

Established 1911

# BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West



Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., April, 1927

No. 6

## THEY SIMPLY WON'T MIX



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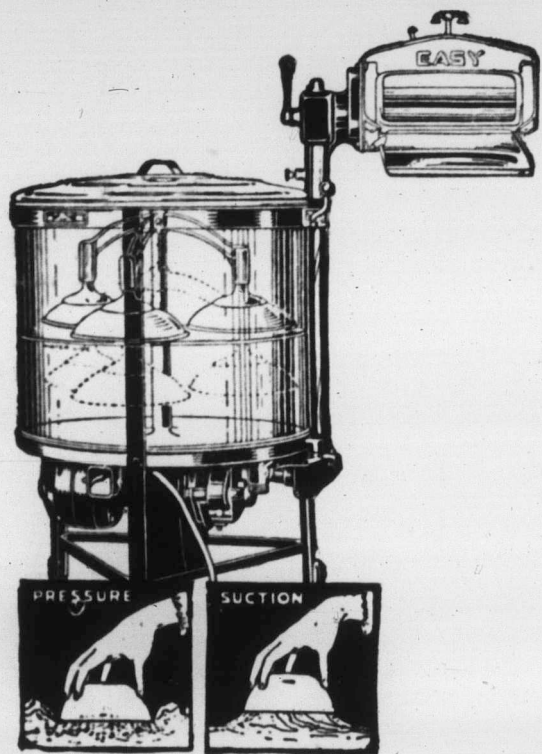
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# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West  
Devoted to COMMUNITY SERVICE FEARLESS FAIR & FREE

The  
Twentieth Century Spectator  
of  
Britain's Farthest West

Volume 26

Vancouver, B. C., April, 1927

No. 6

## A Question For All Canadian Readers and Homes

(By "Canada First")

This contribution by a young Canadian speaks for itself. If the Editor of the British Columbia Monthly could arrange it, he would have this article published in every Canadian periodical and newspaper, and also broadcasted every day from every radio centre in Canada.

As it is, we invite every newspaper, and every radio centre controller receiving a marked magazine containing the article, to co-operate with us in giving publicity

to this much-needed message to Canadians and Canadian homes.

We also suggest that school teachers and clergy emphasize this subject as occasion offers.

Whatever our different ideas of politics and government, we have a common aim in wishing to be good Canadians first, and this Editor believes most Canadians—as Advertisers and Readers—have ONLY TO KNOW THE FACTS, to be ready to give precedence to Canadian magazines and literature.—[Ed. B. C. M.]

Are we to have a National Literature?

What we read undoubtedly has much to do with what, and how, we think. And also, undoubtedly, what the nation reads has much to do with its trend of thought. It is clear, then, that a national literature is essential if we are to have a national spirit; if we are to have a nation united in thought and action; a nation internally prosperous and contented and externally admired and respected.

A national literature would accomplish much in this direction. Canadian literature is particularly and peculiarly our own. It is about our affairs—our trading, our shipping, our commerce. It is a medium through which our statesmen may express their opinions and contentions; a medium of expression for our literary genius; and, last but not least, it is an advertising medium for our Canadian manufacturers to present the merit of their goods. Nation-wide advertising of Canadian goods means added prosperity for Canada, because it will increase the demand for home products. That means better markets for our farmer and fruit grower. Naturally the more raw material there is consumed, the more national development; and national development means more work for Canadian workmen. Now, I feel quite confident that *if the people of Canada could be made to realize how vitally important to Canada's growth a national literature is, it would receive the whole-hearted support of every loyal, right-thinking Canadian citizen.*

But such is not the case. Last year we spent over twelve million dollars on American literature, and less than half a million on our own. With this colossal amount of foreign literature

came four billion pages of American advertising, which naturally created a tremendous demand on the Canadian market for American goods. We spent over one million five hundred thousand dollars on canned goods alone, despite the fact that practically all the canned goods we need are manufactured right here in Canada. Furthermore, our literary geniuses were forced either to go to the States, or at least to send their work to the States to get the proper remuneration for it. Also, reading American magazines, we read about the glory and the greatness of the United States. We were shown the world from Uncle Sam's point of view, instead of our own. What a terrific indictment all this is against our loyalty as citizens of Canada. That twelve million dollars spent on American literature is

### COMPLETELY LOST TO CANADA

But the chief harm of this foreign literature is its propaganda for American goods and American ideals.

But, Mr. Average Citizen counters: Canada has no worth-while magazines, and, he adds, with a self-complacent air, just as soon as they get as good magazines as the United States I will buy them. This seems to be as far as his reasoning goes. Of course, Uncle Sam has better magazines than we have. And why? Simply because they have a much wider circulation. The United States has one hundred and ten million people, against our nine million. Naturally their periodicals have a wider circulation. *In order to place our magazines on the same plane with Uncle Sam's periodicals we must have the support of every loyal Canadian citizen.*

A few courageous publishers are

attempting to build up worth-while periodicals which will perform a real community service. Considering the vast importance to the ultimate progress of Canada of these beginnings of a national literature, we cannot argue too strongly for their support. Whether they live or die, whether we have a national literature or not, depends upon the people of Canada themselves.

The Dominion Government is debating a measure to tax all American periodicals. But this is merely a partial cure. There is only one effective remedy; and that *remedy lies with the Canadian people themselves.* If every Canadian can somehow be made to realize that he or she is an integral part of Canada, and as such has a definite duty towards all things which contribute to Canada's welfare, then we will see the dawn of a new era; an era of development and prosperity, in which Canada will take her rightful place among the nations of the world.

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## Is Russia Preparing for War Against the British Empire?

"Why raise such a question or suggest war?" some B. C. M. readers may ask. Here is our answer: We do not wish by one word to encourage war, but we hold it quite consistent with that attitude not to shut our eyes to facts. Apart from interpretations of Biblical prophecy by any person or School of Thought, the world's "N-E-W-S"-papers in recent months have contained many records and reports which justify our asking the above question. For instance, we have been told through the press that, under some pretext, the present Russian Government recently recalled a certain large supply of gold it had in London; that Russian representatives were buying horses in our adjacent Canadian province of Alberta; that Russian propaganda has been active for years seeking to influence the Chinese against Britain and the British particularly, etc. Then Russian treatment of the Note sent the other month by the Central British Government would itself suggest that the present overseers of the hordes of Russia were only biding their time to attack the British Empire. . . .

At any rate, the editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* believes the world situation is now such that all citizens of the British Empire should be challenged to reflection upon it, and on the possible outcome in the not-distant days.

In reprinting—voluntarily, and on our own initiative—the following article entitled "The Challenge," originally published by Mr. W. P. Goard of Vancouver in the "National Message and Banner," we would simply suggest to readers who may not have heard of such expositions—or who may be inclined to take lightly any suggested connection between "Britain" and "Israel," that: (1) Unless they have already studied the subject, they had better approach it with an open mind; (2) not to be carried into opposition merely by their associations with a label-name. . . . For, sometimes it has happened in human history that the so-called "faddists" and "cranks" of one generation have turned out to be the men of insight and vision of another. And what if it prove so in this case?

Whatever we individually choose to call the people of the British Empire, and whatever we think of the connection, in exposition, of the position of the Empire and of its people today with certain records and prophetic writings in the Old Testament, we had

better be prepared to FACE THE FACTS,—for that, we may be confident, is a course we have each and all to learn in some condition of life, in our present "sphere" or another.

Meantime, Russia's actions and attitude themselves (to say nothing of its treaties, secret or open, with other "Powers") should be enough to make Britons throughout the Empire and the world pause and ponder, and then, if need be, prepare!

### THE CHALLENGE

(Reprinted as noted above.)

We look upon the strike exactly as we look upon the Aldershot manoeuvres; namely, training and testing for the man and the organization.

There was a settled determination to bring on the strike on the first of May. Of this Mr. Cook and others had given abundant warning.

The strike was brought off in the style of a declaration of war, or rather of war without declaration. There was not then, and there is not now, any hope of ultimately bringing the whole nation to its knees. Even the extremist leaders were aware of that fact.

What then was the intention of the General Strike this (last) year? *It was to test the machine and to determine what would be the effect upon Britain for the period the strike lasted.*

This fact, and we are decidedly of the opinion that it is a fact, was probably unsuspected by the rank and file of the workers. But the result is manifest in the paralysing of the movements of Britain during the time of the strike.

We must go further back than that if we are to understand the things in which we find ourselves engaged.

There are two great movements pressing forward toward a final contest for strength. Mark, we are not talking sentimentality or religiosity, but hard mater-of-fact things of statesmanship which are vitally affecting Anglo-Saxondom today, and, in fact, all nations.

The leaders of these movements are the supreme Head of the House of David, whose name is variously called Jeheshua—Joshua—Jesus—Who is the Captain of the Lord's host and the appointed King of Israel, which means in modern parlance the Celto-Saxon world. The other great leader is that personality called "that old red dragon and the devil and Satan," to whose standard have rallied "the kingdoms of this world." The contest is age-

long and is signified among us by the legend of St. George and the Dragon.

Translated into the hard facts of today, Israel-Britain has become an Empire such as has not been in history of the world, and her influence is so rapidly extending as to give promise of world-wide power in the near future.

The dragon has resisted the establishment and spread of the British Empire since its inception, but his efforts have been non-availing. Now he is gathering his forces for the final attack coupled with the final constructive attempt. The constructive attempt will take the following form:

Russia, or rather Moscow, which is at present the seat of the dragon power, is preparing, and will attempt to occupy all the Middle East, from the Dardanelles to the Nile, and from the Mediterranean to the borders of India.

The power that is centred in Moscow realises that that power which establishes itself in the Middle East will be in a position to dominate the world, for this is the heart of the land surface of the globe, and the continents and oceans radiate from it as from a centre.

The attempt which will culminate in this effort will begin about May, 1928. It will be necessary that Anglo-Saxondom shall be prevented from sending adequate forces overseas to prevent that occupation. Therefore the strike weapon is being prepared, and will be put in force to the uttermost to paralyse British movement and render her impotent to obstruct this great design.

Russia is preparing forces beyond counting as the only means of transportation over that mountainous terrain which lies between Russia and Asia-Minor; in fact, it is said she has more than half of the world's horse population gathered in Russia today, and is scouring the world for more. She is building aeroplanes, and buying them, and is depending upon these two factors for the transportation of an army of occupation which, once established in the land of the Middle East, could not easily be dispossessed

(Concluded on Page Sixteen)

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# Could Canada Stand Alone as a Nation?

This question is suggested and justified by a communication received by the editor of the *British Columbia Monthly* from Mr. T. F. Paterson, Vancouver. While we hold that Mr. Paterson is mistaken in certain of his assumptions about this Magazine and its editor, and also that, so far as present world conditions are concerned, Canadian "independence" (of the separation kind implied by him) would involve much bigger problems than Mr. Paterson foresees or indicates, we respect his candour, and shall (as on a former occasion) quote his communication in full. In doing so, however, we think it timely and pertinent to comment on what he says. Mr. Paterson writes:

I have read the February number of your Magazine, and in many ways it is a commendable issue. The burden of the song of many of the writers is the inferior complex of many Canadians displayed in their attitude to things Canadian. "Canadians will not read the works of Canadians authors." Canadian newspapers and publishers "will not take the financial chance to publish them, if Canadians will not read the product of Canadian pens."

It seems at an Authors' Congress in Europe the products of Canadian pens competed in books, were highly praised, but were without honor in their own country. This leads one to ask—"What is wrong with the people of this country anyway?"

I think I can to some extent explain. Your Magazine and many others of its kind keep before Canadians that the Empire is everything and Canada must be subservient to Empire ideals. Imperialism of a nature which has a tendency to dull things Canadian, is your sermon month after month. This has a tendency to make the average Canadian apathetic towards things Canadian. When, in name of high heaven, will you and other editors and writers catering to the Canadian public have the entrails to come out and take a stand for Canadian Independence? Canada, a nation who has cut loose from the apron, strings of Empire. Canada, who proclaims to the world that although she reveres the ancient home of Britain, she has decided to take her place as a distinct nation?

When Canada is prepared to do this—and does it—you and other journals will not have to deplore the lack of an appreciation of things Canadian. You will require no Peter the Hermit to proclaim the greatness of this country. When this day arrives you will see the

greatest awakening among the people of this country that has ever been seen in her history.

Stop advocating imperialism and suppressing things Canadian. Try to awaken this sleeping giant, and help him see the great destiny that lies before him.

To begin with, Mr. Paterson, and any others inclined to think as he does, will do well to give people who may differ from them, credit for having courage equal to his in "coming out and taking a stand for" what they believe to be the better or wiser course. In this, as in other matters, something depends on the interpretation put upon articles and attitudes.


For instance, we do not know on what writings or reasoning Mr. Paterson ventures to say: "Your Magazine and many others of its kind keep before Canadians that the Empire is everything and Canada must be subservient to Empire ideals." We have no thought of "subservience." We think rather of Canada as being an equal partner in a "Commonwealth,"—a Wealth in Common of an inheri-

tance in language, literature, traditions, government development and world service,—an inheritance surely not to be despised, much less sold for "a mess of pottage"?

If Mr. Paterson, or anyone of his school of thought, can show us that Canada would be *advanced* in national life (1) by proclaiming its "independence" of the British Empire or (2) by uniting with the Republic of the United States, we shall be ready to consider his reasons.

What fuller measure of "independence" could Canada have than that she now enjoys as a nation within the British Empire? What if we *as Canadians* need more of a loyalty that *begins at home*?

If, as Mr. Paterson expresses it, "Canada . . . reveres the ancient home of Britain," we do not understand why he should suggest that she "proclaim to the world" her separation from that home. When young people set up house they do not proclaim to the world that they cease to have connection with the home of their



INCORPORATED 27<sup>th</sup> MAY 1870.

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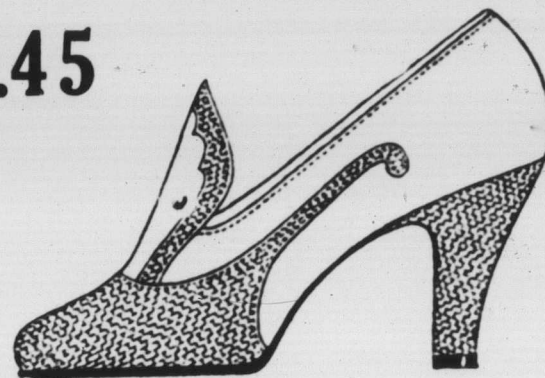
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parents; nor do new home responsibilities sever the ties of kinship.

Under present conditions of the world, and of Canada itself, for this Dominion as a "nation" to get boisterous about asserting its "independence" of our British Homeland and other related Dominions would, in our opinion, be a serious mistake.

Were it possible—perhaps the best thing that could happen experimentally to some advocates of total "independence" would be that their desire were granted for a time. . . . In all probability they would soon learn that, whatever then happened to the Central Homelands, so far as outlying units of the Commonwealth were concerned it would be a case of "United we stand;

divided we fall"—or become more or less subject to the influence, if not coercion of one or other of their more powerful neighbours. . . .

Writing as a Briton (of the British Empire) and, by choice, a Western Canadian, who has had twenty years' experience in Canada, this editor,—who has sometimes seemed too "Pro-

Canada" to his kin in the Old Land,—now feels that he has good reason to suggest to Mr. Paterson that what our Canada needs particularly is (1) strong and clean government (irrespective of party names) in the Provinces and Dominion; and (2) men with courage enough to face changing conditions here and to see that the enterprising "cousins" who are nearer

than the British Homelands, do not, by dumping untaxed goods (including carloads of printed matter) into Canada,—by processes of peaceful penetration, and by exploitation of Canadian natural resources, keep Canada "subservient" in a way that no Government, "Imperial" or national, among those of the British Commonwealth of Nations can or would attempt to do.

If it be, as many people believe and present world conditions in some measure indicate, that enemies of the British Empire are increasing and collaborating, *outside the Empire*, then there is all the more need for loyal citizens *within* its boundaries to close their ranks and consolidate their interests.

## PAUL BUNYAN

(By A. M. Stephen, Vancouver, B. C.)

Oh, there are rhymes that seamen spin  
For those who sit at home  
While they, o'er heaving tides of fate  
Cleave through the racing foam;  
And there are tales of stricken fields  
Where the white moonbeams gleam  
On tangled wreckage of brave men  
Who perished for a dream;  
But few there be who know the song  
That murmurs in the breeze  
Where, sombre-green, the forest slopes  
Toward the Western seas!  
Oh, they were mighty men who lived  
When earth was fair and young!  
More husky they than Grecian kings  
Of whom the bards have sung.  
And one there was who topped them all,  
A sun among their stars,  
Whose voice was like the wolf-wind's howl  
Above the river-bars.  
A rock-ribbed pine whose brawny arms  
Are stronger than the storm  
Is but a shadow of the strength  
That lurked within his form.  
The Cornish giants who adorned  
For us the pictured page  
Were pygmies who like leaves would fly  
Before this hero's rage.  
Paul Bunyan was this doughty wight,  
The King of Lumber Jacks.  
The western world is but the shade  
That followed in his tracks.  
Is there a snow-capped hill that rests  
Its head upon blue air  
Beside the ocean of the West?  
Paul Bunyan placed it there.  
Is there a shouting, burly stream  
That rumbles to the sea?  
Paul Bunyan scooped its channel out  
And set the waters free.  
Is there a green-eyed lake that dreams  
In drunken ecstasy?  
Our hero put the same to bed  
In lonely majesty.

Is there, somewhere beneath the sky,  
A deed no hand can do?  
Go, whistle up this Mighty Man—  
Go, call his Ox of Blue!

Or, if you love to stalk a dream  
O'er hills of memory  
And hear the echoes of the years  
Sound faintly from the sea,

Or, if you are the roving breed  
That hits the lonely trail  
Thro' mountain passes stark and dim,  
Where eerie night winds wail,

Then, where that catamount, the moon,  
Glares wildly o'er the rocks,  
Along with you two ghosts will roam—  
Paul Bunyan and his ox.

Dundarave,  
West Vancouver, B. C.

NOTE: Paul Bunyan is a familiar myth, well-established throughout the logging camps of the Coast. In their songs, which are truly folk-songs native to our soil, they impute the most fantastical deeds of prowess to their hero. Scooping out the channel for the Columbia River, building a tower so high that its upper stories had to be attached by hinges in order to let the stars pass by, are samples of the whimsical nature of the Paul Bunyan who is the legendary King of Lumber Jacks.—A. M. S.

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# Community Life and Work

... "I have lived in this city for some years: I have lived in this city when it was a great deal poorer, and when there was the seriousness of war, and when the interests of our fellow citizens and our brothers were threatened and their lives imperilled; I have seen people meet just like this: on the moment, on the nonce, without much advertisement and come shoulder to shoulder to do all they could for those who were risking their lives for the Empire. I have watched with pride as the city took development, in a haphazard way if you like, with people congregating from everywhere, and suddenly coming together with little or no associations such as old communities have;—I have watched and rejoiced over it, to see that with all the desire for gain, with all their ambition for wealth and prosperity their hearts were warm—their hearts were not only warm, but on occasion their purses were open. This is no mean city to live in. . . ."

THAT QUOTATION is from the address given by the late Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper on the occasion of the Memorial Meeting in Vancouver in connection with the "Titanic" disaster—(verbatim report by D. A. Chalmers published in this Magazine, April, 1912.)

\* \* \* \*

THE PASSING OF SIR CHARLES takes from Vancouver Community an outstanding Canadian. A strong personality, his addresses on political and other questions were characterized by independent thought and a playful humour. He will be remembered by many citizens in various walks of life as a genuinely genial gentleman.

We welcome the timely tribute of the Wayside Philosopher, published in this issue.

\* \* \* \*

VANCOUVER CITY IS RICH IN ORGANIZATIONS which arrange for lectures and addresses on questions of social and intellectual interest. So much so that a commentator might find work enough in attending the various functions and making notes thereof.

\* \* \* \*

THE BOARD OF TRADE through its Bureaux, is a leader in this line of social service. Its addresses are usually given in the lunch hour, and so it is inevitable that, like luncheons of the Canadian Club, meetings often clash with those of one or more of the "Service Clubs." Again and again citizens interested in Community development must choose to attend one of two or more equally attractive meetings, held at the same hour.

In the evenings there is often no less an embarrassment of riches. The Vancouver Institute has had a programme more than commendable for its weekly meetings, and Vancouver Scottish Society—devoted to literary, musical and social interests—has provided equally notable entertaining and instructive evenings twice a month in what may now be called the auditorium of Glencoe Lodge. The suggestion made in this Magazine that a door be placed at the rear of the "hall" was carried out and has certainly improved hearing conditions.

\* \* \* \*

THE OUTLINE OF REASONS in favour of "Burrard Bridge head site" for a Civic Centre as given before the Civic Bureau of the Board of Trade by Mr. Smith, Chairman of the Special Advisory Committee, was certainly such as to constitute a strong case for that location.

\* \* \* \*

STOP SHAKING HANDS! Professor W. H. Hill was one of the most fluent lecturers at Vancouver Institute. Following his masterly treatment of his subject—"Does Poor Health Cause Disease?" questions were invited.

On being asked if the social habit of handshaking was detrimental to the health of a community, Dr. Hill assumed (though incorrectly) that the questioner had heard of an experiment made in that connection at the University. Evidently it was fully demonstrated there that the habit of handshaking could be a sure method of transmitting "disease."

By the way, in these days when there are so many alleged "cures" for the "common cold," it was noteworthy to get Professor Hill's opinion that a fortune awaited the person who discovered a really effective remedy or preventive for this common yet mysterious affliction, of which statistics prove there are on an average two and a half per year per head of Canadian population.

\* \* \* \*

"STELLAR EVOLUTION," by Professor D. Buchanan, was another of the more outstanding lectures of the Institute this season. To the reflective mind Astronomy is one of the most fascinating of subjects.

If we heard him aright, it was Professor Buchanan who mentioned the estimate of "three hundred thousand light years," as a recent one, of the extent of the known "starry universe." Since his lecture we have seen references to "millions" of light years. But so far as human imagination can go,

this is a case in which we need not be finical! Perhaps in other "spheres" we may yet learn of measurements by other methods than "light years;" but we can be confident that increased knowledge will not lessen our sense of wonder and awe at the immensity of the Universe.

\* \* \* \*

Knowledge of even the elements of astronomy should keep any sane soul from talking, much less upholding, Atheism. "Had there been naught, naught still had been; Eternal there must be."

\* \* \* \*

ANOTHER OF THE INSTITUTE LECTURES worthy of note was that by Capt. A. J. B. Mellish, who followed an historical outline of what led to the Boer war by stories of not a few of his own personal experiences and reminiscences. Captain Mellish's address could not fail to be of interest to those who remember the Boer War, and it was the more commendable in that he had, on short notice, substituted for another.

\* \* \* \*

THE SUBJECT OF "THE NEW GERMANY" was the topic ably expounded by Mr. Howard S. Coulter, another Vancouver barrister. As a Toronto University man, Mr. Coulter had specialized in "Modern Languages," and that had led to an educational experience in Germany twenty years ago. His preliminary review of conditions as he and others found them then (in 1907) was scarcely less arresting than his references to the war—and after. In closing he referred in a fine-spirited way to the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, and said, in effect, "Let us exercise British fairplay and believe that Germany's representative meant what he said on that occasion."

Without wishing to doubt the words or good faith of Stressemann and others, however, it may be permissible to ask what truth is in the assertion that Germany has a secret treaty with Russia; and also how far (irrespective of treaties) Germany may be engaged, independently, or in collaboration with Russia, in producing war weapons, gaseous or other, out of proportion to defensive requirements?

\* \* \* \*

AND STILL THEY SAY "POOR SCOTLAND!" was a thought that would readily arise in any reflective mind after hearing such a lecture as Librarian Hosie of Victoria gave before Vancouver Scottish Society. For a country of its size, Scotland is rich



indeed in ancient ecclesiastical and baronial buildings.

Though one of the least exacting forms of a lecture—that abundantly illustrated by lantern slides—Mr. Hosie's pertinent notes and parenthetical comments provided an evening instructive as well as entertaining to all concerned in British history in relation to the northern portion of the Island of Great Britain.

\* \* \* \*

AMONG OTHERS WHO CONTRIBUTED to the season's programme of the Scottish Society were: Professor Henderson, — on Carlyle; Secretary W. G. C. Stevenson, another Vancouver lawyer, Scottish born, on "Some Scottish Lawyers in Fiction;" Professor Porter on Sir Archibald Geikie, Geologist, etc. Dr. Patterson and Mrs. Jean Houston were responsible for a musical evening which was voted one of the best; and Mrs. Bingham, a graduate of Glasgow University, and a comparative newcomer to the West—but one who has readily undertaken a share in its unrivalled opportunities for usefulness, gave a lecture, aptly illustrated by song and story, on the social life of the eighteenth century.

\* \* \* \*

While not attempting anything like a complete review of these social and literary evenings, we should add that one of the most remarkable lectures was that given by a Vancouver business man, Mr. James Inglis Reid. Scottish history has evidently been one of Mr. Reid's hobbies. At any rate, so full of his subject was he, that he could trust himself—and thoroughly justify the trust—to review his subject adequately without recourse to notes. According to Mr. Reid, Bruce, Knox and Burns were the three men who were the most outstanding "Makers of Scotland," and if we remember aright he was disposed to hold that the greatest of these was Knox. At the same time Mr. Reid emphasized that the work of each of these great nation-builders had been inter-dependent.

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MR. W. R. DUNLOP, it should be recorded, after having in recent years proved himself a noteworthy lecturer, has been almost a professional chairman during the past season—as he has continued to act in that capacity for each of the Vancouver Institute and the Scottish Society of Vancouver herein referred to.

One of the most pleasant of the Scottish Society evenings was that of Mr. Dunlop's lecture on "Impressions of the Homeland" (revisited)—of which an article was afterwards pub-

lished in this Magazine. Mr. Dunlop also lectured at the Institute.

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IN HONOURING BRITISH COLUMBIA WRITERS who had recently published books of one kind or another, the B. C. Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association held what proved to be one of the happiest meetings in its history.

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As we have had occasion to remark before, retiring Chairman Percy Gomery, who, in his own quaintly humorous way would probably claim that he is never *retiring*, makes a mirth-provoking presiding officer at any function. On this occasion he was surrounded—being a banker, he needs no "supporting"—by a galaxy of local literary talent. Perhaps we should say a constellation instead of galaxy, as that group of "fixed stars" were not necessarily confined to "the Milky Way." In any case, they vied in outshining each other that evening, in story telling in which wit and humour enhanced personal and historical surveys.

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The genial Hopkins Moorhouse, author of "Deep Furrows," etc., (until recently of Winnipeg) led off, and in unhurried order there followed: Isabel E. MacKay; Robie L. Reid; Bruce McKelvie; A. M. Stephen; and Alice M. Winlow. Others heard more briefly at that memorable meeting included Captain Pybus, Mr. Bernard McEvoy, Mr. Herbert Beeman, and Mrs. Stevens, New Westminster, who, in a clever speech, passed on an original idea to the writers present as to how they might ensure affluence to their posterity—by properly marking various cast-off articles of their wardrobes so that the "collectors" of other generations would not lack souvenirs! Mrs. W. A. Clark, representing Vancouver Women's Canadian Club, also contributed a neat little speech.

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THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE B. C. BRANCH of the Authors' Association is a somewhat onerous office, even if the new incumbent has not, like Mr. Gomery, in 1926, to face a Convention at Vancouver of the Dominion Association.

But for a personal disability on her part, which only increases the sympathetic regard of all literary workers acquainted with Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton, the author of "The Silent Zone," etc., she would no doubt have been given precedence of all eligible for the office. The retiring Secretary, Mrs. Winlow, also, not only did good work for the Organization during the past Convention year, but has given prom-

ise—and proof—that she is likely to rank in no secondary place among prose and poetry writers of the Canadian West. Her election to the Vice-Chairmanship is therefore a timely recognition of her service.

With Mr. Stephen Golder back in the office of Secretary (plus the office of Treasurer this time, formerly held by Mr. Beeman) Mr. Herbert Beeman, the new Chairman, has experienced associates, who, with the other members of the Executive, will enable him to carry on effectively.

\* \* \* \*

MR. BEEMAN'S WEIGHTY OFFICIAL DUTIES in connection with the Board of Trade and his other dramatic and literary interests, make the more noteworthy his undertaking of this responsible chairmanship. Insofar as the honour is a recognition of his different and varied type of literary work, those acquainted with such lines of his as the clever ones "Via Vancouver" will be pleased to see a man who can versify the practical affairs of life, and do his bit in other directions, given an opportunity to express his preferences and personality in this prominent position.

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THE HONOURABLE MR. JUSTICE MURPHY, as has before been observed in this Magazine, is one of Canada's leading orators, and all who heard his recent addresses before Vancouver Canadian Club on the history of British Columbia will be pleased that wider knowledge of them is assured through publication in the weekend editions of the *Province* newspaper. Such an outline of history, however, is worthy of preservation not only as newspaper or magazine articles, but in book form.

\* \* \* \*

ANOTHER HISTORIAN OF NOTE who gives evidence of being full of his subject is Dr. R. G. MacBeth. It is commendable and gratifying to find the Canadian Club and other local organizations alive to the weight and worth of such workers as Mr. Justice Murphy and Dr. MacBeth while these gentlemen are among us and in their prime.

By inclination and opportunity Dr. MacBeth is an outstanding historical authority on Canadian history, and particularly that of the Canadian West. In a recent review before Vancouver Kiwanis Club he touched upon the misrepresentation given in "movies" of the methods that were followed by men such as those of the Royal North West Mounted Police. Unlike the staged types, these practical heroes of other days did not rush in with gun



in hand. In short, though Dr. MacBeth did not so phrase it, they rather acted in the best and most common attitude of the British race when trouble is abroad or strife is threatened—they did not assume the *aggressive*; but when attacked, they were not slow in defensive action or hurried in closing a combat until the end brought recognition of law and order.

In this connection Dr. MacBeth tells one story (of many) from the official records of the Mounted Police, the details of which, as recorded in outline, are not only picturesquely amusing, but, if re-enacted for modern "movie-dom," would rival the best staged of the so-called "Wild and Woolly West" dramas and have the merit of being historically true.

The writer of "The Romance of Western Canada" and various other narratives of note concluded an inspiring peroration with an appropriate quotation from "The Red River Voyageur," by Whittier:

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching,  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace!

\* \* \* \*

DR. JAMES CARRUTHERS OF POINT GREY (his D.D. honour came from Eastern Canada), is a Canadian pioneer in more fields than one. Though he did not graduate in Medicine before entering Theology, we have gathered that he took practically the full course of medical training, and in addition to his many years of service as a minister in the East and in British Columbia,—and latterly as Elocution teacher at the Presbyterian College, Westminster Hall, Vancouver,—he did notable work in connection with the establishment of hospitals in Eastern Canada. At that time he had indeed so endeared himself to the people of Eastern Canada that last year he had the unique honour, after many years, of being "sent for" to come East (all expenses paid) that he might be present

at a memorial celebration concerning his own pioneer hospital work. Perhaps it was also exceptional—and no small compliment to him—that he was in demand by people of both sections of the Presbyterian Church,—the uniting and non-uniting.

\* \* \* \*

Personally unassuming, Dr. Carruthers is at once among the most likable and entertaining of men. Dr. John A. Logan, another Veteran of Charm, and one or two other college classmates were present at the Ministerial meeting, and Dr. Logan, in introducing Dr. Carruthers, testified that he had been one of the most popular of men in those far-away student days, and also a master story teller.

As might be expected, the address of Dr. Carruthers to his brethren in the Ministry was brightened by his characteristic humour, as he reviewed varied experiences of the past fifty years. All who know something of the wealth of that experience and the warm geniality and attractiveness of Dr. Carruthers' personality, will share our hope that he will now find time to write at least a few reminiscent articles for publication in the *British Columbia Monthly*.

## Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K. C., K. C. M. G.

(By the Wayside Philosopher)

The warrior, hero of a hundred combats, sinks to his last rest; the loving husband slips from the affectionate embrace of his life-partner; the revered father and intimate companion bids a loving farewell to the children who were so much to him,—Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C.M.G., Lawyer, Statesman, Orator, Debater, Outstanding Canadian, is dead.

A personality so distinctive; a life so active, purposeful, and highly useful; achievements so great as to give a lustre all his own to the son of one whose greatness might have swallowed up the glory of a lesser life; a public career whose rugged honesty, sincerity of purpose and high appreciation of proper constitutional ideals, rendered it valuable to his own age and leaves it an inspiration to others; a citizenship earmarked by much of what was highest and best; all these are characteristics of Sir Hibbert that might well and profitably be appraised.

It is not our intent to dwell on that public life, whose achievements are so widely known, except to point out the splendour of his merit, as an active political spirit, in being worthy the stirring encomium of a strong political opponent, that he was "above all things honest." Those who are tempted to disparage our political life and consider it so unwholesome and impure will be thankful for one life, at least, of sterling integrity. We, also, would pay tribute to that true dignity which appraised office not for its adventitious circumstances of position, social distinction, etc., but for the privilege it bestowed of seeking to represent truly the worth, the dignity, the honour, of the British Crown. To discharge that function—the aim; the knowledge that one's best had been given—the highest reward.

To speak of his services to the community in which

he lived and for whose welfare he was much concerned were idle, so well known and appreciated are his virtues as a citizen.

One phase of his character—and a fine one—has been largely overlooked in the praises bestowed and tributes deservedly paid this great Canadian. That phase is the kindly courtesy and generous sympathy he always extended to the young man who found himself handicapped by circumstances. Let us illustrate.

Some years ago, we are informed, a young man, reared in the East with political ambitions, came West, having had to sacrifice all hopes of a political career. Speaking to Sir Charles, then a Dominion Member, he expressed his regret at the turn of affairs which left him ambitionless, and, in particular, his disappointment that he was then unable to get hold of Hansard, a favourite study of his. Sir Charles had listened attentively to the story told him. At once he offered the young man the full use of his private library at home in which "there will not only be Hansard, but, perhaps, other interesting literature, to the freest use of which you are most welcome." When one recalls the amplitude of that library and the delight Sir Charles took in it, one can appreciate best the generosity of the offer to one whose only claim on Sir Charles was an interest in that life in which Sir Charles then moved.

Great in action and achievement the life now ended, but the most appealing to us is the greatness that showed itself in unflinching courtesy to the humblest and a sincere sympathy with those less fortunate than himself, a sympathy expressed in an unostentatious benevolence equally great.

Many and sincere have been the tributes paid Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper in the varying characteristics and



activities of his outstanding career, but the greatest tribute of all will be the lives of those young Canadians who, thrilled by his idealism as a public servant, will give to their country lives truly appreciative of the greatness, honour, and responsibility of representing in any capacity the British Crown and, like their proto-type, "above all, honest."

An able leader, a sincere friend, a true patriot, an esteemed citizen, an invaluable example of what a man should be as member of a community and head of a home therein, we leave him to his rest knowing that He, whose sleepless eye sees and infinite Love approves all deeds of service "done in the flesh," will reward His servant who hath now "fallen asleep."

## "My Garden Dreams"

Graphic Publishers, Ottawa. By Ernest P. Fewster. Price \$2.00.

(Reviewed by D. L. Ross, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan)

That a Garden Book should be bound in a delightful shade of green might be expected, but the marginal illustrations of flowers on every page (by E. W. Harrold) constitute a delightful surprise. The format of the book has, in fact, been altered to accommodate them; it is wider, but on a library shelf it stands agreeably at the height of its neighbors. Cover and jacket were designed by Alan B. Beddoe.

One wonders if this really delightful book were long in the making; it has such a charming—and rare—air of unhurried ease, just as a book of essays on flowers should have. Someone said not long ago—during Book Week, I think it was—that when Canada produced more essays, we should feel that her literature had advanced a further step. Several Canadian essay-books have been published this season, all excellent; but "My Garden Dreams" is probably the most original.

Not content with delineating for us the charms of his garden, making it so real, in fact, that with snow piled deeply about us, we still catch whiffs of delicious perfume from these far-away flowers, Dr. Fewster has embodied the spirits that may dwell in lovely blossoms, and let them tell us their delightful histories. It is whimsical, but it is charming. And then the author slips almost unnoticed into the sober realities of life and tells of his neighbor's dog; or of what to plant in some favorite shady nook. This diversity of style serves only to enhance the elusive charm of the book.

It is entertaining from cover to cover, an eminently "quotable" sort of book, one that it would be sheer joy to read aloud. Let us sample it at our leisure. Do you wish some practical advice on early spring blossoms? Here is a bit about snowdrops:

"Snowdrops dislike moving. They love their old home. Put them in a light soil with good drainage, with plenty of leaves scattered over them in the winter for leaf mould, and they will greet you, year after year, when you least look for them."

This is practical enough, but see what follows:

"They are the surprise flowers of the garden, for they rarely say 'We are coming' as so many flowers do, but 'Good Morning, you see we are here' . . . . Only two things you must not try to do with them. They will not be forced, nor will their bulbs live very long out of the ground. . . . You may punch holes in your lawn and drop the bulbs in them, or far better, plant them in clumps in your woods or among the shrubs of your garden and be certain of their blooming. They are contented flowers."

Among the most attractive passages to my mind are those describing rain, or dew, or starlight in a garden:

"There was a heavy dew in my garden this morning and every plant had a sheen upon it like faint gossamer. The Nasturtiums wore pearls of it on their leaves and tiny globes dotted their petals. But my Lady Rose . . . is a disdainful beauty and dislikes a wet gown! . . . ."

I should like to quote more of that passage, but here is one about rain:

"This morning it was raining. . . . all my little Pansies had their faces washed, and they look like a group of children at a party."

How delightfully this recalls that wonderful pansy garden in San Diego with its myriad lovely flower-faces, a very large party, indeed, one would say!

Real children enter the garden story, too:—

"Children make chains from all sorts of flowers—Clovers, Dandelions, Bennets—and they fill their dimpled hands with Buttercups, Primroses and Violets; but for very little children nothing can equal a Daisy chain around their necks, nor a posy of Daisies for the hot chubby fingers to clasp."

The chapter on lilies contains this sentence about the stars:

"My garden under the stars is not the same garden it is under the sun. . . . There come sweet spirits to my garden at night. . . ."

But this chapter in its turn is eclipsed by that which describes "My Canterbury Bells." There is a fine bit of philosophy here about the first garden and its two gardeners. "The fact

is," says the author, "that because of their tainted vision, Eden had ceased to exist for them."

The things Dr. Fewster can relate about the real names of plants, their meanings and origins, add a good deal to the interest of the book. But some people who have been miscalling a number of the flowers all their lives are going to get a tremendous shock. Let us hope it leads them to mend the error of their ways! Dr. Fewster suggests a remedy, "I am not advocating a special course in botany or flower-nomenclature, but I think that the average man and woman should have what one may call a general working knowledge of their surroundings, which would naturally include flowers. . . ."

Our children are all educated to be teachers, and poor teachers at that, and not to be men and women with a commonsense knowledge of the world. Fifty years ago practically all the country folks and a large percentage of city people knew not only the wild and garden flowers by name, but most of the birds as well. They had few schools then."

You will have seen that the essays are many-sided; that may be because they reflect several sides of the personality of their creator; a great deal of the time the poet speaks, sometimes the amateur gardener, occasionally the physician, often the scholar, more than once the keen critic of modern civilization.

But it is as the raconteur that this essayist excels, and strange to say the terms in this instance are not in the least contradictory. The stories seem to tell themselves! Stories of knights of old, armour-clad, leaving for the Wars, the father saying farewell to his loved ones, taking a sprig of Wallflower from the wee fat fist of the baby daughter he was never to see again; stories of the shepherd kings known to the Chaldean Crocus of old; stories of the lover, and the fat friar, who gave him a spray of Wild Aster as a token from his Lady Fair; stories of the little children of Babylon who plucked Tulip blossoms by the shores of the Euphrates. But I must leave some of the stories for the reader to discover!

There is only one fault about Dr. Fewster's altogether lovable book; that is, most of us will find our gardens disappointing after reading of his, for after all, very few of us can dwell in a climate as salutary for flowers as that of British Columbia.



# Dr. Fewster's Recital Notable Event

(By Kate Eastman)

It was a memorable evening, March 5, 1927. Dr. Ernest Fewster read his poems in public for the first time; he was supported by Dr. Bliss Carman as chairman; a vote of thanks was moved by Dr. Lorne Pierce and seconded by Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts. It was unique. A new poet of power and distinction, our Canadian poet-laureate, the literary editor of the Ryerson Press, and the dean of Canadian letters formed a group never to be forgotten. Another interesting feature was the reading of a letter of appreciation from the poetess, Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton. Other writers present were Mr. Bromley Coleman, Mr. A. M. Stephen, Mrs. Alice Winlow, Mr. A. M. Pound, Mr. Robie Reid, Judge Howay, and others who have not had books published as yet.

To return to the speaker of the evening. The audience which packed the old Theosophical Hall had long been familiar with the physician and the President of the Vancouver Poetry Society, but the sudden appearance of the poet was like one known and loved as a laborer of earth donning his princely robes for the first time. They had been worn at home for years but few knew of them. The Poetry Society had persuaded Dr. Fewster to give a reading in answer to the demand of those who had read "My Garden Dreams." These intimate garden sketches seem to have captivated all sorts of readers, and no wonder.

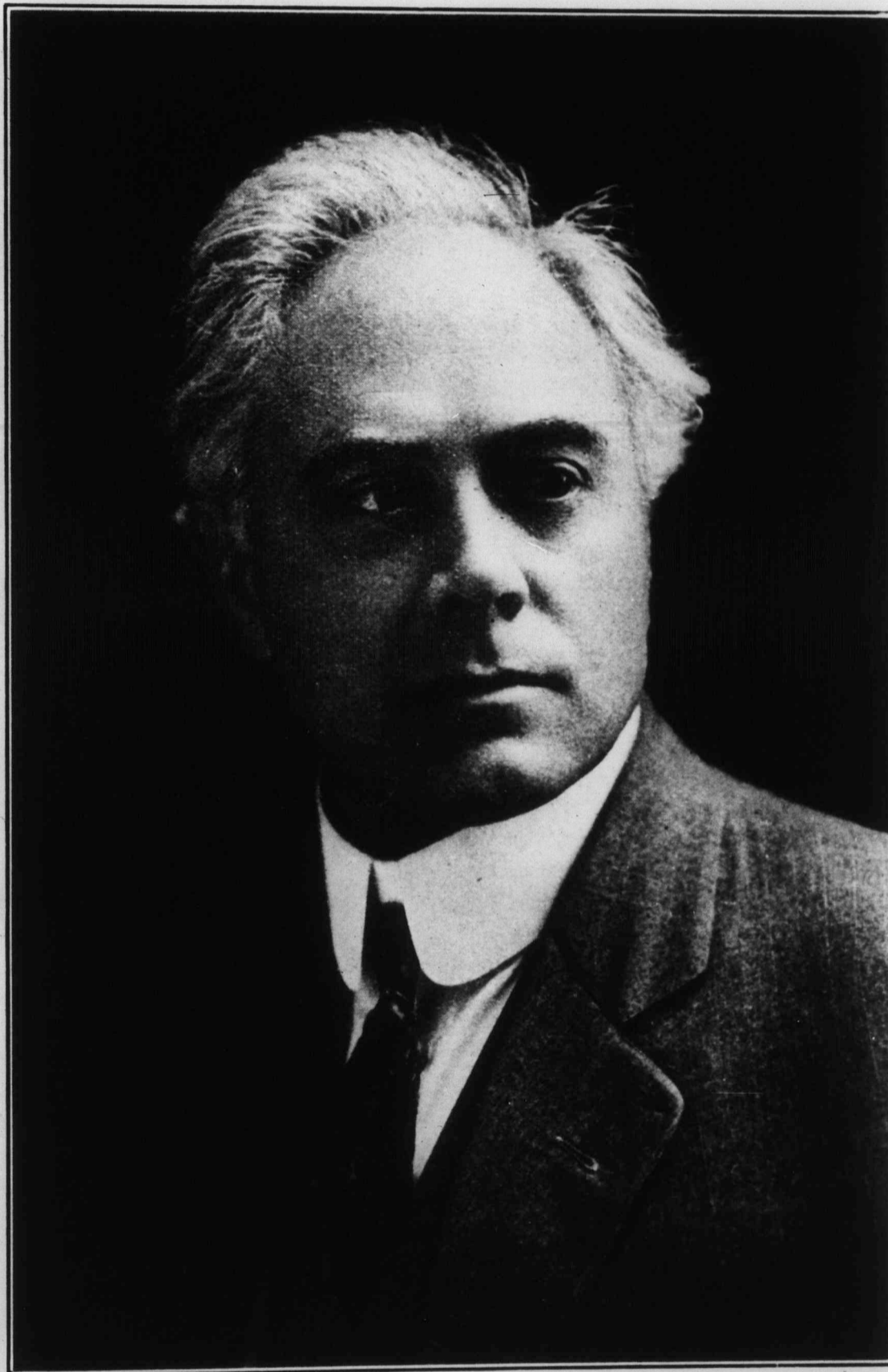
Now the poems! How we thrill to the lure of the British Columbia trails as we hear:

"There bursts in sudden glory  
The Dogwood's white desire."

Then there is The Flowering Currant

"The crimson fire of the glade's deep heart"

and The Pearly Everlasting  
"Mid the fireweed's ragged pillars  
And the bracken's brown distress  
Like broken pools of moonlight  
Flutters your pearl grey dress."  
The birds, too, are remembered:



DR. ERNEST FEWSTER

## THE MOUNTAIN BLUEBIRD

"The alder leaps to a sapphire bloom.  
The trembling cedar spray  
Sees an azure-flash in its ancient gloom,  
A touch of the sky and away."

Nor does this lover of flowers confine himself to the flowers of the woods. There are the city fancies.

## DANDELIONS

"In may the world is green and gold  
And where the houses stand  
Are little golden paths that lead  
Right into fairyland,  
Which lies not far from Granville Street.

And little feet may run  
Along the paths to fairy-land  
As happy as the sun."

These poems of delicate conception are followed by more rugged ones.

## THE WOLF WIND

"The wind-wolves bay to the shrouded moon  
As the dark night gathers in,  
The grey wolf cries, the black replies  
Ere the dreadful hunt begin.

\* \* \*

So the wolf-storm springs from its cloudy lair,  
Its fierce wild packs go free  
To ravage and tear the shrieking woods  
And worry the startled sea."

We pass on to the love poems. These retain the qualities of the nature poems, power and delicacy. The most striking was called The Chalice, a profound portrayal of the gradual spiritualization of the love relation. Space will not permit of a presentation of the thought development, but a few lines will show the unusual cadence:

"With madness he seeketh thy soul,

He drinks of thy life and returneth  
As a moth to the light that burneth,  
As drouth to the rain that saveth."

A poem of a less analytic character and of simpler beauty is "My Comrade."

"With you beside me then the morning breaks  
Calmer than angel faces wrapt in prayer



And all the low sweet dawn is like your soul  
 Filled with fine fragrance and divinely fair."  
 The tributes of Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts were significant. building of "a tabernacle not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It was a remarkable experience to sense this mystic rite of welcome into the brotherhood of great poetry. Of not those dear links of human comradeship found through poetry also be no doubt. One was aware of the immortal!

## Verse by Canadian Writers

**POETRY CONTEST:** Following are the latest entries in the Poetry Contest—the result of which will be published in our next issue.

### THE SONG OF OUR SONS 1916

(By Clara Hopper, Vancouver, B. C.)

As o'er the darkling deep we go,  
 To rid the world of war and woe,  
 We glimpse, in the glint of sun or snow,  
 The land of the golden west:  
 We love our land of lenity,  
 Where every soul that sings is free  
 As the bird that dips in the dimpling sea  
 That laves the land of the west.

We dream of the oppressor shorn:  
 New truth shall of old ruth be born,  
 And shine as the orb that greets the morn  
 In the golden land of the west;  
 We crave a land of lenity,  
 Where every soul that soars is free  
 As the zephyrs light that so tenderly  
 Caress the land of the west.

And should wild roses hide us deep  
 Neath crimson flood in a long, long sleep,  
 We'll dream while they sweet vigil keep,  
 And lull us soft to our rest;  
 And as a fragrant memory  
 Our breath with theirs shall mingled be,  
 But our deeds as the pibroch's melody  
 Shall stir the soul of the west!

### DOVES OF THE ANGEL OF BIRTH

(By Bertha Lewis, Vancouver, B. C.)

Doves of mine, 'tis time for dreaming,  
 You've known my love, all heavenly seeming,  
 Learned the song of Cherubim,  
 Fed on brilliant rays  
 Sent by the Elohim,  
 Makers of worlds and days;  
 You are nourished and free to go—  
 Fly little doves, doves of snow.

Doves of mine, go out, go out;  
 Wing through the gorge of cloud and flame;  
 Yield not to fear or doubt  
 Remembering my name.  
 Wing the mountain heights, my doves,  
 In quest of the Holy Grail.  
 When you have known man's loves  
 And strifes, weathered the hail,  
 You will come back to me and rest,  
 Heal your wings in silver light,  
 Know that you have passed the test,  
 Know there is no night.

Doves of mine, how do I know  
 The pathway you have winnowed clear?  
 A silver star swings low,  
 The light winds know not fear,  
 They touch my brow, and say,  
 "A little child was born to-day."

### THE WANDERER

(By Kate Colquhoun, Vancouver, B. C.)

He'll never toddle more down shining sands,  
 To seek for treasures of his heart's delight,  
 Or try to guide big boats with little hands,  
 Or wake the house by singing in the night.

The shaggy dog he dearly loved to tend,  
 Has mourned since dawn upon the silent stair,  
 Or paces restlessly from end to end  
 Of the lone house, nor finds him anywhere.

O! baby feet that loved so to be free,  
 You wander far upon the star-lit ways,  
 You have the vastness of eternity,  
 And I the memory of our yesterdays.

### ON ONE SEPTEMBER EVE

(By Ethel Seymour, Victoria, B. C.)

Upon the Strait of Juan de Fuca lies  
 The magic beauty of the changing hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

There, in the West, the golden sun is sinking,  
 Concealed by clouds of dark, forbidding grey,  
 Afloat on burnished orange and on rose.  
 Here, in the East, a Primrose moon at full  
 Through evening's gossamer is part revealed,  
 Part veiled by haze of softest blue and pink:  
 And, spanning all between, from East to West  
 Stretches of bluish-grey for land and sky—  
 Long lines of deeper blue for nearer hills;  
 Long wash of palest yellow for the Sea;  
 Long stretch of bluer mountains through the South;  
 Long banks of billowing clouds, gray-cold, above them;  
 And higher yet the palest ashen sky  
 With crimson scattered in the Western arch;  
 While, slowly, in the East the ascending moon  
 Changes her pallid garb for shining gold,  
 And radiant, rises in the cloudless sky,  
 A perfect moon, on this September eve.

### A SONG OF SPRING

(By Mary H. Rathom, Victoria, B. C.)

There's a song in my heart! All the woodlands are  
 calling;  
 And Nature has donned her new kirtle of green;  
 O, Spring-time has come! and a spirit enthralling  
 Rekindles the longing for days that have been.



There's a song in my heart! and the meadows are ringing  
With praises impassioned from daylight till dark:  
In sylvan seclusion the robins are singing;  
And I hear once again that blithe minstrel, the lark.

There's a song in my heart! Sweet as dew-laden roses,  
Steals over my soul consolation divine:  
While deep in the dell, their dim perfume discloses  
The presence that violets alone could define.

There's a song in my heart! and the brooklet is wending  
Its way to the rim of a silver-lit sea:  
Where sun, moon and stars linked in rhythm unending,  
Whirl on throughout ages of Spring melody.

There's a song in my heart! mystic rapture compelling  
Is wafted to me on the wings of the wind:  
Comes a Voice from the vale—Holy Spirit indwelling,  
How varied these transports of joy unconfined!

There's a song in my heart! Rippling onward forever,  
Re-echoed the strains from a font in the wood:  
Lo! why should man worship vain idols? No, never—  
When God made the world and declared "it was good!"

### DREAM-CHILD

(By Kate Colquhoun, Vancouver, B. C.)

She came in a dream-like vision, when the moon was all  
aglow;  
Down the path which led from the river, where the wis-  
pering rushes grow,  
To answer a ceaseless longing, which burned like a living  
flame,  
In one who had prayed to be "Mother," but had never  
been given that name.  
And she played in the beautiful garden, by the lonely  
woman's knee,  
With hair like the woven star-light, with eyes like the  
summer sea;  
And whenever the way seemed dreary, or the hours  
stretched dull or long,  
The woman would come to the garden, and sing her  
dream-child a song.  
And no longer the drifting twilight wove shadows around  
her soul,  
For love like a rushing river, had found in her dream its  
goal.

### THE BELLS

(By Jean Kilby Rorison, Caulfeild, B. C.)

The snowdrops are out in my garden today,  
Fair maids of February.  
They say that Spring is on her way  
Clad in green and gold array.  
Now Robin, sing a round-de-lay,  
And let your notes be merry.  
Spring will bring her floral bells,  
She'll set them all ding-donging.  
The erythronium on the hills,  
The gaily dancing daffodills,  
The wild blue hyacinth that fills  
All English hearts with longing.  
Spring in my garden by the sea  
Does not shilly-shally;  
For soon will come the blossoming time,  
The sweet o' the year, the golden prime,  
When hearts attuned may catch the chime  
Of lilies of the valley.

Campanula bells, and myriad bells,  
That joyous Summer rings,  
Fox-glove bells—when the moon's pale light  
Shines on the tall spears, gleaming, white,  
Mystic in the scented night,  
What glamourie she brings!

When Autumn comes, apace, apace,  
And the first frail leaves do fall,  
The heather bell, the fairy bell,  
Upon the exile casts a spell,  
For misty moorland, loch, and fell,  
The bell loved most of all.

## What Is Your Religion?

Following up his question on this subject, in a pre-  
vious issue, the editor of this magazine would note: If  
we remember aright, it was Leslie Stephen (afterwards  
Sir Leslie) who tells the story of the man who when  
asked "What is your religion?" answered: "My religion  
is the religion of all sensible men"; and when that reply  
was followed by the natural rejoinder, "What is that?"  
he answered; "That, sir, all sensible men keep to them-  
selves!"

At best, that story is only superficially smart. For, if  
a man's religion has anything in it that is real and worth  
while, it is surely of the essence of selfishness to "keep it  
to himself."

Accordingly, we have pleasure in publishing these two  
contributions sent in by "L. B. Whitney," author of "The  
Fourth Dimension," "The Way of Melchisedec," etc.,  
published by L. N. Fowler & Co., London, England.

We invite readers to send in contributions to this  
column.

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

The finding of the Philosopher's Stone represents the  
end of a quest. That end can only be attained through  
complete satisfaction. The two words practically mean  
the same thing.

L. Satisfacere—to make enough; with the adjective  
complete—free from deficiency.

The next thing to be considered is, what gives this  
satisfaction and why it is called "The Philosopher's  
Stone."

Philosophers are lovers of wisdom and the wisdom  
they do not possess they search for.

There is great scope for illustration in the word  
stone. It is a good example of atomic energy; its exis-  
tence being the result of attraction and repulsion; cohesion  
being the balance of power. These qualities are capaci-  
ties in Man—with the faculty, the will, giving freedom of  
choice.

In the Bible a stone is used as a symbol representing  
Man's highest Consciousness, that Consciousness which  
alone gives intuition.

In Isaiah 28:16, the Lord God said: "Behold I lay  
in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious  
corner stone, a sure foundation" (Zion being the Spiritual  
Consciousness).

And in Matthew, Mark, Luke, the Acts and St. Peter's  
Epistle we have "the Stone which the builders rejected,  
the same is become the head of the corner."

In that marvellous structure, The Great Pyramid, the  
chief corner stone is wanting, Man not having reached  
the Christ consciousness.

By all the signs now fulfilling prophecy the time is



drawing very near when those of us who emulate the Philosophers and search for the Stone shall find perfect and complete satisfaction. "They shall find Me when they search for Me with their whole heart."

When this time arrives we shall find that we "who have borne the image of the earthly shall bear the image of the heavenly." (1 Cor. 15:49). We shall be changed and our bodies shall become ethereal.

### THE GARDEN PLOT

A farmer told his sons that he was leaving them treasure buried in the garden. They dugged and delved and eventually the treasure materialised in the fertility of the soil.

If the farmer's sons had found a box which held treasure, the value would have been, not in the soil, not in the box, but in the possession of the treasure enclosed therein.

\* \* \*

Jesus told us that the Scriptures testified of Him. We search our glorious possession, the Bible, and we have revealed to us and in us the unsearchable riches of the Christ Consciousness.

"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He

is."—1 John 3:2. These are wonderful words; but until we hear them in our hearts as a quickening unto life, until we understand that this "seeing Him as He is" means the perception of the truth of the Christ in us, we shall not find the treasure.

When the perceptive faculty is awakened we shall be "in the spirit on the Lord's Day," which will be our day, for man was given dominion—the word comes from the Latin, "dominus," a lord—and we shall, like St. John on Patmos, see things spiritually which we cannot put into words.

Walt Whitman said: "Science is the voice of God to our times."

If we supply certain conditions, it is scientific to expect certain results; but in spiritual things, if we fulfil the conditions, the result so far exceeds our expectations, that we are on the way to prove the truth of the words, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

We are told to "search with the heart" and that "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." We must then let the intellect concern itself with things of this world only. This is important—for the qualification for entering the Kingdom is to become as a little child; or, as Charles Brodie Patterson said: "Become not, that God may be all."

## The Problem of the Maritimes

(By the Wayside Philosopher)

It may be impertinent in one not a resident of the Maritime Provinces to discuss their problems or make any suggestions in regard thereto. As a question, however, which is to come before our Federal Parliament at Ottawa this session, the settlement of which must have an important effect upon our National Life however determined, it may be permissible to express our opinion of the matter, provided it is understood that no claim is made to expert opinion, special knowledge or other than a general interest in the subject.

That the Maritime Provinces have not prospered since Confederation to anything like the extent hoped for; that their financial prosperity would have been much greater had they never entered Confederation; can be freely admitted and the reason sought.

There has been much discussion of this loss through Confederation. This and the decadence of Maritime Shipping, Maritime Industry and Maritime Fishing have been the subject matter of widely divided opinions. Some speakers and writers, such as R. L. Calder, K. C., and others, have sharply criticized the people of the Maritimes for lack of energy, industry and business ability and for assuming an attitude that looked to the Government to initiate every move to better their condition.

### MR. CALDER'S POSITION

For sharpness of criticism, assurance of knowledge, self complacency with his decisions and ignorance of the subject, Calder stands alone—though others follow not far behind. It is to be regretted that a man of his position as an Advocate or Barrister should utter such far-reaching criticisms on the limited information obtainable—at best—under the circumstances of his investigation of the question. Men of his age and attainments should be wiser. His viewpoint of the Maritime peoples—if correct—would indicate that they should be left to work out their own salvation as best they might, deserving

no sympathetic co-operation from the—to him—more virile parts of Canada. More of that anon.

It is not our intention to discuss the Commission whose Report has come before Parliament for action, or to review in any way Sir Charles Hippert Tupper's excellent speech on the "Railway Problem of the Maritimes" before a local organization; or to suggest any remedy, but, rather, to set out our own view of the situation, from such information as we have, trusting it may be of benefit to some one who seeks to know the ins and outs of this intricate and much vexed problem.

### MARITIME VIEW OF CONFEDERATION

And, first, we ask what was the Maritime viewpoint as to the probable results of Confederation on its Trade Development and allied interests?

This is abundantly answered not only by the Confederation debates but by the literature on the subject from the pens of writers varying in political allegiance, rank, ability, and what not, yet of accord in finding that the Maritime peoples feared, yea knew, that Confederation meant a setback to progress; a serious loss in trade, in self development; that, from a business standpoint, Confederation was, to them, a mistake.

There were appeals in Confederation to their idealism, their loyalty to British aims and hopes, to their spirit of self-sacrifice in doing a worthy work at howsoever great a cost. Present with these was a business element which promised that the severe sacrifices, the immediate losses, would not have to be borne to the breaking point. This was the assurance of rail connection with Ontario and Quebec, the former especially, through which a market should develop to take the place of the markets sacrificed through Confederation.

It is no fault of any party to the Confederation pact that the Maritimes did not get in Ontario and Quebec markets to replace those lost in New England and else-



where. It was an honest general mistake, in which all joined, as to what rail connection between the Provinces of Canada might do. No blame attaches to anyone beyond this. Nor can we in British Columbia criticize them in any way. Those who lived here when the railway urge gave us the P. G. E. will remember how men, suggesting in public addresses that the then prevalent ideas of the advantages of rail construction were unsound, were laughed at—sometimes openly—by those who regarded railway construction as the "Open Sesame" to our future prosperity.

#### EXPECTED RESULTS

The Maritimes were rich in iron and coal. They had their established shipping. Ontario and Quebec, the former mostly, were developing industrial districts which could use these minerals. With a railroad to carry such freight as provided a sufficient margin of profit to allow of this carriage; with ships to carry what might not be able to afford railway carriage, but could, profitably, pay the lesser water rates; Maritime products would be used advantageously to both parties in Upper and Lower Canada's cities and towns and Canada, as a whole, would benefit in all ways by the result.

Such was the dream! With the splendid spirit which everywhere greeted the question of that rail connection and its dependent issue the matter of the rates to be charged for transporting goods from the Maritimes to the Canadas, it seemed very realizable.

What happened? Let us see! Last year almost all the coal used in Ontario for manufacturing purposes came from the United States and received a rebate of some 90 per cent. of the regular Canadian Duty because it was so used. Concurrent with this fact is the further one that the Coal Mines of Nova Scotia were idle for some time. Had Nova Scotia coal been used last year in Ontario manufactures, as the Fathers of Confederation intended, Nova Scotia mines, busy all the year, could have forgotten that there was any other market.

#### ACTUAL RESULTS

United States Iron was used in Ontario manufactures last year to a most surprising extent. Government statistics, we are informed, show that, for some years, now Ontario has provided relatively some 25 per cent. or so of the iron used in its factories. The United States has furnished the outstanding bulk of the rest under duty adjusted conditions. B. E. St. Co. works have been closed and the Company's Bonds are in default, we understand, in their interest. Could such a thing have happened had Nova Scotia iron been used in Ontario last year?

Such is one phase of the question. No unimportant phase, either!

#### RAILWAY RATES

Wrapped up in this matter of rail connection and forming a part of it, is the problem of Intercolonial Railway Freight Rates. Fixed not to pay profits but to allow of the fulfilment of the hopes above expressed, they were settled at less than construction costs and other charges warranted. The difference was to be paid by Canada as a whole in helping the Maritimes bear their burden of Confederation losses.

Time passed! I. C. R. losses and annual deficits became a matter of public attention. Forgetful of the primary cause, or feeling that the losses were unavailing, the Ministry of Railways raised the rates, made other changes, and threw a further burden on the Maritimes of carrying still more of their Confederation losses. Important, but not all-important.

So much for these aspects of the question.

#### MARITIME SHIPPING

Now let us look at some other factors.

Maritime Shipping has been referred to and the Maritime Peoples blamed for its decadence. One glance at this question in passing.

Those who have read of the Maritimes in the pre-Confederation days—and in the days of Confederation itself—will know of the extent of its wooden shipping and the manner in which it sailed the Seven Seas.

Two causes contributed to this. First, the ships were home constructed and—not less important—home manned. We will take one phase of this wooden shipping as an illustration of its history and fate. From one particular portion of the Maritime Provinces, we are informed, some 54 wooden ships were engaged in the West Indian trade. Built in local shipyards, largely locally owned, they were commanded by local Deep Sea Captains, each and all, capable of navigating the world's oceans.

One need not be told that the Maritimes were not wealthy. Whatever virtues, or qualities, hewing homes from virgin forests; making farms from lands generally unsuitable for farms; fighting storms and tides to reap such harvest as the waters might yield and a market be found for; might supply, such pursuits brought no great wealth.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the building of these ships brought no great margin of profit to the builder. In one instance the construction of a 200-ton vessel brought \$2,000 in all. How he managed to build her for that sum is a problem for Mr. Calder. In no case was the margin of profit a comfortable one. It has been estimated that, of the 50 odd vessels above mentioned, not one paid more than \$500 in profit to the shipbuilder who sent it forth from his yards ready for its work.

Owners boarded employees; hired neighbours who were struggling to exist at farming, fishing, or lumbering, at low cost. United sacrifices and efforts, and only these, made this fleet possible.

The fleet was mostly locally manned. A trip or two relieved the immediate necessities of the fisher-farmer, sailor, or would-be sailor. Some few were available always and the crew demands were not large.

Under these conditions the Maritime Peoples, in that section, triumphed over competition and carried West Indian Products past the shores of one unsuccessful competitor, the United States, to land them in Maritime ports. Other products they carried to the Old Lands at profitable rates.

Matters stood thus, when the advent of iron shipbuilding occurred. There was but a limited competition open to wooden hulks. What could be done? With shipbuilders building at scant profit no one of them all could furnish the capital for the experiment of an iron ship. Capital granted, where were the skilled workmen to be secured? The expert ship carpenter was helpless before the task of iron work. Capital not already invested in shipbuilding was not available for a hazard—for such they all knew it to be. The Old Lands were at home in ironwork. Even the United States had capital and men for the new task.

Slowly, like an expiring hope, the shipbuilding of the Maritime Provinces crumbled. Shipyards decayed. Men trekked to the States for employment they could not get at home. Here and there a yard remained to build for a scant coastwise traffic or a fishing fleet. The day of the West Indiaman and kindred ventures was over. Iron and coal were there. People were there who had shown their energy, courage and resource in such projects. These



alone were insufficient. Maritime trade suffered and decayed. The flow to the United States of Maritime Peoples grew serious.

#### MARITIME FISHING

Maritime Fishing. Its story can be briefly told.

Wealth there was in the Maritime waters. Fish abounded. Where could they be sold.

The great market was then, and still is, the United States. Other countries participate to a degree in consuming maritime fish, but neither the genius of treaty making conventions; efforts to adapt the products to desired market; nor efforts to improve the quality of the products themselves; have availed to open a satisfactory market for the outpourings of Maritime waters.

Glimpse the last quarter of a century of herring fishery, say, in the Bay of Fundy. What have we revealed? Men toiling long hours without sleep, amid storm, ice and snow, often, to erect weirs, procure equipment, seine and deliver fish, most often, for the price of 10 cents per barrel or one dollar per hogshead. Think of spending three or four hours in a raw wintry night under the lee of the rocks or in other shelter to await seining time; using two hours more in seining; then rowing the deep-laden boats some miles to Eastport or Lubec; there scooping the herring from the boats in small nets into the measuring tubs or hogsheads; all for 10 cents a barrel.

Sometimes, indeed, for a limited time or for limited quantities a price of \$2.00 per barrel, or \$20.00 per hogshead was received. Happy the man who had the fortune to sell at that price. Taken at an average the price during all these years would not reach 30 cents per barrel. Men with experience have placed it at 25 cents per barrel. How many men in other parts of Canada would endure the hardships and perform the labours for such scant reward? British Columbians, as we have known them, would refuse to consider the work let alone the hardships for the pay.

Herring-fishing was supplemented by boat-fishing. A Pollock, Cod or Haddock weighing 4½ pounds or so would bring at most 5 cents sold fresh from the boat undressed or partly dressed. Frequently the price fell to 1½ cents per fish. Cleaned, dried, salted and properly cured, the fisherman's fish brought him after all his care, time, and attention, 2 cents to 3 cents per pound.

Taken together, the revenue from weir and boat-fishing yielded the average head of a family some \$500 to \$750 gross.

What naturally happened? The young growing lad, not content with the reward to be gained from the hardships involved, turned his back on the fishing boat and weir, usually joining the exodus to the States.

#### SOME FACTS OF ITS DECAY

In 1913 the writer revisited a fishing section of the Maritimes which he had seen in 1897. Houses tenanted in 1897 were vacant or used as barns. Quite uniformly the former owners were in the States.

Mr. Calder has concluded that this sad state of affairs is due to the lack of energy, ambition and other qualities of the Maritime peoples. Is he correct?

Inquiry in one little settlement, devoted almost entirely to fishing, gave one these facts.

The Island on which it was situated had decreased in 25 years from some 1,800 to somewhere about 1,000. That particular settlement had declined in population from 214 to 135 since 1897.

What of the ones who had gone away too inefficient to face the problem of life in the Maritimes? Some five or six were in the States with no correspondents to tell their

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fortunes. The poorest of the others were making comfortable livings. Not one earned less than \$1,500.00 per year. Salaries that required five figures to express them were not unknown. Accountants, Professional men, Manufacturers, Merchants, Millmen, Lumbermen, Foremen, Skilled employees, they had made records of which relatives or friends left behind were proud.

They had failed to make fishing pay. Was it their fault or were conditions too onerous? Can a man make \$15,000 per year as Manager of a business and have failed in a fishing boat because he lacked virility, business acumen or resolution? Was he inefficient or was there no scope for his talents in a fishing boat?

Take, again, fishing in the United States, East and West. Here are to be found men of Maritime Birth who hold high and important places. Is their success due to accident or endeavour? If their endeavour, why were they not equally successful in the same line in Canada? Mr. Calder, and other of his ilk, can do the explaining!

#### THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE PROBLEM

The problem is a serious one. Whose fault it is we are not prepared to say. The Maritimes have, no doubt, contributed somewhat by way of failure, by lack of ability, to the existence of our present-day problem. Fairness will limit their responsibility greatly.

It is not our purpose to discuss a remedy except to say, in a general way, that the Tariff and Railway Policies of Canada must be adjusted by competent parties to repay the Maritimes some part of their Confederation losses and stop the flow of Maritime Province Peoples, young and old, to the United States. A sympathetic treatment of the subject, based on some appreciation of their sacrifices for Confederation, is all the sentiment of the Maritimes appears to ask.

#### MR. WEBB'S CRITICISM

And now let us refer to a criticism of the Maritime people by Mayor Webb of Winnipeg, uttered at a public dinner here, on the fact that the Maritime peoples were packing apples in barrels just as they did 50 years ago. True, Mr. Webb, the Maritime Peoples have long



since recognized what B. C. does not recognize, that as a food apples reach their standard of value at 1½ to 2 cents per pound. Certain markets may demand and pay for apples packed in a certain way at higher prices, but they do so to their loss. Sooner or later this will be accepted by them.

In the Maritime Provinces the writer bought a barrel of Nova Scotia Gravensteins, excellent apples, for 75 cents. Would B. C. farmers and orchardists feed so much fruit to their stock, or leave it on the trees to perish, if a Vancouver housewife could get good apples at \$1.60 to \$2.50 per barrel instead of that much per box? Would Vancouver homes be better fed, healthier, if such could be done? Barrel shipment would do it! Are the Maritimes so blameworthy after all, Mr. Webb? Are there not two sides to the barrel question?

Natural laws of human life, of trade and commerce, of supply and demand, have created the Maritime problem. Natural laws properly applied can solve it. It needs only a careful, sympathetic treatment, horse sense,

human sympathy and good feeling. The scars will remain long with us. The weaknesses, if developed, will be sometime in passing away. There is, however, nothing to grow despondent over, nothing to presage failure. The spirit that made Canada possible has overcome many difficulties. It will not halt on palsied feet when faced by the problem of the Maritimes. Just over the hill lies victory, bathed in the golden light of a better understanding, a new and broader vision of what Confederation really means and has meant, a truer appreciation of the virtue and ideals that made it possible. If we are right in our opinion of them none will be found so glad of the new day, so forgetful of their losses, as the Maritime Peoples.

One of the most hopeful of all things is the manner in which Parliament received the Commission Report. Discordant notes may come later, but at present the Dominion-wide attitude of the members is most pleasing to well-wishers of Canadian Unity and Canadian Progress.

## Told by Campfire—The Kaffir and the Ox

(By Roderick Random)

It was after the Pow Wow was over, that annual celebration of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and we were enjoying a final smoke stretched out on the pineneedle floor of our tepee, before creeping under the blankets for what was left of the night season. After the revelry has subsided, the quiet satisfaction of talking it over puts the crown upon a day's enjoyment. There were four of us in the tent, Joyce, an artist from New York; Begbie, a cattle rancher from Calgary; Elkins, the adventurer; and myself. I call him the adventurer, as he seemed to have been everywhere and to have had more thrilling experiences than any other man I have known.

The conversation had turned from the events of the evening to the ride that had preceded it and then to tales of endurance in the saddle. We were all horse lovers and initiates to the free-masonry of the order. Begbie had been recounting with enthusiasm thrilling stories of stampedes in his home city, where bronco busting still flourishes, and of fair foothill lasses who could ride bucking steers with grace and abandon.

"Yes, I've seen them," broke in Elkins, who, till now, had been puffing his pipe in silence, "but they only ride them for fun for about thirty seconds. I'll bet you never saw a steer ridden as I have."

Elkins is hard to get started yarning, but when he does he is always interesting, so we did not fail to press him to tell more.

"You know," he said, "when I was serving in the Griqualand West Border Police. A hard enough service and short enough commons but with plenty

of thrills to be had, which was what I was after.

One morning early, I was detailed to go to a Kaffir kraal not very far from Groot Boetsap, our headquarters, to arrest a Kaffir for stealing an ox, belonging to a man named Jack Elliotson, who ran the only store in that place. My instructions were that when I had made the arrest, I was to take the prisoner and the ox to the nearest jail, which was at Barkly West, a little over fifty miles away.

"I found the Kaffir and made the arrest and proceeded on my journey. He was a big fellow, lithe as well as muscular, and I saw I would have to keep my wits about me on the trip. I considered that the best and quickest way to reach my destination was to mount the kaffir on the ox, as most of the animals in that part of the country were accustomed to be ridden. This I accordingly did, and getting behind him and his rider with a long stick, I made great progress. These oxen have a kind of shuffling trot when ridden; and I kept him at that gait, with occasional lapses into a walk. All day, I travelled this way, and as I had nowhere to put the prisoner for the night, it was necessary to make the entire journey without halting for any length of time.

"As night approached, I was still a considerable way from my destination, and, as I could not take any chances, I handcuffed the prisoner. It would have been easy for him to have slipped off the ox into the bush, which was very thick on both sides of the trail, had I not taken this precaution. The kaffir got very tired and sore from riding the ox bareback for so many hours. He was sulky, moreover, and begged

me several times to let him get off and walk; but to look after him, and drive the beast at the same time would have been too difficult a job. I could not afford to take chances so I steeled my heart to refuse him, though I was sorry for the poor beggar. The ox, too, began to slow up, so that I could scarcely get him out of a walk, but I forced him to keep going.

"That night about nine o'clock, I arrived at Barkly with the prisoner and the ox, having travelled over fifty miles with them that day. It would be hard to say which was the more tired of the two. After handing the prisoner over to the jailer, and getting a receipt for him, I drove the ox to a kraal and left him there. The following day, I returned to Headquarters.

"When Elliotson returned from Barkly, where he had gone to prosecute the kaffir, he said to me, quizzically smiling on one side of his face in a funny way he had: 'What did you do to that ox?'

"I asked him, 'Why?'

"'When I got to Barkly,' he said, 'the ox was lying down in the kraal, and they told me that he had never got on his feet since you left him there.'

"I did not tell him the reason for the extreme lassitude of the animal, but thought that it was wise for it to have a good rest after the journey."

"Your story makes me feel sore myself," said Joyce, stretching himself stiffly. "After that ride down the mountain to-day, I have a fellow feeling for that poor kaffir, also for his mount. I'm sore enough but they must have been worse. I think after that we'll better turn in. If I ever steal an ox, Elkins, I hope you'll not be the cop to run me in."



# Is Russia Preparing for War?

(Concluded from Page Two)

Following the army the population will march to settle on the land.

British stagnation of, say, four months would probably, humanly speaking, turn the tide, and give that richest of the world's heritages to that power which is now crushing Russia beneath hoofs of iron.

Once established in the Middle East, India and the Far East, Persia, Egypt—Upper and Lower—Mediterranean, Africa, Greece, the Balkans, Roumania, Poland, Hungary and Austria would all lie exposed at the feet of the triumphant power. The British Empire would find itself superseded. This is the dream; for this those in control of the dragon situation are prepared to spend human life in millions beyond counting; it is prepared to throw into veritable fires of destruction races and

nations, and will rejoice never so greatly as to see Britain—the world's greatest civilization factor—broken and enslaved.

The General Strike in Britain was to the dragon forces what the late manoeuvres at Aldershot were to the forces of defence of the Empire.

What can be done under the circumstances?

The General Strike is made possible by successful propaganda. The final strike must be prevented by superior propaganda. If we are to have superior propaganda it must be of a spiritual nature which makes appeal to the faith of the nation. This cannot be found in ecclesiastical creeds; it is hopeless to expect it, for such was not the end of ecclesiastical creeds.

*It lies in the Gospel of the Kingdom.*

Furnished with this, with commensurate backing and means, our organization could give an undertaking to change the mental attitude of the British worker in the two years which remain that such paralysis by general strike would be impossible. This is the task set before us during the twenty-four months that remain, and by God's grace we will address ourselves to it with might and main, with heart and purse, assured because the task is set by God He will enable us to carry it through to the end.

The volunteer forces that did so gloriously in connection with the strike just over, are invited to turn their attention and direct their efforts towards helping us to carry through our great evangel, which was never more needed than now. Take solemn warning, anyone who hinders by division or otherwise will have to answer to Almighty God.

## THE MOUNTAINS

(By Alexander Louis Fraser, Halifax, N. S.)

My cradle rocked to lullabies of wind,

The hilltops sang together; yes and I  
Found friendship in the mountains, and I mind  
How they for me raised ladders to the sky.

These ranges that I loved see no decay,  
Here fell, and falls, in turn the snow and dew;  
They rise as eagerly to greet the day  
As did the plain, kind country-folk they knew.

The cow-paths and the sheep-paths wind their way,  
Nature's new generations tread them still,  
The old thorn bush is all abloom in May,  
And spring and brook are yet below the hill!

Many, alas! who once clomb unafraid  
These slopes, must be content with lower roads;

While some have bivouacked with Death, and laid  
Within its soundless inn their heavy loads.

Ah, could these silent hills the past repeat,  
The hewers' strokes I'd hear, the storm's lone reign  
Recall, and trace the new-year lambs' sad bleat;  
And in grey ashes see bonfires again.

But all is still. Here men's vain hurrying,  
Their craze for novelty no footing find;  
These shoulders wear the robes the seasons bring,  
And when the mists depart, remain behind.

And to their clinging children they must seem  
To bid men lift their eyes beyond the dust—  
Hills that have pinnaced my fields of dream,  
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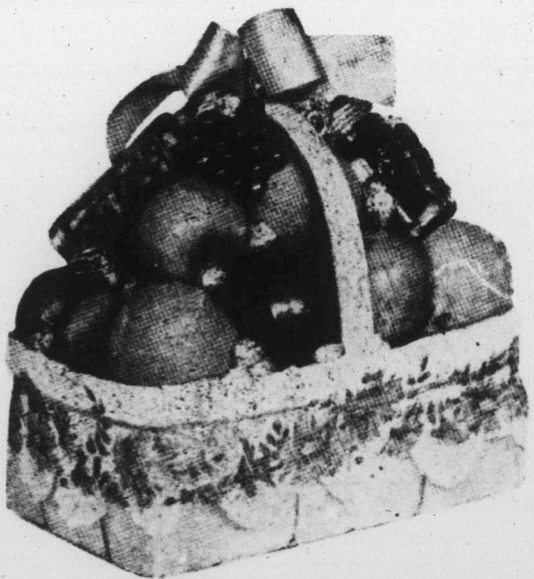
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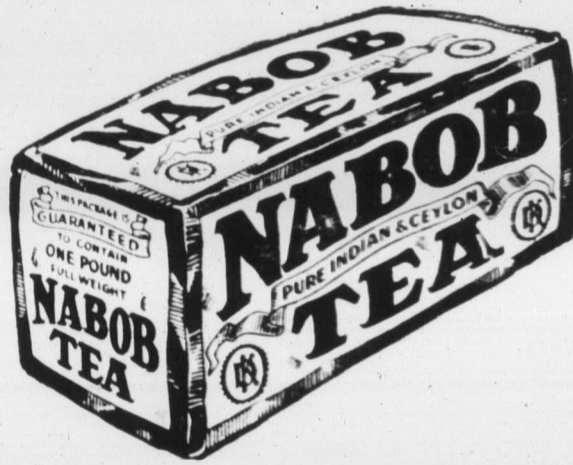
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