

Volume XII.

Seventh Year

No. 1

PUBLISHED AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

# Westminster Review

The Social, Educational and Religious  
Monthly of  
**The Canadian West**



## Our Ideal :

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

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(By a Vancouver Member of the Royal Flying Corps)

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“MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.”

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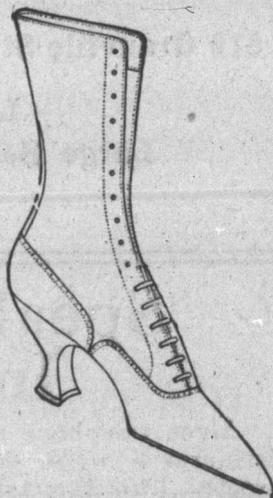
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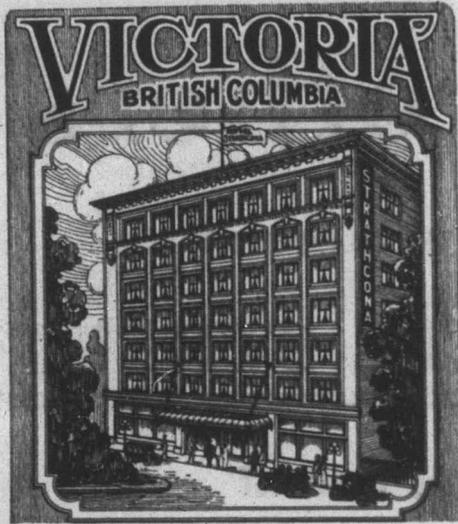
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# WESTMINSTER REVIEW

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

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Vol. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 1

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## Editorial

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### AN EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

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"If the magazine has decreased in quantity, it has greatly increased in interest." So wrote a soldier subscriber from overseas last month. Under war conditions we cannot promise increased quantity, but under all conditions we shall seek to maintain the standard and worth of the Review. In that connection we may announce an arrangement decided upon some months ago, and to come into active operation after September 1917.

This publication is in its seventh year. When space permits, some record of its development hitherto may be noted. But now that the magazine is well established, we have pleasure in stating that an Editorial Committee has been formed to further the Review's usefulness and strengthen the basis of its appeal as "the Social Educational and Religious Monthly of the Canadian West."

The Committee includes: (1) One of the best known public men in Western Canada. Trained first as a lawyer, he is known throughout the Dominion not only as a Western pioneer, but also as an author, traveller and journalistic contributor and reviewer of the front rank. His interest in this Review has been sustained and in most lines of service such "staying power" is the trait that tells. Reliability is an asset in character that surpasses in value qualities of transient brilliancy. The more of such men we have in Church and State, in Educational Institutions and in public service, the more is real progress likely to be made.

Outside the widening circle in the West having literary interests, the second member of the Committee may not be so well known at present. By education, inclination and choice he is a literary man, and the **Westminster Review** has been privileged to publish contributions from him in verse as well as prose. Though he has experience and ability in business, we believe he will come to be more widely known in the west—and elsewhere—for outstanding literary work.

The third member has a professional acquaintance with books but also a living interest in them and a knowledge of social literary and religious subjects, born of personal predilections and supplemented by the experience and duties involved in his every-day work. In his case, as in that of others, inclusion on the Editorial Committee is a recognition of literary interest which has already been exercised in sustained and reliable work for this Review. Names are not published at present solely out of regard to the wishes of the parties who, as heretofore, are more concerned about practical community service, than personal advertising.

In addition, several other gentlemen experienced in literature and life, who, in one way or another, have shown practical interest in our

ideal of service, will be connected with the Committee as "Associate Members," and will enable us the better to keep in touch with the departments we seek to cover.

**Community Service in the Canadian West** through the publication of a monthly magazine independent of "Party, Sect or Faction," has been the aim of this Review throughout the years, and we believe the definite association with the management, in an advisory and consultative capacity, of such a body of literary men, will enable this magazine to fulfil its destiny by more fully and satisfyingly serving its "Ideal" and working for "Social Betterment, Educational Enlightenment, the Upbuilding, in City and Church and State of Christian Government, and the Development of Spiritual Life."

#### "WESTMINSTER REVIEW" CONTRIBUTOR KILLED

In December last we published a short but well-written and graphic article entitled "With the Red Cross in France." The writer as noted, was Pte. Charles Clark, formerly a student at Westminster Hall, Vancouver. Like many of the students who have been associated with that farthest west college, he was from the Old Country.

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of a friend of another former student the editor of this Review has received a letter giving particulars of how Pte. Clark was "faithful unto death" in the Red Cross work. Pte. Coutts states: "We were clearing wounded over ground recently taken from the enemy. Charlie Clark and I were on the same stretcher squad, and as we were entering a dugout a shell came over, and when the roar of the explosion died away, his spirit had departed, for the transition known as death had taken place."

Mr. Coutts also mentions that "the previous day we had met Corporal Alex. Dustan and had the pleasure of a five minutes talk, for we both knew him in Vancouver. At the time we were taking out a stretcher case on one of the narrow gauge railways, and the talk occurred during a block in the traffic. Corporal Dustan was looking well."

Our correspondent adds that Pte. Clark "was a man who held the respect of the entire Corps."

Naturally, this "Review" has a special interest in men at the Front who have been connected with it as contributors or in any other way. Interested readers may have noticed that Mr. Alex. Dustan has lately not only been referred to as "Sergeant" but has been awarded the Military Cross.

Recently we also observed from the daily press that "Don. Munday," another valued contributor (in prose and verse) to this magazine has been awarded the Military Cross.

Another communication from the trenches, this month—from Pte. Earle Howatt—mentions that the "Review" is appreciated and passed around there. After referring to the death in action of Lieut. Russell (Mrs. Chalmers' only brother)—"learned from a Vancouver paper"—Mr. Howatt says: "This life makes men think of more than earthly things. One never knows when his turn will come. . . . I returned from "Blighty" leave about a week ago. Had a very nice rest. Was in London when recent air raid took place. How is conscription coming in Canada? Sorry to hear of Rev. Dr. Fraser's death."

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### Songs of the Birdman\*

By Hartley Munro Thomas, Royal Flying Corps.  
(Son of Rev. Ernest Thomas, Vancouver, B. C.)

#### PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

(The motto of the Royal Flying Corps)

To the stars we rise on our flimsy wings,  
For duty has ordered "Go,"  
As the skylark mounts at the dawn and sings  
When nature has told her so;  
As the stars themselves sail round in rings  
Which none but the Gods may know.

To the stars we rise though we see them not,  
And the clouds are about our plane,  
And the end may come with a sudden shot  
And then but a moment's pain;  
As the clouds themselves must dissolve to naught,  
For theirs is to give men rain.

To the stars we rise with our soaring dreams,  
Nor is it an easy rise;  
For the fact of pain and of death it seems  
Has made of all life surmise;  
Yet the dreamland planes when the love light gleams  
Must always attain the skies.

#### THE CANADIAN AIRMAN

Great is the land who has given her children  
Pride in their birth and the courage to stand;  
Till rended and torn and destroyed in the heavens  
They mingle their dust with the soil of their land.

Nothing is freer than spaces of heaven;  
Far from the puny desires of the crowd;  
Only the boldest and sons of the westland  
Can conquer the empire far over the cloud.

Proud of our mother who bore the pain for us,  
Proud that we ride for her honor at last,  
Thankful that we by our pain may defend her,  
In chivalrous battle above the grey vast.

Then in the hour when we spin to destruction,  
Death clinging near on the wings of our plane,  
Proudly we'll fly through the gates of Valhalla,  
Proud of our task and despising the pain.

**Note.**—Since receiving these verses for publication, we have learned that they are likely to be included in a volume of verse, bearing that title, to be published shortly. We trust these selections, by giving an indication of the worth of the writings of Lieut. Thomas, will increase the demand for the book.—Editor, "Westminster Review."

## PRAYER FOR OUR AVIATORS.

O God of Heaven, wrapt in power,  
 Grant airmen faith to prove their own;  
 Be with them in the aching hour  
 When searching for Thy highest throne.  
 Save all who sail the dizzy sky:  
 Grant airmen courage ere they die.

O God of Thunder grant them might  
 That they, despising death and pain,  
 May purge as breaks upon their sight  
 Each blot upon Thy free domain;  
 Save all who sail the dizzy sky  
 Grant airmen victory e'er they die.

O God of Sunshine! crowned with pride,  
 May purge, as breaks upon their sight,  
 That when grim death tears life aside  
 Their pride may stay regret or fear;  
 Save all who sail the dizzy sky  
 Grant airmen peace before they die.

"Lieut. ———, R. F. C. Missing, believed killed."

A rain drop on the leaf  
 Of a rose is here;  
 The purest form of grief  
 Is a sunbeam's tear.

The airman who is slain  
 Has a petal shroud,  
 And he feels the gentle rain  
 From the mourning cloud;—

Where comrade sunbeams leap  
 In the open space,  
 Where the hero fell asleep  
 With a smiling face.

## THE LATE CAPTAIN REV. H. D. HENRY, B. A.

Herewith is reproduced a picture of the late Captain Rev. H. D. Henry, taken at the time of his graduation from Westminster Hall in September, 1914. He was the youngest graduate of the College, and was only 24 years of age at his death. His home was in Montreal. His course in the ministry was scarcely begun. He was an unassuming and likeable young man. In the army he developed strength, and his promotion before his death from a lieutenantcy to a captaincy proves that he was giving effective service in the premier profession of the time.



Memorial services were held in Vancouver, first in Westminster Church, the minister of which, Rev. J. Richmond Craig, was a fellow-graduate of Captain Henry's, and next in the church at Vancouver Heights, of which the deceased was pastor before he joined the army. In both cases the services were impressive and the attendance large.

The **Westminster Review**, to the management of which he was well known, joins in tendering respectful sympathy to the relatives in the East and friends in the West to whom Captain Henry's death must be a severe blow.

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**Notes and Comments**

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

---

**EXIT THE BAR**

It is to the credit of Vancouver (and the Province generally) that the barroom made its exit without much tumult. There were a good many more than usual "under the influence," on the closing night, but as a rule they were good natured and disposed to accept the inevitable with reasonable equanimity. This was due partly to the fact that they realized they were bidding a long farewell to the institution which ever since the day when "Gassy Jack" ran his primitive saloon on the waterfront, has taken its deadly toll throughout the years. And it was due also to the fact that many had come to see the bitter folly of putting their hard earnings over the bar in exchange for "distilled death." But in any case we are glad that people generally showed their good commonsense in refusing to be riotous over the demise of the barroom with its strong drink.

**HUDSON'S BAY RIGHTS.**

A good many have asked if it is likely that the Hudson's Bay Company in this Province will endeavor to claim exemption from the operation of the Prohibition Act on the plea they set up in Manitoba, namely, that the Crown Charter granted to Prince Rupert in 1670, as referred to in the British North America Act, gave the right to trade in liquor in a way that could not even be interfered with by a Provincial legislation. The answer is that the original charter to Prince Rupert and his associates did not cover the territory now embraced in British Columbia. The Charter covered the immense area through which ran the rivers that drained into Hudson Bay, but as no river in this Province comes under that description, British Columbia is not debarred by anything in that Charter from passing an Act which affects that Corporation. In any case the Company is too shrewd a reader of the signs of the times to take any stand in defiance of the people.

**THE NORTH COUNTRY.**

Premier Brewster with a party of public men has done wisely in visiting the great north land of our Province, and in extending his journey onwards into the vast Peace River area in Alberta. It is practically all virgin territory. A good deal of it has been exploited but very little of it has been developed. There is an opportunity here for a statesman in this connection. Ever since the present writer took a trip through that wide and fertile district he has insisted that the natural railway outlet for the Peace River country is to the coast, and it is the outlet for which people up there expressed their preference. They need our salt-water fish, our fruit, our inside finishing lumber, and we need their grain, meat, and their dairy products. In the meantime, unless our British Columbia people wake up, the channels of the Peace River trade by way of Edmonton to the East will have worn so deep that the stream will be difficult to divert to the West Coast. It is to be hoped that Premier Brewster's trip will be followed up by some practical endeavor in this highly important matter.

## AN ONTARIO LEADER

The recent visit of Mr. N. W. Rowell and his characteristically eloquent address before the Canadian Club, starts one thinking about the work of this outstanding leader from the banner Province of Ontario. Though a lawyer in active practice, Mr. Rowell has been more in church courts than in civil courts in recent years. He was one of the most conspicuous men in the Laymen's Missionary Movement in the East, and for some time he devoted his time almost exclusively to that great business. Appearing on convention platforms with such remarkable men as Robert E. Speer and Campbell White, Rowell did not suffer by comparison, and shortly after these meetings he became the first leader of a political party in the East to bind his party to the abolition of the bar. His crusade bore fruit, though it did not carry him into power for his political opponent, Premier Hearst, enacted, with Mr. Rowell's support, prohibition till after the war. Mr. Rowell has the passion and the vision of the orator, and despite the fact that he is not robust, is one of the most effective speakers in Canada.

## A MISSIONARY EVANGELIST

Dr. Jonathan Goforth will spend a busy week or so in addressing meetings at the Coast. Thirty years ago Goforth in Knox College Toronto, flamed out as an enthusiast on missions. He has led an exceedingly active life in China and is unresting during his missionary furlough. Sorely wounded during the Boxer Rebellion, his ardour for the salvation of China became all the stronger by reason of his sufferings. And today he has intenser enthusiasm than in the days of his youth. He has not lost the vigor and force in public address which holds audiences with gripped attention. The secret of his power lies in his deep conviction as to the value of the gospel message. He has witnessed its triumphs in sweeping revival movements all over the Orient, and places no limit on the power of God if we only do our part. Goforth's vital addresses are good tonics for weak-kneed Christians.

## B. C. Society of Fine Arts

AN APPRECIATION—By R. A. H.

The exhibition of the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts held recently in Vancouver might well prove a revelation to many a one who had visited it for the first time, and who had never dreamed that so much serious work in art was being produced by local talent in the Province. Not only its high quality but the wide range which it covered was such as to prove a source of pleasurable surprise. One felt that it was truly representative of British Columbia, from the delightfully humorous coloured cartoons of Fitzmaurice, capturing from the comic viewpoint swift convincing impressions of typical groups from the everyday life about us, to Marega's two fine pieces of sculpture, also typical and representative of that life, but treating of it in its more noble and serious aspects; from Fripp's bold and striking mountain scenes conveying skilfully the effect of the loneliness and majesty of these snowclad giants upon the beholder to the graceful bits of woodland or water about the coast district of such artists as Miss Grace Judge or Mrs. Edith Killam, or such views of industrial Vancouver limned with true artistic instinct so as to bring out all the beauty and soften all the harshness of outline as in Norman H. Hawkins' "Hastings Mill," or W. P. Weston's "The Burner." The abor-

iginal inhabitants are not forgotten either, being represented by works by Miss Margaret Wake and John Kyle, although not so generously by the latter as in former years. If one were to suggest a lack at all, it would be that in so much of the work shown the human element is not prominent enough, especially the human element from the dramatic or historical side. What are the artists of British Columbia doing to interpret to us the picturesqueness of its pioneer stages so swiftly passing away? If only someone would give us say a series of pictures representing the old life on the Cariboo road or paint us a picture on a subject such as "Payday at Yale in Construction Days." There is plenty of material in the way of historical and pictorial references, we imagine, in the archives at Victoria for anyone who would be bold enough to undertake such an enterprise; and to judge by the work shown at the recent exhibition, the talent and technical skill need not be lacking.

One must remark, too, that there was little or nothing of the fanciful or imaginative in the subject matter covered by the exhibition; and in glancing through the catalogue one is struck by the somewhat prosaic run of the titles. Are we too far West for fauns or nymphs or dryads, for we do not recall seeing one; nor even a jovial Bacchus with his attendant throng to gladden the hearts of those who mourn the advent of prohibition. Do fairies never dance in our grassy groves and glades? There is so much that is dull and prosy in existence these days, so much that is sordid that we can well do with a real riot of fancy as an antidote when we recreate our minds in the enjoyment of art. So, you painters, whose keener eyes must teach us to see, give us next year more that will stimulate our thought and enrich our fancy. Even if we don't always understand you, we will think the more of you for it; and even if you should reach a little further than you can well grasp, you will only be following in the footsteps of the old masters.

### Canadian Poetry

(Part II.)

(By C. N. Haney, M. A.)

It was intended to have mentioned first the singer who gave promise to my boyish mind of holding the premier place as my Canadian Poet Laureate, Bliss Carman. Of him more anon. Chance wandering in the local library gave me an all too brief glance at the poems of one whose name is a memory of home and childhood days, of a poetry and nature-loving mother and her book friends. I do not recall any book of his poems in our little library, but mingled with memories of "Afton Water," "Scots Wha hae," "Highland Mary," etc., come remembrances of the name of Evans MacColl, Can Aytoun, Drummond of Hawthornden, Murray, Scott and Burns, these great national poets of Bonnie Scotland be forgotten by one who reads MacColl? With the national character of the first four he mingles a loving appreciation of Burns, and Highland simplicity recognizes through all gates of prejudice a Lowland brither in Robin as he affectionately calls him.

Much of MacColl's writing was done in the "Auld Land." He is none the less Canadian by adoption, creed and spirit, and we can all rejoice that such a link binds our land to that land, it may be, as its critics have said, of pride and poverty, but a land where simple dignity, courage, freedom and an undying love of right, crown the lives in cot and castle alike, and to a race, descent from which is no mean boast.

MacColl's great virtue seems to be the facility with which he

paints the typical, or bodies forth the permanent in things. Change the externals and his Scottish songs would fit Canadian scenes. The admirer of Scottish life would no doubt find himself joined by the strong opponent of Scottish ways in praising his picture of Ardan's Chief, and was Ardan's chief alone "sie a ane?"

"A Chief he was who never long  
From strife his hand could stay,  
The leader of a reiving throng  
Who ne'er distinguished right from wrong  
His creed was that unto the strong  
The weak were lawful prey."

Again "mutatis mutandis" will these lines not apply to many a Canadian district?

"The hills whose wild echoes delight to prolong  
The soul-stirring pibroch, the streams gushing song,  
Storm vexed and mist mantled though they may be  
Still dear are the hills of the heather to me."

Nearly all of the following might have been written of the waters of my childhood's home "Quoddy."

"Matchless mirror of the Highlands!  
Cold's the heart that feels no glow  
Viewing thee with all thy islands,  
Heaven above and Heaven below.

'Tis the witching hour of gloaming,  
Just the very time to hear  
Fairy footsteps lakeward roaming,  
Fairy minstrels piping near."

Change the bird's name and is this not purely Canadian in its colouring?

"The lark yon crimson clouds among  
Rains down a flood of song;  
An age that song to list, would not seem lost or long."

It is only because by chance a stream of Macrae blood in the writer's veins bears him back through Charlotte, Skye and Kintail to Beaulieu that MacColl's tribute to that river is quoted:

"Now through the Dream's dark gorges deep  
Methinks I see thee going  
Half hid mid woods that love to keep  
Fond watch upon thy flowing."

One fain would quote in full his "Iona" and his "Ethel," but must forbear. His "The Blue Thistle of Scotland" is omitted also. From his "Child of Promise" this one stanza is quoted:

"She died—as dies the glory  
Of music's sweetest swell;  
She died—as dies the story  
When the best is yet to tell."

Was ever the passage from the faint flush of life's dawn to its fuller day more suggestively portrayed?

Of the simple guileless heroic race from which he himself was sprung, and of which he was a type, he sings:

“Here's to the soul that brooks no guile; the heart that  
knows no fear;  
That paragon of life and grace—the kilted mountaineer.”

He deals thus with those dear old Scottish earmarks that were sacred with noble traditions when the cross of St. Andrew first came into Scottish life as an emblem of Bonnie Scotland,—the bonnet, kilt and feather. He sings lovingly:

“For lordly hall or country ball  
Where all that's grand foregather,  
There's nothing seen to match the sheen  
Of bonnet, kilt and feather.

Let despots all both great and small,  
Who wish to 'save their leather,'  
Beware how they come in the way  
Of bonnet, kilt and feather.

O garb renowned the whole world round,  
What mortal man would swither  
To toast with me, now three times three,  
The bonnet, kilt and feather!”

And this garb is none the less honorable because many of our Canadian lads wore it at Ypres and Vimy, particularly the former.

Let this reference to MacColl be closed with a poem penned in Canada though on a Scottish subject. Can one who at all has learnt of how the “Hielander” refused for years to look upon the “Lowlander” as a true “Brither Scot” and preferred often to learn the Sassenach to the “Braid Scots” realize that this is a Highland tribute to a Lowlander, one who even today with all his merit has not won his way into many a Highland Glen where Scott and Aytoun are enthroned.

#### TO BURNS.

“I see him with scorn-flashing eyes  
Detect a 'cuif' in lordly guise;  
To see was to denounce, despise;  
'A man's a man,' quoth Robin.  
Hold, honest labour, up thy head  
And point with pride to Robin dead;  
The halo round thy path he shed  
Immortal is, as Robin.”

But some one exclaims “You have mostly given his Scottish productions, and your subject is Canadian poetry!” True; I have simply claimed for Canada as her literature the productions of a Canadian though written elsewhere; have tried to indicate how his earlier writings showed him to be well fitted to sing the beauties of the home of his adoption and to mould Canadian life and character in proper fashion.

And now comes one of boyhoods heroes, Bliss Carman. Attracted first by the oddity of the name, held by his charm he soon was enthroned with Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin and the different soldiers and sailors, who with these and my poet heroes, claimed all the admiration of hero worshipping youth.

As a boy I pictured Carman as the First Canadian Poet. It was a disappointment when after a period of promise there came, apparently, a time when he seemed to have ceased to write. For some five or six years nothing came to hand from his pen. It was a keen disappointment. Needless also! The apparent idleness was in nowise such, but was the birth period of his "Pipes of Pan." His "Songs of Vagabondia" quicken the pulse and the heart grows eager responding to his touch and memories.

And now for some of those lines of his that have a strong heart appeal. Only one born where the great tide-flow covers and uncovers twice daily great reaches of shoreland, will perhaps appreciate these lines:

"The sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide.

There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade, to drift  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands,  
Spirit of Life or subtler things,  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands  
Of Death and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder thing.

....."and I deemed  
That time were ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret  
And fear and memory were naught;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hands had caught,  
Morrow and yesterday were naught."

The utter disregard of the grand old ocean for man's prowess and its mighty teaching that man is finite, mortal, and that only good or God is permanent and eternal, brings this tribute from Carman:

"Oh the shambling sea is a sexton old  
And well his work is done,  
With an equal grave for Lord and Knave  
He buries them every one.

Oh! the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre  
Went out and where are they?

In the port they made, they are delayed  
With the ships of yesterday.

Oh! he works with a rollicking stave at lip,  
And loud is the chorus skirled;  
With the burly note of his rumbling throat,  
He batters it down the world.

\* \* \*

And sweet they say is her kiss to those  
She greets to his border home;  
And softer than sleep her hands first sweep  
That beckons—and they come.

And God, who sends him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them into shore;  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore."

The following, particularly the second verse quoted, is admirable:

"And still the craftsman, o'er his craft,  
In the vague white light of dawn  
With God's will for his burning will  
While the Autumn day comes on—

Yearning, windswift, indolent, wild,  
Toils with the shadowy two;  
The faltering restless hand of Hack,  
And the tireless hand of Hew."

(To be continued)

### The Book of the Month

AMBASSADOR GERARD'S "MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY."

Infant prodigies are always a nuisance. Their special gifts serve as an excuse for any mental aberration which may follow abnormal development of certain faculties. The Germans are an extraordinary people who demand the admiration of the world. Glorifying in their own boorishness they are surprised that any annoyance should be felt by 'mentally inferior' people on account of their abominable manners. They have extolled their own inhumanities and wondered when all the rest of the world could only condemn them. This race of infant prodigies failed to see that such gifts as they could boast were not bestowed on them by some special dispensation of providence, but were the result of patient study and excellent training.

Unfortunately for humanity their ruler, the last great autocrat, found support for his own claim of kingship by divine right by persuading his subjects that they were the 'chosen people.' This is not a new idea discovered since the war. One Theodore Dreiser, a son of German parents, who visited Germany in 1912, says in his book about that trip, that he found "How certain the majority of the German people are that Germany is **called of God** to rule the world."

To live in the court of the Hohenzollerns with its absurd feudal

notions came Mr. J. Gerard, more familiarly known as Jimmy. A normal matter of fact citizen of the United States, who from the beginning of his diplomatic career displayed a fine disregard for the 'divinity that doth hedge a king.'

He behaved like a good American, intolerant of humbug, always *sauve*, shrewd, imperturbable. He maintained the dignity of his position as the representative of the American people without 'strut' in word, manner or style.

Grand dukes did not impress him; indeed he speaks in whimsical manner of his tilt with the portly Duke of Mecklenburg, who at some public affair stood at a distance of ten yards from Mr Gerard and pronounced his opinion of the unneutral attitude of the United States in supplying the Allies with munitions of war. The Grand Duke smote his ample chest so elaborately decorated with ribbons, orders and medals until, as Mr. Gerard terms it, the "hardware jingled." The genial American refusing to be impressed by this ill-mannered relic of feudal days, drew the Duke's attention to the fact that the Germans had supplied the British with munitions during the Boer War. Of course the 'divine right' representative declared that the cases differed. "That's what they all say," was the homely retort of the American ambassador.

For four years this genial soul withstood insult, abuse and threat from all elements of German society and took unusual methods (for an ambassador) of dealing with such matters as they occurred. When insulted while riding in the streets of Berlin he gave chase to the offender; and there was no dignified protest through diplomatic channels. He personally haled the culprit before the authorities. The real American touch is seen in his retort to the German Foreign Secretary's boast that there were five hundred thousand German reservists in the United States who would prevent that nation from going to war. "And there are five hundred thousand lamp posts from which to hang them if they start anything," was his reply. He had a cheerful way of sending personal messages to the All Highest. "Tell him it's been so long since we met that I won't know him again."

This Yankee (in its true sense this is quite a complimentary term) in the Court of Hohenzollern remained true to his type,—quick witted observant, not devoid of humour, and quite unimpressed by the bombastic display of that feudal court. He has written for the enlightenment of his own people his impressions of this wrong headed nation which with all its gifts has done nothing better than horrify the world.

It is not necessary to repeat the story of Prussian barbarism to the people of this continent. The invasion of Belgium was the first step towards alienating the citizens of the United States, while the sinking of the *Lusitania* together with the savage exultation of the Germans when that evil deed was accomplished, contributed towards the final severance of the ancient friendship between the two nations. Mr. Gerard gives numerous examples of childish impertinence, boorish insolence, and direct affront such as helped to widen the breach and forced the greatest neutral nation into the war. But the greatest service that Mr. Gerard renders to the cause of democracy is in stripping the autocratic mountebanks of their theatrical trappings and exposing them to the ridicule of the civilized world. When the Germans also can laugh with the rest of us at their rulers—The Day—for which the rest of the world is fighting, hoping and praying will come to a weary war-sick world.



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