time, to apologize for contributing a study on either one of these significant men, except, being honest in a way that is peculiarly lacking to most aspirants in the field of literature, he might hesitate at an attempt to add some information to a subject which biographers, essayists and reviewers seem to exhaust at fairly regular intervals. But, so far as my knowledge goes, no person has ever set them set by side and taken a survey of them for purposes of comparison and contrast. Even, those assiduous students who employ themselves so busily at classifying the subjects of biography, the "psychologists of religion" seem to have overlooked this speculative interest. In his well-known essay on Montaigne, Emerson has suggested in a general way the possibility of such an investigation, but to our regret, it remained a suggestion. Perhaps some mind, endowed with sufficient critical insight and sound judgment will yet essay to balance Montaigne and a Kempis over against one another.

The popularity of two such souls is remarkable, not only for its continuity, but also for its steady growth. It is quite safe to say that Montaigne was never more widely read than at present, and though Thomas a Kempis has not been canonized by his church, his memory is much more blessed than any official "sanc-tus" and much more to the liking of this gentleman, we would haz-

ard to say, that any titular eminence, is his unchallenged acceptance by the believers of all schools, the church universal. If we could get the figures of the reprints of "Imitatio Christi" and the "Essays," perhaps we should find the output per annum of each about the same. For those temperaments which admire the former are undoubtedly balanced by those who find a peculiar attraction in the latter and, then, there are many who are entertained by both. Among his representative men, Emerson has chosen Montaigne as the true sceptic, setting him beside Plato, Napoleon, Shakespeare and Goethe as one of the few who stand "for facts and for thoughts." Most of us, I think, would have preferred Thomas a Kempis to Swedenborg as the representative of true mysticism.

It is one of the ironies of fate that neither of these men dreamed of greatness. The one wrote for the edification of the brothers of his order, sending out his pages with no other thought than their practical worth. The other penned his essays because he had nothing else to do—and it was fashionable to fill a journal with random conceits. Much less did either of them dream of being representative men and that for reasons which are in a sense, antipodal. And yet, in spite of the fact that they represent different types of greatness, in spite of the fact that they seem so divorced in viewpoint, the one a pietist, the other a positivist, the one bound to his prayer stool or rising on tip-toes heavenward in ecstasy at the singing of the psalms, the other, choosing for his emblem a pair of scales with the motto, "Que scais-je?" there are not a few points in which they show striking resemblance. Even in such a matter as their physical proportions our ordinary judgments would receive a shock. We take it for an axiom that a sort of Cassius' like leanness is to be associated with men of philosophic temper, and a comfortable rotundity with the friar. But Montaigne was as round and as short as the son of Kempen, "so undersized that he did not like walking on foot because the mud of the sixteenth century streets bespattered him to the middle, so insignificant in presence that, in his own house he was always getting the fag end of a bow which had been begun to his more important looking barber." It is strange too, that this man who had the pair of scales for a sort of private coat of arms, was no more a man of affairs than his brother who had renounced the world. We are not sur-

prised that right soon after the good men of St. Agnes had elected a Kempis to the office, oeconomicus praefectus, he was deposed because of his absent-mindedness and general incompetency and sent back to his cell and copying-desk. But we do open our eyes in wonderment when we read that the sceptic "did not know the difference between his oats and his barley, his cabbages and his lettuces"—and although a country gentleman, could not saddle a horse or call a dog," and "was once surprised in utter ignorance why leaven was put into bread and wine was left to ferment."

The "Imitation of Christ" and the "Essays" like other great books which have defied time, make poor historical documents. Herein lies part of the secret of their perennial worth. The authors are wholly abstracted from the accidents of living, the collisions of persons and things, the chit-chat of the hour, the ephemeral commotions of schools and governments; they are lost in the study of man and principles, the deep motions of the soul. The great struggles between the rival popes of Rome and Avignon in the fifteenth century, the Bohemian troubles headed by John Huss, the councils of Basle and Constance make no more impression on the friar of St. Agnes than the wayfarers who passed to and fro through the convent-gates. Neither the one nor the other is mirrored by him; the springs of desire and passions, the contradictions of the soul were more important to him than their chance expression in a battle or a beggar. As the theoretical Professor of *Weissnichtwip*, Montaigne, too, dwelt aloof in his tower, separated from wife and child and all his household, scarcely less a recluse than a Kempis. Who would believe as he read the essays, that while Montaigne was musing or carving *vanitas vanitatum* quotations on the rafters, all about him, even in his own province, there was raging the fierce struggles of Guelphs and Ghibellines. "Thank God, nothing has happened," said Montaigne as he resigned his only venture in public life—the mayoralty of Bordeaux, and retired to his chateau and tower.

A saint must be something of an egotist. "Let a man examine himself" is a well known apostolic injunction. Many a monastery in the middle ages and later owed its origin to some one who was more intent on discovering the flaws in his soul than healing the wrongs of his fellows—a saint, rejoicing in bad spiritual

health. This was an excess of a virtue. We can freely absolve the writer of *Musica Ecclesiastica* from such morbid self-introspection; but truly he knew himself, otherwise he could not have written one hundred and nineteen chapters on spiritual states and attitudes. Of course there are different kinds of egotists. There is one healthy egotist who examines himself that he may become a better agent of good; then, as we have said, there is the morbid egotist who contemplates his shortcomings with a sort of felicitation, and, lastly, there is the frivolous egotist who loves to scare up new evidences of a defect, as a hunter would beat for a hare in order to prove that "man, after all is a damned rascal," and ah! well, what does it matter? Montaigne, I think, belonged to the last class. The end of all his self-discovery and self-advertisement (shameless that for the moment it seems charming in comparison with the artificiality of his age) is not self-improvement for, as he tells us in his essay on Repentance—sin is not so much a moral defect as an error of judgment and is to be borne with the same resignation as the color of one's hair or the length of the legs. "My actions are squared to what I am and conformed to my condition, I cannot do better. I may imagine infinite dispositions of a higher pitch and better governed than mine, yet do I nothing better my faculties, no more than mine arms becometh stronger or my art more excellent by conceiving some others to be so." How antipodal to the words of the good brother. "These thy defaults with sorrow and great displeasure of thine own frailty must be confessed and sorrowfully be wept. Set thee, then, with full purpose always to amend thyself and to perfect thee from better unto better."

After these words, it is scarcely necessary to say that Saint Michael de Montaigne as Emerson calls him, was as little a hypocrite as the friar. In an age when everyone dissembled, he alone was above the suspicion of all parties. No man doubted his word or his intentions. When every manorhouse of Guienne was under guard his chateau was as unregarded and open as any hospice of the church. In higher relations his essay on conscience could serve to illustrate the cognate reflections in the second book of "Imitatio Christi," and a Kempis might gladly have used Montaignes' thoughts on Prayer.

There is one thing which will challenge the attention of any

reader of the Essays, and that is the manner in which Montaigne substantiates his highest moral reflections by quotations from Pagan authors—Plato, Horace or Persius. One would think that nothing of importance had happened in the moral thinking of the world since the Roman and Greek period. The choice of such quotations probably indicates the true explanation of Montaigne's peculiar mental and spiritual disposition. To be sure he was a Frenchman and therefore a little frivolity must be excused as when he mingles essays on "Thumbs" and "Smells and Odours" with grave philosophic reflections. He lived in the earlier part of the French Renaissance period when men had become disappointed in themselves and their ideals and so some cynicism and a little burlesque of human contradictions and limitations may be permitted. Also, that man must have been a prodigy who could have lived within range of the French court and its salacious conversation and suffered no taint. Environment and atmosphere must have had as great an effect on Montaigne as the pietistic influences of Kempen and St. Agnes, and the teachings of Tauler, Ruysbroeck and Gerhard Groot, on a Kempis. But education and time-spirit and such things, while effective forces in the development of a saint or sceptic are not in themselves sufficient to create the one or the other. History teaches this, and the scepticism of Montaigne demands further explanation. Montaigne was, as Dean Church says, a pagan.

While Thomas a Kempis wrote his "Imitatio Christi," he was waiting "for the call to the country of everlasting clearness." To Montaigne the future was a great murk. If he died with his eyes fixed on a crucifix, it was for the same reason that he married, because it was the custom. Does he not tell us that reverence for institutions had been a habit of his life? He that findeth Jesu findeth a good treasure, yea, good above all good," says the mystic. But the sceptic never knew the meaning of religion. At the best he must have regarded it as an indifferent addendum to his life. *Il ne faut pas attacher le scavoir a l' ame, il faut l'incorporer,* " was his dictum in respect to education,—a dictum which, if applied to religion, would have altered his view-point, organized his thinking and modified his scepticism. "When Jesus is nigh, all goodness is nigh," i.e.—The religious soul sees aspiration pass into realization. More pagan than Seneca, who said—"Unless above himself, he can erect himself how poor a thing is man," Montaigne condemns all

aspiration for the evolution of the soul. "It is making the handful greater than the hand can hold, the armful larger than the arm can embrace, and the stride wider than the legs can stretch; man can but see with his eyes and hold with his grasp."

COALING AT DURBAN.

By E. Crute.

After lying at anchor in Cape Town harbor for four days, we received orders from our headquarters at London to proceed to Durban for cargo and bunker coal in preparation for a voyage to the Argentine.

After four days of high winds and heavy seas, we were thankful when the Port Natal lighthouse hove in sight on our port bow. In a few hours we were safely alongside the wharf at Durban, ready to take on board the coal.

Usually, loading coal is not a very interesting operation to watch, especially for one who has lived for years among the collieries of the North Country, but in Durban it is both interesting and amusing. Instead of the coal shoots and mechanical devices for quick loading of European ports, the coal is there carried on board in small baskets by negros.

What a motley crew they were! Almost every degree of black was represented. There were all sizes from the small Hottentot or Cape Boy to the broad-shouldered, deep-chested, stalwart Zulu. Laughing, chattering and jostling one another like a lot of monkeys, they were crowded together on the wharf waiting for the word to begin work.

To look at them was enough to make one laugh, for they were dressed in some of the most ludicrous costumes imaginable. Here was a big six foot Zulu dressed in what was once a white waistcoat, assisted by a short, dirty cloth from the hips to the knees, and a pair of anklets. Rubbing shoulders with him, was a small Cape Boy with his small, black face and thick lips almost hidden under a white pith helmet, five or six sizes too large for him, and on his bare

feet were a pair of white "spats." A loin cloth completed his array. A little apart from these two coloured gentlemen was a stalwart Matabele, looking very proud and important in full admiral's uniform, minus the boots and hat. Another was dressed in a soldier's pill-box red cap and a khaki jacket, another in a pair of khaki trousers and no jacket or cap. And one very proud fellow looked very "sporty" in nothing but a white collar and a pair of khaki riding breeches.

The word was given and the crowd broke up into sections, one section going to one coal car, the other to another, each section having its own chief. Soon there were two processions of men from each car to the ship, one going to the ship with full baskets while those in the other were returning to have their baskets refilled. As both sections started work at the same time there was keen rivalry between them.

The "boys" worked like "niggers" and what a din was raised by the winning team. With the banging of shovels, howls and yells, interspersed with an occasional war cry by the full chorus, the noise was deafening. Then they began work on another car. The foreman bellowed out an order and his men with a lot of noisy chattering lined up on each side of the car. The order was given to push and all bent to it with a will, or pretended to do so, but the car did not move. After the boss had given some of the lazy ones a cut with his "symbok" they tried again with the same result. The foreman went around to the other side of the car to stir the lazy ones on that side, only to find that all on that side were pushing in the opposite direction. He promptly roared out an order to reverse which the men on both sides obeyed. This, of course, left the position, so far as the results were concerned, unchanged. After a few more attempts and with plenty of swearing and blows, his lordship with the "symbok" got his men into proper order and the car was soon placed in position for unloading.

Once more the endless procession of grinning negroes passed between the car and the ship, and the work went merrily on.

Frequently the workers would break into a song which resembled a chant. The foreman would begin with a few words in a strong, high tone and the rest would answer him in a deep bass chorus. This was repeated again and again, sometimes continuing

for an hour or more. Many of the Zulus have good bass voices, and their singing was both pleasant and interesting.

Though these coaling crews were full of boisterous good humor and as full of tricks as monkeys, they, as a rule, were not a troublesome crowd. If anyone proved troublesome, he was promptly pounced upon by one of the native police who patrol the streets and wharves of Durban. And a more formidable body of police it would be hard to find. They are recruited mainly from the Zulu and Matabele tribes, and few are under six feet, and all are broad, deep-chested, big men. They wear a light blue uniform with short knickers, and, like all natives, they go about with bare legs and feet. Each is armed with a "Knobkerrie" which is a business-like stick about two feet long with a knob as big as a man's fist at one end. Some of them carry an assegai.

After ten days of work the loading was finished and we put to sea with two thousand five hundred tons of bunker coal, but with little cargo.

We visited Durban many times in the next eighteen months and every visit proved as interesting as the first, for the negro coaling crews always proved to be a source of amusement and entertainment.

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By E. Munnings

Scattered through the province of B. C. there are some hundreds of men drawn from that part of the British Empire which at the present moment is being honored by a personal visit from our gracious monarch and his consort, King George and Queen Mary. That they will be received by the masses with the greatest delight and with the strongest manifestation of loyalty and affection we can have no doubt. And which of us, had we our choice, would not like to be a part of the favored throng in India on this historic occasion?

India—what memories the name conjures up within our

hearts. Carey, the great missionary, one of the first scholars of his time, and whose memory is venerated by the scholars of India today, the brave little man who, sailing round the Cape to his destination, stayed at his post until death; for him furlough had no consideration, but satisfied to accomplish faithfully and fully the work which had come to him as a divine call. Judson, Duff, Wilson, Thoburn and other famous missionaries, and their work of love and patience rise before us. Nicholson, the Lawrences, Have-lock, Colin Campbell, Norman, Outram, Roberts.

Calcutta, Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpur, Agru.

The British, Scotch and Sikh regiments of the Mutiny who followed the leaders, and in the places we have mentioned made history. And the great mass of Indian men and women who patiently waited for the conflict to cease, and who were ready to settle down confident in the justice of their British rulers; and who with their descendants through all these years have been an integral part of the great Empire of which we are so proud—it is of these people we are writing now.

Many, indeed the majority, of the men in B. C. are Sikhs, and old soldiers of Queen Victoria and King Edward, and they learned to rove from home by being in the first place drafted out on the King's business. Now they have found their way here, and what a country of natural wealth it appears to them to be. A few years here as workers in the mills, or on the land, and a little judicious dealing in land (and they are good business men as a rule), and they are able to return rich in the things of this life.

At home the Sikh is eminently a cultivator, ploughing the great plains in Northern India, and reaping his rich harvests of golden grain. Loyal, brave, simple, yet with a capacity, when taught in the schools, to acquire knowledge, equal to that of the Westerns. They are not Idol worshipers, but readers of the Grauth, partly written, partly collected by Nanak Sahib, a religious reformer of the time of Martin Luther. He was to a great extent an ascetic, full of fervor for truth, and for God as he understood Him; and his influence on the people of his district was remarkable. He has been followed by other teachers who have worked to build up the doctrines of Nanak; and of the many native religions of India.

perhaps Sikhism is one of the purest. The word "Sikh" means disciple—literally a follower of Nanak

A Sikh of the inner circle is a total abstainer, and a non-smoker, and many of them by choice are also vegetarians. The rank and file, unfortunately, indulge in alcohol and narcotics. Strong, brave and warlike, they are at home courteous and hospitable. They come from the same great Aryan family to which we belong, and at some remote period our forefathers and theirs undoubtedly had things much more in common than is possible for us, their descendants, to-day, separated from one another, as we are, by a ban of color, a ban of speech (though our languages, like ourselves may belong to one family) a prison house of customs and conventionalities on their side and ours. And yet as we look on the fine figures, and into the often handsome faces of these men from the East, the question must come—Ought we not to be nearer? Are we not in the position of the son with the greater heir-loom, and ought we not to share our blessings with our brother less fortunate? Or, seeing he is down ought we to keep him there, and if possible crowd him out? The majority of those who read this will desire the former, but let us not forget that the latter sentiment is strongly that of a large number of our so-called Christian people here today; and if it lies in our power to do anything to lessen their feeling of antagonism, let us in His name see that it is done.

If the Lord Jesus Christ were here we believe He would draw these men to Himself; and how? Surely by His life and actions, and we shall win others to love our Master not so much by what we say as by what we do.

The kindly, courteous word, the helping hand, a willingness to make a place for the Hindu in our great fields of labor; and whilst they labor might they see Christianity lived in our streets, in our mill yards, in our camps, and on our farms, that they might ask the way to the Kingdom of Righteousness from the fact that they see us entering in. Just so long as the first English they learn is blasphemy, and the only place where they can get a scant welcome is the bar and the brothel, we cannot hope to do much for them in the truest sense of help.

The Presbyterian Church has the honor of having been the

first to attempt to show a Christian interest in these strangers from a far land. It is due to your efforts that there is one room open for the men to come to for instruction, and help, and advice. One of your students denies himself to give a few hours each week to assist the men who come in their study of English, and you would feel a thrill of pleasure could you hear the kindly manner in which they speak of Mr. Dustan, and the help he gives them. We have also from time to time held temperance meetings with them, and once a doctor and once a lawyer, kindly lectured on their respective branches of knowledge, much to the help and gratification of the Hindus who attended. The work is carried on in the evenings at 1222 Bridge St., and to any who would like to pay a visit, a hearty invitation is extended. And may we all during this special season of rejoicing remember, in our prayers, the stranger in our midst, and that for him too the Saviour came, and has a place.

HAS CANADA A TRUST PROBLEM ?

By B. M. Stewart, M.A.

Shortly after the last Dominion election, Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey stated that the defeat of the Reciprocity project was due to the fact that Canadians saw in this measure a lowering of the bar for the entrance of different evils, and among these the trust evil, from which their country was in a large measure free.

That the evils are all on the American side of the line was a note frequently struck by the opponents of Reciprocity during the recent campaign, and the rank and file of Canadians have been lulled into a sense of security which has been intensified by the defeat of the Reciprocity project. Meanwhile the trustifying of Canadian industry is going on rapidly, and is being marked by the same evils which have characterized the trusts of the United States. Many prominent Canadians are alarmed at the progress of the trust movement with its attendant evils of over-capitalization and trade oppression which some say have not been equalled by the trusts

of the United States. We offer the following considerations to suggest that their fears are not without foundation and that Canada has a trust problem.

The merger movement, as it is more commonly called in Canada, began about 1905, and in the next few years several industries were merged. The Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, The Dominion Textile Company, The Consolidated Rubber Company and others of less importance belong to this period. But the last two years have established a consolidation record which is indeed remarkable, although the more or less forced retrenchment of 1908 made money plentiful, and the discouragement of proprietors through the long period of dull business created a set of conditions which favored the merger promoter. In the year 1909 there were nine important amalgamations. In 1910 the number was increased to seventeen. From January 1909 to September 1910 there were twenty industrial amalgamations in Canada. They absorbed one hundred and thirty-five industrial companies; the combined authorized capital of nineteen of the mergers was \$199,600,000. The largest consolidation was the Steel Company of Canada which took over five companies and whose capital stock, including bonds, amounted to \$35,000,000.

Looking over the list we are at once convinced that the merger epidemic has taken a strong hold on Canadian business life. These results are not due to peculiarly local conditions for amalgamations are being affected in all parts from east to west. Nor has the movement been confined to a few lines of trade or classes of commodities. Fish dealers, of the maritime provinces, ice dealers in Montreal, bakers in Ottawa, departmental stores in Toronto, cement, coal and milling companies of the west and middle west, the salmon canneries on the Pacific coast, bankers, brewers, mining companies, soap companies, carriage companies, cigar-makers, stove firms and gas companies have amalgamated or are talking amalgamation.

Canadian business concerns are being caught up together and linked with corporations abroad. A recent rubber combine involved three companies in the United States and one in Canada, and in the new British Canadian Explosives, Limited, were included the Dupont Powder Company of Delaware, which had not previously operated in Canada, and the Nobel Corporation which owns

mills in Europe. During the past year there have been several new amalgamations. In Montreal, Senator Beique has just petitioned for injunction to prevent the Montreal Street Railway Company from being amalgamated by the Montreal Tramways Company. Senator Beique, who holds a considerable block of stock in the Street Railway Company alleges that the amalgamation was being so carried out as to take undue advantage of the shareholders of the Montreal Street Railway; that not enough information had been given the shareholders to enable them to judge of the projected transaction, and that the whole arrangement was contrary to the interests of the shareholders of the Montreal Street Railway, and had been carried on with the intention of unduly oppressing the minority shareholders of the company.

Although in a growing country like Canada it is difficult to prevent competition, several of the mergers control a large portion of the output of their different lines. The Canadian Leather Company, a twenty-million merger, controls at least 75 per cent. of the total output of the leather used in the Canadian boot, shoe, bag and trunk trades. Dominion Cannery, Limited, controls more than 90 per cent. of the output of canned fruit and vegetables in Ontario, and Ontario produces 95 per cent. of the total quantity consumed in Canada. Of the total capacity of car-building companies in Canada, the plants of the Canadian Car Foundry Company comprise more than 85 per cent. According to its prospectus the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, Limited, controls about 70 per cent. of the total supply of asbestos in the world.

Nor are these new trade combinations free from the over-capitalization evil. According to a statement made in the "Monetary Times," some time ago, the aggregate capitalization of nineteen of the mergers, including bonds, was \$199,600,000. The aggregate capitalization of 104 of the 135 companies absorbed was approximately \$65,340,500. Even if we allow a substantial amount for re-organization expenses there will still be a large remainder for which to give account. From \$3,550,000 capitalization in the case of the individual companies composing the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation to \$25,000,000 capitalization the merger is a big increase, and the unwillingness on the part of the promoters to give details as to reasons for such increase serves to arouse suspicion.

Before the prospectus of the Canadian Cement Company was issued, the general financial opinion was agreed that the capitalization would likely be about \$15,000,000. When the authorized capitalization was announced it was found to be \$38,000,000. The merger welded together eleven concerns whose combined capital stock had amounted to \$17,750,000. In the case of the Dominion Cannery, Limited, the total capital of the amalgamated companies was \$1,574,000, while the authorized capital of the merger is \$12,500,000. On February 21st, last, in the Ontario Legislature, Mr. J. W. Johnson (West Hastings), stated that the tangible assets of the Dominion Cannery did not amount to more than \$1,440,000. In 1910 the company made a profit of \$400,000 which was 27 per cent. on its actual assets.

The Toronto "Weekly Sun" does not forget to remind the Dominion Textile Company now and then of its water-logged condition. At the time of the incorporation of the company, some six years ago, a new issue of common stock amounting to \$5,000,000 was made. According to the "Sun" the promoters took this up themselves at the rate of \$10 per \$100 share, thus giving \$500,000 for \$5,000,000 stock. If this be true, then four and a half millions of the company's stock liability is pure water. Besides this watered stock the Dominion Textile Company has issued \$1,800,000 preferred stock and \$3,011,000 bonds, a total of about \$4,800,000 which is just less than \$500,000 of the total issue of the companies composing the merger. According to Mr. Patterson, these companies were paying high dividends on watered stock before the merger and even now, notwithstanding the added burden, the Dominion Textile Company is paying well. The net earnings in 1908 were \$970,000 and in addition some \$450,000 were spent in repairs. The net earnings in 1909 amounted to over \$1,025,000 and after paying interest on bonds and preferred and common stock, a surplus of \$45,000 was felt. The 5 per cent. dividends on the common stock was really a return of 50 per cent. to the promoters. The company has met all its expenses, has closed up several of the mills it bought, has paid interest on its bonded indebtedness and pays dividends on millions of fictitious capital. These conditions were brought to light through an investigation conducted by the Hon. Mackenzie King, when he was Deputy Minister of Labor and were referred to by Mr. E. C. Drury, Past

Master of the Dominion Grange, at the Farmers' Tariff Convention held in Ottawa last winter.

It is scarcely a twelvemonth since the Canadian Board of Railway Commissioners declared the Canadian Express Company and the Dominion Express Company to be grossly over-capitalized and ordered the filing of new tariffs within three months. In the case of the Canadian Express Company the commissioners found only \$212,719 in tangible assets to represent \$3,000,000 stock in the hands of trustees for the Grand Trunk Railway. The Dominion Express Company had \$2,000,000 of fully paid up stock outstanding while the actual cash paid into the company on account of capital stock amounted to only \$24,500. The total assets amounted to less than \$600,000. In one year the Canadian Pacific Railway was overpaid for station accommodation, \$347,000. The judgment states that—"It looks as if the Express Company were finding itself with an accumulation of money on hand, that, if retained, might show very heavy dividends, on even its highly inflated capital.

We might multiply examples, but the following statement made by Mr. M. Currie, who represented Prince Edward County, Ontario, in the last Dominion Parliament, must suffice. In the debate on Hon. Mackenzie King's Combines Bill, introduced into parliament in January, 1910, Mr. Currie proved that in many instances the Canadian promoter had outstripped his American brother in the matter of over-capitalization. Mr. Currie's statement was, in part, as follows:

"There was one case of which I had some knowledge in which the whole concern could probably be replaced at a cost of \$75,000. When this went into the trust the return was \$200,000 in actual cash and \$250,000 in preferred and common stock. In another instance the replacement value of the concern entering the trust would probably be about \$30,000. In that case the owner of that manufacturing concern received in cash \$75,000, in common stock \$65,000, and in preferred stock \$150,000. One other instance I will mention and this is in a different trust from the last I referred to, and it is this: The replacement value would perhaps be \$750,000 and part of that was represented by a plant which was out-of-date and useless. However, the owners in that case received

\$598,000 in cash, \$598,000 in bonds, \$370,000 in preferred stock and \$190,000 in common stock. I am just giving these illustrations to show that in the trust formation going on in Canada at present, there is an immense over-capitalization."

The case of the Dominion Textile Company given above, illustrates how the big firms have fleeced the Canadian consumer. Just before the recent election, the Toronto "Globe" printed the following under the caption: "Buildd Better Than It Knew." The article serves to show that there are cases when the Canadian producer is not receiving a fair share of the product.

"In 1907 the Toronto "World" was engaged in a crusade in favor of higher prices for Canadian hogs. Although all its plans to that end were worthless and hopeless it did good work in calling attention to an evil requiring redress. Some suggestive facts were brought out in a friendly suit involving the shares of the William Davies Company, and here are some of the World's editorial comments:—

"What came out in the evidence yesterday showed that the William Davies Company, capitalized at \$750,000 (and there was no evidence that all this amount was really paid into the company) has been paying dividends of from 25 per cent. to 125 per cent. per annum, the average certainly being 50 per cent. per annum. The shares recently have been selling at \$400 a share, the face value being \$100.

"If Chicago has its Armour's, Toronto has its Davieses and Flavelles. We trust that the Fearmans, the Gunns, the Matthews, the Laings, the Puddys, the Harrises and all the other Canadian packing families are also coming on nicely. All the farmer asks for is a fair share on each hog, and "The World" will continue to help him to get it."

Canada has a trust problem, and an acute one, although the mass of the Canadian people does not yet seem to have realized this fact. The newspapers during the past few years have recorded proceedings taken against different concerns for restraint of trade. In this connection we might mention the Tack Combine, the paper combine, the American Tobacco Company, the combine in the manufacture and sale of plumbers' supplies and in the plumbing trade, the United Shoe Machinery Company and others. As recently as last December, Mr. J. A. Macrae of Sarnia, Ontario, in an address to the Dominion Grange, made a statement which

revealed the wire fence combine as determined to choke out all independent competition and systematically to hold up the consumer. Mr. Macrae, who is a manufacturer of wire fencing, both in Canada and the United States, said that when he began his Canadian business, a few years ago, and quoted reasonable prices, the combine threatened him with extermination. They offered him a net profit of more than twice what he could make at his prices in two years operation of his factory if he would close down and give them a free hand. On Mr. Macrae's refusal, the combine made it impossible for him to deal through the regular agents, but by dealing directly with the consumer he managed to build up his business. Mr. Macrae then explained the combine's system of pooling and said that he was willing to go to Ottawa and repeat his statement under oath.

One of the worst features of the Canadian trust movement is that it has been brought about largely through the efforts of a class of self-interested promoters. The trust has, of course, come to stay. The elimination of ruinous competition and the economies affected through combination make it a welcome institution when not abused. But in most of the merger industries in Canada competition has not been keen. The home market has been widening rapidly and the tariff has afforded ample protection from outsiders.

It is difficult to find any true economic causes for the recent merger movement in Canada. It is an artificial phenomenon consummated by professional merger makers. Without any previous complaint of hard times, almost without warning of any kind, a merger is announced with a big increase upon the old capitalization. It is then learned that the men who have been most instrumental in bringing about the combination have had no previous connection with the different concerns. These same men will figure prominently in three or four other grossly over-capitalized mergers during the same year, and thus it goes on. At election time these merger made millionaires attempt to explain to the electors the harmfulness of freer trade relations with the United States. Their argument is that loyalty follows trade, while at the same time each of them is doing more business with the republic to the south than all the men in the audience. As yet the great majority of the electors seems in no wise alarmed. Canada is wonderfully prosperous, the pinch of poverty has not yet come and little attention is paid to the reports of those dealings by which the future of the country is being

mortgaged and its wealth diverted into the coffers of the few. A few prominent Canadians and different friends of Canada have sounded their warnings against these evils. Not long ago Mr. E. B. Osler, President of the Dominion Bank, said: "Stocks are too high, but I fear in many instances there will be a drastic re-adjustment of capital necessary in addition to stock market re-adjustment of values. I mean, of course, the mergers in particular, where in many instances the amount of water necessary to squeeze out before the capitalization is in any degree justified is appalling."

Besides this robbery of producer and consumer there is the injury to Canada's credit. Canada is dependent on British capital for the development of her resources. It has been estimated that Great Britain sent \$200,000,000 in 1910. Several of the mergers have thrown their preferred shares on the British market, baited with bonuses of common stock. Different London journals could be quoted to show how the suspicions of the conservative British investor have been aroused by this giving away of bonus ordinary shares. In the last annual Financial Survey of the Toronto "Globe," Sir Edgar Speyer gave his warning. He strongly emphasised the necessity "to permit nothing which in any way could impair the confidence and readiness of the British investor to send his money to Canada, and Canada should appreciate the paramount necessity of offering only such securities in the home market as are absolutely good, for the margin which separates caution from fear is a very narrow one."

There have been many prophecies that Canada would suffer from this over-development of the merger tendency, but few looked for such a speedy vindication of the prophets. Several of the mergers are in serious trouble, disappointments have been numerous, and the reports of these conditions have become so common that our papers now give them such familiar head lines as "another to default its bond interest," or "another fiasco." Amalgamated Asbestos has to pass its bond interest and reorganization of the concern is necessary. The English bondholders have appointed Mr. J. E. Aldred to represent them in the present crisis. Black Lake Asbestos bonds sold down to 31 in Toronto at the time of writing and it is generally expected that Black Lake will also pass its bond interest when it falls due next March. Sir Sandford Fleming has made some very serious charges against the Cement

merger and deems a government investigation necessary. Does anyone think that all this financial scandal is not injurious to Canadian credit? A recent London despatch to a Montreal paper reads: "The Asbestos fiasco is followed by another and some concern is expressed here of the effect upon Canadian industrial credit among British investors by the announcement that the Swanson Bay Forests, Wood, Pulp and Lumber Mills, Limited, propose to default the 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds issued in July last year." Mr. James Ross, who has recently returned from London, says: "It is again necessary to sound a note of warning with regard to a certain class of Canadian flotations which can only end in disaster to many and will do considerable harm to the country in the eyes of the British investors."

Surely there have been warnings enough. Government action is needed and that immediately, else we may learn when it is too late that capital knows no country. Even now the current of British capital flows as readily to Argentina as to Canada, and the generous tide which, if carefully husbanded, will make the twentieth century Canada's century, may soon become the merest dribble if we leave it without restriction in the care of men whose aim is not the welfare of Canada, but their own immediate gain. Compare our company laws with those of England, and it will at once be apparent that we allow too much secrecy in the promotion and operation of our companies. Our prospectuses give too much rosy optimism of a general character and not enough details bearing on purchases, amounts paid to promoters, estimated amount of preliminary expenses, commissions, etc. Let there be more publicity and we shall have less over-capitalization and therefore less need of combination in order to increase prices that dividends may be paid on bogus stock.

Yet, while a proper revision of our company law ought to act as a check on the activity of merger promoters, a problem has already been created through the ineffectiveness of past legislation, and to cope with this, a commission of experts seems necessary. The new government has proposed such a commission and there are rumors of government control of the capitalization of corporations and similar reforms. Our legislators could undertake no work at present which would mean more for the future of our country and every true citizen, of whatever political party, will welcome any honest effort to cope with this difficult problem.

College Activities

"Work Does Good When Reasons Fail"

THE FRASER VALLEY EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN

By A. O'Donnell, B.A.

After much prayer and preparation the Evangelistic Campaign along the Fraser Valley began on November 3rd. At most of the dozen congregations where services were held they lasted for two weeks. An encouraging feature of the effort was, that, with the exception of Rev. F. R. Robinson, the Assembly's assistant secretary to Dr. Shearer, the meetings were conducted by the minister of the local Presbytery and a band of students from Westminster Hall. Each of the missionaries had, for a time, the assistance of a singer who looked after the musical part of the service, and who, in a large measure, was responsible for the success of the meetings. Messrs. Gibson and O'Donnell, students in Westminster Hall, were asked to conduct the services at Murray's Corners, one of the appointments of Rev. Mr. McDermaid, Fort Langley. Mr. John Logan of the Central Mission went with them as a conductor of praise.

Meetings were begun here on Sunday morning by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Logan, Mr. O'Donnell arriving on Tuesday. Although the weather was very stormy a large congregation gathered. In the evening the students were assisted by Mr. Robinson and he rendered them valuable assistance by advice and suggestion. He stayed with the students until Thursday when he was needed elsewhere.

Meetings were held every night in the central church. As far as it was possible, the missionaries visited the homes of the people and spoke to them about the business on which they were sent. In every case they were warmly received and it was a great joy to see how gladly the people received the Word of God.

Meetings were held also in the neighboring schools, generally in the afternoon, sometimes, when more convenient, in the morning. The meetings were simple. Half an hour was spent in singing and then a quiet talk about Jesus was given. In their simple child-like

way many of the little ones gave their lives to Him. The missionaries had intended to bring the children of the surrounding schools to several afternoon meetings in the church but owing to the inclemency of the weather only one meeting was held. Several farmers offered to bring the children in their wagons. It was an inspiring meeting. There they were, despite the weather, an enthusiastic crowd of children, dead in earnest and many of them yielded their lives to God.

The encouraging features of the meetings were the way in which the people attended the services and the number who decided to take Christ as their personal Saviour. Thirty-two young people with a quiet determination, surrendered themselves to Christ. On the afternoon of the closing day of the meetings all these young people met together with the missionaries in a social way to talk over the great step they had taken and to plan how best to invest their lives for His glory.

The missionaries are back at their work. From these meetings, in a more certain way than ever, they have rediscovered the old fact that the simple gospel story has still its ancient charm and power for our boys and girls as well as for our mothers and fathers. The quiet message of the young evangelists was blessed by the Spirit of God, and the watchword of the meetings was amply fulfilled: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

NOTICE

The students of Westminster Hall would gladly welcome the gift of a small portable organ suitable for open air mission work in the city.

USE OF OFFICE

We make a great deal today of titles, of badges of office, and of robes of office, but remember they are nothing more than opportunities of service; opportunities of growth in Christ-likeness, and in all the christian graces. At the end we go back to God, not with these things, but with the spirit and the character that these things have formed in us—*From a Vancouver Pulpit.*