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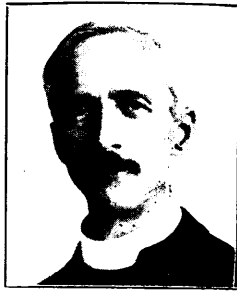
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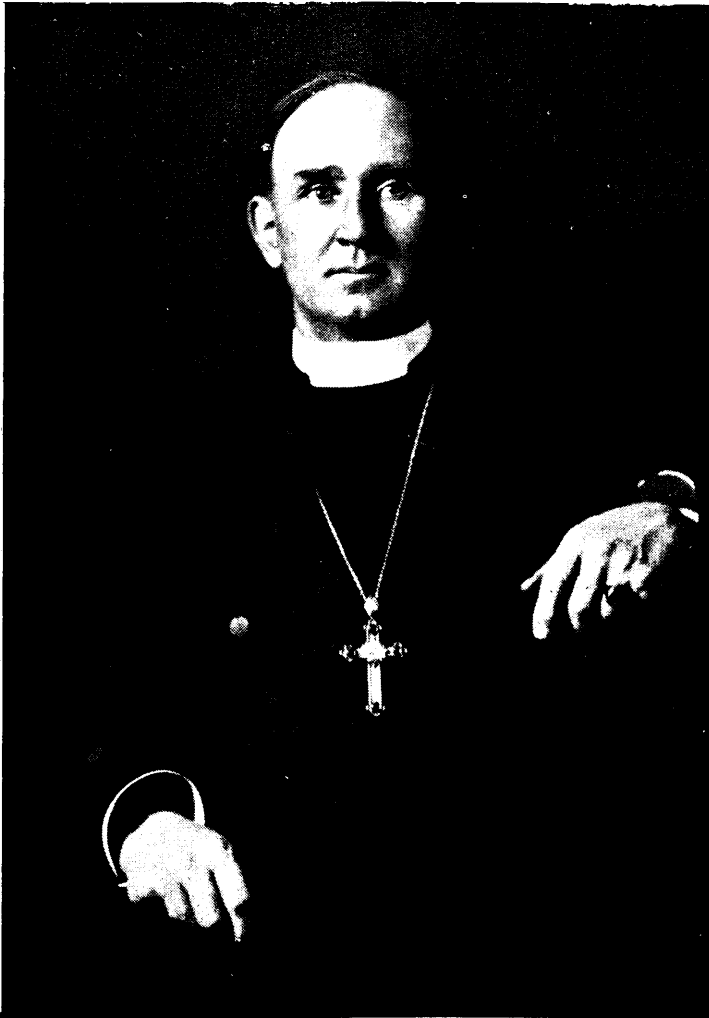
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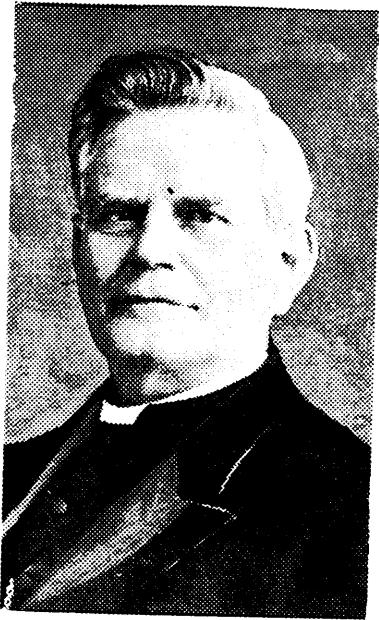
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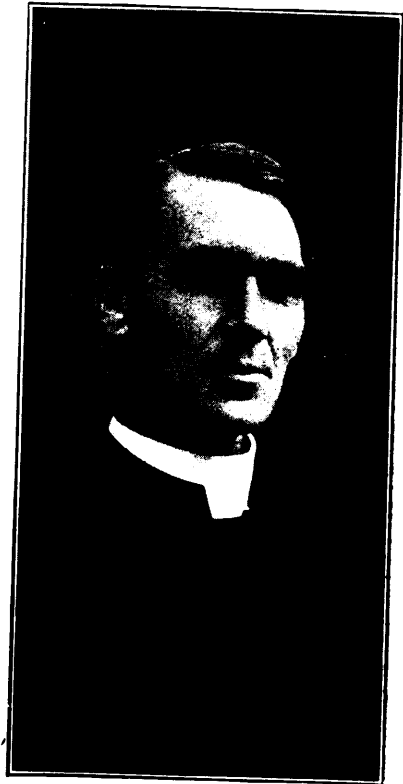
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Bishop of New Westminster



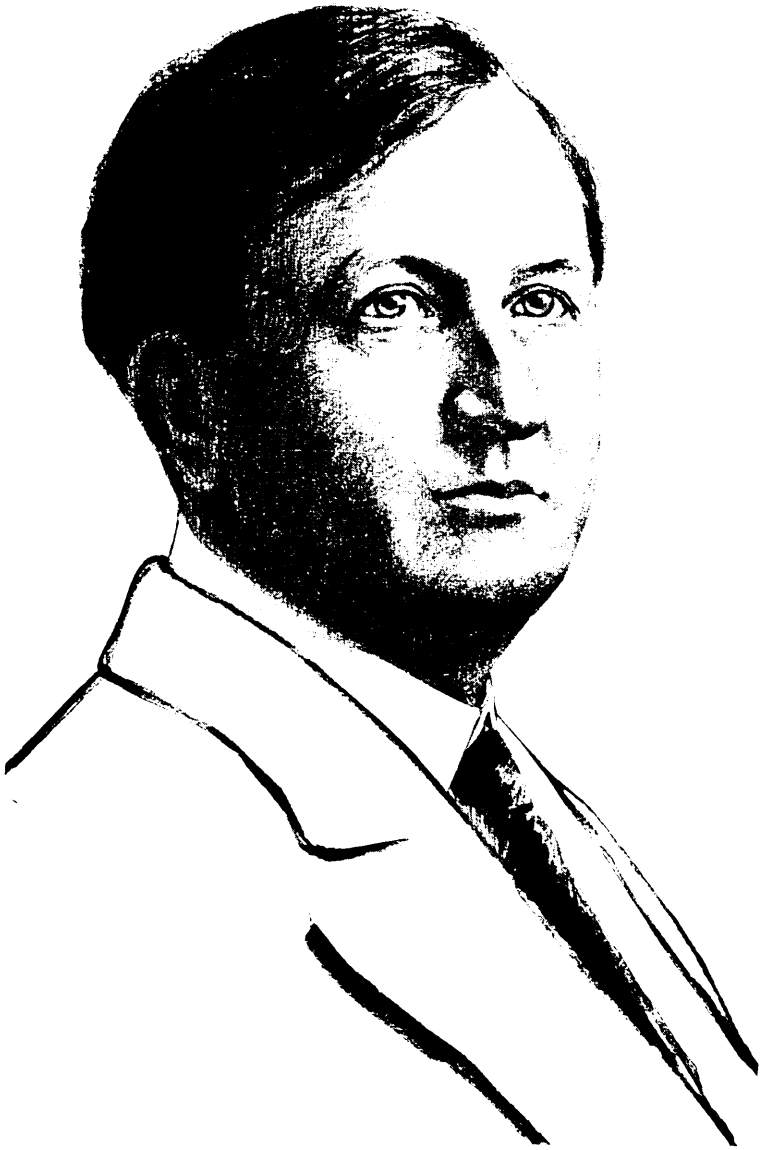
REV. H. FRANCIS PERRY, D. D.
First Baptist Church, Vancouver



REV. S. D. CHOWN, D. D.
Superintendent of Methodist Church



REV. EBER CRUMMY, B.Sc., D. D.
Wesley Church, Vancouver



THE NEW MODERATOR OF WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERY
REV. J. W. WOODSIDE, M. A.
Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church, Vancouver

Westminster Hall Magazine

AND

FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

FOR SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Volume IV.

JANUARY, 1914.

No. 6

Published at 1600 Barclay Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.

NEW YEAR MESSAGES FROM REPRESENTATIVE MEN

I.—BY REV. J. K. UNSWORTH, FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
VANCOUVER

We remember in entering upon 1914 that our hope for this as for all other years, rests not upon a mood of soul, nor on soundness of stomach, or nerves, nor on the whim of soothsayer, nor on personal environment, nor on the apparent drift of current events. This year is certain to be for us a good year as have been all others, because it is set in the prevailing purpose which proceedeth out of the heart of the Father Eternal. Underneath these months as yet unknown are the Everlasting Arms. The believer's vital hope does not rise and fall with the barometer of changeful circumstance. Indeed some of the most hopeful messages have flashed out of darkest times. Chained to the Roman guard Paul cried, Rejoice! Rejoice! In the gloom darkening down upon the infant church the seer of Patmos beheld a new heaven and a new earth. And under the shadow of the cross Christ was quietly confident of love's triumph. This is also our privilege—to live in the House of Hopeful during Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen.

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We rejoice in recording every sign of the better day. In our own city there is an advance, though slow, continuous in civic consciousness and unification. Like Kipling's good ship, Vancouver is finding herself. Or, to change the metaphor, is developing 'team play.' She has also thought more upon her higher life. The moral forces of the churches and other organizations have drawn together in the Social Service Council. The rather tardy action of the Police Board towards suppressing commercialized vice indicates an awaken-

ing conscience concerning an old evil. The financial depression speaks of the imperishable elements of life and knits the community in a mighty sympathy. Trouble unifies more than does prosperity.

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Here are some wishes which I make in breaking the wish-bone with you:

That Vancouver churches combine in presenting the Christian faith at Sunday afternoon and evening meetings in one of the large Granville street theatres.

That a citizen of the highest class is being prepared for the mayoral chair in 1915.

That Woodstock, Ontario, will have the honor of the consummation, as far as the Presbyterian Church is concerned, of the next great step towards the Church of God in Canada.

That Germany and Britain will grow more friendly in Africa and elsewhere and learn war no more.

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II.—BY THE RIGHT REV. A. U. DE PENCIER, BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

The letter asking me to contribute a short message for the January number of the Westminster Hall Magazine reached me just as I had finished reading a Contribution written by The Rev. Percy Dearmer, entitled "Love in the Churches," published in the current number of the "Constructive Quarterly." If for no other reason than to direct the attention of the readers of the "Magazine" to that article, I feel I ought not to let the opportunity slip, but hasten to comply with your request.

Each year that goes by brings more and more of fulfilment of the prophecy that this 20th Century will see great world events centering around the shores of the Pacific Ocean. In this Pacific province of the Dominion, Christianity is more on trial as the great and potent influence in determining the far reaching questions of religious, moral and social duties for those of our own and the great Asiatic non-Christian populations, than in any other province in Canada. Each year increases our transportation facilities with the nations of the Far East. Each year brings greater opportunity for the influence of our Christian civilization to have sway. Surely these considerations must lead every earnest follower of the Lord Christ to desire to present a common front when faced with these great non-Christian forces.

The greatest force that we can use is love—"Love never faileth." As we are planning and praying how we are to accomplish our work for 1914 so as to secure the best results for our own and other lands let us keep the apostolic injunction of the aged disciple whom Jesus loved ever in our hearts, "Little children, love one another." The more of love we have, the more have we of God, for "God is love." It is a difficult task for many of us, with our own strong inclinations and desires, our accustomed methods and administrations; yet these are human attributes, and Love is Divine—and "if to love our enemies is a practicable Christian duty, to love those who are only alienated from us by belonging to another Church ought to be at this period of the world's history, by comparison easy. Christendom will surely use the new charity which is pouring into "our hearts, the new wisdom which modern science and statesmanship have taught us, to make atonement for the "ancient sins, to undo the long-established wrongs, to set up the banner once more of peace and good will, to unravel the desperate tangle of Christendom.

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III.—BY REV. S. D. CHOWN, D. D., GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT
METHODIST CHURCH

The advent of a New Year brings with it the recollection that with the coming of a new century has come a bracing faith that every ill that afflicts humanity will yield to the appropriate remedy as soon as it can be discovered and applied. A sense of youthful puissance has displaced the doubting hesitation of the nineteenth century's closing years. Perhaps some prophetic foregleams of a consciousness of unity of aspiration on the part of the humanitarian forces at work has had something to do with this new optimism.

Indeed it is an enticing age in which we live. One might well pray for an extension of years that he might long share in the joy of sweetening the waters of the river of life. Many persons to-day are catching the glories of a brighter future mirrored in the shadows of a dying past. There is a great new hope in the old world's heart, and a faith which leaps confidently forward in expectation of a brighter to-morrow. A greater love for mankind is coming into the world, and a mightier strife after perfection is uttering its throes everywhere. The forces of Science, Socialism and Christianity are marching nearer to each other than they know, and the work of the next archetypal man whom God gives to the human family will be to take the scales from

their eyes, that each toiler may see the glory of the other, and each, by the aid of the other, attain to and live the highest life. Undeniably we dwell in momentous times. The economic system, based upon the monetary brute force, waxes old and is ready to die. One cannot think without seeing that the world is feeling the growing pains of a new order of civilization.

BY MR. J. M. GRAHAM, GENERAL SECRETARY, Y. M. C. A.,
VANCOUVER

With a desire to help make the year 1914 a better one for the young men readers of this magazine, I venture to offer two simple suggestions:—

1st.—Notwithstanding the pressure of numerous engagements and activities—Business, Educational, Athletic, Social and Church—let us be concerned for the extension of Christ's principles into all departments of individual and community life.

2nd.—By means of Daily Bible Study and private prayer we may acquire a knowledge of our Lord and His program that will inspire us to such unselfish service as will be a fitting expression of our devotion to the Master and of increasing good-will to men.

BY REV. H. FRANCIS PERRY, D.D., FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,
VANCOUVER

VOCATIONAL LIFE FOR THE NEW YEAR

A vocation is a calling, a business, a profession. An avocation is a side issue, an occasional diversion, often a pastime. The dilettante, in his desultory pursuit of art without serious purpose, is an example of the avocational life. The connoisseur in his constant attention to every detail of his subject presents a vocational life. Gladstone's vocation was statesmanship, his avocation Greek Literature. Dr. Henry G. Weston's vocation was the teaching of homiletics, his avocation, the raising of roses. Had the church nothing better to offer than an avocational life to young men of our age she would quickly fall into decadence and death. The vocational life is no less obligatory for faithfulness in the church than for business success in the world. Nothing less than the lofty ideal of vocational life is strong enough to lay hold of the young people of the twentieth century. Soft requirements, tropical blandishments, effeminate methods, avocational indifference are to appear more and more inadequate to the thoughtful, aggressive Christian young people of coming days.

The church has its duty in this time of new opportunity to show that its faith is resonant and heaven-born and that its social service is broad and Christ-like. Nothing will lead our young men to turn these magnificent possibilities into substantial achievements like a faith which is positive and a service which is catholic. The supernaturalism of the Christian faith is not underbrush to be cleared out and turned into bonfires, but it is timber from which to build temples. The cross is not to be de-vitalized and de-magnetized by considering it some spectacular exhibition of unusual love, but it is absolutely the place of vicarious sin-bearing. It is the birth-place of redemption. There is no attractiveness to young men in unnecessary bonfires upon which green wood has been piled until the eyes are blinded with smoke from the uncanny fire. Dismal doubt need not precede luminous faith. On the other hand, a religion divorced from conduct and service will never demand the enthusiastic loyalty of strong men who are intensely common-sense in this practical age. They desire a religion which is not primarily the acceptance of a formula, but the possession of a fellowship with Christ which will thrill their entire manhood, and then a service which will be vocational and successful. The breadth of the enterprise of our evangelism, the glories of our philanthropy, the determined effort to touch life at every point, putting religion into business, and business into religion, will rally our young men to seize the opportunities in this age of individualism and transmute their strength and initiative into new victories for the kingdom of God. It is the fault of the church if this spiritual renaissance of youth does not flood with its abundant vigor all of its coast lines and fill its harbors with treasure-ships.

VI.—BY REV. EBER CRUMMY, B.Sc., D.D., WESLEY CHURCH,
VANCOUVER.

The Editor of this Magazine has invited me to join a number of others in what may prove to be a sort of symposium on thoughts and plans that the New Year suggests.

I would begin by congratulating the editor on the splendid position he occupies for making an important contribution to the work of laying foundations in this province so full of splendid promise, if only the foundations are well laid; and upon the proof he has already supplied that he means to seize the advantage offered.

British Columbia needs nothing more at this stage in her development than just what Westminster Hall has been seeking to supply—

solid teaching in connection with the fundamentals of life together with the inspiration which cannot fail to be derived from the presence in the province from time to time of some of the world's more outstanding personalities, when some of the more distinguished teachers from abroad are induced to visit us. And to widen the circle of the influence of these activities which is, I believe, the province of the Magazine, is a contribution to the public good hard to overestimate.

To wish the Magazine, then a most successful year, which I do with all my heart, is to wish good to a very large circle.

I have often thought that the symbols in which men of faith in the past have expressed their faith may be a more valuable inheritance to succeeding generations than their credal statements. One of these symbol creeds out of the past is found in the synchronization of Christmas and New Year; for as is generally known it is due only to accidents in the development of the calendar that they do not fall upon the same date and that both anniversaries do not stand upon the day of the winter solstice. To the ancients it was at this point that the sun halted in its downward course towards darkness and began to climb the heavens introducing a New Year. The early Christians saw in this a symbol of Christ's coming and the effect it was exerting upon human history. Darkness was defeated and a new day ushered in. And the conviction that is and has always been the mainspring of Christian endeavour, is that a knowledge of the spirit of Jesus will with its realization bring increasingly humanity's New Year. The New Year, then as it annually returns in company with Christmas becomes an impressive re-statement of this fundamental creed of Christians—and at least tends to start the man who holds the creed, anew upon his task of man's redemption. It is a reminder and we need the reminder that humanity's larger day awaits the fuller embodiment in our laws and customs in our thoughts and character of the spirit of Jesus.

VII.—BY REV. J. W. WOODSIDE, M. A., MOUNT PLEASANT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, VANCOUVER, B. C.

“Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be,

The last of life for which the first was made.”

So sang a noble soul and learned his song, I doubt not, from a greater far. A secret lies here to help us gather joy and peace from the swiftly passing years. How full of pathos and tragedy is life for him who keeps not his face toward the ever dawning days and

lets his eye rest upon the blue distance and roam about the infinite stretches! Lack of outlook and uplook is the birthplace of sadness and failure. To climb the slope of the years and cross the summit of the allotted span, and at each milepost look back vainly toward the departing glories is to fail. There is an attitude to assume, a conception to be grasped, a vision to be seen, a hope to be nurtured that forever puts life beyond the reach of the corrupting hand of time. Possessing that secret, you need not mourn the flight of time. The best is always beyond, over the brow of the hill, around the next turn of the road. You do not need to grow old.

The furrows of the face, the droop of the body and the nearing of life's boundary are but signs of your emancipation—a new birth.

There on the threshold your day is at the morn. The implements of common toil are left behind but nobler tools are yours, for nobler work beyond. Ever amid the gathering shadows, looking out toward the undiscovered country you may sing "the best is yet to be."



"Friends give flowers to mark the hours
Of changing seasons as they roll—
Thoughts we give, by them we live,
And thoughts are blossoms of the soul."

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"The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible."

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"Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would enoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life."

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"Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. Work, hope, trust. Keep in touch with today. Teach yourself to be practical and up-to-date and sensible. You cannot fail. God is beside you."

PROBLEMS OF IMMIGRATION

BY PRINCIPAL MACKAY

Canada is growing as no nation ever grew. She has natural resources of incalculable value. What is she to make of them? Whither is her growth to lead? The character of her immigration will largely determine the answer to both questions. Our original citizenship was almost entirely of British origin, with the exception of the large French community in the Province of Quebec, but in recent years conditions have changed and, to-day at Winnipeg, the heart of Canada, the Bible Society distributes scriptures in almost a hundred languages and dialects, while we meet on our streets with citizens of every nation under the sun. To assimilate such immense masses of human beings with ideals and associations so different from our own is a task of appalling magnitude and complexity and one for which we are none too well prepared. Our political morality is shamelessly low and disinterested citizenship all too rare. Without high political morality and an intelligent and patriotic citizenship, we are doomed to a place among the nations which our rapid material development and unprecedented increase in population will only serve to make more conspicuously despicable. If we are to maintain the principles and ideals which have made the British Empire great we must cease to dwell in the fool's paradise which our own indifference has made for us and face the problems our rapidly growing communities present before it is too late. All of these problems are more or less bound up with the character of our immigration. We, therefore, hope that the articles which follow may be of use to the readers of the Westminster Hall Magazine in deciding where their duty lies in this formative period of our history.

To us on the Pacific slope, the burning phase of the immigration question has to do with the Oriental races. This is not a local question, but the first ripples of a tidal movement of humanity, the ultimate results of which no man can face.

For centuries Great Britain and the other Western powers have been exploiting the commercial possibilities of India and China, and at a later date Japan, and by so doing have been turning the eyes of these peoples toward the civilization and the opportunities of the west. Then the missionaries followed and by their work the teeming millions of these three great empires have been taught something of the greatness of life. From this new consciousness has sprung a deep unrest which is driving them to seek new lands and wider spheres

of opportunity. Like a tidal wave it is sweeping over that great reservoir of yellow humanity, Eastern Asia, and unless it finds a safe outlet in lands beyond the sea, is bound to bring disaster in its wake.

It first touched the shores of Canada, when the Canadian Pacific railway was being built and labor of any kind was hard to get. Then Onderdonk the builder of one of the mountain sections, imported large masses of Chinese coolies. The tales they carried or sent back to China brought others, until now we have thousands scattered all over the land, though for the most part, they remain in British Columbia. About the same time the Japanese began to know of the climate and resources of the west coast and came in large numbers until now they practically control the fisheries and several other branches of industry in British Columbia. It was not long before this large influx of Oriental labor had begun to occasion alarm, and efforts were made to restrict it. First a capitation tax of fifty dollars, then one of five hundred dollars was imposed on all Chinese of the laboring classes coming into Canada, but they still come in thousands and the system is working against the very purpose it is designed to achieve. The individual coolie is too poor even to pay his fare to this country, much less to put up five hundred dollars on landing. The result is that great companies have been formed who find the necessary money and keep the poor coolie in virtual slavery until he has worked it out. Employers of Chinese labor deal not with the individual man, but with the Tyee, or boss, and labor is bought and sold in masses, without any personal contact between employer and employee. This is a condition which degrades the whole status of labor and citizenship and is bad for the Chinaman as well as for his white competitor in the labor market.

Then, too, the boss will not pay to bring out non-productive classes, so that the coolie leaves his wife and children, the one civilizing and humanizing element in his life, behind him in China, with the fond hope of returning to them soon. But the years drag by in many cases and he has to live in circumstances which almost force him into brutalizing and degrading practices. Chinatown is a degraded and degrading spot in any city and you meet Chinamen who have been away from wife and home for thirty and forty years working out their master's claims or sometimes held here by gambling and worse vices.

The Chinaman with his wife and family about him is an asset to the community, but no race is strong enough to herd thousands of

its men together for years at a time, and the Chinaman is no exception to the rule.

When the Japanese began to come in large numbers, their Empire was well enough advanced to secure control of the individual citizen by the central authorities. An arrangement was therefore come to by which the numbers admitted in any one year is restricted to four hundred. The Japanese workman is more energetic and enterprising than the Chinese, though not as reliable or trustworthy. He comes into the country for the most part to stay, and brings his wife and family with him, so that he has a better chance for a decent life than the Chinese coolie has. A considerable number of these two races under proper conditions could be assimilated in time, but the present proportion is altogether too large and to make matters worse the Hindoo has discovered British Columbia and with a stubborn tenacity is moving heaven and earth to be allowed to flood our province. When these people first arrived it was in a time when work was very scarce and times bad. Of course, they did not receive a very hearty welcome from the white men who were themselves hard pressed to find opportunities for earning a livelihood. The Hindoo workmen were practically penniless and had to depend in large measure on charity during their first winter, but as times improved and work became more plentiful they gradually improved their position until now they rarely need outside assistance. Yet, despite the fact that they are members of the great Aryan race and subjects of the British Empire, they are the least popular of our oriental immigrants. Temperamentally they are so far removed from the average white working man that there seems little chance for a harmonious mingling of the two races on the soil of Canada within a reasonable time. To restrict their ingress a rather transparent subterfuge was resorted to by the Canadian government. It was found that no steamship line came direct from India to Canada and a regulation was, therefore, made prohibiting the entrance of any immigrant who had not come direct from his land of nativity. But an enterprising Japanese company promised a line of steamers direct from India to Canada and at the same time Chief Justice Hunter ruled that this regulation is *ultra vires*. Nothing then remained to prevent a very large influx of Hindoos and the situation was a very grave one until an order in council prohibited the immigration of artisans and work people from all over the world and, of course, shut off the Hindoos for a time. This order only holds good until March, and in the meantime some way must be found to prevent the influx of any more Hindoos for the

present. Those who are remaining here, in the interests of our own moral health as well as in the name of justice, should be permitted to bring their wives and families and be given an opportunity to show what they have to contribute to our national life.

CHURCH LIFE AND WORK

WEEK-DAY SERVICES

"There is a widespread feeling that the present is an opportune time to take stock spiritually; to ask just what we have been living for; to seek for a deeper spiritual life; and that we may make a larger contribution to the moral and spiritual life of the community.

Meetings will therefore be held every day during the first week of the year in St. Andrew's church. There will be a short address and a period of prayer and fellowship. The whole service will last forty minutes."

In the above terms intimation was given of a series of meetings which formed a very fitting beginning to the New Year among a section of churchmen in the farthest west coastland metropolis of Empire.

As it is, we believe many of our ministers are overworked, but we may venture the suggestion that it would be well if a regular week-day service at the after-lunch hour could be arranged for all the year round in one of the down-town churches.

While men are concerned about religious affairs it is often difficult to keep thoughts of business out; perhaps when they are absorbed in business it would be beneficial to let thoughts of religion in.

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JANUARY PRESBYTERY MEETING

The meeting of Westminster Presbytery held on 13th January was notable for the way in which the industrial situation on Vancouver Island was brought under attention, and the light given thereon. The resolution unanimously passed should appear in the daily press before this Magazine is published. The suggestion that a full and impartial investigation be made into the conditions obtaining in the districts of industrial unrest is one to which no unprejudiced person can take exception, and which no responsible authorities can fairly ignore.

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In his absence, Rev. Mr. McColl, of Port Moody, a cheerful

ministerial veteran of the west, was nominated for the Moderatorship of the Presbytery. When, later in the day Mr. McColl was informed of the honour conferred on him, he showed no lack of appreciation of it, but pleaded to be excused from the onerous duties of office because of sickness in his family shortening his stay in the city.

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The Moderator's mantle thereupon fell on the broad shoulders of Rev. J. W. Woodside, of Mount Pleasant church—though, by the way, no robes of office seem to be essential to the presiding officer.

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Genial and hearty in manner, Mr. Woodside makes a good chairman, and his piloting of the docket of business on the 13th, suggested that speedy dispatch will be the order of the day during his tenure of office.

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On the motion of the new Moderator, the Presbytery nominated Rev. Principal Scrimgeour for the office of Moderator of the 1914 General Assembly.

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Other subjects discussed at this Presbytery suggested the need for decentralization affecting various matters. The travelling expenses fund has not had the attention it ought to have had in fairness to the members of Presbytery who come from a distance and to whom travelling and hotel expenses are quite an item, and the Presbytery acted wisely in having the matter taken up afresh. No doubt the new committee, with the former convenor upon it, will have the matter dealt with in a manner satisfactory to all concerned. Apart from the exceptional financial conditions of 1913, there is apparently much to arrange and adjust in connection with the transition period affecting finance, and the smooth working out in detail of the vast business coming under the Budget.

INDUCTION AT EDMONDS

As the result of a hearty and unanimous call from the Edmonds congregation, Rev. A. M. O'Donnell, B. A., was recently inducted into that pastoral charge. Rev. D. James, of Robertson Church, presided, Rev. Alver Mackay, West Vancouver preached, and Rev. Mr. Douglas addressed the congregation.

Mr. O'Donnell, who is a graduate in arts of Queen's, and a graduate in theology of Westminster Hall, was married the other month to one of Winnipeg's fair daughters, a former deaconess of St.

Andrew's church of that city; so that he begins his work at Edmonds under the most happy and helpful auspices.

A growing and prosperous community, in the central portion of Burnaby and convenient to New Westminster and Vancouver, Edmonds offers a splendid field of service to Mr. O'Donnell, and the success which marked the work he did before completing his course at Kerrisdale, in an appointment on Vancouver Island and elsewhere, augur well for Edmonds.

ST. JOHN'S LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY, VANCOUVER

The Society began work for the winter in October and has maintained a high level of enthusiasm and usefulness. The literary element, especially on its dialectic side, has been developed in the members; and social fellowship has increased the interest in church association which the society is meant indirectly to foster. The contest with St. Andrew's Literary Society under the auspices of the City Debating League, was among the chief events in the syllabus hitherto; the competition was a keen one and conducted in good spirit, and the judges announced, though not unanimously, that the knights of St. John had carried their banner to victory. An evening by Mrs. Belle Rose Emslie in monologue, sketch and story, and a lecture by Professor Davidson on Sound Waves (with demonstrations) were two of the more public events; while among interesting items to come may be mentioned a patriotic night, and a lecture on "Mountaineering," by Mr. John Davidson, F.L.F., F.B.S.E., Provincial Botanist.

The lecture on "Mountaineering," when given by an authority, should be of special interest, considering the nature of the scenery in the neighborhood and in the province.

It is probable also that a debate will be held in the latter month with the students of Westminster Hall.

The secretary is Mr. W. W. Fraser, 956 Nicola street, and the meetings are held on alternate Tuesdays at 8 p.m. in the church hall or parlor, corner of Comox and Broughton streets. Visitors are cordially welcome.

AMONG THE FARTHEST WEST CHURCHES

St. David's Church, South Vancouver, Rev. J. R. Robertson, B. D., minister, observed the week of prayer by nightly services, conducted by Rev's. R. J. Douglas, E. A. Henry, G. D. Ireland, R. G. MacKay and J. H. White. The series culminated in a communion

service conducted by Rev. Principal Mackay and resulted in much spiritual quickening in the congregation.

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Rev. John Gibson Inkster, B. A., of First Church, Victoria, conducted anniversary services on Sunday, January 4, on Pender Island. His visit was a rare stimulus to the fine little community on Pender. Mr. Inkster's services were taken by Principal Mackay in the morning and by the director of religious education of First Church, Rev. A. Raeburn Gibson, who is doing splendid work in this, the growing time of that historic congregation.

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Two of our city ministers have been ordered away for rest and change. Rev. David James, of Grandview, has gone to California for rest and change and Rev. A. O. Paterson has been ordered to take a course of treatment in a sanitarium, and at least six months rest before resuming his duties. Rev. J. C. Madill who has already been absent for two months on sick leave, expects to be able to take up his work at Cedar Cottage early in February. We wish all these brethren a speedy and permanent recovery.

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Kitsilano Church under its energetic new pastor, Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, is making rapid progress, large accessions being made to the membership at each communion.

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The Vipond Library has been honored by the gift of a copy of Prof. James Moffat's translation of the New Testament. Prof. Moffat speaks with enthusiasm of his visit to Vancouver and the impression made on him by its magnificent surroundings.

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Rev. John Campbell, Ph.D., late of First Church, Victoria, is renewing his youth in another congregation, and Erskine church, under his leadership, is already one of the forces to be reckoned with in the Presbyterianism of Victoria.

* * * * *

Rev. Duncan Campbell, late of Enderby, is now a happy benedict, having taken to wife, Miss Oswald, sister of the popular minister of Alberni, and daughter of one of our most respected pioneer ministers. Mr. Campbell and his bride are holidaying in California, where he is supplying one of the leading churches in the suburbs of Los Angeles. We hope that he may not be tempted to remain south of

the border, as few men have done better work for the church in this synod, and none are better fitted for a strong ministry in the coming days.

* * * * *

St. Andrew's Church, New Westminster, vacant by the resignation of Rev. J. S. Henderson, has given a hearty call to Rev. W. F. Kerr, B.D., of Prince Rupert. Mr. Kerr will be a very strong acquisition to the church in Westminster Presbytery.

* * * * *

Rev. A. C. Cameron, late assistant minister in St. Andrew's Church, Vancouver, was on Monday, December 29th, inducted into the pastorate of Henderson church, Burnaby, in succession to Rev. J. H. McLean, B.D., now of St. Pauls, Victoria. Henderson church is to be congratulated on such a splendid settlement after so short a vacancy. Mr. Cameron did fine work as assistant to Rev. R. J. Wilson, M.A., and the prospects are bright for the new pastorate.

* * * * *

Chalmers' Church Mens' Brotherhood did fine service in the recent civic elections in arranging to secure a pledge from every candidate that the disgraceful moral conditions so long tolerated in the city would not again be returned to. There is need of a revival of the civic conscience in Vancouver and throughout British Columbia. Our miserable partizanship has brought about a state of affairs throughout the province of which every decent man should be ashamed and such organizations as the above can do much in educating and guiding the public to better things.

* * * * *

Rev. J. H. McLean, B. D. Ph.D., is already giving a good account of himself in his new field, St. Paul's, Victoria, and when normal conditions are restored, Dr. McRae's long years of faithful service will bear rich fruit under his worthy successor.

* * * * *

Rev. Prof. Pidgeon opened a splendid new church at Courtenay, on Vancouver Island, on Sunday, December 28. Rev. Thomas Menzies' long pastorate has done much for this fine field and is still maintained with vigor and freshness.

* * * * *

Rev. Dr. Pidgeon left on Friday, January 2, for Nelson where he will conduct a two weeks series of evangelistic services, in conjunction with the minister, Rev. E. S. Logie. Mr. Logie is one of the strong

men of the synod and is doing heroic work in one of its most difficult fields.

* * * * *

The new Riverview Church is nearing completion and will be opened early in February.

* * * * *

Westminster Hall has again been fortunate in arranging for a very strong staff for the Theological Session. Rev. Geo. Milligan, D. D., of Glasgow University, will teach New Testament, and Rev. Prof. Morton, of Knox College, Toronto, will conduct the classes in Church History. The prospects are that the classes will be the largest and best equipped in the history of the College.

* * * * *

Rev. Prof. Taylor is teaching some classes in English Bible and Hebrew this winter, in Toronto University, and spending much time in the library on his lectures for this year, and his book which will be one of the strong numbers in the new series of Canadian Theological books, of which Prof's. Geo. C. Pidgeon and R. E. Welsh, D. D., of Montreal, are joint editors.

FROM FARTHER FIELDS

Rev. T. W. Mills, B.A., one of the early graduates of Westminster Hall, was inducted into the charge of Latona, Presbytery of Owen Sound, in December. The call was absolutely unanimous and exceptionally hearty. The church was filled at the induction service and Mr. and Mrs. Mills accorded a most cordial welcome. The prospects of a happy and successful pastorate were never better in Latona, which has had some excellent men, heretofore.

At a special meeting of Lacombe Presbytery, held in December, Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Killam, owing to the state of his health, tabled his resignation. Medical certificates were submitted affirming that rest was absolutely necessary. After some laudatory remarks on the part of commissioners from the congregation and members of Presbytery, the resignation was regretfully accepted. Permission was asked to retain Mr. Hamilton's name on the roll of presbytery, and he is requested to retain his position as clerk. From New Year his address will be Wetaskiwin. Rev. J. A. James, Strome, was appointed moderator, *pro tem*.

THE NEW YEAR

BY R. A. HANLEY

Another year has passed away,
Its golden hours their course have run,
And we its chequered path survey—
The battles lost, the victories won;
O, God of Grace, forgive the past,
And bring us to Thyself at last.

Accept our weak and humble strife
Against the evils of our time;
Our struggles for the purer life,
Our longings, sacred and sublime;
Grant us Thy strength within the soul
That we may reach our final goal.

A bright New Year is dawning now,
Untrodden paths are stretching far,
May high resolve and sacred vow
Guard this New Year from sin's dark scar;
O God of love our journey cheer,
And guide us safely through the year.

Watch o'er our fortunes, guard our way
Through all the days and hours to come,
Lead to that land of golden day
Where we shall greet our heaven and home;
O God of heaven and earth be near
And fit us for the Eternal Year.

NESBITT, MANITOBA.

NOT UNDERSTOOD*

Not understood. We move along asunder;
 Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
 Along the year; we marvel and we wonder,
 Why life is life. And then we fall asleep,—
 Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
 And hug them closer as the years go by,
 Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
 And thus men rise, and fall, and live, and die,—
 Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls, with stunted vision,
 Oft measure giants with their narrow gauge.
 The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision,
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,—
 Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
 Which lie beneath the surface and the show
 Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
 We judge our neighbors, and they often go
 Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
 The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
 Destroys long years of friendship, and estrange us,
 And in our souls there falls a freezing blight,—
 Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
 For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day,
 How many cheerless lonely hearts are breaking!
 How many noble spirits pass away,
 Not understood.

Oh, God, that men would see a little clearer,
 Or judge less harshly where they cannot see!
 Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
 To one another! They'd be nearer thee,
 And understood.

* *We are privileged to be able to reproduce these verses by the late Tom Bracken, of New Zealand, who himself, there is too much reason to believe, died "Not Understood." So far as we know, the verses have not been published before.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MASTERPIECES. VII.

From the Dream that Influenced Scrooge's Reformation.

"Man of the worldly mind," replied the ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide, and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why!"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girdled it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!"

"Jacob," he said imploringly, "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And travelling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

"Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labour, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were their no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone." * * * * * "I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

* * * * *

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep.

The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

—From A CHRISTMAS CAROL, by Charles Dickens.

Westminster Hall Magazine

AND FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

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VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1914.

NO. 6.

EDITOR'S PAGE

INCREASING OUR CIRCULATION

As our readers may have noticed from the pages of our "double number," we have been giving special attention to our circulation. One consequence is that this number six of volume IV., is dated January, 1914.

NEW YEAR MESSAGES FROM WESTERN LEADERS

We are sure the "Messages" published elsewhere in this issue from representative leaders in religious life and work in the Farthest West will be read with interest.

While we are glad to have this evidence of unity of spirit among the different branches of the Church, we gratefully record our appreciation of the ready response given to our letter of request by those connected with other denominations than the one to which we primarily owe allegiance.

Whatever the difference in methods of government and organization, the Christian Church in all its branches must come closer with the passing years.

PERSPECTIVE AND PROPORTION

The making of new resolutions at the end and beginning of a year has with many become a by-word and a jest; and yet the very fact that a man "resolves and re-resolves" is proof that a sense of personal insufficiency and error survives in him, and that the desire at least for reform or betterment is not dead.

It is therefore poor policy and worse taste to make light of the "good intentions" of any human being by flippantly suggesting that good intentions mark the road to a certain region which every sane soul would shun.

Success in the soul life is attained, not by never falling, but by never consenting to defeat; if we live fighting for the higher, we shall surely die winning.

What we need most of all with the passing years is a clearer vision which will enable us to see this life in true perspective and to estimate its various cares and concerns in a proportion more consistent with the mind of the Master.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves" is more applicable before thirty; and when men merge towards the mid years of life, they may less readily make "New Year resolutions," but that, not because they are indifferent to the wisdom of "resolving and re-resolving," but because they learn to live not by the year but by the day.

Living "a day at a time," and recognizing in their work the truth of the Edinburgh motto—"Nisi Dominus Frustra"—("Except the Lord, it is in vain"), men cease to fret themselves about making rules of conduct to take effect on this day or that of standard time; they learn to receive gratefully each new day, and, profiting from the past experience of themselves and others, are eager to make the best use of the fleeting hours.

Two other considerations may prevent the making of New Year resolutions: (1) When a man has learned his limitations and found "his work," not merely in the Carlylean sense, but in the congenial, and fitting, and God-given sense; and (2) as he learns, slowly but surely, that the only thing that counts in this life is the development of character through the exercise of mind and heart and soul sympathies and the deepening of a conviction, born of personal experience, that "the love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind, and the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

These considerations, together with a sense of utter dependence daily upon the Supreme Life-Giver, may at once make "resolving" less likely or necessary, and worthy effort more sure.

"You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love."

THE WOMAN'S PAGE

“ALL-SUFFICIENT”:—AN IDYL OF A WESTERN ISLE

No, it is not of King William and Queen Mary I would write, but of a William who was Mary's king, and of a Mary who was William's queen—the queen of his heart and of his home.

They had been the complement of each other for over forty years. He, gentle in manner and speech, with a trustful, loving, devout spirit, methodical, diligent and faithful in all his work, always “living as in God's sight and working as in His service.” She, brisk and bustling, quick of speech, shrewd and practical, not above taking a lively interest in her neighbors' affairs, yet withal very lovable.

Their wee house, built of unhewn stone and thatched with hay and heather, stood by the roadside on the edge of a moor. Mary saw all who came and went that way, and to those who “called in” a welcome befitting Royalty was given.

And what an extraordinary interior it was! With its spinning wheel and peat fire and quaint arrangement. Prints of many famous divines adorned the walls—Spurgeon and Talmage; Dr. Rainy and Mr. Roderick McLeod and “our Mr. Macphail,” etc., all of whom were spoken of with loving reverence, for William read intelligently and with much appreciation *The Christian Herald*, *The British Weekly* and the *Missionary Record*, sent regularly to him by one whose face he never saw but of whom Mary and he often spoke with affectionate gratitude.

On one end of the table, within easy reach of William's hand lay a well worn copy of the Bible. Bible characters were real men and women to him, and the truth for which they lived, and for which many of them died was dear as life to William. Did he not love and serve the same God as they? Did he not know and adore the same Lord? Was he not quickened, strengthened and guided by the same Energiser, Comforter and Enlightener as they? Had he not the same gracious assurance as many of them had of seeing face to face one day the One who had redeemed him and kept him safe through all?

The winter had been long and tempestuous. William was confined to bed and suffering not a little. Mary was by his bedside as cheerful as ever, busily knitting home-spun wool, a surprise gift that gave peculiar pleasure to both the giver and to the receiver.

They had no cow and the small quantity of milk they received from time to time was given out of an all too scanty store. All through

the long Friday night and all next day the snow was driven before a merciless wind debarring even the strong and healthy from going out of doors in that wind-swept region. On Sunday morning the sun shone down upon a world wrapt in snow's dazzling white mantle; but the snow lay too deep for any but stalwart men to venture forth in search of the all too early lambkins. William and Mary's little house was well nigh buried in snow wreaths. How had they fared during that long week-end?

"Tell her, Mary, how the Lord made provision for us," he said in a weak but exultant voice.

"Something made me fetch in plenty of water and peat fuel on Friday," Mary made answer, and towards evening Kirsty came with milk, and so we had all we needed and were 'as snug as mice in a mill.'"

William's face shone as Mary told of God's remembrance of them, and one felt that even had he been stronger, words would have been inadequate to express the joy and gratitude that welled from his heart towards the God who had proved Himself to be to them—Jehovah—Jireh.

William lingered until the month of May, suffering little but becoming gradually weaker. During these weeks of waiting he had many further gracious tokens of God's love and care, and on one occasion he had a wonderful experience, and like Paul, said—"whether in the body or whether out of the body I cannot tell."

The Annual General Assembly of the Church—reports of which William always read with keen interest—was in session when news of his departure was sent forth. Death came to him as a sleep, and surely he woke up to find himself with the One whom he had known, loved and worshipped here; the One who, too, while on earth, toiled and joyed and suffered; the One who had proved "all sufficient" for him through all the years and who had gone before to prepare a place for him.

Mary walked over the hill to the open air Communion Service in June, and it seemed as if there she, too, was "made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the Saints in Light." There she realized more fully than ever before the all-sufficiency of God in Christ.

Shortly after that Communion Season it "came to" a friend from a distance to visit Mary and it was given to her to nurse Mary during the few days of suffering appointed her. Surely Mary had it proved to her that—"Even unto old age I am He, and unto grey hairs I will bear. I have made and I will carry; yea, I will bear and will recover."

IN THE HOUR OF SILENCE

AT CAESAREA PHILIPPI

Peter's despairing confession, "Lord, to whom can we go but unto Thee," was the beginning of the Christian Church. It was wrung from his heart by bitter disillusionment. The fickle mobs thronging their footsteps had made him and his companions dream dreams of power and splendor, of a life sated with the things that are seen. But the mobs and the dreams had vanished together and left them alone by the red cliff at Caesarea Philippi. Alone, yet not alone. When the Master asked "Will we also go away?" and they had cast about in all directions whither they might go, the truth dawned clear upon them that here was the centre of reality, Christ was the home of the soul. The things that are seen vanish. "Thou hast the words of eternal life."

And ever and anon, the successors of the disciples, the Christian church, come to Caesarea Philippi, where the Christ stands forth anew, and they find life's meaning in Him. Such a time is upon us now. It is no longer the proper thing to throng the Nazarene. The worshippers of fashion have discovered that following the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life are in quite as good form. And they have gone away. Those who joined the company about the Master, in bitter need or lazy indolence seeking loaves and fishes, they too, have gone away. While they were with us, like the disciples, we too often took our ideas of the Kingdom of God from them. Now that they have left or are leaving, some of us are looking and longing the way they went, and others mourning that the glory of the Lord has departed. But if we listen, we shall hear the challenge "Will ye also go away?" and discover that our hearts cry out "To whom can we go?" "For us to live is Christ." And that discovery and that confession will save the church. When we are most forsaken by the fickle and the base, when the glory of the world is dim, then the glory of the Christ shines out and we find our life in Him. We have come to our Caesarea Philippi. We are at the beginning of a great new day.

PRAYER

O Thou, Whose all seeing eye sifts the motives at the hearts of men, Thou knowest altogether what we are, yet in the sacred confidence of prayer we would tell Thee all and come to know its mean-

ing in the telling. Thou knowest how the kingdoms of the world have held our hearts and inspired our efforts, how we have worshipped pomp and display and the thing that men call success, but our hearts are hungry and our lives are unfulfilled. We have no refuge but in Thee. Let Thy will be done in us and our lives find fulfillment in Thine Eternity of Life and Love. Amen.

AROUND THE HALL

NOTES OF COLLEGE LIFE BY T. S. PATON
MEET WITH COLUMBIA COLLEGE

On Friday, December 12th, a very interesting day was spent by the "Boys" at New Westminster. The events of the day were a football match and a debate, the latter arranged under the auspices of the Vancouver Debating League. The weather was good, and nearly every student turned out to support those who were destined to carry the honours for the day.

On the football field the Hall team showed themselves worthy of the success which was theirs, and a very close game resulted in our favour by one goal to nil.

J. T. Smeeton made a splendid marshal, and under his leadership, college yells and songs were heard at fitting intervals.

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, that Home Rule is in the best interests of Ireland." The Hall was represented by Maxwell, McGookin, and Gordon, who were winners in a keenly contested debate. Our thanks are due to those men, and no doubt they realized that we were appreciative from the enthusiasm which greeted their victory. The Hall had the negative side. Columbia treated us well and we shall be glad to reciprocate when we meet again.

THE CHRISTMAS SOCIAL

The Christmas social was this year held on Friday, December 19th. The Students' Council Executive was responsible for the evening's entertainment, and received many congratulations for the high class programme which they had arranged. The Principal, with his customary wisdom, made a splendid chairman, and he very fittingly drew out attention to the fact that these annual socials were each year reaching a higher standard. The different items were well received by the students and their friends. Short addresses were delivered by Dr. Pidgeon, a member of the faculty, and Mr. James

Beveridge, chairman of the Board of Management. The President of the Council worked untiringly for the success of the social, and the decorations reflected great credit on A. B. Dustan and his committee.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Another social event of great importance to the students was the College Christmas dinner. Miss Louden, our matron, did everything possible to make Christmas a pleasant day for us. Several of the students were absent, but the majority present made it a representative meeting of the college.

We were also fortunate in having with us as our guests the editor of the Westminster Hall Magazine and his "bride."

After doing justice to a very excellent dinner, served with all the Christmas "concomitants" we spent a social hour together.

Perhaps the most interesting item was the presentation of a little gift to Miss Louden. Every one of us felt the force of her few words of thanks—"I shall endeavour to thank you boys by trying to make it as comfortable for you all as you would find it in your own homes." We all recognize that the matron strives unceasingly to meet all our wants, and we do appreciate her efforts.

* * * * *

A neat and well-partitioned mail box was found in place at Westminster Hall at Christmas time, but it is evident that even "our own correspondent" is unaware to whose thoughtful interest it was due.

ECHOES OF LIFE

A LIFT BY THE WAY

There are several types of men without whom the world might get along very well, but among the characters who live to bless their fellows are the people who are ever ready to give others a lift by the way. This may be done in many ways, and sometimes perhaps unconsciously by a warm friendly handshake, a cheerful or encouraging word, or even by a kindly smile in passing.

The other week it was our good fortune to meet unexpectedly with one of those happy men who find pleasure in giving other people unlooked for practical help. While out from the city on urgent business, we were looking for the electric car, which is so often not

there when most wanted. The warning horn of a motor car was sounded behind, but not with that nerve-trying distracting, and peremptory sharpness all too common. The driver and sole occupant of the car (a New Westminster business man—we learned later) pulled up, and, by a sign, invited the wayfarer to join him.

In the interesting conversation which followed we gleaned that this gentleman makes a habit, when on business journeys, of inviting those he meets on the road to share his conveyance, and that without distinction of class.

When a man shows such a fine spirit no excuse is needed for introducing serious subjects, or asking—Do you happen to have a church connection? The reply given was quite in keeping with the Samaritan action, and revealed a soul seeking to practice the golden rule.

WORKING AND SMOKING AMONG LEGAL LIGHTS

That Western Canada is "free and easy" in many ways as compared with older homelands goes without saying, but there are times and ways in which this freedom seems to detract somewhat from the dignity of proceedings. One need not be an anti-smoker to hold that smoking and some kinds of legal or kindred business seem incongruous.

Smoking, with its real or imagined soothing effect on nerves and brain, may help a man towards the thinking out of a problem or to the finding of a former decision applicable to a case on hand, but any body of men constituting a court appear more comfortable than dignified when everyone concerned in the proceedings is found nursing a pipe or negotiating a cigar.

Had a stranger looked into what might in legal circles elsewhere be called a "Reference" or Arbitration Court held in the Board of Trade room recently, he might have been amused to notice that every person in the room, excepting the legal representative (who happened to be a well-known Knight-at-law) addressing the "Court" or referee, and the female shorthand writer, was giving some attention to either a pipe or cigar.

The man out west will ask "Why not?" We would not attempt an answer, but at the same time hardly think that it should be open to the jester to suggest that such weighty things begin, continue and end in smoke; much less that they shall "dissolve, and like an insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wrack behind!"

95 43/61

MK