

Volume XII.

Seventh Year

No. 2

PUBLISHED AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

Westminster Review

The Social, Educational and Religious
Monthly of

The Canadian West



Our Ideal:

Social Betterment, Educational Enlightenment,
the Upbuilding—in City and Church and State
—of Christian Government, and the Develop-
ment of Spiritual Life

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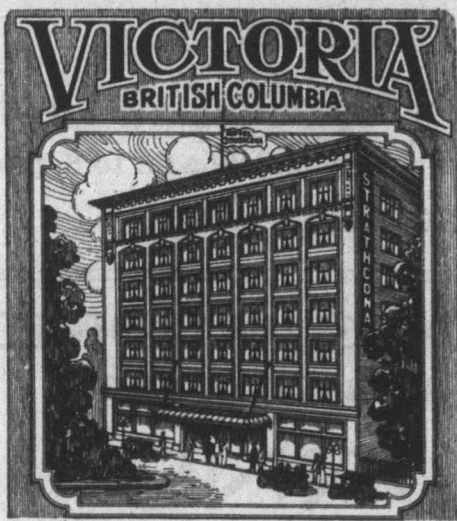
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“Shall Your Brethren Go to War and Shall Ye Sit Here?”

Numbers 32, 6

So spake Moses to the children of Gad and of Reuben when they pleaded to remain with their cattle, instead of going with the children of Israel, across the Jordan, to make war on the enemies of the Lord. Moses was too much of a patriot and too astute a general to let their selfish interests interfere with the plans of the Lord in taking the promised land for all the twelve tribes.

Moses knew what we realize to-day, that when the nation is at war all the people are at war; and all must do their share fighting, or otherwise helping the nation to win.

What the people of Israel did to win the promised land—we in Canada must do to preserve Freedom, for the War has resolved itself into a life or death struggle between autocracy and the Freedom-Loving peoples of the earth.

The duty of every citizen at this moment, therefore, is to buy Canada's Victory Bonds, so that sufficient money to feed, clothe and equip and protect our fighting forces will be available.

By the efforts of each of us in buying Canada's Victory Bonds we steel their arms and nerve their hearts.

And when you buy Canada's Victory Bonds to the full extent of your ability and your self-denial—and not till then—will you have each discharged in this regard your full duty to yourself and to your country.

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D. A. C.

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Vol. XI

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WESTMINSTER REVIEW

D. A. CHALMERS, Managing Editor PUBLISHED IN VANCOUVER, B. C.
SUPPORTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS, AND RELIGIOUS
LIFE. INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS.

Vol. XII

OCTOBER, 1917

No. 2

Editorial

INVESTING IN VICTORY BONDS

We call the attention of our readers to the Dominion Government's advertisement on the opposite page. This "Review" enters a fair representation of the best homes in Western Canada, and many of its readers are no doubt among those who are privileged to have capital to invest. In these days all citizens are learning that capital is of value mainly, if not only, in so far as it can contribute to the labour necessary to dethrone Autocracy and Militarism. People who have honestly-earned capital to invest therefore—from the hundred dollars to the hundreds of thousands—may well reckon themselves fortunate, for to that extent they may uphold the armies of the Allies, and thereby help to win the victory which may be delayed, but we believe will not be denied.

"THANK YOU."

At this time of development and unavoidable printing changes, we wish to thank the many subscribers who promptly attended to our letter regarding renewals. Though up to September the dollar a year rate applied, some subscribers were good enough to send us the new rate of \$1.50 for the current year. The new rate was announced as to come into force "after September," but all subscribers now on our list who attend to their arrears at once (as recently notified) may have the current year subscription accepted at the dollar rate.

MONEY FOR RENEWALS WITHOUT NAMES

In one case a postal note for two dollars was received last month (from Vancouver) without note or name. This may be checked by the sender reporting the number of the counterfoil of the postal note. In another Vancouver case (without name) the return envelope was used with the record letter but no dollar was enclosed. From "Greenwood, B. C.," a dollar was received without name, and from New Westminster came another postal note without any note or name to identify the sender.

Harry Lauder's Sermon—On a Loaf of Bread

Issued from the Office of The Dominion Food Controller

Harry Lauder, formerly the most popular comedian in the English-speaking world, now a zealot of zealots in the cause of food economy in driving home to the people of Great Britain the duty of saving wheat, saving flour, saving bread. Too old to enlist, Lauder, at the request of the Imperial authorities, is devoting himself to the food economy campaign. His homilies, clothed in simple, straightfor-

190072

ward language, are published weekly. They are strikingly earnest and characteristically vigorous, and are totally free from buffoonery.

Here are a few excerpts from one of his recent weekly talks:—

“Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters of our fighting men, listen! I have often played the fool and joked for you; I am not joking today. I am in earnest. I am as earnest as death. This morning before you eat your breakfast, before you, mother or father, take up the big knife to cut the bread, I ask you, I implore you, to hear what I have to say. The lives of many brave men, the lives of many women and little children may depend on the thickness of the slice and the number of slices you cut. Now today at your breakfast table, you will help to win, or you will help to lose the war. . . . We are in a state of siege! That may not be so easy to believe, but it is true, terribly true. . . . We shall not see our old men and babies ruthlessly slaughtered, and our women ravished, our homes destroyed. But we may know what it is to starve.

“Now, go on with your meal light-heartedly if you can. Eat your fill. There is a large loaf on the table, and plenty more loaves at the baker’s. But what will it be when the baker has no more? I write to you today, not as a Scots Comedian, but as a simple man of the people.”

Unless there is stricter economy, Lauder goes on to explain, the present supply of wheat will give out some weeks before the new harvest comes to market. “Eat one pound of bread less each week and there will still be bread in the larder when our women farm workers sing the next harvest-home,” he says.

“Think of our brave lads ‘going over the top’ hungry! In very truth, if you eat an extra pound of bread you are eating the flesh from the bones of our soldiers. Look at the blade of your bread knife and see if it does not run with blood! If you throw away a crust remember,” says Lauder, “to repeat your Devil’s orison:—‘There goes the life of a British soldier! Amen!’”

The peroration of Lauder’s sermon is worth committing to memory.

“You know that, like so many others, I have given to the country what I held dearest in the world—I have given my son. One little thing more. I would gladly go to fight. But they ask me merely to help them, as they ask you to help them, in this campaign.

“We that have lost our own flesh and blood, we that have paid the price of victory, shall we be robbed of it for the sake of a pound of bread? You are asked to make a sacrifice. The sacrifice is not so much the foregoing of so much bread, but the constant care and vigilance necessary to avoid waste. Is it anyhow to be compared with the constant care and vigilance of your soldiers to avoid death? At this crucial moment you are asked to share a communion of sacrifice and victory.

“Now cut your loaf!”

Harry Lauder need not be ashamed of the part he is playing for the Empire.

In each life, however lowly, there are mighty seeds of good; Still we shrink from Soul’s appealing with a timid “If we could”; But God, who knoweth all things, knows the truth is—“If we would.”

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Notes and Comments

Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M. A.

CARRY ON.

When Premier Massey of New Zealand, on his way home from Britain addressed an audience here he said, in closing, that the expression he heard most frequently over there was "Carry On." The general meaning of this expression is taken to be persistence in the work of the war till the close, but its origin is not always remembered. It is really a friendly command given by an officer who comes perhaps unexpectedly to soldiers busy at important work, and who pause to come to attention in the presence of a superior in rank. He says, "Carry on" in effect, "resume your task and finish it without special regard to me." And thus it came to mean much when it was uttered by a man who, falling in the charge, cried to his comrades to press on without minding him. Like the last words of Marmion, it urges on to victory. There can be no halting now. We must keep faith with the dead.

PREACHER AND EDUCATIONIST

In the retirement of Principal Daniel M. Gordon from the headship of Queen's University in Kingston, a widely-known and highly respected preacher, traveller, and educationist seeks deserved respite from toil owing to declining health. Dr. Gordon, though born in the famous Pictou County of Nova Scotia, has been to a large extent a western man. As far back as 1879 he made a famous trip from this west coast through the mountains by the Peace River route to the east, and put his impressions on record in a vivid book called "Mountain and Prairie." In 1882, the boom days of Winnipeg, he came to that city to be pastor of Knox Church, and there he was an outstanding figure in religious and educational work. When the Riel Rebellion broke out he went to the front as the soldierly chaplain of the famous Ninetieth Rifles of Winnipeg, for which service he has the medal and clasp. Throughout a distinguished career he has been the steadfast friend of the western country over which he travelled when it was the "Great Lone Land," and thousands in the west will hope that he may long enjoy the retirement to which his arduous and devoted labors richly entitle him.

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

The lion and the lamb have lain down together and a National Government has been formed in Canada as a war measure. The names by which the leading political parties in

this country are known were imported from the Old Land, and have, for some years at least, had little meaning in this democratic land of ours. Even the "free trade and protective tariff" issue has failed to persist as giving a semblance of difference, and so the breach between the two parties was not so wide as it would seem. But the existence of party in some form seems necessary to the existence of free responsible government and doubtless, after the war, the old lines will reappear. If the present coalition serves to smooth permanently the unreasonable asperities of political life, it will even in that way have done a good turn. A party man may be of great value to the country but a partizan automaton may become a menace.

"LOSING GRIP."

Men who fell out despondently on the trail of '98 to the Yukon goldfields were graphically described by their comrades as having lost their grip. They became incapable of sustained effort and so failed. The same thing occurs in regard to mental endeavor, and a local editor invited citizens to attend the Vancouver Institute lectures in order that they might see whether or not they were losing mental grip. For there is a suspicion that this cinema age of ours is not favorable to sustained thinking. Make the experimental test before it is too late.

A CIVIC SOCIAL CENTRE

The incoming of prohibition has given rise to the perennial demand for some substitute for what many have called the poor man's club. No doubt it clubbed a good many of both rich and poor to their hurt, but there can be no disputing the fact that it was a sort of social centre for many. Hence the effort being made by the Central City Mission with its splendid building and general equipment to furnish a sociable meeting place and a clean resort for men will be watched with sympathetic interest by all good citizens. Given the strong backing it ought to have as a preventive and redemptive agency in the life of the city, it ought to enter on a new lease of usefulness under the new conditions.

COMPANIONS IN SOLITUDE

Sympathy can people our solitude with a crowd. The fisherman on the ocean alone at night is not alone when he remembers the earnest longings which are arising up to heaven at home for his safety; the traveller is not alone when the faces which will greet him on his arrival seem to beam upon him as he trudges on; the solitary student is not alone when he feels that human hearts will respond to the truths which he is preparing to address to them.—F. W. Robertson.

A RETROSPECT

“My days are like a shadow”

Of old the Hebrew said,
And in my own experience
His words are warranted;—
For mighty trees, and mountains
Which snows eternal crown,
And forty steadfast years of toil
Are in a moment flown.

Staked on the slopes of morning
The little Shetland kye
Are mapping out their swaths again
Before my gladdened eye;
Again through daisied ridges
With heedful steps I trace
The burned and buried fortress walls
Of a forgotten race.

And many a hoary rockface,
And many an ancient cairn,
Form hiding-place and playhouse for
The omnipresent bairn,
And down the raylike rig-lands,
Strung out in chattering line,
Whole families at harvest work
Their sturdy strength combine.

I climb the middle Ward-hill,
I see each cape and bay
From Helaness to Sumburgh
In sunlight stretch away,
Ten leagues outspread before me
Of unobstructed view,
Land hamlet-strewn, sea fisher-thronged
To the horizon blue.

There goes the southern steamer
With trailing cloud of smoke,
There lies the broad built Dutchman
As stolid as a rock
Even when the ghostly spindrift
Flies o'er the darkening sea,
And the wild wandering elves of storm
Alight on Halaleigh.

Ho for the gales of winter,
 And dancing stacks of corn,
 When chimneys sough and tremble
 And many a roof is torn,
 Ho for the mile-long billow
 With deep, hill-shaking roar,
 Which makes the war of Vegabaw,*
 And cumpers all the shore.

Ho for the cliffhead torrent
 Flung up into the air,
 Ho for the buoyant seagulls
 Which clamour everywhere;—
 Bird-shriek and ocean thunder—
 Do these dispel my dream?
 Ah no,—*the long train's hollow roll,*
The engine's hideous scream.

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

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

*A great sunken reef which lies too deep for summer seas, but which the winter storms annually rid of its huge crop of seaweed, littering the beaches for miles. This is the Crofters' main fertilizer.

Comox, B. C. .

Eric Duncan

THE SPIRIT OF CHEERFULNESS

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

The Immortal Hope

PART V.

(By Rev. W. H. Smith, B.D., Ph.D.)

Thus faith in immortality is concerned with every aspect of our moral life and the destruction of it would leave nothing but a moral desert. The only considerations would be commercial and all that has gathered round the idea of heaven and home would wither as the tender bloom of early spring before the chilling blasts of a frost laden wave.

But the denial of immortality reacts very profoundly upon a man's ideal of his relation to others. Our belief in God as well as in man, in society as well as in the individual, in science and art and civilization as well as in religion, in the possibilities of progress in this life as well as in the life to come—all persist because we dare to trust where we cannot prove, and act where we do not know. The leaders of humanity in its forward movement have been men who have made this venture, who have trusted the best they knew, and who dared to believe that the universe would sustain their trust. If we can prove that our faith in immortality belongs to the best we know, we shall have placed it upon a foundation on which we may safely leave it. This challenge by Professor Brown is squarely met by the facts of human experience. The Christian ideal of man and immortality have been the tremendous motives which have inspired character in every department to seek the noblest and the best. It is far-reaching in its power. In addition to the personal comfort it affords the human heart, it furnishes tremendous energy in action. The story of its strength, courage, enthusiasm and devotion is written in the book of human betterment on every mission field, every Christian home and every fight for the higher things of life. The Immortal Hope opens a new world with a limitless range for the acquisition of new knowledge, the enjoyment of larger power and the fellowship of a countless host. Such a hope imparts a new joy to living and girds on the armour for the most strenuous battles in the interests of the needy. Dr. Cobb has voiced the prayer of many a saint in his Gethsemane of suffering and service:—

The way is dark, My Father. Cloud upon cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roll above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The path is rough, My Father. Many a thorn
Hath pierced me, and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way; yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

And has he not also interpreted the mind of the Father?
The way is dark, my child, but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child.

The way is long, my child; but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
 And quick and straight
 Lead to heaven's gate
 My child.

The fact that man is spiritual and consequently immortal justifies every effort to save life to the highest ends. We all feel that self-denial, self-sacrifice and even death are justified in the interests of human well being. This supreme conviction has developed that type of character universally recognized as highest. It has given us our missionaries, our martyrs, our reformers, our social workers, our scientists and our statesmen, that great army of men and women who believe in the inherent value of life, and that life to come to its full development must live beyond this present life. We are not simply working for today or for tomorrow, but for unnumbered ages, not simply for what we can crowd into a single life-time but for the issues of a destiny so momentous as to stagger the imagination. This is a determining motive and sends men forth to battle in the light of eternity forgetting the things of earth which perish with the using. Now deny immortality and man's ideal of social service suffers immeasurably. It would mean that man is flesh not spirit, that he is earthy not heavenly, that he dies as the brutes die and his thoughts perish. Materialism says man is an organ and thought the music. Idealism says man is not the organ, nor is thought the music. Man is the player and he uses his brain and body as the great organ to give forth his song. He may find this fleshly instrument breaking down, no longer capable of expressing his thought and he can then leave this body and go to another better fitted for expressing the eternal message of God which fills his being. This ideal of the spiritual man with its accompanying immortality has conferred untold blessings upon every movement looking toward the uplift of humanity. A writer in a recent number of the Survey protesting against the tendency to make comfort the standard of progress, thereby confining social effort to a purely economic programme, further states the principle of true and effective service:—"We had a peculiar scale of values, one in which the value of a single human soul outweighed all else, not only power, and fame and gold, but also homely human happiness. The intrinsic worth of the individual was the corner stone of our faith, and had no relation to his social environment or personal qualities or achievements. For the lowest and most loathsome human creature that ever wallowed in the mire of crime or bred in the fetid pens of degeneracy we must dare all, sacrifice all, even our own moral development, for we had in our hands his eternal destiny of glory or pain. No one who has once entertained views like these, however time and experience may have modified them, can ever accept with complacency of final satisfaction the picture of a well-fed and well-housed, efficient and orderly people that you now present as an ideal. Much less will such a picture stir him to his best efforts." In the final analysis of all true redemptive work this ideal is found deeply embedded in motive and kindles the passion for great devotion to humanity. The ideals of democracy live or die with belief in the intrinsic worth of humanity,

and abiding worth demands immortality. Poets, philosophers, statesmen, prophets and all lovers of mankind have longed for the golden age of a clean, strong humanity filled with the spirit of an abiding brotherhood. The contrast between the present life, which resembles a battle field, a hospital and a cemetery in the unbroken stream of crippled, maddened, abnormal humanity gathering in the rear of the march of civilization, and the serene beauty of the new humanity is graphically sketched by Marianne Farningham:—

No shadows gather
Where undimm'd eyes gaze on the Father:
There the thick veil of sin is rent
And the dark night of woe is spent;
There, souls mid clouds of darkness are not groping,
And vainly hoping.

There is no yearning,
No deep unrest, no spirit burning,
No arms outstretched, to clasp the air;
No breaking hearts; no wild, wild prayer;
No grim despair to blight the mind with madness:
No sin, no sadness.

There is no sorrow,
No storm-winds wail of ill to-morrow;
But clear, smooth waters' flow
And music soft and low;
And peace-words from God's fount of love are gushing,
All sorrow hushing.

There is no sighing
O'er the unloving or the dying.
There eloquent smiles the fond lips wreath;
There hearts of deathless friendship breathe;
There, where love tokens evermore are thronging,
Is no more longing.

Home of the weary,
Of all the tempest-wrecked and dreary;
God, guide us to the brilliant shore,
Where wild-waves swelling high no more—
Sorrow and sighing shade the spirit never—
Flown, flown forever.

In view of such a prospect, social service is kindled with an undying enthusiasm. It means changing environment, influencing the spirit and producing character, and character is eternal. It means bringing the love of God and the music of heaven into the midst of society, where the inferno of sin and pain daily sacrifices its victims. It means taking the sinner by the hand and leading him to Jesus Christ, there to hear his sweet message of love and experience the power of his saving grace. Deny immortality and the hope of ever reaching a golden age is shut out for ever. The race would be like a fine ship which lost in the fog and broken by hidden icebergs and battered by the raging of

the stormy waves, at last plunges into the unsounded depths of the North Atlantic.

Paul felt that immortality was necessary for his own comfort and the success of his great task. We have seen it is equally necessary for those who would share in Paul's work and all ought to be engaged in the highest service committed to mortals. Immortality is in reality our highest hope for mankind. To deny it, is to deny the future of humanity. To remain indifferent, is to be indifferent concerning the supreme issue of our race. To believe in it, is to believe in the future of the race. The idea of immortality is almost the only means of expressing our thought of a purposeful universe. To say that the highest values do not die, to say that noble persons go on in their personalities, to think that the universe exists to manifest and to develop this order of life is to affirm a purpose worthy of the universe. Jesus believed in the future of humanity because he believed in the future of every man as an individual in his kingdom. This is what gives social service and evangelism their passion. To save a soul is to save a soul for eternity. Faber's sweet hymn hovers over the enlightened vision of the better life and drops its notes of refreshing as the dew which forms upon the most delicate flower even when the great drops no longer fall;—

Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

The Book of the Month

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS—
VOLS. I. & II.

By Arthur Conan Doyle

In two volumes of less than three hundred pages each this well-known writer has performed a great feat of condensation. The narrative covers the various phases of the campaign from the Battle of Mons to the Battle of Loos. Making admirable use of the special privileges afforded him in assembling the material he presents an enthralling narrative of the various battles fought by the British Army during the period already named. It is impossible not to be enthusiastic about the manner in which he has done his work, for the forces involved were so huge and the events so tremendous that it would seem impossible to treat the subject without omitting some vital points from the history. Yet not only does the author cover the ground completely in the matter of presenting an excellent summary of the salient events of the campaign, but with true dramatic instinct he has sifted out a number of outstanding personal incidents illustrative of the dogged and valorous spirit which possesses the British fighting men and enabled them to withstand the shock of the fearful odds they had to face in the earlier stages of the war. Throughout the whole story the author is fair and impartial, and praise be, keeps away from the realm of prophecy and amateur strategy. The average reader who might be confused and bored by a military historian will find this record written in a style as simple as it is fascinating. It is indeed a relief to read this straightforward record after suffering for many months the fatuous comments of amateur strategists at the editorial desk who are satisfied that the only way of strengthening the public morale is to exaggerate

our own successes and belittle the enemy and all his works. This flaccid optimism is a fruitful source of war weariness.

Certain features are lightly touched upon in these volumes which will not be cleared up until the end of the war, as in the case of the brigades who went astray at the Battle of Loos. This story is in strange contrast to the recent claim of Lord French that with more divisions he might have won through to Lille.

The books are well supplied with maps. The opening chapter of the first volume deals with the origin of the war and the case for the British nation is stated with eloquent simplicity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Beyond. —John Galsworthy.
 Long Live the King.—Mary Roberts Rhineheart.
 The North American Idea—By James A. MacDonald, LL.D.,
 Editor of the Toronto "Globe."
 The Whistling Mother—By Grace S. Richmond
 The Long Lane's Turning—By Hallie Erminie Rives

THE EGLANTINE

Have you heard of that wonderful story,
 Of the beautiful Eglantine;
 How it grew by the wall in the valley,
 How it clung to the rocky chine?
 It was weak when it tried to grow upward,
 Just beginning to break the sod;
 And it needed the help of the sunlight,
 And a lift from the hand of God.

It was needful that some one would help it,
 It was trying so hard to rise;
 And to spread out its myriad branches,
 Far away toward the sunny skies.
 On a trellis it might have been steady,
 On a lattice or tree or tower;
 But it could not arise in its own might
 Or produce such a fragrant flower.

But it clung to a crack in a boulder,
 And kept pleading for life and light;
 Unto God it was always appealing
 For assistance to gain the height.
 But at length when the season was ended
 It had reached to the upper zone,
 And the bright little tireless creeper
 Had arrived at its long sought home.

* * * * *

Shall the spirit of any poor creature
 Be discouraged in efforts to rise,
 When the strength of a measureless power
 Draws it constantly toward the skies?
 Far beyond the dark valley of shadows
 High above the blue crested dome;
 Are the victors who triumphed in struggles;
 Who arrived in their long sought home.

—John O. Foster, D.D., Seattle

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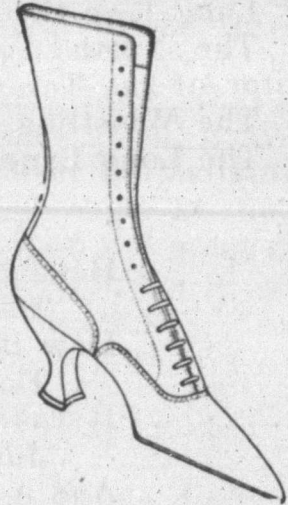
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