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Vol. 1

No. 1.

THE BRITISH PACIFIC



JUNE, 1902.



PACIFIC OCEAN, WEST SHORE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

A MAGAZINE

Aiming to give expression to Anglo-Saxon Points of View as they relate to
the Twentieth Century.

PRICE, = = = = TEN CENTS.



KING EDWARD VII.

Shakespeare, on King

Edward's Coronation.

(By Agnes Deanes Cameron, Victoria, British Columbia.)

Sound, trumpets? Edward shall be here proclaimed.

—Henry VI., Act 4, Scene 8.

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sing "Te Deum."

—Henry VII., Act 4, Scene 1.

O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars.

—Tempest, Act 2, Scene 1.

For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along,—
King Edward!

—Henry VI., Act 2, Scene 2.

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Scene 3.

How easy dost thou take all England up!

—King John, Act 4, Scene 3.

Landlord of England art thou now.

—Richard II., Act 2, Scene 1.

Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true.

—King John, Act 5, Scene 7.

Let him be crowned: in him our comfort lives:
We plant our joys in living Edward's throne.

—Richard III., Act 2, Scene 2.

God hath blessed you with a good name.

—Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Scene 3.

You are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

—Henry VI., Act 4, Scene 8.

Persevere in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee.

—Pericles, Act 4, Scene 6.

Worthy Edward, King of Albion,
Our lord and sovereign, we come,
In kindness and unfeigned love,
Here to do greetings to thy royal person.

—Henry VI., Act 3, Scene 3.

The king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude !
 —Macbeth, Act 4, Scene 3.

Ay, every inch a king.
 —King Lear, Act 4, Scene 6.

Having such a blessing in his lady,
 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth.
 —Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Scene 5.

Your children shall be kings.
 —Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 3.

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king.
 —Richard II., Act 2, Scene 4.

We are true subjects of the King, King Edward!
 —Henry VI., Act 3, Scene 2.

Let us be backed with God and with the seas
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable.
 —Henry VI., Act 4, Scene 1.

England bound in with triumphant sea.
 —Richard II., Act 2, Scene 1.

Proud Edward takes the regal title and the seat
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
 —Henry VI., Act 3, Scene 3.

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures.
 —Henry V., Act 3, Scene 3.

O England! model to thy inward greatness
 Like little body with a mighty heart.
 —Henry V., Prologue.

The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
 —Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Scene 1.

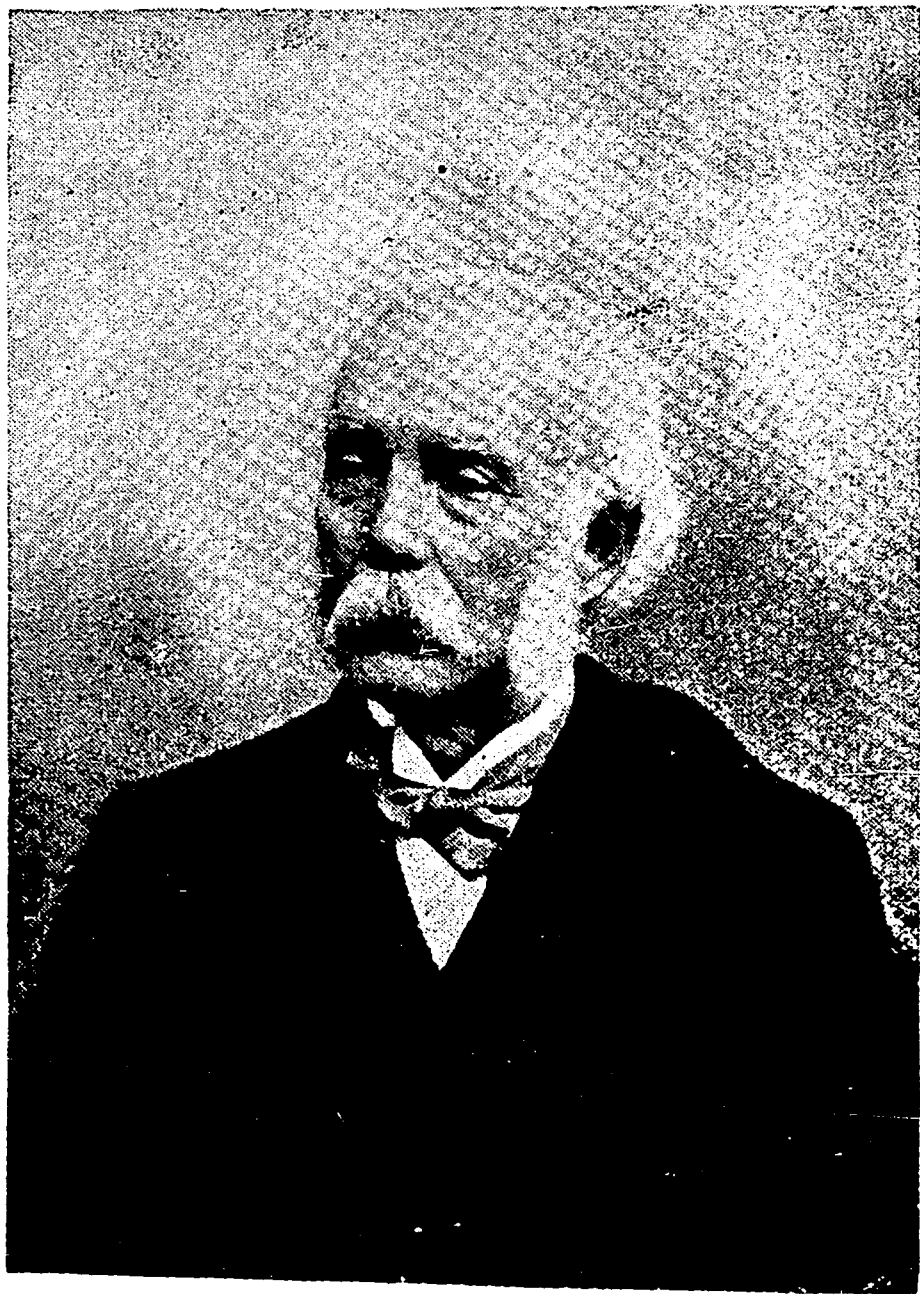
King Edward—"And now what rests but that we spend the time
 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
 Such as befit the pleasures of the court?
 Sound drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
 For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy."
 —Henry VI., Act 5, Scene 7.

Make me die a good old man!
 That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing.
 —Richard III., Act 2, Scene 2.

Sleep and wake in joy;
 Good angels guard thee.
 —Richard III., Act 5, Scene 3.

God save the King!
 —Richard II., Act 4, Scene 1.





Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere.

Eastern Forest Trees Grown at Victoria, B. C., From Seed.

(By Henri G. Joly de Lotbiniere.)

It may be found interesting as well as useful to see how our Eastern trees will thrive in British Columbia, and to compare their annual growth and the length of the growing season, in British Columbia with their growth and the duration of the growing season in the East.

For that purpose I procured, from the East seed of the Butternut, Black Walnut, Red Oak, Ashleaved Maple and Green Ash, and sowed them in the Government Gardens at Victoria, in the Autumn of 1900.

Owing to my absence from Victoria during the following Spring of 1901, I cannot determine the exact period at which the young trees came out of the ground, but, on my return, at the beginning of June, I found them much more advanced than they would have been with us, in Quebec, certainly more than two weeks; and, in the Autumn their growth was prolonged, in average, about three weeks more than at Quebec.

As their size here is about the same as it would have been at Quebec, where the growing season is at least one month shorter, I conclude that the difference is accounted for by the greater degree of heat of our Quebec comparatively short summers

The success of this first experiment was very satisfactory, especially considering that a certain portion of the nuts only, germinate the second year, in the present case, next Spring.

During the first Summer, out of 174 Butternuts sown, 113 came up. Out of 120 Black Walnut sown, 68 came up. Out of 103 Red Oak acorns sown, 83 came up. The 160 seeds of Ashleaved Maple only produced 48 trees.

Altogether, I consider the result as satisfactory, especially if, as I expect from what happens in the East, some more nuts come up this Spring.

Out of 247 seeds of the beautiful large leaved Maple, (the *Acer Macrophyllum*), sent me from the Park of Vancouver, 200 came up, which I propose sending to the East, as they are not found there. Some of the leaves of the mature trees are from 18 to 20 inches in width.

It would appear that the conditions of successful growing of trees from seed, are more favourable on the Island of Vancouver, or, at all events at Victoria, than on the Mainland of British Columbia.

I was warned by people who had experience from the conditions on the Mainland that it was no use sowing the seed in the Fall, as it would rot in the ground, owing to the frequent rains, which I have not found to be the case. The fact is that it requires that rain to open the nuts. That work is performed with us, in Quebec, by the Winter frost

During the last Summer I sowed Eucalyptus, Elm and Deodar seed, which came up satisfactorily, but it was too late in the season to form an opinion as to what the whole season's growth would have been.

Fifty-two acorns from a young English Oak on Sir Henry Crease's grounds gave 42 trees. The best growth of all during this first Summer of 1901, was from the Almonds sown in the Summer of 1900, one of them reached a height of 54 inches and went on growing until the end of October. When the Spring comes, it will be interesting to see how it has stood the Winter.

The most valuable trees that we can grow here, the wood from which on the London Market often brings as much as Mahogany is the Black Walnut. There is no doubt that we can grow it successfully, and it grows more rapidly than either our Eastern Pine or White Spruce.

Wherever the necessity is felt for restoring the forest, where it has been so improvidentially destroyed, as has been the case in our Eastern Provinces, Quebec, Ontario and others, and as will be the case in British Columbia, if we are not careful, I would recommend the cultivation of the Black Walnut in preference to any other tree.



British Columbia as a Home
for the Immigrant.

(By T. E. Julian.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA is so large and varied and so much of it has been almost wholly unexplored, in a short article one can only give a very inadequate idea of a very small part thereof. The part I know best is the Coast. In many respects this resembles a combination of the West of England and North Wales—not so much quiet beauty as the first but far outvying in grandeur anything that Wales can give. The climate is very similar, not quite so changeable, and a little more exhilarating.

Before one can understand the Coast, however, or begin to appreciate its glories he must leave the cities, take a canoe and knapsack, paddle up its inlets, climb its mountains, and wander through its forests. Till he has done this he cannot imagine how healthy, how winsome and how beautiful a country it is.

My first trip of this kind was made with a young friend whose knowledge of canoeing and mountaining—like my own—could be well and completely described by a very small “o.”

We went from Vancouver to Sechelt—crossed the neck separating the Straits from Sechelt Inlet—borrowed a dug-out and began our wanderings.

A pre-emptor had given us permission to use his shack, canoe and utensils. Our first aim was to find these. Diligent paddling and a diligent search successfully landed us at the shack at about nightfall. The shack was about ten feet square and built among some crab-apple trees just above high water line. The utensils—well—like the original leaf—they were sufficient under the circumstances. In the morning we were awakened by talking. Getting up, we found some siwashes spearing salmon in the stream that close by ran into the bay. In less than an hour the klotches and children with an old man had filled their two canoes and paddled away. We spent the day in meandering around the beach and the pre-emption. Our settler had apparently sought for and found the most unsuitable spot and then incontinently built his shack thereon. A few yards across the stream was a beautifully clean sandy beach sloping evenly towards deep water an ideal spot for bathing and boating, and a dry well elevated site for a house facing almost due south. We found the land had excellent soil, was covered with an abundance of fairly good timber, and that the

stream was more than ample to furnish all the power needed for all possible purposes of a farm, including a storage battery for an electric launch, altogether a lovely spot for a handsome home. Yet the settler had left it to work in town. Why?

About a mile away we stumbled across a small clearing marked by a huge cross. This cross indicated that it was a branch of a Roman Catholic mission. In our many subsequent wanderings along the coast and inland and among the mountains we have often come across such and admired the excellent work done by the missionaries of the Oblate Fathers. At Sechelt, at Pemberton, at Skookum Chuck and elsewhere we have heard the bells ring morning and evening and seen the men, women and children trooping to the little church—and filling it—men to the right, women to the left, and joining them have listened to them chanting reverently and devoutly the services of the church. This they do every day, though no priest be nigh nor likely to be nigh for a month or more. If we Protestants would only train our children half as well, there would be less crime in the land.

Next day we paddled on and soon came to another "ranch," quite as well situated and on a finer salmon stream. A day or two before, apparently, a fisherman had been there and upset a boat load of herrings—the banks were littered with the fish. Here, too, the soil was good the timber fair, the scenery grand, the sea, the air and the mountains—and ranch—full of strength and beauty and life. Yet the settler had left it. Why? Instead of trying to answer, we spread our tent on the ground, rolled ourselves therein, and lay half the night listening to the music of the sea and the silence, too delighted to sleep.

In this sort of holiday hurry spoils it, or the having to go anywhere or be anywhere on time. We kept our watches out of sight and dawdled on. Where the water was shallow we admired the star fish and anemones, or watched the fish playing in and out among the rocks and the weeds, or gathered sponges, sea cucumbers, sea-eggs and sea biscuits, and other things too pretty to have ugly scientific names. Still we advanced and came on things, and one of them, on a ledge about 200 feet above the water, was a mountain goat quietly chewing and watching us. I took a rifle, aimed well, fired, and hit the—mountain. My young friend called me a name unpolite, stretched forward and took the rifle, aimed extra carefully, fired and hit—a giant fir. The goat quietly trotted off, followed by another we had not seen. I have often wondered since what would have happened, if our united skill in shooting had been a little better than zero. The cliff was high, almost vertical, as smooth as a dinner plate, the canoe was small, the bottom of the water out of sight towards Australia, and we—tenderfeet. Surely it was well we missed.

Till one has paddled this way up the inlets and slept on the shingle with the clouds above for blankets, has wandered through forest and slept on pine leaves and seen the stars peeping like guardian angels

through the branches, and has climbed to the tops of the mountains and slept in the heather or cuddled in the snow or under a rock—and in the morning and at night seen the sun rise and set, painting the whole sky and mountains, valleys and lakes and seas in hues of every shade a hundred times more beautiful and numerous than artist has ever yet conceived or can possibly paint. Till a man has done this, he cannot possibly understand the beauties of our land or know British Columbia. This we did for one fortnight.

On our return we came across another ranch, the only one where we found the settler at home. He had a nice house, a good garden, a cow or two and about four acres of clearing. He had been on the place seven years without once leaving it, but was getting weary and wanting a change. Why? Could he not make a living? Oh, yes.

The good lady took us into the garden chatting all the while. "You see these raspberry canes? I have made gallons of wine and twice as much jam as I need. The strawberries? Yes. You see they are rotting. I have gathered all I want. You or anybody can have all you can pick in a day for two bits. Rhubarb? You can take a boat load with you if you like. Potatoes and vegetables? Oh, yes; twice as much as we can use. So with milk, butter, eggs and pork. Apples? Well, no. You see, the deer come down early every night and eat the leaves and young shoots. I am afraid we shall not have too many apples. Why not shoot the deer? We are getting old now and too tired after a day's hard work to sit up all night to watch for and shoot deer. No, the apples are hardly worth it. Fish? Oh, yes. At the proper seasons the creek is full of salmon and trout and the bay with herrings and smelts. Cod and flounders and whiting all time, but then one salmon will last us a week, and a dozen herrings are more than we can use at one time; and there is no market. You see, we are only two." Ah, here was the rub. "We are only two." Only two to do the work and make use of the wealth more than sufficient for twice two dozen, and so unable to get the "other things" so necessary to complete the whole circuit of life. "We are only two," she continued. "Still we want more than deer and fish and vegetables and—and—why, you are the only person I have seen for a month."

We left the garden and the good lady and joined the settler. We praised the place and what he had done and supposed he would keep on clearing. He pointed to some pine timbers and said: "You see those trees. There are hundreds like them, but not enough to satisfy a logger. You see those stumps. There are hundreds of them left by the logger. I am only one. For seven years I have worked hard and done my best. You see it is not quite four acres and that not very well cleared. If I could handle those trees alone and fell them and get them into the water till I had a boom full—or if I had the money to get it done, or even to utilize the power in that creek, it would pay,

perhaps, and I would clear the whole pre-emption; but I am getting old. Mother is weary, and wants to go to town to live with the children. If I can get a man to take care of the place, I think we shall go."

"But do you not like the place?"

"Like the place. Oh, yes. I came from Stroud, Gloucestershire, England. It is a lovely place, but this is finer, grander, richer far—but I am alone; it is more than I can tackle."

"I see; there is abundance of wealth everywhere, both in the sea and in land, but in chunks too big for one to handle. Half a dozen or more should co-operate?"

"Y-e-s—but not wholly so. Yesterday we gathered thirty baskets of strawberries to send to town. It came on to blow—the "Comox" could not land. Had they reached Vancouver they would have netted me two dollars. They would not keep; we had no need of them. Mother gave them to a klootch."

"Yes, the country is grand, the climate fine, the air delightful, the wealth abundant; but in such forms, that no poor man can successfully handle it. To succeed it is necessary to have men of capital—or the co-operation of capital and labor, or both—and transportation and neighbours."

"Yes, that is it exactly."

Some time after this I had to go to London and I thought I would improve the opportunity by showing the good folk there the many advantages British Columbia has to offer to men of small capital, of say from £500 to £10,000, especially if they would come out here, buy land and clear it and make a home—a manor house, as it were—for themselves and their children after; and also for those who are desirous of combining charity with business at a profit of 4 per cent or 5 per cent—to invest their capital in larger blocks and prepare the land for the ordinary everyday workingman immigrant.

To this end I wrote a paper to read before one of the many societies there. Before reading it one morning I gave it to my brother, a canon of the church and an author of repute, and asked him to look through it. In the evening he kindly told me he had been much pleased with the paper and thought British Columbia must be a very fine place indeed. But—well—but it (the paper) was just a little rugged, you know—and if I did not mind he would re-write it in more classic English.

To this I replied: "It is no doubt a little rough, you know, just like our mountains and rivers—but—do you quite understand it?"

"Oh, yes. It is plain enough; you cannot fail to understand it. It only lacks, you know, just a little polish."

"I see. When I gave it you I had in mind a little story about Melanchthon."

"About Melanchthon?"

"Yes. I have heard it said whenever he had to preach he always

looked well over his congregation till he found the man that seemed to have the least understanding—and then preached to him—being persuaded if he understood, the sermon would be plain to all the others. You are quite sure you understand the paper?”

“Oh, yes. Quite.”

“Then I’ll let it stand.”

Next day we went to London together. The train passed by a small oak coppice on a small hill. My brother saw it and called my attention thereto by saying, “I suppose a British Columbia forest is somewhat like that on a somewhat larger scale?”

I looked at the scrub and said: “Yes, these oaks do look somewhat like the bushes and saplings that grow between the roots of our trees.”

A gentle look was his sole reply.

“You see that trolley. It has four of the oak logs thereon and is drawn easily by two horses. In British Columbia we often use a dozen horses to draw half a log.”

Another very gentle look, mixed with ministerial sorrow.

“In fact our wealth out there is in big chunks—such awfully big chunks it will take lots of horses and lots of men and lots of money to handle it. But it will pay—it will pay a hundred fold.”





PROFESSOR E. ODLUM, M. A., B. Sc.,
Vancouver, B. C.

The Indians of the Pacific Coast

Illustrated. Being the first of a series five articles by the same author
(By E. Odium.)

THE TSIMPSEAN INDIANS of the West coast of British Columbia, like those of the other tribes of the Province, are under the supervision of the Dominion Government, but are not "wards" in the same sense as those of the other Provinces of Canada.

In the Province of British Columbia there are about four hundred villages and reserves of all kinds. The sizes and populations of these villages and reserves vary greatly:

In physical and facial characteristics they are wonderfully similar though their habits and languages differ much.

Their customs and manners of living are necessarily common to all the tribes and nations of the Province.

All are, by nature, very religious and superstitious. They, in common with the white man, believe in a Supreme Being and an Evil Spirit. The Great Being "up above" is all powerful, and has many agents and lesser spirits to do his will. To him they pray, just like the civilized white man.

Their priests, medicine men or sorcerers go into the forest and fast as earnestly as the priests of our white people fast during Lent and other times. They think that the Great Being gives them power if they starve themselves nigh to death. Thus, like some others, they imagine that pain, suffering and sorrow are a pleasure to the Great Spirit. In this they seem to unconsciously add to the chief object of their worship, traits that good ordinary sense would suppose belong rightfully, to the "down-below Evil Spirit."

When the Missionaries first went among the Tsimpseans, around the Naas and Skeena rivers, and regions adjacent, they found the rites of a religious kind revolting, cruel and debasing. However, this was, (is yet in part) true of all the Indians of North America, of South America, and true also of all aborigines the world over. Hence in referring to the fact we are reminded that so far as we know, the whole past of the human race has continuously been given to worship, and a belief in various spirit beings, both good and bad.

To apply to these for mercy has been an universal custom of the human family, and is to a large extent at this hour.

We call the Tsimpsean and other Indians superstitious, and then at times forget that others call us superstitious and weak minded. How-

ever this may be, the human animal has been, and is still a praying animal, and he has no power to be otherwise.

Going back in the legendary lore of the Tsimpsean, we soon get to the regions and times of the demi-gods and talking animals. Amongst the most apt at learning the human language are the bear and the raven.



A CHIEF OF THE TSIMPSEANS.

He and a few of his band came down from Port Simpson in costume to see and be seen by the Duke of York last year.

It is a remarkable fact throughout Canada and the United States, that the raven and crow are pre-eminently endowed with intelligence by the Indians. In the far North it is the raven only, because the crow is not found. In the Eastern parts of Canada and the United

States the crow has the pre-eminence, as there the raven is indeed a rare bird.

When an Indian wishes to tell a story of cunning, he is apt to talk of the raven, but when he wishes to show forth his own great doings or daring deeds, prowess of his ancestors, he selects the bear.

The Tsimpseans have many stories setting forth in detail the



CHIEF WHITE EAGLE.

wise or powerful doings of birds and animals. These relate chiefly to floods, fire, fish and food in general, or to deeds of good and bad. Generally good is rewarded and bad is punished.

DESCENT.

The Tsimpseans seem to hold traditions pointing to their coming down the coast from the North. This would naturally lead one to

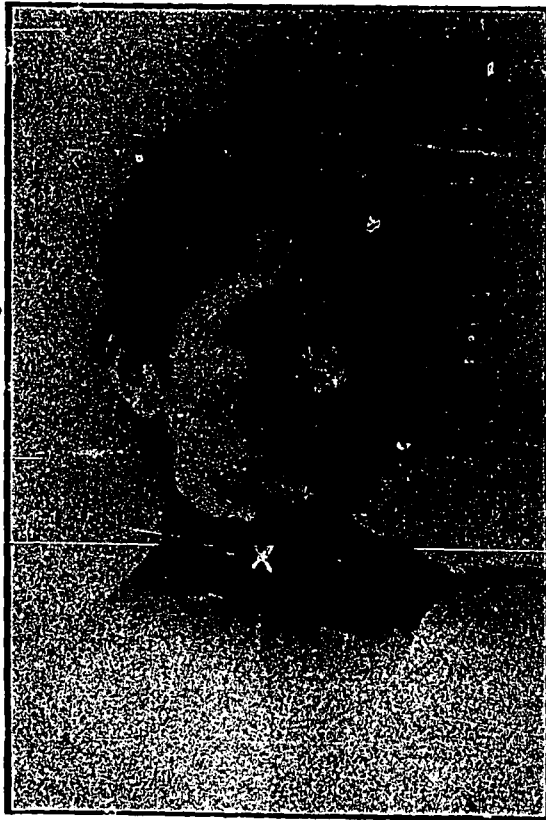
think of migratory movements along the coast of Alaska, among the Aleutian Islands, the Kuile Islands, the Asiatic coast and Japan.

Some of their traditions pointing to their coming down the rivers to the coast, when examined carefully, refer to local and comparatively modern movements.

Various causes have changed the habitats of whole bands: scarcity of food, fear of hostile tribes, conquest over weaker peoples, and even superstitious notions have changed the homes of tribes up or down a river, or up or down the sea coast.

That the origin of the Coast Indians is completely different from that of the Plains Indians is very certain. Their differences are greater than those that distinguished the Greeks from the English.

The Tsimpseans now belong to the North-west Coast Agency of



MATILDA K. PAUL,
Sitka, Alaska, Nov. 3rd, 1895.

the Dominion Government. In this Agency there are no less than twenty-three bands, grouped into five nations, viz: the Haidas, Tsimpseans, Nishgars, Oweekaynos, and Tallions. The whole agency has a population of a little over 4100.

The chief centres of the Tsimpsean nation are at Metlakatla, Kitkatla, Kitkaata, Kitsum Kalum, Kitsalas and New Metlakatla on Annette Island.

At China Hat the Indians are part Tsimpsean and part Oweekaynos. The population of this nation, counting New Metlakatla, is about 2,500. Nearly all are Christians in profession,

The Tsimpseans consist of nine tribes, each with its own Chief. The Chiefs take rank according to the rank of the tribe. These tribes are as follows:

1. Ken-nach-an-geik.
2. Git-an-duh.
3. Kit-lu-zow.
4. Kish-pahl-o-atz.
5. Git-wil-geow-atz.
6. Git-sees.
7. Kits-ach-clachl.
8. Kia-nach-do-aix.
9. Kit-lan.

When Rev. Mr. Duncan moved from Metlakatla he took all the Kitlan tribe with him.

The above names stand for living beings of the water, forest and air, as whale, bear and raven.

Certain tribes of these nine are so related as to be considered the same family. For instance, the Wolf and Crane are one family; so the Beaver and Eagle; the Crow and Frog; the Grizzly Bear and Whale. Hence, if a man be a Bear, his crest is that of the bear and whale. As the relationship and name of a man are traced through the mother, and not the father, he may be related to the Bear and Whale through the mother, but still his father's tribe is dearer to him than any of the other six. I knew one man whose mother was of the Bear-Whale family and his father a Crow. He would call people of the Bears and Whales 'brother,' but those of the Crow he would term 'father.' A Crow man might marry a Beaver woman. The children would all be Beavers and not Crows; and in case of war between the Crow and Beaver tribes, the Crow father finds that his wife with the children joins the Beavers, while he has to fight on the side of the Crows.

THE TOTEMS.

Totem-poles are of the nature of historical trees and crests. They are all sizes up to 100 feet tall and five feet diameter, all in one piece. The cutting down and carving of these huge Totems require much skill, perseverance and ingenuity.

An Indian can look at a Totem and read history, while the white man stands in amazement. Of course the Totem-history takes one back to miracles performed by animals, birds and fish; to the times of intermingling of demi-gods and men, like the old Greek, Roman and Cathaginian Mythologies.

THE POTLATCH.

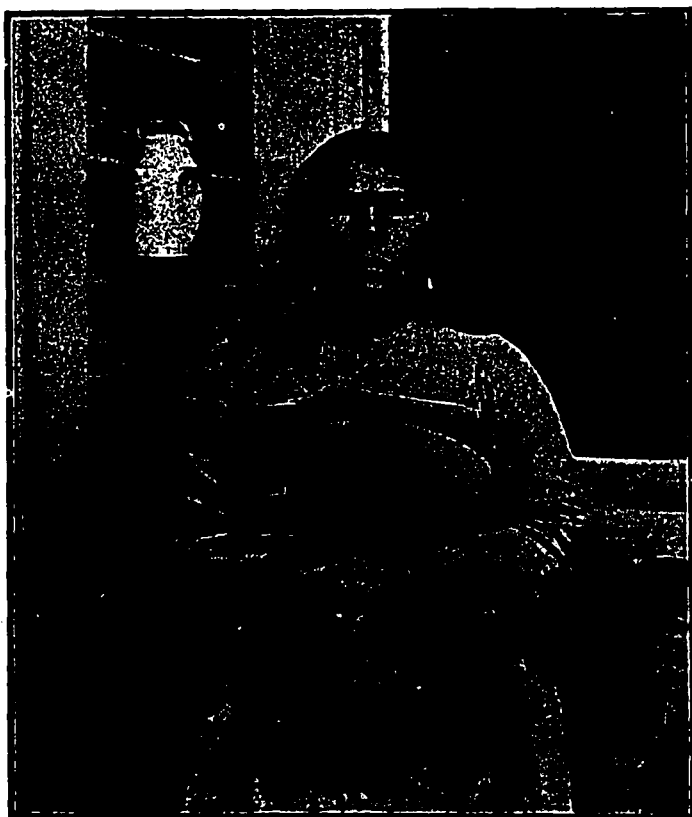
This feast, so general among the Indians, may be on a small or a large scale. A great Chief of an important tribe would never dream of a little Potlatch.

When all are assembled in a large lodge, feasting on dried salmon and fish oil, is preceded and followed by speeches and presents of many kinds.

The fundamental principles underlying the giving of presents is that of Banking. The present is really not a gift but a loan which must be returned with interest. The man receiving the present must make it good later, in equality plus the interest, and if he should die without making payment, his descendants must pay in kind. Hence a big Potlatch is a big loan-making and mortgage-taking operation.

Of course, like all things else Indian, the Potlatch is degrading and going into decay. The Dominion government acts wisely in prohibiting this form of feasting, as it leads to and is associated with infidelity, drink and gambling of the worst kinds.

The Tsimpseans are great hunters and canoe men; expert, apt, fearless and daring. They have to their credit many wonderful individual performances, oft told to those who lend a willing ear.



SAANICH KLOOTCHMAN, MARY,
Belonging to the Cowichan Nation.

The Tsimpsean people are wonderful singers, being natural time keepers. As soon as the Missionary appeared with his Christian hymns and tunes, the Indians took up the time at once and easily caught the tunes.

The handling of the paddle from childhood gives them time united in regular succession to perfection. The waves, wavelets, ripples, bending trees, moving branches and the other numerous operations of nature produced in them a readiness to sing, of which they were unconscious. I have never in any land heard such mass or congrega-

tion singers as I heard among the Tsimpseans, and their near neighbors, the Nishgars.

The Tsimpseans and other coast Indians are wonderfully independent in spirit and in fact.

The deep sea, sea coast, rocky and sandy shore, rivers, creeks, lakes, forests and mountains give them plenty of food in fish, flesh and fowl. However, more and more they find our civilization pressing upon them, and they look to our sealing, halibut fishing, canning, milling and packing for means of subsistence.

They are building good frame houses, wearing up to date clothes, eating bread, potatoes and beef, and using tea, sugar and alcoholic beverages.



HALF BREEDS AND INDIAN, COMOX.

As is always the case, the good of civilization is offering them an upward lift, while the bad is giving them a down pull. It is theirs to go up and increase or down and out

The Tsimpseans are brave, patriotic, peaceful and generally good citizens.

A word on the illustrations may be necessary.

No. 1 is a Tsimpsean Chief. He has the typical well-fed appearance. They are round-faced, plump and rounded in form, in chest, hips and shoulders. In manner, stolid, calm and haughty. No. 2, Chief "White Eagle," is a typical Indian of the prairies, long, lithe, raw-boned, high cheeks, prominent aquiline nose, firm, serious and dignified. There is as much difference between the Prairie and Coast Indians as between the Highlander and the Spanish. No. 3. This is a well edu-

cated, highly cultured, Klinget woman of Alaska. Like a large number of Indian women when young, she is rather attractive, slight and fresh. But as they grow old they frequently grow to flesh. Most of the old women are very fat and heavy. No. 4. This is a Saanich woman of the Cowichan Nation on Vancouver Island. She is a goodly size, but only medium, not one of the extreme cases.. No. 5. The man on the reader's right is a full-blood Comox Indian of the Cowichan Nation. The others are half-breeds. No. 6. This shows two Totems, of which mention has been made. So far as I know, all Indian tribes have Crests and Totems, of a historic, ancestral and religious nature. No. 7. This is a Comox Indian burying ground. In some cases they



INDIAN TOTEMS, COMOX.

bury in coffins of the ordinary sort; mostly in boxes as in Japan; sometimes on the boughs of a high tree, also in small "dead houses" built for the purpose. No. 8. This is a Cowichan burying ground. Two Totems are visible. The small houses show plainly.

In conversation and speech-making, the Indians are natural orators. They illustrate aptly by using all kinds of objects, forces and phenomena of nature so as to convey ideas with force and effect.

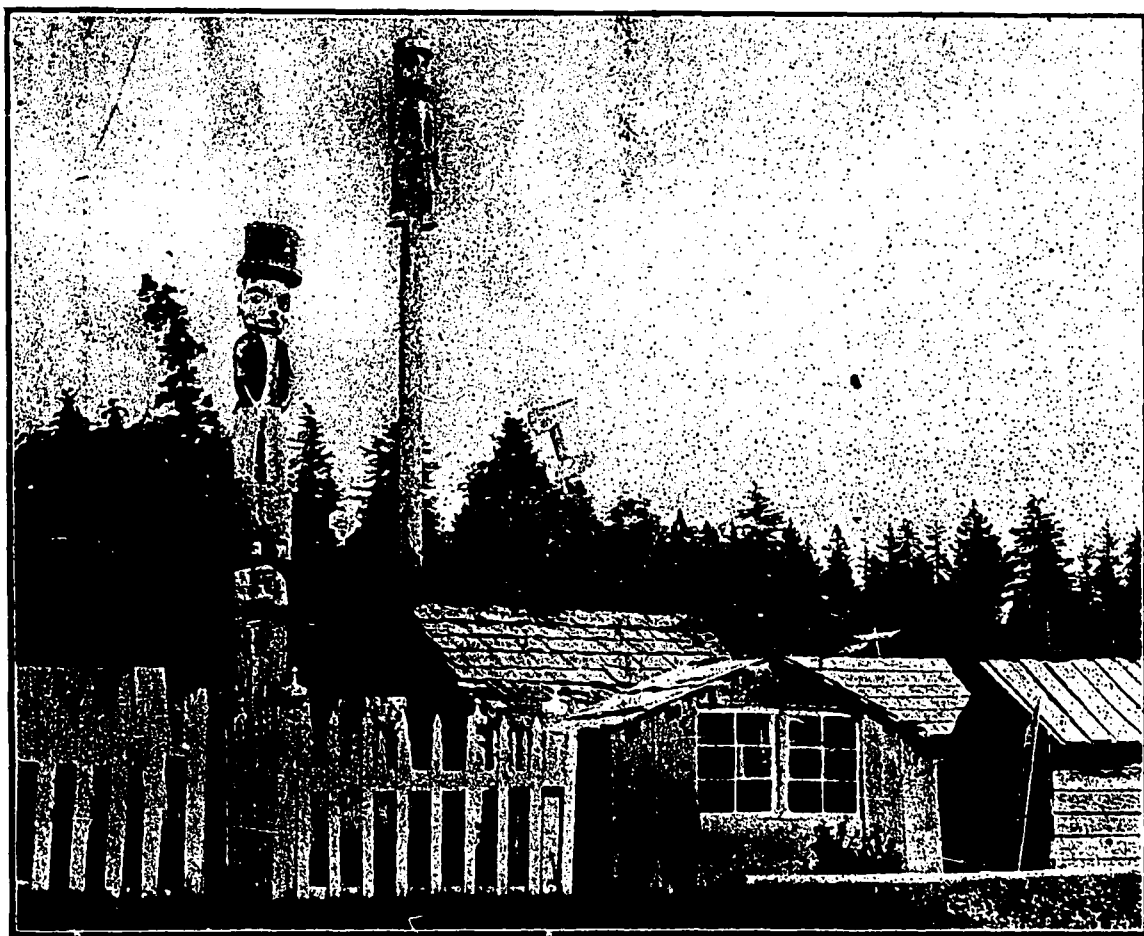
It is at their Councils and Potlatches that one is impressed with the power, earnestness and effect of the oratory of the leading men.

As linguists the Tsimpseans are wonderful. Most of the men and women can talk in three languages. I met one woman at Pt. Simpson

who could talk the Tsimpsean, Klinget, Chinook, English and French.

How many of us with all our education dare to make a speech in any other than our mother tongue! Frequently I have heard uneducated Tsimpseans address audiences in three languages in one speech, and they speak with very little hesitation.

On one trip in the "Glad Tidings," with Rev. Thos. Crosby and Captain Oliver, there was a Russian going North to Alaska. He had been drinking heavily at Port Simpson. A storm came on and the little Gospel Ship tossed, pitched and rolled until the Russian got very sick. An Indian woman who knew he had been drinking exhorted him to become a Christian and to adopt temperance principles. She



COWICHAN INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

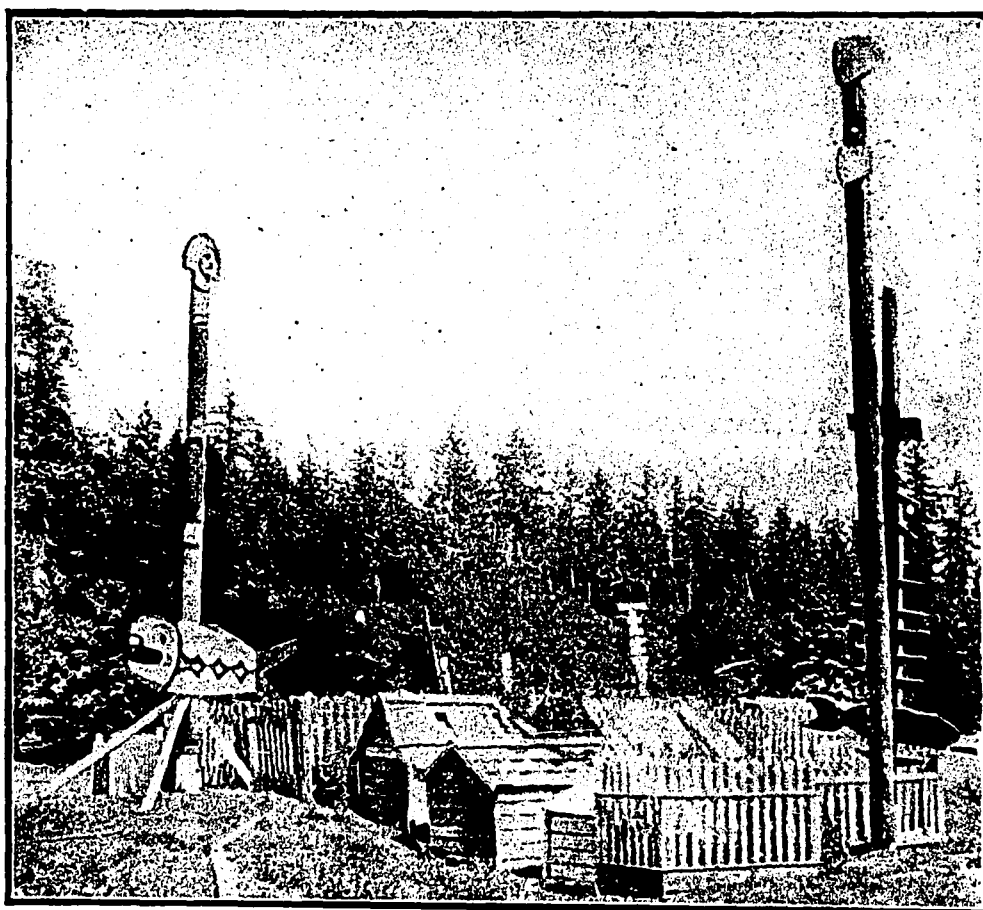
talked to and prayed for the poor Russian in English, Chinook and Tsimpsean. She sang and prayed while the poor mortal groaned, prayed, swore and spewed. Captain Oliver enjoyed the storm and seeing the sick son of the white Czar, joined his forces to the woman and said thus: "Sick tum-tum! Bad whiskey! Too much rot gut! Will you be good now? Pray! Yes, that's it. Pray lots!" Hereupon and here-with the Russian would spit, pray, roll, catch the table leg, try to reach the door, tumble back and look terrified. "Pray," said the woman. "Yes, pray," said the Captain. So it went: Chinook, English, grunts, prayers, swears, rolls, spews and more exhortations to repent-

ance. Surely by this time the Russian is a temperance man and in the Kingdom of Heaven. If not, it is not the fault of kind hearted Captain Oliver or of the good, earnest three-languaged Tsimpsean woman from Port Simpson.

CHINOOK.

The Indians of different nations are kind towards one another now, and pass to and fro in safety.

Even though nations and their languages differ, the jargon called Chinook helps them all to one common platform of conversation. It is indeed the aid and tongue of whites and Indians alike all along the coast of British Columbia. And were it not that the English is now



COMOX INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

being learned by the young, the Chinook in a short time would become the medium of conversation throughout all British Columbia and perhaps over a much larger area.

I addressed one little group of four persons: one Haida, one Flinget and two Tsimpseans. The language used to reach them was Chinook.

The Nishgars and Tsimpseans are undoubtedly of a common ancestral origin, and there are good reasons for concluding that most of the British Columbia Indians along the coast from the Cascades to the dry belt, and the Flingets of Alaska have a common origin. Their ancestors lived on the Asiatic coast and Japan in all probability. The Prairie and Eastern Indians very likely came to this continent across

the North Atlantic by way of Greenland, Orkney, Shetland and Norseland. If these two hypothesis be true, then two old civilizations met at the Rockies. The one from Europe and the other from Asia.

This is what is happening at this hour: The Japs and Chinese from Asia are meeting the Caucasian from Europe.

Doubtless very bitter wars waged during the first meeting in the past ages. And we know the struggle to-day is a serious one, resulting in disaster to the white man. What will be the result? If the white man's law will not aid him, his right arm assuredly will ere many more decades roll into past ages. Wise men need study.

LANGUAGE.

The Tsimpseans and the Nishgars have a wonderfully developed expressive and adaptably pliant language.

They have practically all parts of speech, forms for singular and plural, prefixes, voices moods, tenses and persons that we have in the English. In some ways they have by prefix, suffix, or radix change, the means of expressing themselves tersely, to imitate which the English would have to use much circumlocution.

I might here say that though the Japanese fishing and laboring classes are in appearance very similar, still the two languages are very different. In fact there is little or no resemblance existing between them as far as I can gather.

The following will give some notion of the verb and pronoun endings. But in a short paper we cannot well go far into the language question.

There is no verb "to be" in the Tsimpsean or Nishgar.

"Will" as a verb is not used, as "to do" takes its place.

"Waal" do, or to do is practically a regular verb, thus:

PRES. SING.—1st Person, Waaloo—I do.

2nd Person, Waalen—You do.

3rd Person, Waalt—He does.

PRES. PLU.—1st Person, Waalum—We do.

2nd Person, Waalshum—You do.

3rd Person, Waalshtepnait—They do.

Compare this with the regular verb "to love," "Shapenoo."

PRES. SING.—1st Person, Shapenoo—I love.

2nd Person, Shapenen—You love.

3rd Person, Shapenent—He loves.

PRES. PLU.—1st Person, Shapenum—We love.

2nd Person, Shapenshum—You love.

3rd Person, Shapenshtepnait—They love.

For the Perfect Tense use "cla" as a prefix, thus:

1st Person, cla Shapenoo—I have loved.

2nd Person, cla Shapenen—You have loved.

3rd Person, cla Shapenent—He has loved.

1st Person, cla Shapenum—We have loved.

For the Future Tense use "dum" as a prefix, thus:

1st Person, dum Shapenoo—I shall love.

2nd Person, dum Shapenen—You will love.

3rd Person, dum Shapenent—He will love.

The verb "run" changes to "root" in the plural, thus:

1st Person, Bah you—I run.

2nd Person, Bahen—You run.

3rd Person, Baht—He runs.

1st Person, Kathlum—We run.

2nd Person, Kathlshum—You run.

3rd Person, Kathlshtephait—they run.

That the regular endings of the verbs indicate the personal pronoun and number, may be seen from the following:

I—Nooyou, verb, oo.

We—Nooum, verb, um.

Thou—Nooin, verb, en.

You—Nooeshum, verb, shum.

He—Neit, verb, ent.

They—D'pneit, verb, shtepnait.

To indicate the progressive action the verb is reduplicated.

The Passive of the regular verb is formed by adding "tk" to the root, thus:

Passive of verb "to love."

PRES. SING.—1st, Shapentkoo—I am loved.

2nd, Shapentken—You are loved.

3rd, Shapentkt—He is loved.

PRES. PLU.—1st, Shapentkum.

2nd, Shapentkshum—You are loved.

3rd, Shapentkshtepnait—They are loved.

From the above, a glimpse at the system by which these people try to tell of their affection can be had. And what a word too! All people try to say these words indicative of that mysterious passion.

The "ai surn" of the Japanese, "amo" of the Latins, "phileo" of the Greeks, "j'aime" of the French, "amar" of the Spanish and "I love" of the English—Ah me! What tales of joy and sorrow; what comedy and tragedy; what life and death!

So these Indians "scattered and peeled," know of love like the rest of us. Yes, they had their passions, loves, doubts, fears, joys and ideals. So we in like manner.

They enlarged and decorated their canoes until they developed the splendid Haida canoe. We did likewise until we produced our white line of splendid Empress steamers.

They tramped along the sea-shore and up the slopes of the mountain until they made trails; we laboured, dug, steam-shovelled, diamond-drilled, blasted, bridged, excavated, filled up, curved, tunnelled and rail-laid until we constructed that splendid trans-continental highway known as the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Indians had their ideals; so had we. They worked toward theirs; so do we. And thus on we go. Their ideas grow; so do ours. They can never fully reach theirs; never can we.

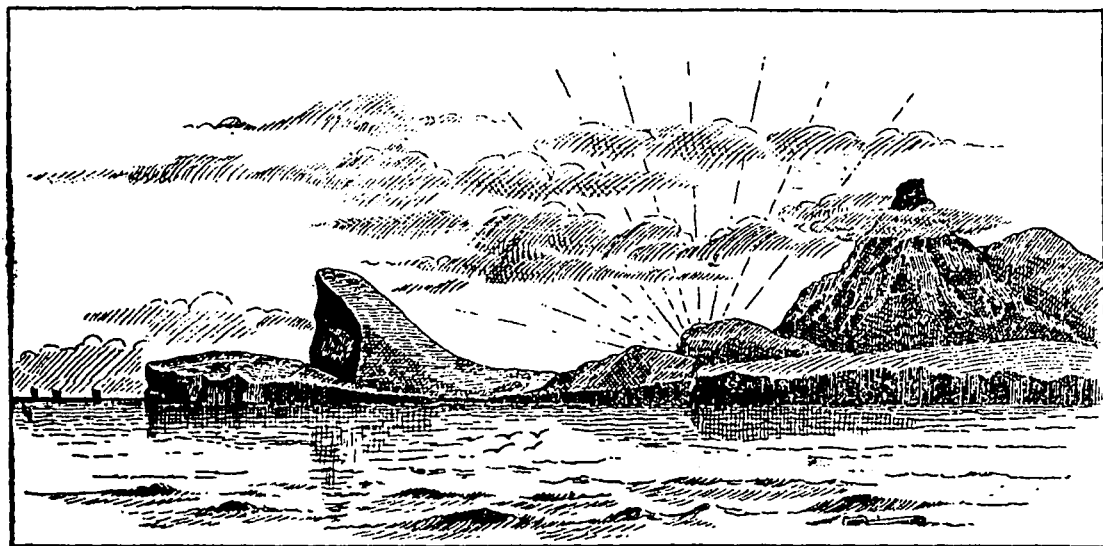
The ideal is the everlasting magnet to draw all men unto its mysterious power and presence.

Humanity needs such an ideal. As it is lifted up, high up before the nations, happy are they if towards it they steadily advance.

Sumburgh.

Thorstjeld.

Halyalee.



VIEW FROM THE HOME FISHING GROUND.

A RETROSPECT.

Eric Duncan.

“My days are like a shadow,”
 Of old the Hebrew cried,
 And in my own experience
 His words are verified—
For mighty trees, and mountains
Which snows eternal crown,
And five and twenty years of toil
Are in a moment flown.

Staked on the slopes of Morning
 The little Shetland kye
 Are mapping out their swaths again
 Before my gladdened eye;
 Again, beneath the daisies,
 With knowing steps I trace
 The burned and buried fortress walls,
 Of a forgotten race.

And many a hoary rock-face,
 And many an ancient cairn
 Form sliding-place and play-house for
 The omnipresent bairn;
 And down the raylike rig-lands
 Arranged in chattering line,
 Whole families at cheerful work,
 Their sturdy strength combine.

I climb the middle Ward-Hill,
 I see each cape and bay,
 From Helanes to Sumburgh,
 In Sunlight stretch away,
 Ten leagues outspread before me
 Of unobstructed view,
 Land hamlet-strewn,—see fisher thronged,
 Whose white sails beck the blue.

There goes the Southern steamer,
 With trailing train of smoke;
 There lies the broad-built Dutchman*
 As solid as a rock;
 Even when the ghostly spune-drift
 Flies o'r the blackening sea,
 And the wild wandering elves of storm
 Alight on Halyalee.

Ho for the gales of winter,
 And dancing stacks of corn,
 When chimneys rock and rattle,
 And many a roof is torn;—
 Ho for the mile-long billow
 With deep, hill-shaking roar,
 Which makes the war of Vegabaht†
 And cumbers all the shore.

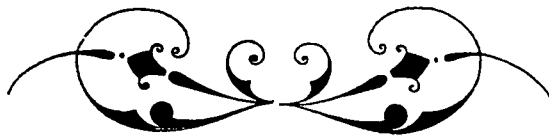
Ho for the cliff-head torrent
 Flung back into the air,—
 Ho for the buoyant sea-gulls
 Which clamour everywhere—
 Bird-shriek and ocean-thunder—
 Do these dispel my dreams?
 Ah, no,—*the long train's hollow roll,*
The engine's hideous scream.

Gone are the scenes of boyhood,
The days of youth are gone;
The care-worn years of manhood
Speed ever swifter on;
And there is no returning!—
Who wishes it? Not I;
The days of youth shall have from me
Not one regretful sigh.

I turn me to the future,
The ages yet to come,
“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,”
The mind of man is dumb;
But peace, with all who love Him,
Shall evermore remain,
And somewhere they will find the best
Of everything again.

*Instead of running 40 or 50 miles for land shelter, the Dutch herring sloops, being slow sailers, and having very heavy ground tackle, often elect to ride out summer gales on the fishing banks—and sometimes they “ride under,” that is, the waves breaking on board, fill and swamp them.

†A great sunken reef which lies too deep to be reached by summer seas, but which the winter storms annually rid of its huge crop of sea-weed, littering the beach for miles.



The Relation of the Christian Church to the Life of Young Men.

(By Walter W. Baer.)

AS "it is easier to combat a hearsay than to construct a faith," so also is it easier to seem to discover defects in modern religious and social institutions, than to suggest remedies for the real or fancied faults we have discovered. Thus, in discussing a subject like the one suggested by the title of this paper, perhaps the only thing that either writer or reader need fear is a spirit of dogmatism. The age of dogma-



WALTER W. BAER.

tism is past. Even the materialistic school which in its turn had its innings, has found that out, and it is now, universally conceded, that if we are to help each other in this perplexing world with all its complicated problems, it must be by mutual understanding, mutual sympathy

and mutual discovery of the truth, rather than by the voice of human authority.

It is claimed that there is a wide breach between the churches and the masses. "Alarming" and "sensational" are good adjectives to use in describing the reports resulting from the discussion of this claim. Systematic attempts have been made in many quarters to discover the cause of the breach. Frequently census have been taken, letters of inquiry have been sent out to representative men in all classes, who would or should, be likely to throw light on the subject, and delegates have toured the country to find out the whatever it is that has alienated the masses from the control and influence of the church. My space will not permit so much as a summary of the answers given, but it is a fair statement of their entire drift to say that nearly all, Infidel, Saracen, Skeptic, Labor Leader and Pessimist, whether this latter be within or outside, lay the burden of responsibility at the doors of the Christian church. So conclusively has this been argued that the investigators have satisfied themselves and they have published their conclusions so widely that I am spared the necessity of enlarging upon them in any way. The result is the existence of a general feeling that there is somewhere in the institution, the spirit, the ceremony or sympathy of the church, an absence of what was once there; a vacuity which has been discovered by the masses, and because of which, they have forsaken us and fled.

Without in any way desiring to combat these learned opinions and without any disposition to assume that the church is blameless, it does not appear to me that any of the reasons given, so far as I have seen or read them, nor all of them together, furnish a statement of the case that is just to either side, and it has dawned on a large number of the more reasonable and unprejudiced of these sensationalists that the fault does not lie wholly in the direction indicated, and is much more serious than if it were entirely within the church.

It is a lame explanation to point out the inroads which science has made into the domains of the orthodox theology, or the devastations wrought there by it as these sensationalists seem for the most part prone to do. We are coldly informed that the strongholds of old-time theology have been so often shelled and are now so shattered that no one cares or dares to take shelter behind them; that the masses, particularly the thinking masses are waiting for the churches to reconstruct her theology, bring it down to date, so modifying its terms and definitions as to place it within the plain of reason. Some optimists (?) say that as soon as this is done reaction will set in and the churches be filled again, with her authority restored. It is, however, easy to assert and to over estimate the influence which modern science has had upon orthodox theology without discovering how this has operated to alienate our young men. It would not appear illogical were one to say science has produced a phenomenal harvesting of skeptics and infidels, which

however, is very far from being a fact, at least so far as the masses are concerned. I find less infidelity and skepticism among the young men now outside of the churches, amidst whom I move more than I did fifteen years ago, and while my field of observation may be called limited, I find that other men who have had larger opportunities for drawing sound conclusions, have made similar discoveries. The young men of to day, for the most part, believe all they ever believed. While they may ask us to let them off with modified conceptions of the old truths, they believe perhaps more intelligently as firmly the essentials of the Christian faith as our fathers did. Whether they practice their beliefs as devoutly is another question, and one not quite germane to this discussion. These facts, so strongly brought out by the investigations above referred to, leave a prevalent impression that there must be something radically wrong with the church when those who hold substantially all that our fathers held, now forsake her ministrations. That such conclusions are illogical and superficial it will take only second thought to discover. To do so, let us ask what has modern science, after all, done to the religious instincts of the young men of our day, and by what process it has effected any change? Only a small portion of them understand even a little about how it has caused the revision of theological beliefs, and it is undeniably a fact that those who understand most about these things are they within the church and not those outside. It must however be admitted that the entire populace has been profoundly influenced in its relation to the Christian church by something and it would appear as though this something has been modern science. So say they who know. The results of science in so far as they effect the relation of the people to the church, have not been produced directly but indirectly. Science has given civilized nations a new intellectual birth, a new intellectual atmosphere, a new intellectual world. Its discoveries have been such as to fertilize the intellect of this generation and expand its imaginative faculty to a productiveness that has been both bewildering and intoxicating. Jules Verne played the patriarch and of his house there have arisen thousands of prophets, stimulated by the extraordinary achievements of genius and mechanical skill, till, for those afflicted with the varioloid form of itch for writing, it is almost impossible to walk abroad without observing something that acts upon the intellectual faculties as inoculation does upon the physical, in eventuating in a disease that can only be cured by the production of a new book. Co-incidentally, with this intellectual birth and the multiplication of books has come their cheapening, so that in this generation more truly than ever before it can be said "of the making of many books there is no end." Carlyle was no doubt sincere when he said "May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenicians or whoever it was that invented books," but it needs some one now with equal authority to say 'some books.' It may be the penalty we pay for living in an age of transition, that indiscriminate and often

baneful reading is habitual, but be that as it may, our young men are reading more in a single year than their fathers read in twenty. The habit of reading thus developed and the taste for intellectual pabulum acquired, quite naturally the reader runs his eye over the literary menu, and while he may not always know from the names, just what he is ordering, he flatters himself that his selection at least belongs among the more substantial diet. Our young man is not long now in discovering that the most marked result of modern science as affecting theological beliefs is that it has compelled the great men who do our thinking for us to attempt a reconstruction of our mental philosophy and our psychology. This of course could not be done without serious consideration of the religious elements entering into such reconstruction. While a few gave themselves to a task so worthy of the greatest minds, hordes of fictionists and cheap novel writers found, in the fringes of the field, grasses and flowers of sufficiently curious and interesting character to set their fecund imaginations at the task of gathering them and arranging them into bouquets that would command the highest market price, if sold before the inevitable 'wilting' overtook them. Only a few novelists have attempted to deal faithfully with the most serious problems of life, and they, with a degree of success that can never be anything but a disappointment to the conscientious reader who opens a pretentious volume in the hope that he may find something that will remain in his system. The mixing of these serious questions lightly and flippantly with more or less correct delineations of real life (where indeed they really belong) and the occasional touches of beauty, pathos, love, devotion, villainy and the like, with which they are so skillfully intermingled, has given the masses literature which stirs emotions, arouses feeling, melts the heart to tenderness, excites the righteous indignation, playing thus over the entire gamut of human sensibilities. It is easy to see therefore that the emotions, affections and sensibilities which were once the legitimate field for the ministrations and influences of the church, and which not so many years ago were reached and stirred by nothing else, now exhilarated, cajoled, satiated and surfeited without any necessity—as many think—for the ministration of the Christian church.

I have not found as intimated before, that this literature has materially affected fundamental beliefs. It is very difficult to affect these. They are instinctive and as the soul knows truth instinctively, discovering falsehood in the same way, when truth or falsehood involve the religious feelings, so is it possible that a thousand forms of intellectual lust may be gratified and emotional passion stirred without the deeper spiritual instincts being at first seriously impaired. That such intellectual and emotional dissipation will finally penetrate and congest these spiritual faculties is self-evident. There is only one question more momentous than this:—"What are our churches to do in the face of a crisis like this?" and that one momentous question is "What

are our young men going to do in the face of such a crisis?" Perhaps both can be partially answered by a reference to the fact that this is an age of specialization. It is not so many years since every community had its factotum who was indeed "All things to men" and also "That he might by all means save some." He was advisor, doctor, dealer in magic and charms, veterinarian, blacksmith, cobbler, constable, undertaker and gravedigger. In the more urban communities, he added to these the functions of janitor of civic halls, bellringer, lamplighter, and in some instances combining them with the responsibilities of license inspector and Sabbath School superintendent. Crude as is this illustration it is nevertheless an illustration of the fact that society in an unorganized state, or a state of simple organization, is a vastly different thing from society in its present highly organized condition. The factotum has gone and in his place has come the specialist. The horseshoer is no longer an artist, except in his special art; the man with the hoe has not much time or inspiration for writing poetry. In carrying the white man's burden, modern civilization has a place for every man, a place which in every trade, profession or industry demands the consecration of all his genius and energy for the purpose of accomplishing a definite result. What is true of the individual is true of the organization, of the secular institution and pre-eminently of the Church. The psychological results of this specialization have been tremendous. Without abnormally developing a class feeling, it is, psychologically, the most powerful system of caste the world has witnessed. Young men cannot live amid these conditions without being profoundly affected by them, though perhaps unconsciously, and it is an easy step from these considerations to the conclusion that the Christian church, which once, like the factotum, had a monopoly of the offices, which were in the best sense, a form of public service, has now to take her place among the social institutions existent and indispensable in our day.

The demand however, that the church be a panacea for all human ills and woes, is an irrational demand. Christianity, by the operation of its spirit, in all the relations of human beings, is the only panacea for those ills and everyone ought now to be able to see, what only a few saw a generation ago, that the functions and influences of Christianity are transcendently higher, deeper and broader than the operations and influences of the church. On the other hand, the demand that the church supply and control all amusements and recreations, that she invade the sanctuary of human conscience and assume the role of dictator, respecting habits and associations of our young men, is a far cry and wherever she has yielded to it and sought to make herself mother-in-law in these things, she has only alienated her followers. It is the spirit of Christianity that must do the controlling, is it not then the business of the church to supply the impetus? She must reason with men of "righteousness, temperance and judgement" till, even

modern Felix will tremble, but it is the scripturally defined office of the Third Person of the Trinity to convict men of sin, righteousness and judgement. Thus, while her functions have been specialized, her field has not been narrowed but rather enlarged. Being shorn of her monopoly of the means of access to the subtle passions of the soul, she has only to rise to the higher dignity of her holier empire. Whatever her faults may be, and they are not a few, they are all human, not Divine, and in spite of them all she is a queen in a peerless realm, where it is her right to reign without a rival. If there is some force in the contention that she magnifys doctrines to the neglect of weightier matters, it is undeniable as sound doctrine is the basis of all sound ethics and that the church will fail to make her ministrations what the present day problems demand, cannot for a moment be supposed. That would make her untrue to her own history and untrue to the ideals and pledges of her founder.

What are our young men going to do in the face of this crisis? The answer to this question is being given already by an increasing number of young men themselves. Let us make our selection from any class or profession and we shall find that the purest minded and cleanest in body, the young men with brain and with brawn, the young men who appreciate the value of recreations and outdoor sports, who know how to enjoy the innocent and exhilarating amusements of which there are now so many, who read extensively and wisely, who enjoy to the full, all in life that any young man can safely enjoy and who get the best out of all the here enumerated diversions, and these young men will confess, that when they have gotten all these things, there is something, somewhere, they need and which none of these things affords, Having everything that the world can give to make them glad, healthy and happy there is yet 'one thing they lack.' It is not strange when they come honestly seeking for something to fill that want and complete the measure of their lives they find what they need in the ministrations of the Christian church. The most promising young men of our day testify this and their testimony is worthy of credence. Cannot some means be devised by which all our young men may be made to see that the development of character, the construction of a soul, the building of that house which is not made by hands, is so serious a business that not a single element necessary to its symmetry and wholeness can be neglected? Is it not possible to impress them with the thought that, religiously, the church can do and does for them, what no other institution can ever do? I think so; let us all try to do it.

Having reached the limit of space assigned me I will close this paper with a few general reflections. I have not attempted to deal at all with the relation of the church to the social life of our young men, as in some respects that is another question. Let us not mix the two and become confused in our thinking about either. Again, I do not care to admit that the breach between the churches and the masses is

as wide, or serious, as alarmists would have us think. The statistics are against them. While the rush to the cities and the consequent decrease in rural population has unbalanced the smooth running of things in some respects, even in cities, the churches are meeting with a gratifying degree of appreciation and figures are obtainable to show that in the metropolitan cities like New York, Boston, Chicago and the like, as well as in the towns and villages, the tributes paid, voluntarily, to the church is greater to-day, in proportion to the populace, than ever before. Let us "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

Nanaimo, B. C., April 30th, 1902.



"GOD SAVE THE KING."

The Nation's Anthem.

(By Agnes Deanes Cameron, Victoria, British Columbia.)

"Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead ;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play,
To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead !"

—Rudyard Kipling.

AN old lady read to me one day a poem which she had enjoyed, "and," she concluded, "it is written by an author whose life nobody seems to have yet written; his name is 'Anon,' and he wrote some of the best pieces in my poetry book. The dear old lady is right. "Anon" is responsible for much that is good, and chief among his work is the National Anthem, "God save the King."

We can trace this song or hymn back to the Jacobite days, and there is no doubt that the King referred to by the author was a Stuart: the anthem is Hanoverian by adoption only. Does it not seem a striking example of the irony of fate, that a song composed by some ardent but unknown Jacobite in honor of either the exiled James II., "the old Pretender," or the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and sung behind closed doors as the company passed their wine cups across the water decanter, drinking to the "King over the water," should have been afterwards adopted by the early Georges as that anthem by which their true subjects should for all time show their loyal devotion to the Crown.

Previous to the time of Charles I. and during his reign, the National Anthem was an English song with a French burden, "Vive le Roi."

During the Commonwealth of Cromwell, the Cavaliers or Court Party kept up their allegiance to the Royal House of Stuart by singing in select coteries, "When the King shall enjoy his own again," with its exceedingly fine music and not-contemptible poetry.

At the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, the loyal hymn was again changed to a rollicking series of stanzas with a noisy refrain. The first verse ran somewhat like this :

"Here's health unto His Majesty,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal!
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la!
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself—
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la!"

Then followed the unhappy reign of the Second James, ending with the calling over by the people of William of Orange, and the flight of James to France. A letter received by David Garrick from Benjamin Victor in mid-October of 1745, referring to the landing in England of the Prince of Orange Nassau, says, "These words,

Oh, Lord our God, arise;
Confound the enemies
Of James our King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King,

to the music of an old anthem were sung at St. James Chapel, when the Prince of Orange landed to deliver us from Popery and slavery, which God Almighty in his goodness, was pleased not to grant." In the light of this correspondent of Garrick, the words, "Send him victorious," take on a new significance. God was asked by the Jacobites to send back to them from France their self-exiled King. But King Jamie never returned and William and Mary reigned, and after them, good Queen Anne. Then in the reigns of the early Georges we have the two plots, popularly known as the "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five," the last efforts of the Jacobites to restore their exiled Stuarts. On the second of these occasions, in the winter of 1745, it seemed as if the Stuart cause was at last to triumph. The real followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie had defeated the King's (George II's.) royalists troops under Cope at Prestonpans, and the Jacobites under Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimer Stuart (!) (it was indeed a name to conjure with) were soon master of all Scotland.

At Holyrood he made merry—the gay, the romantic, the adventurous of the men and all the women were on the side of the handsome scion of the Royal House of Stuart. Gaily the pipes sang out the joy-song, “The King shall enjoy His own again.” The news of this wondrous march of victory, and the tidings that England was at once to be invaded, speedily reached London. But the English were not apprehensive of the ultimate result, the audiences at the evening theatres joined with the players in a united outpouring of loyalty. They rose and with mighty voice in unison sang—what? Why, the erstwhile Jacobite song with the “James” merely changed to “George”—

Oh, Lord our God, arise ;
Confound the enemies
Of George the King,

and so was the most potent of all thunders, the thunders of sentiment, stolen from the Jacobites by the ardent adherents of Hanover. Truly one tune, like one man, in its time plays many parts. The evolution of our great National Anthem cannot help being a matter of close interest to all Britons in every corner of our “greater Empire than has been” to-day, for even when our eyes were wet with the sorrowful tears that would fall for our great and good Queen, were we called upon to rise and with heart and voice testify our allegiance to the royal and loyal son.

The records of the first public singing of “God save the King” in honor of a Guelph Monarch, are, I think, authoritative and conclusive.

In the London Daily Advertiser of September 30th, 1745, we read, “On Saturday night the audience at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, were agreeably surprised by the gentlemen belonging to that house performing the anthem of “God save our noble King.” The universal applause it met with, being encored with repeated huzzas, sufficiently denoted in how just an abhorrence they hold the arbitrary schemes of our insidious enemies, and detest the despotic attempts of Papal power.”

The anthem sprang at once into popular favour, for the “General Advertiser” of October 2nd. says, “At the theatre in Goodman’s Fields, by desire, “God save the King,” as it was performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was sung with great applause.” This daring adoption of the Jacobite song was surely a masterpiece of policy, devised by the keen wit and ready adaptability of some unknown actor of historic Drury Lane—another of the old lady’s worthy “Anons.”

But whose pen first wrote the words that ring to-day over every continent and echo back from “the last least lump of coral” in farthest corner of the Seven Seas? We do not know. They are generally attributed to one Henry Carey, who died in 1743. Who composed the melody? Another “Anon.” Even William Chappel, who is perhaps the acknowledged authority on English music and all that pertains thereto, confesses that in a search for conclusive proof of authorship,

he is baffled. Henry Carey, to whom the credit is most generally given, is reported to have sung the song at Cornhill at a meeting called to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, and to have announced it as "a poor thing but mine own." He may have composed it. Charles Mackay, the editor of "1001 Gems of Song," says, "Carey may have been the author, for all his poetry was exceedingly bad—and his rhymes in his other songs were neither better nor worse than

"Send him victorious
Long to reign over us."

But Mackay, I think, is unduly hard upon Carey and his rhyme.

What tune carries with it a truer lilt or a tenderer sentiment than "Sally in Our Alley?"

There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

However, to the unknown author, be he Carey or another, all praise be. For, all our claims to hard-headedness and "procedure by facts" to the contrary, the world to-day is governed largely by sentiment. "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes the laws" is as true to-day as it ever was. The song-maker surely has his strand equally with the soldier and the statesman in the three-fold cord of Red, White and Blue, which binds us as a nation.

And once more is the wording of the National Anthem modified to voice our devotion to His Britannic Majesty, King Edward VII. Then come and go, institutions last longer, but principles are for all time.

Can we find an omen in a name? Then our hearts are touched when we think of that gentle boy whom English men and women last hailed as King Edward—King Edward VI. of blessed memory.

But we need no omen. Principles, I have said, are for all time ; and the first-born son of Albert the Good, and the great and good Queen who has been taken from us, early learned at his mother's knee, the principles of truth and righteousness, and that tender regard for the good of the people which made Victoria the most widely loved sovereign this world has ever seen.

Listen to the King's inaugural speech: "In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people."

Who can fail to hear in this the echo of the impulsive cry of the little Victoria when she first learned that in her hands was to be placed the sceptre of the United Kingdom, and of that rapidly growing Greater Britain over seas—"O, Lehzen, my dear, dear Lehzen, I will be good?"



EDITORIAL



WE take great pleasure in introducing the first number of our new illustrated monthly magazine, **THE BRITISH PACIFIC**, devoted to Literature, Science, Education, Economics and Current Events.

We place this number in your hands with every confidence, feeling sure that it will merit and receive your appreciation.

In succeeding numbers it is our intention to maintain to the fullest extent the present high standard, adding new features from time to time as occasion may require or opportunity offer.

For some time past, with others, we have felt the need of such a periodical, something which the ordinary newspaper does not supply, and which can only be obtained, if at all, from alien publications.

Knowing the high degree of intelligence which obtains throughout this great West, we have made the venture in spite of the immense drawback of sparse and scattered population, knowing that a work of this class will receive the hearty support of every loyal member of the Empire. It is only by receiving that support that we can hope to succeed.

When you have read this, sit down at once and remit one dollar to the publishers for the first year's subscription, then pass it on to your friends and advise them to do the same. The larger our circulation the better we can make the magazine. Do not delay, but send now so that you may not miss one number.



BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.—A small volume of cartoons by A. G. Racey has been just received. Besides being highly amusing, the book should do good work in dispelling many of the wild opinions about our country held by people living in the Old Lands. Very neatly gotten up. Price 25c.

**CURRENT EVENTS****THE STEAMSHIP COMBINE.**

THE dominant notes in current events as the Coronation month opens is trade supremacy, with the English-speaking race far in the lead. Take the largest financial venture of fifty years ago and compare it with the great steamship combine of but yesterday, namely, that combine of transatlantic steamship companies with tonnage aggregating nearly 850,000 tons, merged into one under direction of J. Pierpont Morgan. Five of these companies are the White Star, Dominion, Leyland, Atlantic Transport, American and Red Star liners. The capitalization amounts to something like two hundred million dollars. Its scope will be strictly international, guarding the highest interests of the various companies included in this mercantile unit, conserving their identity, national and local environment having due consideration. Under the old conditions extravagance has been the rule, as a result of conflicting interests; time schedules have not been changed, either on an economic or convenient basis, the general public as well as the companies concerned suffering thereby. The accrued advantages are to be: Uniform rates, a wise and equitable distribution of traffic over American and Canadian ports, additional liners on the Pacific Coast, and to South American lines already connecting Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand. This comprehensive idea makes possible the shipment of manufactured products on through bills of lading, eliminating expensive transhipments. In event of the Subsidy Bill being passed by the United States, of course builders in America will profit. On the other hand, Great Britain will be the gainer should it be defeated, as we build twenty per cent. cheaper. There is no question that the future of British Columbia, with its magnificent sea-ports, and their nearness of approach to China and Japan (topographically shortening the distance almost twenty-four hours), is closely allied with and its interest to be largely affected by this gigantic union.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

We notice in connection with the Metric System in America that the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, which is now deliberating on the feasibility of adopting the metric system in the various departments of government, had before it two distinguished witnesses, namely, Lord Kelvin and George P. Westinghouse. Lord Kelvin urgently recommended the passage of the bill, and had hoped, he remarked, that England might have taken the lead in this matter. He thought, should the United States take the initiative, no doubt England would follow. Mr. Westinghouse also concurred, and advised its adoption. The intention of the Committee is to allow such time as may be necessary for the public to become familiarized with the terminology of that standard before making the adoption effective. It would be well for our Government to break ground along this line also. Our public schools are doing good work in preparing the minds of the coming generation for this change in standards

**SECURITIES COMPANIES.**

Not a little attention has been drawn to the new device of the so-called Captains in financial organization. "The World's Work," in its April number gives a fair analysis of its workings. President Roosevelt directed the Attorney-General to proceed against the Northern Securities Company to see whether it is a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. This new device is theoretically simple, but is one of those things which in practice from the gigantic interests involved becomes most complex. The "World's Work" puts it thus: "Suppose A be a railway company of ten million dollars stock, and B be another company of the same capitalization, their combined stock is twenty millions. Suppose an individual own fifty-one per cent. of each company's stock his holdings, must be ten and a fifth millions of the stock. In order to keep control of the two companies an individual must keep control of more than ten millions of the stock."

But substitute a corporation for the individual. This corporation by owning fifty-one per cent of the stock of these companies would of course control them. But controlling corporations may issue shares of its own as an individual can not,

and holders of fifty-one per cent. of this corporation's stock will control it, and consequently control the roads controlled by it. Therefore a man, or a group of men holding five million, or a little more, of the Security Company's stock can control it and consequently the two roads. In other words (by the device, stock being at par), five million dollars exercises the power of ten million dollars in the hands of an individual. Enormous are the possibilities of this unique financial lever for absorbing all forms of consolidations. For what may be done with two railroads may as easily be done with ten. The main factor, of course, in the above will be the moral risk, or in other words the confidence which investors have in the strong personalities of the promoters and the acumen they bring to the maturing of their ventures. The suit of Attorney-General Knox will scarcely move sufficiently fast to impede the progress of this vast combine, but there is a growing feeling that there is a menace to fair distribution of trade in this device. Credit onerous or otherwise for its first use is due to the late C. P. Huntington.



IMMIGRATION AND POPULATION.

In forecasting the future of South Africa in the Nineteenth Century Review, some of the following facts were brought out which are appopos to Canada and are worthy of the consideration and, particularly to British Columbia of her law-makers, and the best thought of every well-wisher of our Empire—population of the Colonies and immigration are Imperial questions, both as to kind and as to quantity. Do the English, Irish and Scotch emigrants prefer the Mother Country dependencies to other Countries? If not, why not? If the negative be the answer, how may it be remedied? These are above every other question of politics or party lines. A few figures will answer some of the above questions. In the eight years, 1853-1860, four times as many British and Irish immigrants went to Australia, as in the eight years 1893-1900. If we deduct the returns to the Mother Country in the ten years 1893-1900 we get a total of 38,000 for these ten years or average of 3,800 a year, which is small indeed, while for Canada the average is but 9,000 yearly for the same time. During the same ten years 1891-1900 the annual contribution has been 52,000 a year to

the United States. The result has been that for every Briton that has emigrated to the two sister nations four Britons have emigrated to the States. The moral would seem to be, that the emigrant is four times more greatly influenced, by hopes of material benefit, than by Imperial sentiment.

In the beginning this was not true for emigration. From 1815-1840 during these twenty-five years the total immigration from Great Britain was about 1,000,000 persons, of whom 450,000 went to the United States, while 530,000 went to Canada, 740,000 to Australia and 9,000 to the Cape, etc., or a proportion of 56 per cent. to the British Colonies against 41 per cent. to the United States. On the other hand, the last twenty-five years about 70 per cent. went to the United States and 30 per cent. to the all-British Colonies. From the above it seems to us, with the writer from which these figures were collated, the sense of the orators in Britain and elsewhere, is deficient, when they bespatter us with "great sister nations," "rising orbs," etc., etc., when, as a matter of fact, the population of either Canada or Australia is not equal to Greater London, nor nearly equal to that of the State of New York, or of Pennsylvania, both States growing in wealth and population faster than either of the two above mentioned countries. This is evidenced by savings banks returns of New York State, showing deposits in all savings banks of the United Kingdom, something under £200,000,000. The above is a lesson in straight mental vision, to enable us to see if there may not be a way to turn the tide of emigration our way, what lack may we supply that is now evidently wanting, to attract not foreigners but Britishers to our land. Showing what a few British emigrants may do, an object lesson is given us from Northampton, Mass., a few educated Britishers founding the town. Its intellectual history is this: It has sent out 114 lawyers, 112 ministers, 95 physicians, 100 educators, 7 college presidents, 30 professors, 24 editors, 6 historians, 14 authors—among whom are George Bancroft, John Lathrop Motley, Professor Whitney and the late J. G. Holland—38 officers of state, 28 officers of the United States, including Senators and one President. This is food for thought as to the sort of men we need, an object lesson, in the value of the British emigrant, to every thinking man whether of the street or the forum.

TRADE WITH THE ORIENT.

Some things we leave undone which others seem to think are well worth doing. The American, the Japanese and the German seem to have grasped, in a measure, the trade possibilities of China and are pushing out for it with all their energies. This month we read that the ships of the three American companies plying between San Francisco, Japan and China have proved insufficient to carry the freight offered, and space has to be contracted for eight months in advance. This has led the Pacific Mail to add two eighteen-knot steamships, the Korea and the Siteria, to its fleets. These vessels, 18,000 tons register each, have been already launched and soon will be in service. The Japanese line, The Toyo Kisen-Kaisha, have just placed orders for two similar steamships of the same tonnage. If you add to these the immense cargo carriers being built by J. J. Hill at New London, you will have some idea of what these two nations are doing for the development of the Orient, yet in its infancy a giant child already. Add to this the East China Railway Company's venture, which is building at Triesti, Austria, four 5,000-ton sixteen-knot steamers, which will carry the Trans-Pacific mail between Valdivostok, or Port Arthur, and San Francisco. This corporation controls a fleet of twenty-eight vessels trading in the Yellow Sea which will serve as an auxilliary for collecting and distributing its freight. To-day San Francisco is the second shipping port in the United States. If the Empire is true to its trust our vantage of position ought to give to some harbor in British Columbia the supremacy in the Pacific trade.

A thing or two that the nations of the world are planning to do: Russia will soon begin on a canal connecting the Baltic with the Black Sea. France expects to build a railroad across the Sahara Dessert plunging into the heart of Africa. Thoughtful Englishmen talk of the necessity of a railroad from Cairo to Cape Town. Germany is now constructing a railroad through Northern Persia. Another line by England is projected from Tunis on the Mediterranean eventually to terminate at Bombay, India, bringing Brindisi five days nearer to this important port of England's Indian Empire. Then there is the American, German and English rivalry in the building of swift ocean liners, which will make this year especially interesting and notable. An unique feature of this competition on the two lines projected by the Cunard Company, they are to exceed in speed any previous vessels. They will be equipped with Turbine engine of four 47,000 to 50,000 horse power, contract speed to be 24 knots.