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Westminster Hall Magazine

AND FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

Vol. III

March, 1913

No. 3

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

Subscription Rate: One Dollar Per Year

D. A. Chalmers..... Managing Editor

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TO EXCHANGES, ETC. Kindly clearly address your communications, etc., to the Editor of this Magazine. There are three different offices in Westminster Hall, and usually something like half a hundred students from various quarters, and at all stages of training, about the institution.

Our interest in our contemporaries is a real one, but only by having papers and periodicals sent direct to the publishing office can we be sure of seeing them—when they are of most value—on arrival.

Attention to this request will also prevent communications being left lying in the wrong office, or otherwise going astray; and at the same time ensure independent exchange references in due course in our Magazine.

—The Managing Editor.



LEILA JULIE MACKAY

(THIS IS A REPRODUCTION OF THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH AVAILABLE)

THE LATE MRS. MACKAY

"For a woman to be wise and at the same time womanly, is to wield a tremendous influence which may be felt for good in the lives of generations to come."

—David Starr Jordan.

It is with feeling of profound sorrow that we find the first note of our women's page should be to tell of the death of dear Mrs. Mackay. Those who had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Mackay more intimately will indeed feel the loss of a personal friend. And in our church, school and college work, where Mrs. Mackay was always the gentle, loving, sympathetic and practical worker, she will be greatly missed.

In Westminster Hall Auxiliary she was our Queen and no one knew better just what to do for the students. It has been said, "To live in hearts we leave behind,—is not to die." Surely the influence of such a life will live on, and will be the means of inspiration to duty.

To our much beloved Principal in his bereavement, we commend the God of all comfort and consolation, confident that "Sometime", if not in this dark hour, he and we alike, will realize that we are all in the loving care of One Whose "wisdom to the end could see."

—Lilla McKee.

SOMETIME

By May Riley Smith.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plan goes on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and s̄rink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend.
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

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THE DRAMA OF RUTH

From a General Reader's Point of View

An Independent Appreciation: By D. A. Chalmers.

In these days of press haste, and abbreviated, and often perfunctory reviews and news reports, it is refreshing to find members of the staff of any of the Dailies or other frequent publications, giving evidence in a notice that they really find time to more than scan the literary works which they commend. That remark is made in no disparagement to press workers, but rather with some knowledge of, and sympathy for the lot of the hard-pressed pressman.

To do justice to such a work as Professor Macnaghten's "Ruth", one needs to be able to read it without haste. To the general reader who thus reads it, if in addition he has some imagination and the capacity of appreciating the picturesque portrayal of characters true to the human life of all times, the drama should prove a source of genuine mental and spiritual uplifting.

The story is set in an era when, in ordinary conditions, life seems to us now to have been more tranquil—touched indeed with an Acadian repose; though it may be that that seeming is in some measure due to the fact that "the past will always win a glory from its being far."

There is no need for any special knowledge of Biblical or Hebrew history in order to ensure anyone having a living interest in literature and life enjoying the perusal of "Ruth." (Of course, it goes without saying, that one can hardly have any "interest" in literature without being acquainted with the Bible, and we know that many literary men, like Ruskin, owed more than much in their literary style and success to intimate acquaintance with that Book of books).

In the drama the simple story of how the thoughtful daughter-in-law declined to leave the widowed mother to make the sad journey to her old homeland alone, and of what followed, is told in a way which involves not only the introduction of not a few other characters of interest, but which leads to the expression of a beautiful religious faith in various passages, some of which are none the less noteworthy in that they, though the spontaneous and jeweled work of the author, have an added worth in their suggestion of passages of scripture or portions of the writings of some of the world's front-rank writers in English "for all time."

That all thinkers and writers are peculiarly, though it may be unconsciously, "the heirs of the ages," is evidenced in the writings of the world's proved

masters in literature themselves. In the case of the dramatization of the exquisitely beautiful story of Ruth's self-sacrifice and its sequel, however, our wonder is apt to be—why was it not thought of before? For answer we may all find comfort in the suggestion that, much as has been written in times by-gone, and notwithstanding the furlongs of printed matter gathered within the walls of the larger public libraries of the world, there is ever going on a changing of the old order, which not only permits but prompts the viewing and reviewing anew of other life and days long past, and which also gives unlimited scope for contemplation of the greater "Golden Age" towards which the optimist believes the world is ever progressing, surely, if slowly, through unceasing evolution in individual hearts and homes.

The Bible story of "Ruth" is itself—or ought to be—too well known to warrant any comment, but to the mind alert for expressions in beautiful language of that simple faith which is at the source and centre of all true progress in human life, lines and passages here and there in this drama must have made special appeal. In Naomi's first speech reviewing her experience, we are reminded that "Jehovah is the Lord of every land" and that "wherever hearts are pure and true, there is He worshipped." The speech of Abimelech (p. 16, January) beginning "O slow of heart to think that God can err, or that the Lord can ever fail His people," is full of fine lines, nor is their worth lessened by their reminding us of the sacred record. The words "Yet God, Who needs not help from any man to bring about His purposes, requires faith from His people" may also turn our thoughts to Milton's words in the beautiful sonnet "On his blindness." "God doth not need either man's work or His own gifts." On the same page Professor Macnaghten defines Faith:

Faith is the ladder raised from man to God,
It is the key which opens Heaven's doors,
And makes the promises of God secure.

The dramatist also reminds us that "Where He findeth faith He giveth swift and sure accomplishment, but those who doubt delay His promised end."

Just as the dream of Ruth recalls Joseph's dream as recorded in the Old Testament, so the dream of Boaz naturally suggests the New Testament story of Peter's vision; but the way in which these are adapted to the unfolding of the drama reveals the literary master-mind at work.

In the Third Act (February Magazine), we make the acquaintance of two sisters, both attractive according to their different characters; "Mary", who suggests the maiden of quiet and shy disposition, while "Rebecca" is of the type who say: "And I will never wed a man who fears me."

Nor would I wish for one who thought me perfect,
Being indeed a very human maid.

The fine spirit of the drama is further revealed in this Act in the way in which the lively Rebecca, after being reproved by her mother (Martha) for chattering, at first replies,—"Why, mother, I have gleaned more than thou"; and then, on her mother's gently reminding her:

For thou art young, and I am growing old
And feeble; but when I was young as thou
No maid in Judah gleaned as fast as I,

the same pert and impulsive damsel indicates a thoughtful, daughterly regard by her answer:

Dear mother, rest thee for a little space,
And I will glean both for myself and thee.

The Act closes with the first meeting of Ruth with these two sisters, and afterwards with Boaz, and the words and attitude of the stranger are such as to suggest the winsome woman of the story.

In Act IV. we have Boaz in the seat of Judgment, and if one of the two cases which he hears and decides recalls "The judgment of Solomon," the credit due to the dramatist is not lessened by the setting. The third scene, in which the fulfilment of the pledge required by law is left to Boaz, prepares us for the climax.

Sarah, the aunt of Boaz, represents or reveals that tendency to class exclusiveness based on lineage or wealth which is not confined to any civilized race or country, and which is always in danger of leading men and women to put more stress on the outward forms and fittings and varying material conditions of life than on the real soul or substance of it. (For a fair indication of the relative values of these the reader may be referred parenthetically to such a book as Dr. George MacDonald's—"What's Mine's Mine.")

In the fourth Act we become acquainted with the strength and manly beauty of the character of Boaz as portrayed by Professor Macnaghten. Evidence is given that the attraction of Ruth is not based on mere passing fancy:

Fair is her body, but more fair her soul,
Having for everlasting ornament
A meek and quiet spirit.

For I would rather live in poverty
With Ruth, than own the wealth of Israel
With any other woman."

One of the finest passages in the drama, and a portion which we shall not be surprised to find quoted and printed by itself in later times, is the speech of Boaz beginning "I never thought to wed," and occurring in the fifth scene of the fourth Act. We commend the whole passage to all interested in beautiful thoughts expressed in beautiful language and bearing upon one of the most blessed of human relationships, but no apology need be given for reproducing the jeweled centres from their hardly less brilliant setting:

O blessed morn

That first revealed her presence unto me;
O happy fields wherein her feet have trod.
For I had scarcely looked upon her face,
When all my heart was hers for evermore;
And still I hear the music of her voice,
And still I see, as in a dream of bliss,
The glory and the meekness of her face,
As of an angel. What delight to be
In her dear presence each returning day
And know her mine. O I am borne away
On such a flood of passion that I seem
Myself no more. Can this indeed be Boaz?"

The closing lines of this speech remind us that Professor Macnaghten has made Boaz a man who believes that (in the words of another great poet) "Life shall live for evermore," which, we may hold, involves the belief that "Love is love for evermore."

This speech of Boaz indeed reveals much of the power and suggests much of the ideals of the author of the drama, and all who joy to find noble Ideals expressed and winsome characters portrayed in language that must live, are likely to approve of the references to 'but the shadow of a man,' and "There lived one woman whom my heart could love." The concluding lines of the speech are in keeping with the character of the strong man merging towards the mid years of life and undergoing such an experience for the first time.

In such a love

There should be nothing of disquietude,
But rather calm and deep abiding joy.

The manner in which Abimelech meets and answers Sarah's anxiety and strict regard for the letter of the law, is noteworthy, and further reveals a master-interpreter of law and true religion alike:

. But alas,
Too many of the sons of Israel
Think all the law and all religion lies
In those commandments which forbid to do.
And, as thou sayest, thou hast ever kept
The letter of the law;
. But what thou hast not done
Is greater; thou hast never tamed thy heart
To service and obedience to Him
Who made the law, and is Himself the law,
The law of Love. In this commandment lies
The essence and the spirit of the law,
That thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself:

The Fifth Act opens with a conversation between Naomi and Ruth which places the joyful present and the promise of a more blessed future against the past of trial and bitterness. The closing address of prophetic import is given to the people by Abimelech, who, in speaking of Israel, eloquently expresses the law of all life, individual no less than national, by recording that:

Sorrow shall be theirs,
Because they shall forget Jehovah's word,
And set at naught the judgments of His mouth.

Soon, however, there is also uttered the message of Hope:
Yet after many ages they shall come
To honour; and in far-off heathen lands
Serving Jehovah, they shall yet attain
To greatness. Wealth and wisdom shall be theirs
And mighty warriors from their race shall spring,
And in the arts of music and of song
The voice of Israel shall still be heard
Midst far-off nations and in other tongues.

Finally, the prophet-priest, expresses more fully "the echo of the voice Divine" and then follow from his lips lines which may fairly compare with

others in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The pictures of coming days at first tell of David and Solomon, but, after a pause, the prophet passes to the theme of the coming of Him beside whom every earthly king is but a beggar born; and this drama of worth closes with a fitting tribute to Him Whose "Presence shall bring blessings on the earth."

Yea, though He die, yet shall He live again,
 And by His death and passion bring to men
 Salvation, not to Jacob's seed alone,
 But unto all the nations of the earth,
 Even to all who serve Him faithfully.

With the satisfaction that comes from the recognition of literary worth, poetic beauty, and the portrayal of such ideals in characterization as, lived towards, make for the evolution of an earthly paradise, we sincerely congratulate the writer of the drama on his work, and are naturally pleased that it has fallen to the lot of this magazine to give it its first publicity in print.

"For Jesus' Sake"

Familiarity with phrases, as with other things, is in danger of breeding carelessness if not indifference toward their full significance and true value. Yet some of the most beautiful thoughts in literature and associations in memory are wrapped up in simple phrases.

Recently there was received at Westminster Hall a money bill with a simple note "From a friend of the College," having written thereon "Just a Mite for Jesus' Sake."

The scanning of that simple scrap of paper somehow turned our thoughts and hands to our dainty little copies of Thomas A Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" and "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis" (of Assisi).

The "friends" who act in that way and spirit towards any worthy institution may not have their surnames and addresses entered in the treasurer's book, or receive an official receipt, but we may be sure that their acts are recorded in a record that unfailingly affects life, for (apart from anything else) the very spirit of the deed must re-act on the life of their own souls.

On the other hand, while we would be far from saying or suggesting anything that would seem to condone, far less sanction "indulgences" to our weak humanity, we can believe that, with the memories of such deeds arising before him, the Recorder of the Highest Court, (whatever His method of action, and wherever his sphere of work) may sometimes, when human frailty or folly falls to be recorded by his "pen" drop a tear on the record and blot it out forever.

—D. A. C.

EAST INDIAN IMMIGRATION

(By Elizabeth Ross Grace, Strasburg, Saskatchewan, Canada)

EDITORIAL NOTE:—The following article was sent to us some months ago, and evidently the writer of it read what previously appeared in our pages on this subject.

As in other cases, we need not be held as necessarily endorsing all the views expressed by the writer of an article; but, on the other hand, when it is apparent that a writer is seeking to deal fairly with a question from his or her particular point of view and special experience, we shall take pleasure, as in this instance, in giving place to articles bearing upon subjects of vital interest affecting social, literary, or religious life.

The subject of East Indian Immigration has already been discussed in the pages of this magazine. But it is still of vital importance to every Canadian citizen. It is true that those in the far east of the Dominion are unable to enter fully into the serious local problems involved. Yet, perhaps, it is sometimes easier to see the larger issues when removed from the local setting. This is a subject on which we must "think imperially." Not only is the honor of Canada concerned, but the welfare of the Empire.

Canada stands today for the virtual exclusion of the East Indian, and this is justified that we may preserve "our national individuality." It has been urged that even Britishers must come up to the immigration standards, and that, therefore, there should be no complaint made. But this evades the real grievance. Today, no Hindu is given a chance to measure up to any standard. He must fulfill a virtually impossible condition—that of "continuous passage." Chinese and Japanese can fulfil this requirement. So we find today a condition of immigration operative in Canada that directly discriminates against His Majesty's subjects in India to the advantage of alien Asiatics. If they must be excluded cannot some measure be devised that would at least save self-respecting Canadians the shame of such injustice?

The United States is not eager for East Indian immigration, yet, in reply to a letter inquiring about the admission of Hindu wives, came the following answer: "As all Hindus are subjects of Great Britain, they are admissible, provided they come up to the required standard of examination." Let us set up a high standard. But let it not stand to our shame that we give our Hindu fellow subjects scantier courtesy than is granted by the United States or than we accord the Chinese.

Australia and South Africa have followed the same policy of exclusion. But to the honor of South Africa be it observed that she has a strictly impartial system. They frankly object to all immigration. They desire an all-Boer colony. But they apply the same test to Japanese, Chinese and Hindu. Canada adds to exclusion the sting of unfair discrimination. Where is our boasted sense of fair play?

It has been urged that by their exclusive attitude Australia and South Africa have not weakened the Imperial tie. We sow the seed. Sometimes we must wait long for the harvest. What of the recent announcement that twenty-seven Indian regiments are to be disbanded? Presumably this is done in the in-

terests of economy, and because it is stated the Bengalis and Sikhs, who make up the bulk of these regiments, are now proving inefficient. But those who have lived close to the restless heart of India during the past ten years, understand what lies beneath the charge of inefficiency. The Bengalis have long been admittedly disloyal. Not so the Sikhs. For years they resisted the advances of the agitators. The foundation stone of British rule in India has been absolute confidence in the inviolability of British justice. But now that foundation has been shaken. The Sikhs have found that within the Empire they are treated worse than alien races. The self-governing colonies have played into the hands of the agitators. They have demonstrated to the East Indians that British power is exercised for their own advancement—that India is only held for what she can be made to give the Empire—that she need look for nothing in return. Need we wonder that their love has waned?

A retired officer of the Indian Army now in Canada writes in great anxiety over Canada's treatment of the Sikhs. He says it is "a treatment the outcome either of gross ignorance or gross indifference—a treatment that if persisted in will be productive of much trouble in more than one quarter of the Empire.

The chief argument against the Hindu is that he will not assimilate. While we freely admit Galicians, Syrians, Russian Jews, Italians etc to Canada, it seems strange that it is against the East Indian alone that all such objections are raised. It is true that in all the foreign settlements there are grave problems and the danger of a vote en bloc. But it is not true that there is any real reason why the Hindu alone should be excluded. Indeed, under British rule, he has learned the meaning of law and order and is in many ways better fitted to understand our laws and institutions than any of the South European peoples who come into Canada.

Five or even ten years is a brief time in which to test the "unassimilability" of any race. That the Hindu has not yet become assimilated is no proof that he cannot or will not. I have seen scores of Sikhs who were rapidly adapting themselves to the new conditions, and who were eager to get into the life of the new world. A little kindness and sympathy from the people amongst whom they live has met with a most encouraging response. We were favored perhaps in the conditions under which we worked. It was a little college town in the beautiful Santa Ana Valley, California. All about us gangs of Hindus were engaged in preparing orange land. There were earnest christian workers amongst the college boys who approached the Hindus in our little Sunday school as brothers. And it was wonderful to watch the change come over stolid sad faces, as they began to understand the love of God revealed in the brotherlykindness of those college men.

The results I have seen convince me that no class of immigrants could give a more sympathetic response to the best that a christian nation has to offer.

It is not a mere agitator's game the demand for the admission of their wives and children. I have seen warm tears start at the mention of home and loved ones in far off Hindustan. There are men who crave the advantages of the new world for their families and it is well to remember that the intelligence and education and liberty of the Sikh wives is far above almost any other community in India. Two thousand Sikh women attended the last educational conference.

No one would ask an open door for East Indian immigration today. But it is growingly felt that the Hindu should be given equal chance with Chinese and Japanese to measure up to the immigration standards. And that those Hindus who are able to provide suitably for their families be allowed to bring them in.

As to the preservation of our national life, the foundation of that must be laid in righteousness and justice for the oppressed.

CHOOSE LIFE!
(From a Western Scottish Isle)

To wakeful souls the day proclaimed the approach of spring. The surface of the sea rippled with wavelets that seemed to glint gleefully in the sunlight, and the far-off blue sky, with its draperies of cloud, spoke of the spaciousness and wonder of God's world.

Away on the western horizon the Outer Hebrides loomed. Landward the plough was turning up the rich chocolate soil of the sleeping earth, and the white graceful gulls came from over the sea and followed the plough for their food. The birds twittered cheerily in the hollows, and the skylark,—“type of the wise who soar but never roam”—thrilled forth its rapturous lay. The heavens, the earth, and the sea seemed to sound together a symphony in praise of life.

* * * * *

To the north, on the hill side, a primitive “black house” caught the attention as figures gathered round its low walls and heather-covered roof, under which a company was evidently already assembled to join in the last service.

Anon, with one consent, those outside gathered closely round the low doorway,—like bees round a hive door,—and listened motionless to the words of the minister: “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

He had gone forth from his home in the heyday of youth, but had omitted to make the choice before entering upon the untried path. He had not “had himself in keeping”; he had not experienced the uplifting joy of self-denial. He had lost himself upon himself; he had not learned that it is better to—

“Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;

Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;

And whoso suffers most, hath most to give.”

And he had come back to “the lone shieling by the misty island,” but only to die.

They carried him up the long hill side and laid him within the sound of the sea and where the setting sun would often glorify God's Acre. Even then in sadness, touched with hope “that not one life shall be destroyed,” it was good to lift eyes towards sky and earth and sea and hear again re-echoed by all—“Choose Life!”

—M.W.M.R.

RUTH

A DRAMA

By R. E. Macnaghten, Professor of Greek, McGill University
College, Vancouver, Canada.

(Continued from last month)

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

Sarah

The tale is going all through Bethlehem
That thou wilt wed with Ruth the Moabitess,
The beggar maid who came with Naomi,
Leaving the heathen land where she was born
To ask for alms in Judah: I am sure
That there can be no truth in such a tale.
For every time a stranger maiden comes
To Bethlehem, of high or low degree
It matters not, if comely be her face,
The rumor goes that she shall be thy bride.
Therefore, I give no heed to such a tale,
Yet fain would hear thee say it is not true.

Boaz.

And what if such a tale were true indeed?

Sarah

If such a tale were true, which, God forbid,
Then would I ask thee here on bended knee
To pause and think not of thyself alone,
But of the honor of our ancient house,
Which thou must pass unsullied to thy sons,
Even as thy fathers left it unto thee.

Boaz.

I hold the honor of our ancient house
As high as thou, and I would rather die
Than sully it; but there were no disgrace
In wedding with a woman such as Ruth.
Thou speakest of the talk of Bethlehem:
Be sure there is no tongue in Bethlehem
That does not sing her praises, and proclaim

Her lovingkindness unto Naomi,
 For whom she left home, mother, father, all,
 And tended her with all a daughter's love;
 Nor am I thinking of myself alone:
 For I do hold that whosoever weds
 Must wed not only for a comely face,
 But he must wed a woman fit to be,
 Not only wife but mother. And in this
 How could I choose a fitter bride than Ruth?
 Fair is her body, but more fair her soul;
 Having for everlasting ornament
 A meek and quiet spirit. Therefore, know
 The tale is true, and I have pledged my word;
 And from my word I never will depart.

Sarah

Aye thou hast pledged thy word, but thou hast pledged
 Thy word, because thy heart went with thy word.
 Hast thou no shame to wed a heathen maid,
 Dishonoring Judah's race with alien blood?

Boaz.

Did not my father Salmon marry Rahab
 And was not she, like Ruth, of alien blood?

Sarah.

Therefore, with prayers and tears I did beseech
 Thy father, but he would not hark to me,
 Being a man of strange and stubborn will.
 O stubborn-hearted as thy father was,
 Harken to this my last and parting word.
 Thou knowest that when Lot my husband died,
 Who was the wealthiest man in Bethlehem,
 He left to me all his inheritance;
 And this I purported to leave to thee.
 But on the day on which thou weddest Ruth,
 My fruitful fields, the best in Bethlehem,
 Shall pass away unto another's hands,
 For never will I leave them unto thee.

Boaz.

Thy threats are less than nothing unto me,
 Nor would be, though I were as poor as Job.
 For I would rather live in poverty
 With Ruth, than own the wealth of Israel
 With any other woman; therefore go,
 My pledge is given, and it remaineth so.

(Exit Sarah)

ACT IV. SCENE 5

Boaz (alone).

I never thought to wed; I thought to live
 A lonely life, untouched by woman's love,

Content, yet not content; half satisfied,
Yet half desiring in my secret heart
A something which I could not name in thought
Much less in words; and so I lived alone,
And kept the law, and tilled my father's fields,
And did my duty to my fellow-men,
And yet was but the shadow of a man.
For forty years had passed since I was born,
And I had never seen a woman yet
That stirred my fancy; and I thought to die
Unmarried, with no son to follow me,
And raise up children to my father's house.
And yet methinks that somewhere hid away
Within the deep recesses of my soul
There grew the thought, less conscious than concealed,
That somewhere, dwelling far apart from me,
There lived one woman, whom my heart could love,
If I could haply meet with her. But now
To live for Ruth, to cherish Ruth, to be
Her husband, guardian, guide, her all in all,
That were indeed as great a happiness
As heaven itself can give. O blessed morn
That first revealed her presence unto me;
O happy fields wherein her feet have trod.
For I had scarcely looked upon her face,
When all my heart was hers for evermore;
And still I hear the music of her voice,
And still I see, as in a dream of bliss,
The glory and the meekness of her face,
As of an angel. What delight to be
In her dear presence each returning day
And know her mine. O I am borne away
On such a flood of passion that I seem
Myself no more. Can this, indeed, be Boaz?
Or have a few brief hours wrought such a change
That all the custom of my former life
Is less than nothing in its influence
On one who still was master of himself
For forty years? I do not know myself;
For I am restless as a giddy boy,
And full of wild emotion. Peace, my heart,
And rather seek for sober happiness
Than give the rein to youthful phantasies
Unfitted to thine age. In such a love
There should be nothing of disquietude,
But rather calm and deep abiding joy.
For such is Ruth, & very well of peace

That passeth understanding. Peace, my heart:
And learn with Ruth to choose the better part.

ACT IV. SCENE 6 (Sarah and Abimelech)

Sarah

Whenever aught of trouble or distress
Assails my spirit, good Abimelech,
I seek thy saving presence; for I know
Thou hast the power and will to heal the wound.
And now I come to thee in sore dismay,
For Boaz, my one brother's only son,
Is smitten with this beggar heathen maid,
And all my prayers avail not. Even so,
I strove in vain to move his father's heart,
And as the father was, so is the son,
And he, like him, would wed a heathen maid,
And bring dishonor on our ancient name.

Abimelech.

And yet, methinks, thou lovedst Rahab well?

Sarah

At first I hated her, and all her race.
But when in time a son was born to her,
I learnt to love her for my brother's sake;
And I loved Boaz from the very first,
And loved the mother for her love to him.

Abimelech.

Hearken to me. One little week ago,
I should have thought, even as thou thinkest now.
For ever from my youth I kept the law,
As is becoming to an Israelite,
Because the law was given of the Lord,
And God alone is greater than the law.
But thrice to Boaz hath a dream appeared;
And thrice he heard a voice that cried from heaven
"Call not that common which the Lord hath cleansed."
And even as he told to me the dream,
We heard the sound of tumult in the street,
And one came in who said that Naomi
Had now returned to Bethleem again
From Moab, and with her a stranger maid.
And then I knew the meaning of the dream;
For God Himself revealed it unto me.
And seeing that it is Jehovah's will
That Boaz take this stranger maid to wife,
Be wise in time, and learn to curb thy heart,
And bow before the ever living God.

Sarah

I count not empty dreams of any weight

Against the strict commandment of the law;
 For I myself have often dreamt a dream
 That, while I dreamt it, seemed a fearful thing;
 But when the morning came it passed away,
 And was as nothing. But, if Boaz weds
 With Ruth, the daughter of our enemies,
 The ancient name of Ephrath is defiled
 With alien blood, and first and worst of all
 The law is broken. I have kept the law
 In small things as in great from childhood's days
 Unbroken. Shall I see my brother's son,
 Caught by a woman's fancy, break the law?
 That law which I hold dearer than the life,
 That law, which is the stay of Israel?
 Not so; for I would rather die the death
 Than see one jot or tittle of the law
 Abated.

Abimelech.

Woman, hearken unto me;
 Thy heart is hard and hath been from thy youth.
 Thou call'st the law the stay of Israel;
 And so it is to those who keep it whole,
 And follow all its precepts; but alas,
 Too many of the sons of Israel
 Think all the law and all religion lies
 In those commandments which forbid to do.
 And, as thou sayest, thou hast ever kept
 The letter of the law; for thou hast tithed
 Cummin and mint, and kept the platter clean;
 Thou hast embroidered large phylacteries
 For each succeeding priest in Bethlehem;
 And every fast and feast hast thou observed,
 And given freely for each sacrifice;
 This thou hast done; but what thou hast not done
 Is greater; thou hast never tamed thy heart
 To service and obedience to Him
 Who made the law, and is Himself the law,
 The law of Love. In this commandment lies
 The essence and the spirit of the law,
 That thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself:
 For loving him, thou also lovest God,
 And, doing service to our fellow-men,
 We serve Him best who is the God of love
 And mercy. Therefore, though the task be hard,
 I bid thee put away all bitterness,
 And learn to love this maiden, who is called
 By God Himself to be thy nephew's wife.
 Lest haply thou be found to fight against

Jehovah, cease to kick against the pricks,
 But go, and put thy angry heart away,
 And learn, when God commandeth, to obey.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Naomi.

Wake, dearest Ruth, it is thy wedding morn;
 The heavens are bright as if to favor thee,
 And, like a bridegroom, comes the great glad sun
 To welcome thee, the fair and happy bride.
 It was a blessed and a peaceful night
 That heralded so fair a dawn; but I,
 I could not sleep for very joy of heart—
 For when I think upon the bitter past,
 And think upon my present happiness
 And what the future has in store for thee,
 My dearest daughter, and for me in thee,
 My heart is full of thankfulness to Him
 Who hearks not vainly to the widow's prayer.

Ruth.

I, too, lay long awake; for, many an hour,
 I asked myself, if I, the alien maid,
 Unportioned save by what thy love has given,
 Were fit to be the wife of such an one,
 As Boaz, lord and prince of Bethlehem.
 And I could find no answer; but at last,
 When now the stars were waning to the dawn,
 I heard, or seemed to hear, a gentle voice,
 That through the twilight whispered "Peace, be still,"
 And all at once my doubt was driven away,
 And o'er me came the very spirit of peace.
 And so I slept; and now that I awake,
 That peace is with me still, and I am sure
 That He who gives me peace, will give me grace
 To do my wifely duty, as becomes
 The wife of such a husband, and my heart
 Is full of peace and thankfulness again.

Naomi.

That peace be thine forever. Never fear
 That, being wife to Boaz, thou wilt fail
 Or e'er be wanting in the wifely part.
 For if the Lord had given Israel
 A king, and Boaz were himself the king,
 And held the sceptre over all the land,
 There is not any maid in Israel
 Were half so worthy to be queen as thou.
 But now the hour is coming very nigh,
 And I will go and call the women here
 Whom Boaz hath appointed unto thee;

And they shall come and clothe thee presently
 In bridal garments, for on such a day
 It least were fitting there should be delay.

ACT V. SCENE 2. Ruth (alone).

Ruth.

How blest am I on this my marriage morn:
 For all my cares and fears for Naomi
 Have vanished like the passing of the night.
 For he and I will minister to her,
 And ever tend her in her waning years.
 And she shall suffer hunger nevermore
 Nor know the pangs of want; but she and I
 Who have together borne the weary yoke,
 And know the bitterness of poverty,
 We two will aid the poor throughout the land,
 And ever be their comfort in distress.
 For well I know that unto such as these
 The gates of Boaz never have been closed,
 Nor ever shall be while I keep his house.
 But most of all, and last and best of all,
 How blest in this my husband. Good is he,
 As all men know, and I and Naomi
 Most chiefly. Though Rebecca call him hard,
 He is not hard; for mercy is not hard,
 And he is full of mercy, and his heart
 Is prone to pity for the poor and weak,
 As doth become a prince of Bethlehem.
 With what a noble and a princely air
 He walks the street; with what a kindly grace
 He greeted me, a stranger, on the morn
 When first I saw him in the harvest field.
 Yet reverence and majesty are his,
 And all men do him honor; therefore I
 Will do him honor and obeisance
 More fully, even as becomes a wife,
 And my desire shall ever be to him,
 For such is he, a very prince of men.
 And him my husband, will I learn to love
 With all my heart and soul and all my strength,
 In due fulfillment of the marriage vow;
 And even so, methinks, I love him now.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

(Chorus of Maidens)

(The marriage procession halts before the house of Boaz)

Abimelech.

Hearken to me; ye sons of Judah's line,
 And all ye children of the House of Bread,

Our own beloved ancestral Bethlehem,
Give ear to me; it is not I who speak
But on me comes the spirit of the Lord,
And what he speaks shall surely be fulfilled.
And first of all do thou, O Boaz, hear,
Fear not to take this woman to thy house
Although a daughter of the Moabites;
For God Himself hath spoken unto thee,
And hath revealed His purpose in a dream,
As oft in dreams He shows Himself to men.
O well is thee, and happy shalt thou be;
Even as father Abraham was blest
In Sarah, so shalt thou be blest in Ruth.
Hearken to me, ye sons of Israel;
The vision yet is dim, yet I behold
The people scattered far, like wandering sheep,
Amidst the nations. Sorrow shall be theirs;
Because they shall forget Jehovah's word,
And set at naught the judgments of his mouth.
They shall be minisht and brought very low;
Yet after many ages they shall come
To honor; and in far-off heathen lands
Serving Jehovah, they shall yet attain
To greatness. Wealth and wisdom shall be theirs,
And mighty warriors from their race shall spring;
And in the arts of music and of song
The voice of Israel shall still be heard
Midst far off nations and in other tongues.
And now with mightier, more possessing sway,
The spirit of the one true Deity
Floods all my being, till I cease to be;
I cease to be and I am nothing else
Except the echo of the voice divine
That speaks and breathes and testifies through me;
And so inspired, and 'neath the influence
Of such a living and consuming fire,
I look adown the avenues of time,
And see the vistas of the future stretch
In majesty before my awe-struck gaze.
First I behold a wondrous city rise
The glory and delight of all the earth;
A city 'midst whose walls there shall be peace,
And plenteousness within her palaces.
And there a king shall rule o'er Israel,
From thine own line descended. He shall be
Mighty in word, and mightier in deed;
And he shall drive the heathen from the land,
For God shall still be with him. And from him

Shall spring a son, whose wisdom shall excel
 The wisdom of the ancients. He shall build
 A temple to the everlasting God,
 In that fair city which his father won;
 And there the Ark, the covenant of God,
 Shall after many a wandering, find a rest.

* * * * *

What is this sound that cometh to mine ears?
 I hear the breathing of glad kine that low
 Their welcome to the stranger in the stall,
 Dumb cattle doing honor to their King.
 For in the manger lies the babe divine,
 And Israel's hope is now at length fulfilled.
 O blest above all cities, Bethlehem!
 For unto thee the promised child is born,
 To thee the long awaited son is given;
 And government shall be upon his shoulders.
 Therefore, his name is called wonderful,
 The counsellor, the everlasting God,
 The prince of peace.
 He shall be king and reign for evermore;
 To him all nations of the earth shall bow,
 All kings shall do him service. He shall live,
 And unto him shall Sheba's gold be given,
 And prayer and praise be daily made to him.
 As rain descendeth on a fleece of wool,
 His presence shall bring blessings on the earth,
 And righteousness shall at his coming flourish,
 Then shall oppression cease from out the land,
 Deceit and violence shall pass away,
 And all the poor and needy find relief—
 Yea, though he die, yet shall he live again,
 And by his death and passion bring to men
 Salvation, not to Jacob's seed alone,
 But unto all the nations of the earth,
 Even to all who serve him faithfully.
 And now mine eyes grow dim, the vision fades,
 And passes with the passing of the day,
 But God's own word shall never pass away.

(The marriage procession enters the palace of Boaz).

FINIS

EDITOR'S PAGE

FOR RIGHTEOUS GOVERNMENT

The Resolution submitted the other week at a local church court to the effect that opportunities be taken by the members of it to inform their people of the religious and civil bearings of certain actions of the British Columbia government, must commend itself to all men of every shade of political opinion who favor good government, and who are not content under any conditions of life, and in any part of the British Empire to adopt, far less to accept as final, a pessimistic attitude and outlook concerning any social question, and especially any one which affects the physical health and moral well-being of the race and the country.

To sit down and say "Twas ever thus, and it can never be otherwise," regarding any detrimental conditions in human life, is the way not only to induce stagnation, but to court racial degeneration, decay, and national death; and that course is not merely unchristian, but unmoral and unmanly.

Our attitude towards politics is strictly non-partizan, but by that we do not for a moment mean that we are to be indifferent to the laws enacted or ignored, or the work done by any government, provincial or national. In the present era party government seems to be inseparable from political affairs, and we hold it is the duty of every man interested in social and religious life and work to take an intelligent concern in the government of his country and not to be afraid to support one party or another according to his conscience and convictions. At the same time we should hold the man unworthy of the name of churchman, much less of christian, who, when a question of good government arises—a question involving moral responsibility and reasonable regard for those laws of man which aspire to be in harmony with the higher laws of God—hesitates to consider the matter fairly, and lets himself be influenced merely by party connection, irrespective of the moral right or wrong involved.

With regard to certain measures affecting provincial or national Land Laws, Timber Limits, Sea Power, etc., equally good churchmen and christians may honestly take opposite views, and each be worthy of respect; but in matters affecting the moral welfare of the community he is false to the religion and the ideals that have made

the British Empire great who puts party connection before the support of righteous government.

The pessimist in politics, as well as in other spheres of life, is an effete creature who is either suffering from the non-development or atrophy of the aspiring part of his being, or who is sunk in a decadent materialism which in the Christ-ward progress of the world, must pass into the limbo of oblivion, or be disposed of like shavings in the workshop of the master-workman. Only the persons, the politicians, and the press who, whatever their party interests, believe in, and unflinchingly support Christ-ward progress deserve to continue in power or office.

* * * * *

HALF-HOLIDAYS AND SABBATH OBSERVANCE

Dr. Davidson of McGill, at a college function held in Vancouver recently, suggested the need for the church or churchmen seeking to exercise more direct influence on the physical recreation life of communities. He implied that if ministers took more part, or at least more interest in sports they might be able to counteract not only professionalism, but also other objectionable features, such as gambling, which are so often introduced by unscrupulous persons. We think Dr. Davidson's suggestions are worthy of weighty consideration by all who recognize that healthful human life is dependent on reasonable attention to, and control of the threefold department of being—the physical, mental, and spiritual.

Perhaps we may always have with us the type of devout person who will say, in effect, to ministers: "Preach the simple Gospel, and leave everything else alone;" which, being interpreted, often means, preach christianity one day a week, and leave men and women in business and politics and in social life to practise it the other six, according to their light or inclination.

In these days, however, we believe it is becoming more and more clear that the only christianity that is worth while—the only christianity that is worth talking about on Sunday or any other day—is the kind which is to translate itself into action, whether it be in clean sport, in just municipal, provincial, or national government, or as creating an attitude towards business and social life which refuses to accept as final or irremediable any conditions which are obviously antagonistic to progress in healthful life in the individual, the community, or the nation.

In this country, as elsewhere, one may hear critical comments bearing upon the dreariness and weariness of the old-time Scottish Sabbath, but, if there was something to condemn in the strictness of that observance, especially as regards young life, increasing experience teaches adults that there was also much to commend in the institution.

At any rate, observation readily reveals that it is very easy to go to the other extreme and to turn the Sabbath day, or a large portion of it, into a "holiday" very different from a holy-day. In this western part of Canada, at least, there is too much evidence of legal laxity in the matter of open shops, etc., on Sundays.

With the workers in all classes who claim that a good portion of Sunday may best be spent in the open air, and in some measure of mental recreation, nothing but the utmost sympathy can be expressed. Nevertheless, it is fair and fitting to maintain that all workers ought to have at least some portion of the Sabbath day open for devotion to the nurture or development of what is usually spoken of as the spiritual life.

While, therefore, exception need not be taken to the use of Sunday afternoon for out-of-door exercise, all who seek to have well-ordered lives and well-balanced manhood and womanhood, ought to be free to give, say, the morning and evening of the day to the interests of the higher or spiritual life. Whether or not they rightly use such freedom is a matter of individual responsibility and a subject which need not be pursued at present.

A common-sense recognition of the conditions and powers of life, however, makes it clear that when men and women are under obligation on Saturdays, not merely to put in an ordinary day's work, but to remain at the post of duty so as to do the work of well-nigh two days in one, they cannot be expected to be fit for much other than physical rest on the morning and better part of the following day.

Whatever we may think of the old-fashioned Scottish Sabbath, it would be well for workers in general if the social conscience came to recognise that in a physical sense the Sabbath, to be a "Day of Rest" at all, should, so far as cessation from the regular routine of work is concerned, begin, not only at noon on Saturday in factories and offices, but at latest, about the evening of that day in warehouses and other shop businesses.

Moreover, there are probably quite a number of retail establishments which, if the regulation were made general, could, without detri-

ment to themselves or their customers, close their businesses for the week on the Saturday at noon; but where that is held, or rather *proved* to be impossible, we think it should be arranged as a matter of course that all work cease regularly at noon on some other day of the week—say, Wednesday.

In any case, we are sure that no one can fairly blame people who are cooped up in offices and warehouses, or who are constantly on the move in shops and stores for six full days per week, from feeling physically fitted for little but rest and open-air recreation on the Seventh day.

We believe that every worker willing to contribute honestly to the welfare of the commonwealth ought to have not only the Sabbath of each week (or its equivalent) free from duty, but that it ought to be recognized as the legal and social right of every wage-earner that he should usually have at least half a day out of the six for physical and mental rest and recreation; and, without claiming kinship with any "Socialism" but what may be called "Christian," we hope the day is not far distant when all workers confined within offices, shops, warehouses, and factories shall be held to be getting no more than reasonable consideration when they are given one clear day off each week in addition to Sunday.

Meantime we should like to see at least half a day per week guaranteed by law to all workers, as we believe it is in New Zealand.

In social life there must ever be one thing more important to ministers and laymen alike than the preaching of the Gospel; that is the practising of it.

OUR PART

(Written to Close an Address on the Persecutions of Early Christians)

It may not be ours to gain the crown
 Mid the fury of heatnen horde;
 Nor ours to die for the Lord we own,
 In shame, by lion, or sword.
 It may not be ours to climb the steep
 To gibbet, cross, or stake:
 But still be it Ours the faith to keep,
 Nor ever our Lord forsake;
 To yield to Him, power, ambition, and fame,
 Our houses, and lands, and gold;
 And thus, in life, to honour His name,
 As, in death, the martyrs of old.
 May it still be ours to repeat their cry,
 In the day of **Our** trial, "A Christian am I." —W. S.
 West Point Grey, B. C.

CHURCH LIFE AND WORK

OUR IDEAL OF SERVICE

Linking Eastern and Western Canada—and Probably Britain Too

In conformity with our ideal of extended service, we are pleased to be able to give practical evidence this month that our outlook and interests affecting "Church Life and Work" involve concern in the work of the churches and Church Courts in other provinces of our Canadian Homeland.

As a result of arrangement, following on business enterprise, we intend to have our "Farthest West" publication linked in interest, not only with our immediate hinterland, but with the Farthest East of Canada; and it is at least probable that we shall go farther east still, and arrange to form a bond of literary and living interest between Canadian Church life and Church life in the older Homelands across the sea.

Quebec—Epoch-Making Meeting of Presbytery

The Presbytery of Quebec met in Danville, on 4th March. The meeting goes into history, or may be an epoch-maker. While much business of an important nature was transacted, the chief interest centered in an induction conducted by the Presbytery, assisted by two ministers of the Congregationalist Church—Prof. Cook of Montreal, and Rev. Galen Craik, Melbourne.

In the town there have been Congregationalist and Presbyterian Churches for many years back. They were never very strong, but through the changes going on in this province (removal of English-speaking people and increase of French) each was becoming weaker. Both fell vacant more than a year ago. Some months ago they were federated (without much friction) by the Presbytery of Quebec and the Congregational Union. Some items of federation are: Both to worship in one church (Congregational chosen); both to have one minister (first under federation to be a Presbyterian); one Sabbath school (under session and deacons); the federated congregation to pay minister and meet all running expenses; two communion rolls to be kept, each member to be received having right to say on which roll the name shall be placed; missionary moneys to be devoted to Congregationalist or Presbyterian Missions at will of donor.

On the date mentioned Rev. L. A. MacLean, B.A., lately of Calvin Church, St. John, N. B., was inducted to this federated charge. Inspector W. O. Rothney, B.D., a minister of the Presbyterian church, presided; Rev. Galen Craik, a Congregationalist minister, by invitation of presbytery, preached the sermon; Rev. Wm. MacMillan, B.D., addressed the minister; Rev. Dr. Cook (Congregational, by invitation), addressed the congregation—and the new epoch began.

At the same meeting Presbytery agreed to translate Rev. J. R. Douglas, B.A., minister at Lake Megantic, to the Presbytery of Glengarry, for induction to St. Columba church (which came lately "into the Union").

The Presbytery's Ministerial Commissioners to the General Assembly are J. R. MacLeod, J. M. Miller, J. J. Wright, and J. E. Menancon.

The Presbytery, considering its peculiar circumstances, is to be congratulated on the response of weak congregations to the Assembly's minimum-stipend regulation. The following congregations have added \$100 to their pastor's stipend making it \$1,000, viz., Three Rivers, Inverness, Kingsbury, Scotstown, Lingwick and Hampden.

The Moderator's mantle fell on this occasion on Rev. C. E. Amaron, D.D., who is in charge of the French Evangelization work in the city of Quebec.

The "Peace Manifesto" will be dealt with at the next meeting.

* * * * *

Responses from Ontario

"I am glad to reciprocate the cordial feeling in yours—just to hand. We seem far apart, but are working for one great common end."

So writes one correspondent from whom, in the ordinary course of events, we hope to hear soon again in connection with news items, and probably also by a larger literary contribution.

"Your magazine is certainly a likely and lively youngster, and looks as if it ought to find itself among the survivors," writes another news correspondent from the same province.

Owen Sound Presbytery and Old Age Pensions

The Presbytery of Owen Sound, at meeting on March 4th, unanimously elected Rev. J. M. Nicol, B.D., of Warton, moderator for ensuing year; nominated Dr. Murdoch McKenzie of Honan, as moderator of Assembly; approved remit from last Assembly on supply of men for the ministry; and, to do what it could to remove hindrances out of the way of any entering the ministry through fear of possible poverty in old age, agreed unanimously to overture the Assembly with reference to administration of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund as follows:

(1) To so amend the rules governing the fund that all regularly retired ministers of the church shall partake proportionately according to years of service in the revenue derived from all sources, except the first, and that rat'paying ministers shall receive the additional amount to which their rates entitle them, PROVIDED that until the revenue is sufficient to give to all regularly retired ministers a sum equal to what annuitants now receive, those ministers now connected with the fund shall have a first claim and shall receive not less than has been paid to annuitants in the year ended February 29th, 1912, and the excess of revenue over the requirement shall be divided among all other regularly retired ministers as proposed in this section.

(2) To repeal subsection (e) of section 3 of the regulations which reads "In the meantime and until the Assembly see fit to reconsider the matter, ministers' rates shall be capitalized and shall not be used in the payment of current annuities."

(3) To allocate a larger sum to this fund in the annual budget.

(4) To take immediate steps to increase the endowment.

Presbytery of Whitby, Ontario

From our correspondent in this presbytery with a name honored and beloved in the history of English literature, we received the items noted below, with a covering letter in which he says: "You set a high standard, and will doubtless walk by the same rule."

The important congregation at Oshawa, one of Ontario's industrial towns, has been happily settled by the induction of Rev. George Yule, late of Winchester.

The congregation of Pickering is calling Rev. G. L. Johnston, of Harnings Mills.

Presbytery of Brockville, Ontario, Endorses Peace Manifesto

At the March meeting of the Presbytery of Brockville the Peace Manifesto of the Presbytery of Vancouver was brought before the attention of the court, and the following resolution was unanimously passed: "Whereas the Presbytery of Vancouver at a recent meeting adopted resolutions condemning the increasing waste of men and means by the nations of the earth for warlike purposes, and urging that Canada take the lead in seeking to draw the nations into a peace pact;

Therefore, this Presbytery of Brockville heartily endorses the action taken by Vancouver Presbytery in approaching parliament as a means towards bringing about peace on earth; and would hereby heartily overture the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa to bring this whole matter before the next General Assembly.

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Wending Westward—Minnedosa Presbytery, Manitoba

At its regular meeting last month the Presbytery of Minnedosa passed a resolution unanimously in favor of local church union with the Methodists in the same district, and afterwards appointed a committee to co-operate with one, if appointed by the Methodist district of Birtle.

Presbytery of Abernethy, Saskatchewan

Rev. Thomas Corbett, of Fort Qu'Appelle, has resigned his charge, but Presbytery is hoping that Mr. Corbett can be persuaded to reconsider his resignation. Mr. Corbett has done good work in the charge.

The Presbyterians and Methodists at Lemburg have applied to the overlapping committee of Presbytery to pass on their case for union to the provincial committee. This is being done with all dispatch.

It is gratifying to be able to report that several of the congregations within the bounds of this presbytery have risen to the \$1,200 salary.

Presbytery of Lacombe, Alberta

This Presbytery met in St. Andrew's church, Lacombe, on Monday, 3rd March, and continued its sittings till Tuesday at noon. Ten ministers, two elders and three students were in attendance. Rev. M. White, B.D., occupied the chair.

A large portion of the time was given to the consideration of Home Mission problems. Commissioners to the General Assembly were appointed. They are: Revs J. H. Beatt and C. E. A. Poocek, with Messrs. Lew Hutchinson and James F. Ellis, elders.

Rev. A. H. Leslie tendered his resignation of Morningside congregation. The resignation was accepted with regret, and is to take effect at the end of the month.

Rev. Murdock McKenzie, D.D., was unanimously nominated as Moderator of the General Assembly, and with equal unanimity, Rev. Wm. Hamilton was nominated as moderator of Synod.

Rev. James H. Beatt was elected moderator of Presbytery in room of Mr. Leslie who has resigned.

The next regular meeting was appointed to be held at Camrose in September.

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Presbytery of Westminster, British Columbia

In seeking to take an outlook wide as Westminster Hall motto, "Into all the World," and overlooking Canada in particular, we do not wish to fall into the not uncommon error of failing to fairly estimate those who are nearest to us.

As was manifested in the introduction of the Peace Manifesto, the Presbytery of Westminster is in many ways representative of the alertness of the West. Its February meeting was held in New Westminster, and was memorable for several things. The Ladies' Presbyterial was meeting at the same time in that city, and they welcomed the members and their friends to supper in St. Andrew's Church Hall. For a little the seating accommodation was overtaxed, but the provisions for the occasion otherwise left nothing to be desired, and said much for the ladies concerned in the preparations and the service.

Later in the evening the Ladies' Presbyterial was continued in St. Andrew's Church, while the Presbytery continued their meeting to a late hour in the Church Hall.

Perhaps the most important subject discussed at the evening sederunt of the Presbytery had to do with a resolution which was passed by the meeting bearing on the failure of the present British Columbia government to enforce the law. The resolution was to the effect that ministers should take steps to enlighten their people as to the conditions, and we are sure men of all political views who wish to see this country law-abiding as well as materially prosperous under any government, no matter what its party colors, will heartily endorse the resolution.

Making Reasonable Allowances

From the Home Mission Convenor's statements at the Presbytery meeting, it was gathered that that committee has come to the conclusion that the work to be done in what may be called the Middle North of British Columbia, along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, should be undertaken by men specially fitted for it, and in view of the conditions of living there, the local committee has suggested to the general committee in Toronto that the salaries should be \$2,000.

The Ever-Widening British Columbia Field

As an indication of how the church work in the province of British Columbia is extending all the time, it may be noted that it was mentioned that the committee's request for the next half-year exceeds that asked for the former half-year by no less than \$8,000. That, of course, includes the salaries of three new men for the middle north. It also allows for the opening up of work among the Italians and East Indian population, as well as the emigration-chaplaincy work and a number of new fields in the suburbs of the city.

Notes Concerning Vancouver Churches

St. John's seems to be flourishing under the pastorate of Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon. At last communion there were fifty-four new names added to the membership list. These included two elders. The countries represented included New Zealand, the United States, Scotland, England, and Eastern Canada.

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Remarkable progress has been made in St. Paul's church since Rev. Mr. Grant, formerly of Fernie, was inducted to that charge. There have not only been very large additions to the communion roll, but the present church building has been so overtaxed that the management have had to consider the question of another building.

All acquainted with the earnestness and power of Mr. Grant's personality will be ready to say that that is only what they expected, but the effort and the work have been none the less real.

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Rev. R. J. Wilson, of St. Andrew's, is expected back in the city about 4th April, and the people of St. Andrew's, with their well-known generous hospitality and goodwill are preparing to give him a welcome home. "R. J." has visited not only Britain, but also the Holy Land during his six-months' vacation, and he may be expected to have a good deal to report and record on his return.

Meantime St. Andrew's pulpit has been occupied for some Sundays by Rev. Mr. Clark, of Calgary, who is among the powerful preachers of the West, and that none the less though he seems to use manuscript a little closely. By many Scots people "the paper" is taken as an evidence of more careful preparation and a better thought-out discourse.

Rev. J. Macartney Wilson has gone to New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, but perhaps we shall see him back in the West.

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As is to be expected in the case of a church with such a name as Chalmers, and such a minister as the untiring Rev. E. A. Henry, Chalmers Church continues its forward movement. We observe that with the third number of the congregational magazine, subscriptions are now asked for it at a dollar a year.

One of the most outstanding features of the life of Chalmers church is undoubtedly the young men's class conducted there on Sunday afternoons at 2:30 by "our" Dr. Taylor. From all we gather, that class bids fair to rival the one formerly conducted by the doctor in the East, which was probably the biggest class of the kind in Canada.

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The settlement of Dr. A. D. McKinnon in Kitsilano church has naturally given an impetus to the unceasing forward movement in connection with this congregation.

At his first evening service, Dr. McKinnon struck a strong keynote in his sermon on "The Altogether Lovely."

The new minister of Kitsilano has a gift of oratory and a power of forceful appeal in the pulpit which might not be readily suggested to those who chance to meet him only in a quiet personal way.

Social and Concert at Port Kells

During the past winter Messrs. Paton and McGookin have been in charge of this outlying point, taking the services alternate Sundays. Early this month a concert and social was arranged, for which the services of a few of the Hall artists had been commandeered, and as a sequel the man with the fiddle and one or two other vocal worthies had some unreckoned-on experiences. First of all the railway company failed to run the train at the right time, and the nearest point at which the electric unloaded the party was about six miles from the destination. With Scottish resource and Irish wit at work, however, the company somehow annexed a motor car, but with "dishes" and what not? as baggage, it was found that two of the company would have to walk. Next the motorists were held up by a break-down. "All's well that ends well," however, and notwithstanding the preliminary obstacles, a satisfying entertainment and social evening followed. To the success of the concert part Mrs. Walkington, Miss Lily, and Miss Diamond contributed, and the Hall men who supplemented their efforts were Messrs. Arrol, Duncan, and Fry with the two students-in-charge.

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Westminster Hall Students and Church-Organizing Work

With the varying interests which are naturally associated with student life, more so in its preliminary stages, there is always some danger of the chief purpose and work of a theological college being overlooked, namely, to develop christian character and fit men for fuller active service for the church and the world.

To those whose acquaintance with Westminster Hall extends over a period of years, and who are alert to observe not only what affects the health and due proportion of its college life, but also ready to recognise the real progress of its students in education, character, and service, it is gratifying to find young men who began their work in the West somewhat modestly, proving themselves of service as church-organizers even before they have completed their course.

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Victoria Road Church and Hollyburn

Two Hall students in particular have been brought before the western public of late as a consequence of their upbuilding or development work in suburban charges which as yet are designated as College Mission fields.

Mr. Archie McLean has been working in Victoria Road district to such purpose during the past twelve months that not only has a very fair-sized initial congregation been gathered together, but a church has been built. The new church was opened last month and in the unavoidable absence of Principal Mackay, Rev. Dr. McLaren officiated. In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Boulton, of a neighboring Methodist church addressed the young people, and the provincial H. M. superintendent of the Presbyterian church, Rev. G. A. Wilson, preached in the evening. At the morning service, Dr. McLaren spoke of how St. Andrew's, Vancouver, had grown in the past fifteen years and suggested that the new church was likely to experience similar development with the coming years.

Mr. Bryce M. Wallace, one of the youngest Scotsmen who came to Canada (like Mr. McLean and many others through arrangement with Dr. E. D. McLaren

then Home Mission Superintendent) about five and a half years ago, has continued the work at Hollyburn, (now known better, perhaps, as part of the municipality of West Vancouver) with such success that, taken with the natural development of the locality, the appointment is also in the way of considering church building.

Towards that end we have gathered that Mr. John Lawson, who recently was elected reeve of that municipality, has, with characteristically thoughtful generosity, given a site.

These are only two instances; there are others to which we hope to call attention in due course.

When it is remembered that such men are at the same time working hard at their studies, it will be recognized that the duties are all the more taxing, and the credit due them all the greater.

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Presbytery of Victoria, B. C.

Induction of Rev. John Gibson Inkster, B. A.

In February an interesting event took place in First Church, Victoria, when Rev. John Gibson Inkster, B. A., late of First Presbyterian Church, London, Ont., was inducted. Mr. Inkster had received the very hearty and unanimous call of this important congregation, though he was quite unknown to them except by reputation. A large company attended. Rev. S. Lundy of Duncan, conducted the opening devotional exercises and preached an impressive sermon, and the official induction followed.

The moderator of presbytery, Rev. R. A. Macconnell, who inducted, addressed the newly inducted minister. Rev. Joseph McCoy of Knox church, addressed the congregation, after which the newly inducted minister was introduced to his people and their friends.

On the Sabbath following, Rev. Principal Mackay of Westminster Hall, conducted divine service in the forenoon, introducing his friend, and in the evening, Rev. Mr. Inkster officiated, delivering a forceful sermon from Phil. 3:13, 14, "Forgetting those things which are behind, etc."

On the Monday evening a public reception was tendered the newly inducted minister, when a large gathering of the members and friends of the congregation assembled to greet him. Happy addresses were delivered by several representative men, Rev. J. B. Warnicker, B.A., of the Baptist church, Rev. C. T. Scott, D.D., of the Metropolitan Methodist church, Rev. T. W. Gladstone of the Church of our Lord (Reformed Episcopal), Rev. Principal Mackay of Westminster Hall, and Mr. J. L. Beckwith (mayor), and letters of welcome and God speed were read from Venerable Rt. Rev. Bishop Cridge and others.

Mr. Inkster in a short address expressed thanks for the hearty reception which had been accorded to him, and outlined in general the principles which should actuate him in his future work.

The ladies of the congregation served refreshments in the rear of the auditorium.

Rev. Mr. Inkster enters on his pastorate with the best wishes of his brethren in the ministry, the brightest hopes of his congregation, and the happy anticipations of the entire community.

Mr. Inkster's Predecessors in First Church

First church, Victoria, had the late Rev. Donald Fraser, M.A., for minister for a period of seven years. Having been translated from St. Andrew's church, Mt. Forest, Ontario, he was inducted into the pastoral charge of First church on 4th August, 1884, and his name was placed on the roll of the presbytery of Toronto.

At the meeting of the General Assembly, 1886, the presbytery of Columbia was formed, consisting of seven ministers: Revs. R. Jamieson of New Westminster; Donald Fraser of First church, Victoria; T. G. Thomson, of First church, Vancouver; J. Chisholm, of Kamloops; D. McRae, of Craig Flowers, S. J. Taylor and J. A. Jaffray of Spillamcheen, together with "all other missionaries who may be appointed to join them, and all the congregations and mission stations that may be formed within the province of British Columbia."

Rev. Donald Fraser died on the 9th July, 1891, having faithfully finished his work, and winning the love and esteem of all who knew him.

The following year Rev. John Campbell, M.A., Ph.D., was transferred from the Presbytery of Owen Sound, and on the 5th June was inducted into the charge of First church, where he labored assiduously for twenty years till the end of July of last year.

Rev. Dr. McRae's Resignation

At an adjourned meeting of the presbytery of Victoria, the resignation of Rev. D. McRae, D.D., of St. Paul's church, was accepted, and will take effect on the first Sabbath of April.

Rev. W. Leslie Clay, B.A., of St. Andrew's church, was appointed interim moderator.

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West Point Grey, Vancouver

This suburban charge, which was opened in September last with Mr. Wm. Scott, one of the theological students of Westminster Hall as student-missionary, has been making steady progress, and the congregation has now been fully organized, a session and five elders having been elected last month.

On a recent evening an excellent concert was arranged under the supervision of the choir leader, Mr. W. Johnson. All the talent came from Vancouver, and the programme throughout reflected credit on all concerned. The proceeds will go towards the building fund.

Gentlemanliness and Ministerial Work

A minister may be inclined to think it of very little consequence, for example, whether or not he acquire the manners, deportment and style of a gentleman, and many may be surprised at my saying in all seriousness that, next to the primal requisite of a heart aglow with christian love, a minister must be a gentleman in manners, feelings, courtesy and address. Now, these absolutely necessary qualifications do not come to a man as a matter of course, nor do they necessarily attend even great learning. They have to be acquired, like other good things, by patient self-restraint and diligent practice. Their value to a minister is simply inestimable, and the lack of them or any of them, will mar and, it may be, shatter what would otherwise have been a great career.

—Rev. Andrew Benvie, in "The Minister at Work."

*CHRIST RISEN
A NEW EASTER HYMN*

(By R. A. Hanley)

*Hark the Lord is risen
From His deathly prison;
Death and hell lie slain before Him.
Heavenly trumps are sounding,
Earth with praise resounding
Men and Angels high adore Him,
God's great Son!
Victory won!
Death could hold Him never
Lives He now for ever.*

*See Him now ascending
Angel guards attending.
(Heaven is loud in acclamation)
By archangels greeted
With the Father seated
Captain of the world's salvation
Glory now
Crown's His brow
King and priest for ever
Reigns our risen Saviour.*

*Ever more He reigneth
And our cause maintaineth
Treading all life's way before us
In our conflict's hour
He in love and power
Holds His conquering banner o'er us,
In His name,
Victory claim.
In His mansions glorious
We shall reign victorious.*

AROUND THE HALL

PRINCIPAL MACKAY'S BEREAVEMENT

"She has passed," they whispered; "hang the flag half-mast!"
Yes, but not to mourn for her:

"They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

But hang the Hall flag half-mast; let us show our sympathy as an Institution, and as men who mourn with one we esteem and love, not merely as an Educational Leader, but as a man and friend.

Among the other laws of life of which our race is but learning the alphabet yet, is the law of heart and soul expression, compared with which the best in human speech, and the choicest of heart-words, resemble tinkling cymbals or jarring chords; and thus there are times when the strongest sympathies are expressed with vocal silence. There are occasions when only intimate acquaintance with the personalities concerned, kindred experience of soul-separation, similar ideals of life and love, and the exercise of a divine imagination, can enable men to enter into the feelings of their fellows.

Reader, have you known a love that thrills even in this life with the thought of its eternalness? Have you become associated with another mind and heart and soul so that you have felt that you cared not for all God's worlds if in none of them all was he or she? Have you felt a strength of love for which you hope in your heart you would be enabled, if need were, to face not merely death and all the powers of death, but for which you would be prepared to spend an eternity searching the boundless spaces in the Universe of God, unsatisfied until you found whom your soul loved and longed for? Have you felt that if God allowed you, you would dare to visit all the Vastnesses or unnamed chaotic depths to find that kindred spirit, that "soul of thy soul," heart of thy heart? Do you believe that the highest of all earthly Tribunals are but puppet-shows compared with the Court to which you would dare, if need were, to make your appeal and your claim for a kindred soul—the Court of the Eternal King Himself?

If you have not had any such experiences or feelings, you may be a very good and a very worthy human being, and even a fervent evangelical christian, but you cannot enter into the trial which we think it right to record with reverence here.

The Principal of Westminster Hall, Rev. Dr. Mackay, (our regard and affection for whom it does not become us to express at this time) has been called upon to undergo what to a man of high ideals is one of the severest and most

soul-testing experiences possible in this life—separation from the beloved woman whom for about six years he has called wife.

He has our sympathy and prayers; and we are sure that if you are a man or woman of high christian ideals, you would only have had to know any one of the two to ensure his having yours also. But stay—Do we ponder it enough—in church, in the woods, by the sea-side, in the solitude of our rooms or in the silent places of the plains or the mountains?:

“There may be those about us whom we neither see nor name.”

At such testing times it may often be true that “common is the common-place, and vacant chaff, well-meant for grain.” But when the human soul has truly experienced that unselfish love which holds life itself less dear than the kinship with another soul, a man may dare to look Death himself in the face, for he feels that there must be a Power, a Love, a Life in the Universe about us—

“Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears.”

When the soul-anguish of our Principal has been soothed by the Fatherhand and the Fatherheart of God Himself, and the dimness of tears has passed from our eyes, may we (and all who suffer as he now does) find ourselves reminded that—

“* * * * * no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past.”

There, through all, we shall be sustained by the fathomless love of the self-sacrificing Master, Christ, Who represents and reveals to us the heart of the Life-Architect and resourceful, unailing, and all-loving Alchemist of all creation.

—D. A. C.

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“HE AND SHE”

“She is dead!” they said to him; “come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!”
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair,
Over her eyes that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
“Come away!” they said; “God understands.”

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—
He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it: Alone again!—He and She!—

He and She! . . . but she would not speak,
 Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.
 He and She! . . . yet she would not smile,
 Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
 He and She! . . . still she did not move
 To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips, and breasts without breath!
 Is there no voice, no language of death?
 Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense—
 But to heart and to soul, distinct, intense?
 Speak now! I will listen with soul, not ear:—
 What was the secret of dying, dear?
 Was it the infinite wonder of all,
 That you ever could let life's flower fall?
 Or was it a greater marvel to feel
 The perfect calm, o'er the agony steal?
 Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
 Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?
 Did life roll back its records, dear,
 And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
 And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
 To find out so, what a wisdom Love is?
 Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear,
 I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
 As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.
 There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
 To make you so placid from head to feet!
 I would tell **you**, darling, if I were dead,
 And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—
 I would speak!—though the Angel of Death had laid
 His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
 You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
 Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—
 The very strangest and suddenest thing
 Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Who will believe that he heard her say,
 With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:
 "The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
 And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
 And am your Angel, who was your Bride;
 And know that, though dead, I have never died"?

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

MEMORABLE SERVICES

The date 10th March, 1913, will, in the minds of many citizens in Vancouver and vicinity, be associated with the funeral services of Miss Pauline Johnson, a Canadian poetess who, by her literary work, has no doubt helped the American Indians and the Anglo-Saxons to understand each other better; for she was related to both races.

On the same day and at the same hour another funeral service claimed the presence of a large circle who had been more or less intimately acquainted with Mrs. Mackay, wife of the Principal of Westminster Hall.

There was peculiar sadness associated with the passing in both cases, as each of the ladies was only in what are usually reckoned about the mid-years of this life. In such experiences of life—and death—a line may be recalled from many beautiful ones in Mrs. C. F. Alexander's poem on "The Burial of Moses"—"God hath His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell." In one case a gifted writer was taken, though not unexpectedly, while in the other, a mother was removed somewhat suddenly from a home in which she was the light and from a social circle in which she was esteemed as an earnest christian worker. Mrs. Mackay was ill only a week, and died at the General Hospital. In her death, as in her life, her first thought was for others.

The address in St. John's church was given by Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon, and as it has a general application, as well as a particular one to the cases mentioned, we quote the following passages:

"While personality never grows old, and while we never come to a time when we are prepared to part with our friends, yet we do not mourn in the ordinary sense of the word when a man of four-score is called to his reward. He has had his day, he has faced his opportunity, he has finished his work, and the best you can say for a man when his day's work is done is that he has fallen asleep. But today we are face to face with a deeper mystery, a mystery which has engaged the best minds and the most devout souls throughout man's history;—why must those whose characters have been ripened into their fullest efficiency, who have made themselves seemingly indispensable to the true growth of other souls, who stand as a centre of example and influence, and whose affection is made one with that of a community, be taken away in the midst of their days? If we would give way to our feelings, we might express our thought in the words of another, "Oh why has worth so short a date, while villains ripen grey with time?" But it is not by any impatient complaint that the mysteries of our life are solved, but rather by a deep sympathetic grasp of the widest possible range of experience, under the spell of unflinching faith and unflinching love."

"We have but an imperfect sum of the value of the things that count. Spiritual values are extremely unlike temporal values. They are measured neither by time nor space. A material plan which remains unfinished is a calamity; but who will take it upon himself to decide when a life has completed its purpose, or mark the charmed moment when it can most effectively impress upon God's world that for which it has existed?"

"Every soul is vibrant with a purpose of God to humanity, and there are two sides to be considered. First, that which possesses the power to impart,

and the readiness of those influenced to receive. Perhaps it often happens that what seems to us in our shortsightedness the tragic ending of a brilliant career, is the very circumstance which makes its lesson impressive. There are thousands of noble characters from whom we learn nothing, because their characters are so normal, and they live their lives to the finish and leave us unimpressed. Should one such give his life for his cause,—give us a last glance of him with his face turned toward his goal, and his very seeming defeat will inspire a thousand others to accomplish what he aspired to do and did not." In this connection Mr. Pidgeon drew illustrations from the experience of Captain Scott, Wellington and Wolfe, and recalled the battle-signal of Trafalgar.

"Now, may it not be that in the normal course of life our hearts are somewhat dull to the influence of God's saints, and that He must call upon them to sacrifice their lives that we might learn. Are our hearts not sensitive today to the impressions of noble christian character, beauty of soul, sweetness of temperament, loving devotion to home and duty, to an extent that a week ago we knew not? Then they were lost in the mass of impressions, but today they are focussed with tremendous power upon hearts which have become sensitive to their touch. I believe that these virtues which were so beautifully embodied, shall mean more to us in the coming days, because of the grief which has impressed them. I am not forgetting that this does not eliminate our grief. We cannot silence our soul's cry by logic, but we at least mourn not as those who have no hope when our God's dealings seem shot through with purpose."

"And to go one step farther. May it not be possible that when the completed plan is flashed upon us we shall see how beautifully these experiences have fitted into the whole? I do not think that faith leads us to what is absolutely unintelligible, but it does lead us to amplify our experience, and carry the principles which have served us here beyond our present application. Is it not true that many of the hardest hours of our past look different when viewed in the light of the knowledge which later years have brought? Things which meant so much to us under the glare of the present, are insignificant in their wider setting. Now grant us that this life is but 'probation space,' and that its fullest significance can be read only in the light of a higher, and all these bereavements are conceivably intelligible. Our life is rational only on the assumption that this life is the prelude to a life to come and this world part of a larger cosmos. A true faith, which is a rounding out of our partial knowledge, may enable us, through God's grace, to join the poet in his expression of belief:

Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep;

He hath awakened from the dream of life,

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms, an unprofitable strife."

The prayers offered by Rev. Dr. McLaren and Rev. J. A. Logan in St. John's church, were suggestive not only of the worth of the life that had passed, but of the inexpressible sense of loss sustained by the home and community represented at the service. Many of Mr. Logan's sentences in appeal were framed with a fitness which, to minds and hearts alert in sympathy, must have revealed the intimate friend exercised by a keen sympathetic sense of what the occasion meant to the bereaved ones.

A cry to be "lifted above the Valley of the Shadow and the sadness of this hour into the light of Thy countenance and the comfort of Thy presence," was followed by the plea: "Help us to raise our thoughts from the things seen and temporal to the calm eternity in which Thou dwellest." "Our weakness calls for Thy compassion: Hold not Thy peace at our tears. Lead us to the Rock that is higher than we. Lift us out of our disappointed purposes and broken hopes into the peace of Thy holy habitation. Our spirits turn to Thee in humble trust. As the changes which come to us in life leave us poorer and sadder may we know more of Thy love and of Thy great sympathy."

Then followed an expression of confidence, Gospel-born, "that death does not end all, that beyond the clouds and the trials "There's a land that is fairer than day." Next there came an earnest cry which must have touched all hearts who have known great sorrow in this life, and who are accustomed to appeal to the Divine Fatherhood, and seek to be attuned in harmony with the Will of the Wisest: "Help us to learn the lessons of sorrow, that through suffering and trial we may become humbler and holier, stronger and more tender."

"We bless Thy name for all those who have died in the Lord, and who now rest from their labors. Especially we call to remembrance Thy lovingkindness and tender mercies to Thy servant. For Thy guiding Hand along the path of her pilgrimage we thank Thee. Especially do we praise Thy grace that kindled early in her heart the love of Thy Name, that enabled her to fight the good fight of faith and to obtain the victory."

"For Thy servant from whom Thou hast taken the partner of his life at a stroke, and the boy left motherless, and for loved ones far away who today are in sackcloth we pray. We need not tell their sorrow unto Thee. In the stillness of our hearts we ask for them Thy sustaining grace. Be Thou their strength and support in this sore trial. Be Thou the strength of the fainting heart and the light of the darkened home. May their eyes be opened to see the Father's House on high, and to be assured of the better life and more perfect rest which remain to the people of God."

"May this visitation of death be Thy voice speaking to us in a way that may minister to a truer and holier life in our souls, causing us to remember our frailty, and leading us to look forward to that place where "glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land." "

The service in St. John's church was closed with the hymn "Forever with the Lord."



RESOLUTION BY EXECUTIVE AND BOARD OF WESTMINSTER HALL

Mr. T. M. Henderson, as secretary, recently transmitted the following to Rev. Principal Mackay:—

At a meeting of the Executive of Westminster Hall held on 14th inst., the following resolution was passed and ordered placed upon the minutes:—

The Executive, on behalf of the Board of Management of Westminster Hall, desires to take this opportunity of extending to Principal Mackay its most cordial sympathy in the bereavement that has come to him and his son by the decease of his beloved wife.

During the few years of her residence in Vancouver, Mrs. Mackay, by her estimable qualities of mind and heart, has endeared herself to many of its citizens, among whom she held a leading position, while among her most intimate associates she was most dearly loved.

From the first she has taken the deepest interest in Westminster Hall, for whose welfare she was ever ready to give a helping hand. She took a sympathetic and active interest in all the plans and work of the College Auxiliary who will sorely miss their most valued member.

By the removal of Mrs. Mackay the College has lost a friend who ever labored for its best interests, and gave her life for its material and social welfare.

To the relatives and friends who are far away, the Board also desires to extend their sincerest sympathy, and prays that all who sorrow by this bereavement may find comfort in the Friend who loveth at all times.

OPENING OF W. H. THEOLOGICAL SESSION 1913

The opening lecture of Westminster Hall 1913 Theological session will be delivered on Thursday evening, April 3rd, by Rev. Professor Pidgeon, whose subject will be "The Supply of Men for the Ministry."

THE PEACE MANIFESTO

The Peace Manifesto introduced into the Westminster Presbytery by Principal Mackay of Westminster Hall, of which we published a copy in our January number, has become the subject of discussion elsewhere, but lack of space prevents further reference this month.

ECHOES OF LIFE

Realizing Our Ideal

"Not a mere academic publication, but a popular number of a periodical of general interest."

When in its Editorial columns one of our leading dailies opens a reference to a number of our Magazine with such a statement, we may be justified in holding that we are, at least, to some extent, attaining our ideal of service, which, as we have before noted, involves a living interest in all matters affecting "social, literary, and religious" life and work.

As will be evidenced this month in our department concerning "Church Life and Work," our interest is general enough to include a survey of the field of our Canadian Homeland, and with such a motto as "Into all the World" we do not hold ourselves restricted even to spacious Canada.

As a matter of fact, we are in communication with a writer in the Old Land with whom we hope to arrange to keep the "Farthest West" in regular touch with the present centre of Empire.

Entering Every Manse in Canada

Meantime, we have sent another "Awake" call by mail to all the "brethren" throughout broad Canada, and we have otherwise so exercised business enterprise that we hope to be able to give short notes at least of church life in every province—not ignoring "our Eastern Hinterland."

In brief, readers and friends, the management of this Magazine are not merely putting **themselves** into the work of upbuilding and developing its scope, constituency, and usefulness, but **all** the success that **YOU** have helped to bring to us is being re-invested in giving better and better value for our modest subscription rate of one dollar.

Every Reader a "Shareholder"

Indeed, as we have suggested before, while under the present system of society, the dollars cannot be ignored if progressive life is to be assured, we welcome the joint and increasing interest of our readers, and the extension of our constituency not only into every province of Canada but in Britain and elsewhere, because of our belief in the power of the press, and the limitless opportunities for helpfully and healthfully influencing the "social, literary, and religious" life of the community and the nation, which are open to a publication devoted to ideal service.

In conformity with our ideal, we have spent comparatively little time on our advertisement department hitherto; but we mean to give more attention to it in the near future. In that connection we would say to our readers—continue to extend our constituency, and so indirectly strengthen our increasing claims for consideration from "The Business Best."

A Word to Business Men

To all men and firms who reckon themselves among "the Business Best" we would say:—We have been working for about a year and a half now to win your business interest and goodwill, by a genuine business base, and to make the "Goodwill" and "Interest" of our business "Worth While" to you and the "Best" in all legitimate businesses, wholesale and retail.

Time does not permit us to write to, or call for more than a small percentage of those we reckon among the "Business Best" in the West and elsewhere; but if YOU are amongst them, send along your advertisement copy, or write for our rates. We have nothing to say against other publications, but we do not fear competition or comparison with any other Magazine in that respect or any other. Our aim is not to make a fortune but to establish and maintain a sound business basis on which to realise our ideal of service.

Our Magazine is not for one day a week, but for every day in the month. Our business motto is "We seek the Best." If YOU ARE among them, do not be bashful about it: From a "Business Card" to a "page" space,—still there's room!

Save your time and ours, and give yourself to feel that you have an interest and a share in the success of a concern that is being carried on not merely to ensure business success, but to further the only progress in life, individual and national, that will ultimately be worthy of the name!

Our Articles Re-produced

It was with genuine satisfaction that we had our attention called by one of the prominent women workers of Vancouver to the fact that the Editor of the Women's Page department of our oldest morning Daily had thought fit to reproduce (almost verbatim) the Editorial in our February Magazine on "The Place and Work of Woman."

We were also gratified to receive a letter from a member of the New York firm of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons bearing on the reproduction in their Journal of the article on "Shorthand in Modern Life" which appeared in our January Magazine.

It is, of course, encouraging to find that while we ourselves are on the outlook for the best in other publications—and last month opened a department in that connection—there are others ready in an independent way to recognise the worth of what appears in our own pages. By "others" in this case we mean other publications; so far as readers are concerned, we continue to get complimentary and encouraging communications, though now and again, of course, like every one else, we receive some kind of an odd "exception" which, while reminding us anew that "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time," also serves to impress upon us the value of "the rule."

"Well Pleased"

"I am well pleased with the Magazine." That sentence from a letter received as we go to press from one of the latest new subscribers, whose communication comes all the way from Halifax, Nova Scotia—the farthest verge of "our Eastern Hinterland,"—is indicative of the kind of messages that cheer men in their efforts to realise a worthy ideal. We thank this correspondent, and all such as he who are awake and alive not only to the place of the press, but to the value of christian courtesy in life which prompts the kindly and encouraging word,—a thing all the more welcome and inspiring when men are putting the Ideal before the dollar.

CONTEMPORARY VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Community Self-Interest

Community self-interest is not a bad definition for altruism, when one comes to think it out. The force of this was evidently impressed upon those present at the dinner tendered by the president and executive of the Winnipeg City Planning Commission to the members of that body and its committees. President Sanford Evans and Chairman William Pearson of the executive committee—together with other speakers—urged the formation of a permanent Winnipeg Housing and City Planning Association on a voluntary and popular basis, to be affiliated with the National Association launched at the suggestion of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught when in Winnipeg some months ago. A committee was duly appointed and organization will doubtless proceed apace. The object of such local association will be to focalize public sentiment for civic betterment so far as it already exists—and to create such sentiment where it is as yet lacking.

It is hoped that the city council will now follow up the good beginning made by its temporarily constituted Commission (whose report it has before it) and permanently appoint an expert for city-planning work. That Edmonton, Calgary and Regina have already made such appointments is evidence of this phase of community self-interest taking hold in Western Canada. The Civic Centre suggestion contained in the Commission report was strengthened by the "postprandial promise" of the Provincial Minister of Public Works—to wit, that the government would place the new legislative buildings in a position conforming to the plan proposed.

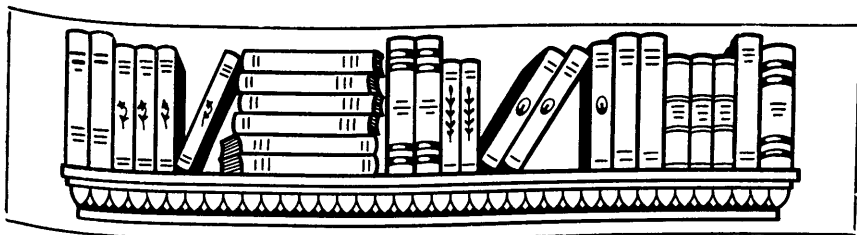
But considerations of externals—whether utilitarian or esthetic—did not hold sway during this notable evening. There was recognition that it is not enough to have "heaps of bricks piled up as a kind of monument to show where heaps of money have been piled up before." William Pearson—speaking as head of the Housing Committee, with a manly earnestness that will not soon be forgotten—impressed upon his hearers that conditions making for the health and welfare of the less well-to-do must be a first consideration in city-planning for the future. Even apart from altruistic motives, the community must needs see to it that general healthfulness and prosperity are not jeopardized by slum conditions—Canadian Finance, Winnipeg.

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"The Power of the Home Joy"

"Farmer's" Magazine for February (Maclean Publishing Company) is a publication which should be of interest to all other citizens as much as to "Farmers." The article by E. C. Drury, B.S.A., on "How Canada May Help England," ("Britain," may we respectfully suggest), deserves the widest attention.

To the same number Dr. O. S. Marden contributes an equally attractive article, and one not less concerned with nation-building, entitled "The Power of the Home Joy."



THE BOOK SHELF

NOTE—We hope to be able to enlarge this department soon. While we shall continue to give space to reviews of general literature, we shall try to give as much or more space to reviews of theological and kindred literature, and literature bearing upon social questions, and we intend to have many of these notices done by specialists.

In short, we aim at making this department, like others of our Magazine and business, more and more "worth while."

—The Managing Editor.

Books Received..

Who's Who, 1913'. (Adam & Charles Black, London, England: 15s. net)

"Books That Count." (Adam & Charles Black, London, Eng., 5s. net)

"A Dictionary of Standard Books," edited by W. Forbes Gray.

"Making Good in Canada." (A. & C. Black, 3s. 6d net)

By Frederick A. Talbot

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman, Inventor of Phonography": By Alfred Baker. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. 7s 6d)

"The Minister at Work." By Rev. Andrew Benvie, B.D., St. Aidan's Church, Edinburgh. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh: 3s. 6d. net)

"Who's Who" is one of those big books of reference without which no modern business office of any standing can be held to be fully furnished. That is true in Britain at least, and we dare say it will become increasingly true of the other parts of the Empire. We have reason to know that a Canadian Who's Who was begun a year or two ago, but with this original compilation of outline biographies of men and women of the time kept up to date and expanded to meet the requirements of our ever-growing Empire, we believe its publishers will be helping in a practical way in the consolidation of the English-speaking world.

"Books That Count" forms a happy addition to handy books of reference, though like many other things that are valuable time-savers, and soon taken as a matter of course, it has involved not a little work on th part of the editor. The book embraces about 5,500 works, and is divided into fourteen main sections. It should be useful to the general reader and the student alike.

“**Making Good in Canada**” should be a popular book in Britain, and we commend it to the attention of our old-country readers in particular. There are many illustrations, and to any one acquainted with the bush and pioneering work, not a few of the pictures will have a familiar and memory-stirring suggestiveness about them.

In his preface the author says: “I have endeavored to give both sides of the question impartially, and the Tenderfoot must judge for himself whether his spirits, physique and ability fit him to woo Fortune in some form or other in the Dominion.

I have roughed it a bit myself, and am able to give the results of my own experience, with that of companions. Canada is by no means carpeted with gold. The treasure lies beneath the surface, and demands a certain exertion for its recovery, as in every other country, the extent of which varies according to the calling and to the character of the seeker.”

—D. A. C.

Morning in the valley,
 Morning on the hill;
 The birds their matins mingle
 With the music of the rill;
 Alder tops are swaying
 In the scented breeze;
 Frail flowers nod good-morning
 To the stately trees.

Just below the mountains,
 Tiny cloudlets drift—
 Under them the shadows
 Ever change and shift;
 Nature gaily woos us;
 Let us, while we may,
 Follow where she lures us
 Down the woodland way.
 —D. A. H.

POLITICS

“We move, the wheel must always move
 Nor always on the plain,
 And if we move to such a goal
 As wisdom hopes to gain,
 Then you who drive, and know your Craft,
 Will firmly hold the rein,
 Nor lend an ear to random cries,
 Or you may drive in vain;
 For some cry ‘Quick’ and some cry ‘Slow,’
 But, while the hills remain,
 Up hill ‘Too-slow’ will need the whip,
 Down hill ‘Too-quick’ the chain.”