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# WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1914.

No. 3

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D. A. CHALMERS

Managing Editor

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REV. J. W. WOODSIDE, M. A.  
Pastor of Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, who has  
accepted a call to Chalmers Church, Toronto.  
(see page 19)

## \*Litany for our Army and Navy

*To be sung to "Melita"—"Eternal Father, Strong to Save."*

GOD of our fathers, at whose call  
We now before Thy footstool fall,  
Whose grace hath made our empire strong  
Through love of right and hate of wrong;  
In this dark hour we plead with Thee  
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

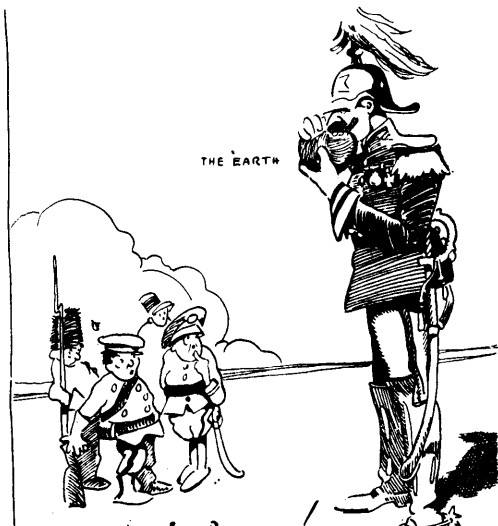
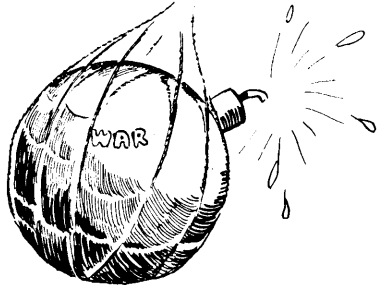
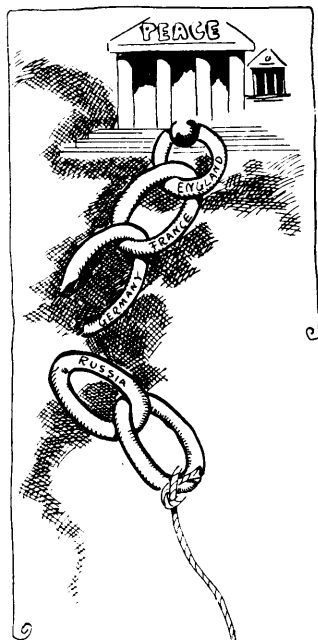
Not for the lust of war we fight,  
But for the triumph of the right.  
The strife we hate is on us thrust;  
Our aims are pure, our cause is just;  
So strong in faith we plead with Thee  
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

Asleep beneath Thine ample dome,  
With many a tender dream of home;  
Or charging in the dust and glare,  
With war-bolts hurtling through the air;  
In this dark hour we plead with Thee  
For Britain's sons on land and sea.

If wounded in the dreadful fray,  
Be Thou their comfort and their stay.  
If dying, may they in their pain  
Behold the Lamb for sinner's slain.  
In this dark hour we plead with Thee  
For Britain's sons on land and sea.

And soon, O blessed Prince of Peace,  
Bring in the days when war shall cease,  
And men as brothers shall unite  
To fill the world with love and light.  
Till then, O Lord, we plead with Thee  
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

\*NOTE: The above Litany is the work of Mr. R. P. Downes, the founder and first editor of "Great Thoughts," a literary weekly which he started to counteract light reading matter. No doubt many of our readers could, like ourselves, testify to the interest and helpfulness of that journal.



*The Kaiser's Dream!*  
*"There ain't goin' to be no core!"*

*"A chain is as strong as its weakest link."*

This page of Cartoons is the work of Mr. E. R. McTaggart, Vancouver.  
 Mr. McTaggart was on his way to Kensington, London,  
 to pursue his studies in art when the war  
 changed his plans.

## Staying With It

"This town of Fair-speech," said Christian, "I have heard of; and as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place."

By-ends: Yes, I assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there."

Christian: "Pray, who are your kindred there, if man may be so bold?"

By-ends: "Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech, from whose ancestors that town first took its name; and also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, and Mr. Anything; and the Parson of our Parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother . . . . It is true we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines and people applaud him."

Christian: "If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion. You must also own Religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause."

—John Bunyan.

To-day the Great Alchemist's test of what is at the basis of character and conduct is being applied to the nations in such a way that the whole world must listen and learn.

Through such experiences, and through the destruction, desolation and death that follow in their train, myriads of men and women shall come to question the use of life and the Purpose and the Power at the Heart of the Universe.

Yet the same crucial test is never absent from human life in ordinary times, and every day finds many souls "breasting the blows of circumstance," or succumbing in body or in mind and heart.

"The last of life for which the first was made" depends not on length of earthly days allotted to any soul. Nor is it to be judged by the dazzling tinsel of the decorations of the Vanity Fair, represented by Society (with or without a capital "S") amid which the life is lived.

What matters most is: For what do we fight and how? Is life only an opportunity for selfish gratification—none the less selfish though not necessarily sensual? Are we money-grabbing, place-hunting, and time-serving? Do we worship what the world calls "success" and follow hard after it, regardless of principle? Are we indifferent, or dead, to the ideal life, unless in so far as a formal connection with it serves to further our position in a certain "class," or makes our name one with which to bait company prospectuses? Are we engaged in the contest—in society, or church, or state—not for "peace," but for place or power "at any price?"

If so, whether or not our fellows "find us out" ere we pass to the "undiscovered country," we shall surely miss the main purpose of this life.

But if we fight for the Right as we know it, uncaring for man or devil; if we seek to follow the light given, even though it lead not to the gleam of gold; if we yield not our God-given independence; if we

are willing to work for the Ideal because it is worthy without too carefully counting the cost—then we shall learn something of the value of “staying with it,” and may later learn that in so far as “it”—our work, our ideal of service—is worthy, it shall stay with us through the fuller life to be.

Thank God the spirit of “Staying with it”—“standing by a purpose firm” is in our race. The units may die, but the race will survive, for the spirit which inspires it is indestructible. That can not be said of any man-made weapons of warfare, however powerful, nor shall it be said of the men or races who trust in their might.

As individual members of the Empire, we must seek to be worthy of the spirit of the race. Whatever our lot, however hard our task, we must “stay with it.” The only surrender that is honourable is the surrender of life itself at the call of the Highest. It has been written that “the path of glory leads but to the grave,” but our faith teaches us that Death leads to the rest of a more lasting glory—a “glory” that surely involves satisfying service and “a peace that this world can neither give nor take away.”

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## Rev. D. G. Ireland's Appointment

At the meeting of Westminster Presbytery on 27th October the resignation of Rev. D. G. Ireland from the pastorate of Westminster Church, South Vancouver, was accepted.

After considerable discussion had taken place in the press and elsewhere as to the appointment of an “expert” from Winnipeg to look after the distribution of the relief funds in Vancouver and neighborhood, the local authorities resolved on the appointment of a local man, and it is understood Mr. Ireland was one of a fair list of candidates. It is a reflection on the complexity of modern life and an indication of the ramifications of the social work involving pecuniary assistance, that a salaried official should be necessary in connection with the distribution of funds collected or assigned to relieve distress; but no doubt it is a necessary work especially in these war-testing times.

Of late Mr. Ireland's ministry has been associated with a district which has suffered as much as any from depressed conditions and depletion of residents, and before this appointment was talked of, report had it that he had had considerable practical experience in relieving distress in his own neighborhood.

All connected with the church Mr. Ireland leaves for this not less onerous and honourable social service, believe that he will prove himself an able administrator.

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FOR SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS LIFE AND WORK  
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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## Nietzsche and the War

[By J. Macartney Wilson, B. D., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia]

[NOTE:—In these days when publishers of independent (and unendowed) periodicals must carefully consider "how many pages can we carry?" and give more and more attention to quality rather than quantity of literary matter, we have no hesitation in giving precedence over many other contributions to the following article received as this issue was being prepared for the press. Mr. Macartney Wilson, now minister in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, was formerly Editor of the "Presbyterian," London, England. Before being settled in New Glasgow, he visited the Farthest West, and officiated for a month or more with much acceptance in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver.]

Events are the outcome of ideas. When the idea has conceived, it brings forth the event. Had not Rousseau liberated the minds of men from the old idea of authority, and taught them a new liberty, the French Revolution would never have taken place, or at any rate history would have followed a different course.

Behind every war lies a conflict of ideas. Wars do not happen because of the length of Cleopatra's nose, or even because of the terms of an ultimatum. The present war is clearly a conflict of opposing ideas. It is more than the clash of Slav and Teuton; more than enforcement of a violated neutrality; more than a lust for territory. It is a war between two philosophies, two ways of regarding fact. It is a war between a kindly, human view of life, which is in a general way the fruit of the teaching of Christ, and a brutal and cruel view, which is no less clearly the outcome of the teaching of Nietzsche.

Who, then, was Nietzsche, and what did he teach? Of Polish origin, Nietzsche was descended from a grandfather and a father who were both Lutheran pastors. He was brought up in the happy peace of a quiet manse. So well did he know the Bible that at school he was called "the little clergyman." He was by temperament a mystic and poet, and began to write verse when he was twelve or thirteen. He was always a solitary; through life he "walked by himself." He was born in 1844, and when 20 years old he went to study at the University of Bonn, where the beer-drinking life of the



students sickened him, and he cast off the Christian faith. At 24 he was made Professor of Classic Philology at Basle, at the munificent salary of \$700 a year. He sought to build his universe out of romantic art, and the music of Wagner, but finally turned away in despair from these, and with the help of Schopenhauer constructed a philosophy of his own. His health gradually failed, he lived more and more alone, and his books grew more and more rhapsodical until they culminated in *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Finally, in 1889 his mind gave way, and he had to be put into a lunatic asylum. There he died in 1900.

### I.

The essence of Nietzsche's teaching is the frontal assault on Christianity, and the exaltation of selfishness into a gospel. In it there is nothing essentially new; it is as old as the Devil himself. But it was the first time in history that good had been deliberately and philosophically called evil, and evil good.

Christianity, says Nietzsche, is "the One great curse, the One great inward corruption, the One great instinct of revenge, for which no weapon is venomous, clandestine, subterranean, or *mean* enough; the One ineradicable blot on human nature." Why does he hold this extraordinary view? It is because he has followed Darwinism to its logical conclusion. All the exponents of that doctrine had tacitly admitted that after a certain point the struggle for life ceases to be the supreme factor, and that in his development man passes from being a self-regarding to being an other-regarding or altruistic creature. They admitted the superiority of the Christian morality. And most thinkers had seen that this attempt to get at Christian morality by evolution was a failure because at some point it involved a break, a reversal in the process. Nietzsche faced the logical consequences of evolution without blenching. He maintained that the struggle for life was still the dominating rule of human life, and that the man who sought at all costs to survive was the superior man, the one who was fittest to survive. He taught that through the struggle for life a higher being would be evolved, and this higher being, who was beyond our temporary stage of the distinction between good and evil, he called the Superman.

The practical lesson of all this is that the best man is he who resolves to survive. He must hack his way through at all costs. There are two classes in the world, conquerors and conquered, masters and slaves. Christianity teaches a morality that is good for slaves; the virtues of this slave-morality are humility, sympathy, and self-sacrifice. Christianity would put down the mighty from their seat, and exalt those of low degree. Nietzsche would reverse the process. "Be a master," he says. "Repudiate the virtues of a slave-morality."

Follow those of a master-morality. I break the old tables," he says; "I give you new. And this is the new law. Be hard. Trample on the weak. Live. Assert your personality. Sacrifice others to yourself."

Let me give two quotations: "What is happiness? It is the feeling that power increases—that resistance has been overcome. Not contentment, but more power; not peace, but war; not virtue, but efficiency . . . the weak and crippled should go to the wall: that is the first principle of our philanthropy. And one should help them to go."

Again: "Life is essentially the appropriation, the injury, the subduing of the alien and weak. It is suppression, compulsion, the enforcing of its own forms. It will accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals who for its sake alone are to be suppressed and reduced to the level of instruments and slaves."

## II.

Let us now turn to note the effect of this teaching on the German mind. Hauptmann, the dramatist, in his *Apology for Germany*, claims that the German soldier who goes out to battle is a cultured being. He has books in his knapsack; it may be Schopenhauer, it may be a Bible, it may be Zarathustra. To judge from his behaviour, I should judge that Nietzsche's book was commoner than the Bible. And whatever we may say of the private, it is beyond doubt that the military class who sway the course of Germany's action are open and avowed disciples of that deadly philosopher. Prussia is Protestant and Lutheran; but anyone who knows the religious life of Prussia will tell you that Protestantism is cold and almost dead. In Berlin scarcely three per cent. of the population go to church. You will search the braggart speeches of the Kaiser in vain for any mention of Jesus Christ. When the heart is swept and cleansed, the devil enters; so the new Gospel of Nietzscheism has taken possession of the soul of Germany. If you wish proof, read Bernhardt or Treitschke. The latter was a disciple of Nietzsche (as was also the former), and has written much that has profoundly influenced the German mind. He tells Germans that they have no need of an alien religion born on alien soil. What they want is a religion made in Germany. Germany, silent since the days of Luther, should resume the creative rôle in religion. He blasphemously says: "Ye have heard how in old times it was said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' But I say unto you, 'Blessed are the valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne.' And ye have heard them say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' But I say unto you, 'Blessed are the great in soul, for they shall enter into Valhalla.' And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peace-makers.' But I say unto you, 'Blessed

are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the Children of Jehovah, the Children of Odin, who is greater than Jehovah."

The fruits of this teaching, absorbed by the German nation, are now tragically visible. The Kaiser, to his own consciousness quite sincerely an orthodox Lutheran, yet evidently considers himself the superman. The war party considers the Germans to be the super-nation which has the right to establish its domination over all the world, and to evangelize the world with its culture by means of Krupp guns. Bismarck said: "War exists for destruction, consists in destruction, and the aim of the soldier's life is to destroy and nothing but to destroy."

Bethmann-Hollweg affirms that necessity knows no law, and that for the super-nation treaties are nothing but scraps of paper. And the fruits of this Gospel are, treaties broken, civilians terrorized and murdered; Belgium a blackened and hideous ruin, and Europe a Shambles. The commentary is written in letters of blood and fire that spell Louvain and Rheims.

And yet Jesus Christ still lives, and He shall reign for ever and ever. All His enemies shall be put under His feet. To Him every knee shall bow, and His name shall be honoured long, long after the ghastly abortion called Nietzscheism is forgotten. He is the Prince of Peace.

"No weapons in His hand are seen,  
Nor voice of terror heard."

And so, amid the clash of war, we still pray, with a confident and assured faith: "Thy Kingdom come."

---

### THE DEVASTATOR.

You who proclaim yourself the Torch of God  
 To set the lands ablaze with flames of war,  
 And scourge presumptuous nations, near and far,  
 Who dare to doubt the anointing of your rod;  
 You who have broken troth and plighted word;  
 Who slew the innocents that clogged your way,  
 And crushed to fire and force and bloody fray  
 To swell your glory and to glut your sword:  
 Look on the devastation you have wrought;  
 The ravaged homes, the dead, the broken hearts;  
 The want, the woe with which each hour is fraught;  
 This hell on earth which your ambition starts.  
 Dare you to scan what you have sacrificed,  
 And still say "Brother" to the gentle Christ?

\* Victoria, British Columbia.

—Donald A. Fraser.

## Valedictory Address

*Delivered at the Closing Exercises of Westminster Hall, September 29th, 1914.*

[By Wm. Scott, B. A.]

Mr. Principal and Professors, Members of the Senate, Fellow-students and Friends of the Hall: It has fallen to my lot to express the farewell thoughts of the graduating year of 1914. A few weeks ago most of us would have affirmed that, though we might feel regret at having to sever our connection with Westminster Hall, yet our dominant feeling would be one of relief—relief that now, after these many years, we at last saw the end of our course. But, to-night as we stand in your midst for the last time as students, we will be pardoned if we weaken a little and confess that Westminster Hall and Vancouver have woven a stronger web around our hearts than we ever before realized or acknowledged. Memories of the past few years crowd in upon our minds and give us pause. There are the associations of the class room, and out of the class room, the friendships we have made, the debts of gratitude we owe, the ties we have formed, the vows we have vowed. All these strengthen the cord that binds us to our Alma Mater and to your fair city by the sea. But intertwined with these more sombre cords of memory are brighter cords of hope. We leave our College home only to enter the larger university and more strenuous battlefield of the world. And as we stand to-night with our eyes towards our new sphere of labour, they are bright with a radiant hope of better things—a hope, a vision, which has been born and nurtured in our class rooms, and in our intercourse with one another, and in the atmosphere of Vancouver, during our college days. So there are two emotions playing upon our souls' great organ to-night, one which springs from memory, the other from hope.

No one can leave an institution in which he has spent three or four years without having many pleasant memories of his stay there. (If he can, then God pity the people among whom he has to stay the rest of his life.) A man's college days should be particularly pleasant, for in the full bloom of youth he is free from many a care and anxiety that come with the years, and though college days are busy days, youth's romantic art can weave a halo of light around even seven years of such book drudgery.

To many men the very stones of their College are dear, and many a sonnet has sung their praise. Unfortunately Westminster Hall has not yet come into her own in this regard. When I came here three years ago I heard our esteemed Principal again and again

work out most beautiful perorations about the "great university" that was to be established at Point Grey, of which we would form a part. But, alas! we who say farewell at this time, will remember only the perorations, and be content with recollections of 1600 Barclay Street.

But it is not the walls that make a college, so much as the men who gather there, to teach and to be taught. And I can assure our professors that our memories of them will ever be of the brightest. To our honoured Principal, we of the final year have got closer this session than ever before, and we have learned to appreciate his big heart and mind. We wish to express our heartfelt gratitude to him for the scholarly manner in which he has guided us through the mazes of Apologetics and Systematics. Our Principal is a man of large heart and keen sympathy with student life—a sympathy which enabled him to enter into our mirth as well as into our personal experience. It did not disconcert him to read upon the board one morning the following effusion in doggerel verse:

The Head of the Hall is our Principal tall;  
 His name, it is John MacKay;  
 He does like to delve in his copy of Calvin,  
 And urges his students to try.

But when we get home, we let Calvin alone,  
 Or read him with a sigh;  
 It's a bit of a grind, for all of us find  
 John Calvin is awfully dry.

We might thus write and sing, but we knew that our Principal fully appreciated our mirth, and perhaps the examination results reassured him that after all we appreciated John Calvin, and Principal John MacKay's interpretation of him, more than we showed.

With Professor Pidgeon, too, we say farewell with sincere expressions of gratitude upon our lips. Perhaps no man on the staff has a more difficult chair to fill than Dr. Pidgeon. His chief task is to direct our young minds in methods of sermonizing and practical Christian work. But who can teach these things to a young man who has spent seven years in Canadian mission work? Have we not met and solved every problem that can face a minister in a regular charge? And have not all our congregations, without exception, told us that we were the best preachers that they ever listened to? And as for running a congregation, why, we are all quite confident that we could make a better showing than our new fellow-graduate, Dr. R. J. Wilson. So it was no simple task that Dr. Pidgeon had to face in gently breaking the news to us, that quite possibly we had not

yet spoken the last word upon these matters. And I assure Dr. Pidgeon that we thoroughly appreciate his extensive labours on our behalf, and his deep personal interest in us.

Of Dr. Taylor I will say nothing to-night. We bade him farewell a few weeks ago. We shall never forget him.

One word more regarding our professors. We of the final year desire to thank one who gave us most valuable assistance in voice production. Mr. Harold Nelson Shaw was our professor in that subject this year for the first time. We appreciated his work and testify to his ability in his profession. He has taught us to open our mouths, and to drop our throats, and so to focus our voice that our tongues shall hereafter show forth his praise.

Another pleasant memory that we have to-night, and which we will cherish throughout the coming days, is the memory of friendships we made with our fellow students. Westminster Hall has this unique advantage over other colleges, that she draws her men for theology from many universities, some from McGill, Vancouver, some from Montreal, some from Queens, and Toronto, some from Manitoba and Brandon. Thus a variety of opinion is met with, and we all learn to appreciate the other man's view-point. I used to think there was no place like Queen's for giving a man an Arts course. I still hold to that, but I am now persuaded that if a man can't get to Queen's, he would better go to some other Canadian college rather than go without a college education. In taking farewell with the men who remain in the Hall, I wish to give a little fatherly advice, gleaned from three years' experience of Westminster Hall. There are three things that go to make college life a success, for the individual and for the college as a whole, and let me advise you to seek them: (1) Work hard, for that, after all, is the chief reason for your being here, and you will not likely get another chance such as this to make study your chief aim. (2) Play hard at some game or other, for this will keep you in good physical condition for study, and for the enjoyment of life. (3) And lastly, and by no means least, laugh heartily, and often, for this will keep you from thinking too seriously either about yourself or about the other fellow.

Nor must we forget the Ladies' Auxiliary, or Miss Loudoun, whose care for us has made our stay in the Hall so pleasant and so healthful. And, perhaps, we might be pardoned for making special reference to one of the ladies whose interest in the students has been most constant and active. One of the most delightful evenings that we have enjoyed during our college days was provided by Mrs. Geo. C. Pidgeon this month. We wish to thank Mrs. Pidgeon and the doctor along with her, for their thoughtfulness and kindly interest in us.

There is only one justification for thus indulging in memory, and that is, that by so doing, we might feel an impulse to attempt things worthy of the institution that sends us forth. And so to-night our eyes are turned to the future as well as to the past, and a hope rises in our breasts that we may be found faithful. Some of us stay in the environs of Vancouver, and so scarcely need to say farewell. One goes to the prairie, and another to the foreign field. We go to do His bidding who is our great Chief. And our hope for our Alma Mater is, that as the years go by, the number of her graduates will increase, so that our Westland will be manned by men trained in her own college, and familiar with her peculiar problems. And I know my fellow-graduates will join me in the hope that this year's offering to the lands across the sea will be but the earnest of an ever-increasing number of missionary graduates. I appeal to you men who remain, to consider the motto under which you study. "*In Universum Mundum*"—"Into all the World." I do not know who gave Westminster Hall this motto, nor what was in the minds of those who did give her it. But this is what I read in it: That Westminster Hall regards it as her sacred obligation and opportunity to carry the Gospel into all the world. I believe I can see our Principal's wide missionary vision in this motto, and my last word to my fellow-students would be one of appeal. Consider this obligation, and this opportunity. It is an opportunity, for Vancouver is the meeting place of East and West. Vancouver is the Canadian Church's best medium for transmitting Christian influence across the Pacific. And in that very opportunity lies your obligation. My hope is that Westminster Hall may shoulder her responsibility, and fulfil her missionary watchword. And so we bid you farewell.

Mr. Scott closed his address by quoting the song, "Westminster Hall," which appeared in a recent issue of this magazine, and of which he himself was the writer.

The following is the song by Mr. Wilfrid S. Brooks, which was awarded second prize in the competition among Westminster Hall students:

Tune: "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free"

Oh, who will sing a song with me,  
Of old Westminster Hall;  
Of notes on old Church History  
And stories of "The Fall"?  
Oh, who will break a pen with me  
About the Hebrew text,  
The North Galatian theory,  
And many a question vex?

I promised to translate at night  
These chapters from the Greek.  
If I could only read at sight  
'Twould save me half the week.  
That seminar on Calvin, too,  
That critical's dread grind—  
Oh, what on earth am I to do?  
The time I'll never find!

Some notes on Ethics I should con  
Before the coming morn;  
Th' Examination's coming on  
When I shall look forlorn.  
And though I hear the tennis serves  
The bathers at the "Bay,"  
The row is getting on my nerves—  
Yet here I'll have to stay.

Oh, who will sing this song with me,  
Of old Westminster Hall?  
Long may it stand through years to be  
To give its clarion call.  
The men gone through; the coming seers;  
Those leaving in the Fall;  
All join in giving rousing cheers—  
Good old Westminster Hall!  
All join in giving rousing cheers—  
Good old Westminster Hall!

## Soul-Standards of Archibald Lampman

BY DON MUNDAY

So often has it been said that the world has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of this or that poet at an early age, that one naturally hesitates to say the same of Archibald Lampman, who died in his thirty-eighth year in Ottawa in 1899. But this much may safely be said, that appreciative readers of Lampman's poems certainly regret that "his star went down before its brightness waned"—indeed, before reaching the zenith.

Like many a poet, it was in descriptions of the beauties of Nature that he developed his powers of expression before seeking other fields. Yet his keen love of Nature never obscured sympathy with his fellow-men. "I love the face of every man whose thought is swift and sweet." He is never didactic; he slips as easily into a reflective mood as an eager river into its quieter reaches. We are told that he was on "the side of socialism, and *reasonable* propaganda to that end." He was too intent on "the beauty at the goal of life" to rail at present wrongs. We may well apply to the poet himself, his description of Richard Stahlberg in "The Story of an Affinity"—(surely such a word as "affinity" was a sad choice in view of the special meaning it has acquired.) He learned:

"To meditate the words and ways of men,  
Weighing their motives and the forms of life  
In the fine balance of impartial truth.  
He saw how fair and beautiful a thing  
The movement of the busy world might be,  
Were men but just and gentle . . .  
Yet . . . he lost not faith,  
Nor grew distempered, as the weaker may  
Amid the forceful fraudulent stir of life;  
For he found many . . .  
Men, wholesome, tolerant, temperate, and sincere,  
And women who are the safeguard and the hope  
Of human destiny, the pioneers  
Of man's advancement and the larger life."

The reader is apt to be struck by Lampman's persistent pleas for gentleness in speech and action.

"How beautiful is gentleness, whose face . . .  
Swells everywhere the buds of generous thought;  
So easy and so sweet it is; its grace  
So soon smoothes out the tangled knots of pain."



"Think not, because thy heart means well,  
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech . . .  
Even as thy thought so let thy speech be fair."

He longed for "the law of Peace and Beauty and the death of Strife"; for the day when "self shall be the unseen part, and human kindness all," for he believed that "the end of human life is peace" —peace on earth. He bids us not to draw such distinctions as "the good, the beautiful, the true," since "Beauty is the perfect ring that circles and includes the other two." Worship this beauty he implores,

"For how can he whom Beauty has made sure,  
Who hath her law and sovereign creed by heart,  
Be proud, or pitiless, or play the tyrant's part,  
Be false or envious, greedy or impure?"

From his sonnet, "The Spirit of the House," we may conclude that Lampman's married life was happy. Doubtless his love inspired many a tender verse to the woman he won, but he had the admirable delicacy not to parade his affection publicly. His daughter is the subject of a few pretty verses; of the grief for the loss of his infant son we have a few brief glimpses in his poems. Under the title of "Paternity," he writes:

"For thy sake, nobler visions are unfurled,  
Vistas of tenderer humanity,  
And all the little children of this world  
Are dearer now to me."

We find plenty of evidence that Lampman took a vigorous, sturdy view of life's possibilities, both for the individual and for the race. In "Phokaia," he says:

"Insight and splendor of mind  
Not they that are yielding and lovers of ease shall find,  
But only of strength comes wisdom, and only of faith comes  
truth."

"For stormy times and ruined plans  
Make keener the determined will,  
And Fate with all its gloomy bans  
Is but the spirit's vassal still."

There is certainly nothing half-hearted about Lampman's estimate of virtue. It is a pity thus to mutilate the poem by quotations:

"I deem that virtue but a thing of straw  
That is not self-subsistent, needs the press  
Of sharp-eyed custom, or the point of law  
To teach it honor, justice, gentleness . . .

His soul is but a shadow who does well . . .  
 Not for the love, but for the fear, of God.  
 Him only do I honor in whom right . . .  
 Flows from a God-like habit, whose clear soul . . .  
 In its own strength and beauty is secure,  
 Too proud to lie, too proud to be impure."

"A Re-assurance" is a poem of eight lines that may rightly be called a gem, and crystallizes the poet's attitude towards Nature. It closes thus:

"Fear me not, O little sparrow,  
 Bathe and never fear,  
 For to me both pool and yarrow  
 And thyself are dear."

He believes in a divine spirit of advancement permeating all human existence:

"There is a beauty at the goal of life,  
 A beauty growing since the world began."  
 To forward this movement "on and upward without cease,"  
 we are—  
 "To listen and keep watch till we discern  
 The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all,  
 So to address our spirits to the height,  
 And so attune them to the valiant whole,  
 That the great light be clearer for our light,  
 And the great soul the stronger for our soul:  
 To have done this is to have lived, though fame  
 Remember us with no familiar name."

Perhaps these few passages may go to show how this distinctly Canadian poet has endeavored to rear standards of conduct that any Canadian may adopt proudly, that any aspiring heart may embrace safely, who has the courage to believe that to *really live* means:

"To plant against the passion's dark control . . .  
 The simple standards of the soul."

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Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own. The course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## Around the Hall

[Notes of College Life, by Wm. J. Cameron]

There are echoes around the Hall in these days, and they tell us that the Arts men have come back. Not but what there are echoes heard where the Theological men are in residence, for notwithstanding their staid and learned look, they can be noisy enough. Their numbers, however, are smaller and there is, therefore, less evidence of their existence. Their outgoing means our incoming, and so, once again we return to fair Vancouver.

"I look upon Westminster Hall as my Canadian home," wrote a student to me last summer, and I think we all feel drawn to the College with the same affection. If not, why those thoughts of it when absent, and that looking forward to our return?

With two or three exceptions the students of last year have returned, and as usual there are a few new men. We have had our first meeting of the Students' Council, and all the offices are well filled.

Principal Vance, of Latimer Hall, opened our Literary Society for this session with a most sensible, practical and humorous address on how to make a success of our meeting. His wise advice and pawky remarks were much appreciated. Our Football Club has entered the Church League and is already jubilant over more than one victory. Our Devotional Committee and the S. V. M. are doing their best for the spiritual life of the College. I need not say that those mystic letters S. V. M. mean the Students' Volunteer Missionary Movement, which meets every Saturday morning at 7 o'clock in "the upper room," where a most helpful Bible study has been begun.

We enjoyed that heart-to-heart talk which the Rev. Wm. Scott gave us, when along with Mrs. Scott he paid us a visit. In a most convincing and inspiring way he told us why he had decided to go to Korea. He and Mrs. Scott enrolled as members of our S. V. M. and they both go to Korea as our representatives and with our prayers. May the glory of Westminster Hall ever be that it is a missionary college.

One of our students, Alexander Dustan, has joined the colours. "Alex" is a favourite and we all are proud of him. No matter where he is he will prove himself to be a true soldier, not only of King George, but also of King Jesus.

Our winter term has therefore begun, and during it may the three "g's" be characteristic of all our lives. May grace be exemplified in all of us. In facing and performing our tasks may we show grit and quit ourselves like men. May gumption, or in other words, commonsense, which is so necessary for congenial fellowship and mutual benefit, be part of our mental equipment. So will the winter session of 1914-15 be even better than its predecessors.

## Church Life and Work

### *A Notable Tribute to a Vancouver Minister*

If ever a minister was given reason to be proud, that happened in Vancouver on the last Tuesday of this month of October, when the call from Chalmers Church, Toronto, to Rev. J. W. Woodside, M. A., at present minister of Mount Pleasant congregation, came before the "Presbytery of Westminster," as the Farthest West Court of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is called. Mr. Woodside is the present Moderator of the Presbytery, and after the other business was disposed of, he left the chair that the call might be dealt with.

Genial, hearty, sometimes it may be a little bluff and plain-spoken among his brethren of the Church and kindred work, the Pastor of Mount Pleasant congregation received such a public testimonial from many representatives of his Vancouver charge as has probably seldom been equalled and never surpassed.

The appeals made before the Presbytery might fairly have been reckoned "a second call" to Mr. Woodside by his church. They spoke eloquently for minister and people alike. They revealed that Mr. Woodside had not only entered very fully into the life of his people, but had proved himself an excellent organizer and supervisor of the various departments of church life and work. A deputation of fifteen attended the Presbytery and seven or eight voiced the feelings of the congregation.

Rev. Professor Pidgeon having been requested to present the claim of Chalmers Church, Toronto, suggested that "the tide had turned," and that whereas the West had hitherto been drawing from the ministerial ranks in Eastern Canada, the East was now seeking some of the best men in the West.

Mr. Thompson, the Session Clerk of Mount Pleasant congregation, opened the case for the Vancouver charge, and in urging that Mr. Woodside be retained in his present position, made a strong speech characterised by wit and humour as well as earnest appeal. Mr. Thompson's speech incidentally revealed that the calibre and work of the Mount Pleasant church officials generally must have contributed not a little to the success of the minister and congregation.

Several other gentlemen representing various organizations in the church, also spoke with emphasis and native eloquence. They included "the youngest elder" of the church—who is indeed a young "elder"—and the choirmaster, mention of whose office led one minister to remark that that was the first time he had heard of a choirmaster coming forward to urge that a minister be retained.

The pleas for retention of Mr. Woodside in Vancouver were closed by one speaker from a group of ladies present and her remarks were not less pointed and forceful in their appeal.

Members of Presbytery expressed their sense of appreciation of the compliment paid the Moderator, and of the responsibility involved in dealing with such appeals; but the Court thought it right to leave the decision with Mr. Woodside, who, after due reference to the tribute paid to him by the commissioners from Mount Pleasant congregation, intimated that he felt drawn to accept the call to Toronto.

The action of Chalmers Church congregation was not less complimentary to so comparatively young a minister. Over 800 members and over 200 adherents had signed the call. It is a commonplace to say that Vancouver's loss will be Toronto's gain. All who value work for the great Ideal will hold that with such a service of seven years in the West behind him, and with such opportunity of additional service in Eastern Canada before him, Rev. J. W. Woodside should become more and more a force in the Church and the Dominion.

#### *Westminster Hall Closing Exercises*

The closing exercises of Westminster Hall, Vancouver, for the 1914 Theological Session took place in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday, 29th September. There was a large attendance of the general public. Principal Mackay presided. In addition to the five graduates in Theology mentioned in our last issue, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Professor J. M. Miller, of Robertson College, Edmonton; Rev. Professor Charles G. Paterson, of San Anselmo, now of Winnipeg, and Rev. R. J. Wilson, of St. Andrew's Church, Vancouver; and the degree of Bachelor of Divinity upon Rev. R. Van Munster, M. A., of North Lonsdale, North Vancouver.

Dr. R. J. Wilson addressed the graduates, and Mr. William Scott gave the valedictory address. We hope in this or later issues to give space to each of the addresses or summaries of them, and to notes concerning those upon whom the degree of D. D. was conferred.

#### *A Month of Inductions*

October, 1914, has been a month of inductions. Rev. Mr. Alder was inducted at Aldergrove; Rev. J. Richmond Craig at Central Park; Rev. H. D. Henry at Vancouver Heights; Rev. W. H. Bates to St. Paul's, Vancouver; Rev. Wm. Scott was designated for Korea; Rev. E. S. Logie to Point Grey, Vancouver.

#### *More Calls*

The call from Cedar Cottage to Rev. J. H. Millar, of Agassiz, was passed by the Presbytery of Westminster, and Mr. Millar's congregation is to be cited.

St. Andrew's, North Vancouver, of which Rev. Dr. R. J. Wilson has been moderator, has extended a call to Rev. Mr. Muldrew, of Winnipeg.