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Westminster Hall Magazine

Vol. II

September, 1912

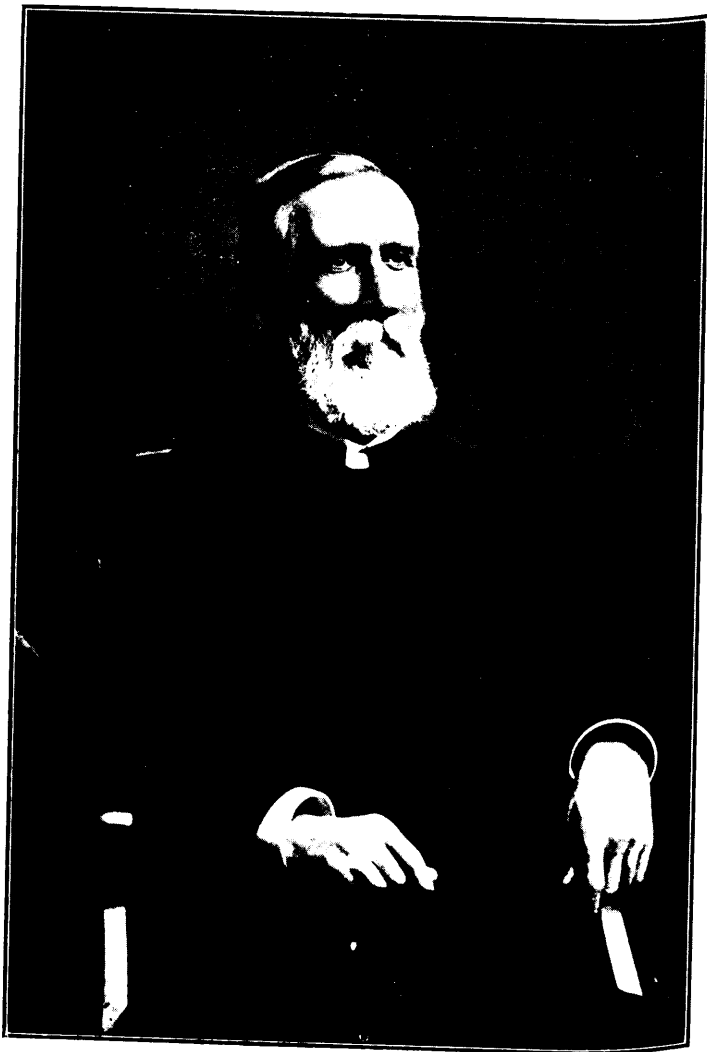
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D. A. Chalmers..... Managing Editor

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THE GREAT SUPERINTENDENT

**An Outstanding Historic Figure in Western Canadian Life
Rev. James Robertson, D.D., First Superintendent of Missions in the
Presbyterian Church in Canada, in memory of whom the
General Assembly has instituted a Lectureship.**

See pages 33 and 34.

(Special engraving for Westminster Hall Magazine)

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THE LATE PRINCIPAL DYKES

By W. G. Jordan.

Dr. Oswald Dykes was not merely a leading minister in the Presbyterian Church of England, he belonged to the church at large; he was a worthy representative of the best traditions of the Scottish church, in regard to his scholarship, style of preaching and general ministerial character. Though it was only on rare occasions that I had the privilege of meeting Dr. Dykes, he was a man for whom I cherished an intense reverence. I owe him thanks for personal help given to me at the time I determined to come to Canada. In his treatment of the case he showed that he could cut the knots of "red tape" if that operation was desirable. But the reverence I speak of was kindled before there was any cause for personal gratitude. It was stirred by the strong, noble way in which the man presented the essential elements of Christianity and by the combination of courage and caution in his handling of important affairs. I am not prepared to give even a brief biography, but in such a journal as the Westminster Hall Magazine a few reminiscences on such a theme may not be out of place. That must be my excuse for the personal tone of this short article.

There will always be discussion as to the best method of delivering the sermon. The chief thing, of course, is to have something to say—a living message with the truth of God in it that men need and will welcome. Personally, I think that our young men should be able, after

careful preparation, to SPEAK in the pulpit. But in this connection I want simply to record the fact that Dr. Dykes was one of the few men whom I have heard READ who made me wish that I could use that method of pulpit discourse. There was evidence of the greatest care in preparation. To use Dr. Milligan's phrase, the preacher was really ready for "the event of the week." The message was significant, and it was presented in language that was at the same time noble and dignified. One could never imagine Dr. Dykes using "slang" in the pulpit, and one would have no desire for any such spice, as for such a man the English language in its simplicity and beauty was a noble organ of expression.

Some conception of this may be gained from the books which came from his pen, but in reading the last one especially—a work on Pastoral Theology—we feel that even a good book does not do full justice to its author. More than a quarter of a century ago I heard him speak on "Minor Ministerial Etiquette." That was the subject if not the exact title. A small subject one would say, and yet it gained a largeness and dignity from the method of treatment and the strength of the speaker.

For seventeen years he filled the historic pulpit in Regent Square, the church built for Edward Irving, and made it a centre of noble spiritual influence. In those days he saw the signs of the times and worked for the

Declaratory Act and a Simpler Confession of Faith. He stated quite distinctly in the Presbytery of London that no intelligent man could be expected, in these days, to accept the Westminster Confession literally and in all its details. It took many years to carry these new documents through the Synod, the Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church in England. In the conduct of that delicate affair he showed a wise statesmanship; he was clear and determined, but never in a hurry. He was content to advance by slow stages rather than have a strong minority. When reproached with saying that the Westminster divines did not preach the Gospel, he replied that he had contended for the very opposite, viz., that they preached a rich gospel, but were so hampered by the logical exigencies of the situation that they could not do full justice to their own beliefs. They made the great thought of "election" so dominant that other elements quite as essential received scant justice. Years afterwards, in conversation with him at Cambridge, I referred to his severe toils in this matter, and he said that it had been of great service in helping to prepare him for the position he then occupied as Professor of Systematic Theology. At the same time he expressed his pleasure that no great symbol had ever committed the church to any one definition of inspiration. When passing to a different subject, that of Mr. Chamberlain's desertion of the Nonconformists on the school question, I remarked that probably that statesman thought it a small matter compared with the great imperial question, he replied that breaking up the school system was not a small matter. He was not an active politician, but he evidently felt that Mr. Balfour's education policy was unjust.

When he resigned the pulpit for the professorship he was free to give some

of his valuable time to the small churches, and I well remember a visit that he paid me to preach anniversary services. We discussed various questions, much to my profit. He thought that young people should not be asked "to join the church," but rather reminded that by the action of their parents and the influence of their education they already had a share in its life, and must face the responsibility of disowning their past and leaving the Christian community. He further said that now, preaching so often only once in a place, he felt the need of keeping to great central themes. In the morning the subject was "Coercion and Conversion," Psalm XXXII, 8, 9, a clear and inspiring statement of the vital principle of Christian life and conduct. In the evening he spoke on "The man who drew a bow at a venture," 1st Kings, XXII, 34, a fine blending of history, apologetic, and personal appeal. Dr. Dykes was not so popular in his style as Dr. Donald Fraser, and he had not the volcanic energy of Dr. Joseph Parker, but he was a great expositor and a persuasive preacher. When we think of such men we feel that we belong to a noble profession and we should be stimulated to give our highest powers to this great service. Our Roman Catholic brethren have their "Saints' days," and this keeps alive the memory of their glorious dead and the idea of "the communion of saints." We also, in common with them, and peculiar to ourselves, have a great heritage, and the sacred memories of the past should quicken in us a sense of our great debt to the faithful men who have gone before us.

These few scattered words do small justice to the life of a devoted minister, but they spring from a sincere feeling of reverence and gratitude.

Queen's University, 1912.

SIDELIGHTS ON CICERO FROM HIS LETTERS: III

Robert A. Hood, B. L.

It is my purpose in this little sketch to avoid more the political side of Cicero's life and rather to give you a few peeps into the social and private side of it, when the orator and statesman unbends in the privacy of his study and writes to his friends of the little happenings of the day or chaffs them over jokes of common understanding. It is these glimpses into the intimate life of the man of 2000 years ago that to me form the greatest charm of the letters. It was a boast of Cicero's that his letters were written, not in the language that he used in the senate or the law courts, but in the speech of every day conversation.

Here, for example, is an extract of a letter to a certain Marcus Marius, about whom there is nothing known, describing and criticising certain entertainments that were given by Pompey at the opening of his theatre, which was so large as to contain 8,000 spectators. We can see that Cicero was not much impressed by the character of the exhibitions:

"Whilst you are employing the rest of the day in those various polite amusements which you have the happy privilege to plan out for yourself, we, alas! had the mortification of tamely enduring those dramatical representations to which, Maetius, it seems our professed critic had given his infallible sanction! But as you will have the curiosity, perhaps, to require a more particular account, I must tell you that, though our entertainments were extremely magnificent indeed, yet they were by no means such as you would have relished; at least, if I may judge of your taste by my own. Some of those actors who had formerly distinguished themselves with great applause,

but had long since retired, imagined, in order to preserve the reputation they had raised, were now again introduced upon the stage, as in honor, it seems, of the festival. Among these was my old friend Aesopus, but so different from what we once knew him that the whole audience agreed he ought to be excused from acting any more; for when he was pronouncing the celebrated oath.—

"'If I deceive, be Jove's dread vengeance hurl'd,' etc., the poor old man's voice failed him, and he had not strength to go through with the speech. As to the other parts of our theatrical entertainments, you know the nature of them so well that it is scarcely necessary to mention them. They had less, indeed, to plead in their favor than even the most ordinary representations of this kind can usually claim. The enormous parade with which they were attended, and which, I dare say, you would willingly have spared, destroyed all the grace of the performance. What pleasure could it afford to a judicious spectator to see a thousand mules prancing about the stage in the tragedy of 'Clytaemnestra;' or whole regiments accoutred in foreign armor in that of the 'Trojan Horse?'"

"As I remember, you once despised our formidable gladiators. I cannot suppose you would have looked with less contempt on our athletic performers; and, indeed Pompey himself acknowledges that they did not answer the pains and expense they had cost him. The remainder of our diversions consisted in combats of wild beasts, which were exhibited every morning and afternoon during five days successively; and, it must be owned, they were magnificent. Yet, after all, what

entertainment can possibly arise to an elegant and humanized mind from seeing a noble beast struck to the heart by its merciless hunter, or one of our own weak species cruelly mangled by an animal of much superior strength? But were there anything really worth observing in spectacles of this savage kind, they are spectacles extremely familiar to you, and those I am speaking of had not any peculiar novelty to recommend them. The last day's sport was composed entirely of elephants, which, though they made the common people stare, indeed, did not seem, however, to afford them any great satisfaction. On the contrary, the terrible slaughter of these poor animals created a general commiseration; as it is a prevailing notion that these creatures, in some degree, participate of our national faculties."

It is pleasing to us to note that even the Roman populace, proverbial for their delight in witnessing brutality and bloodshed in the arena, could be moved to pity by such a sight as Cicero here describes.

Not the least interesting part of Cicero's correspondence are the letters which he wrote to Trebatius, a young man whom he had sent out to Caesar in Gaul with a letter of introduction and who became an aide-de-camp to the commander. Cicero writes in a humorous, bantering style, with an under-current of good advice which the pleasure-loving young Roman evidently stood in need of. It is naively refreshing to us to hear our own island of Britain referred to as the very "ultima Thule" of barbarism:

"I take all opportunities of writing in your favor; and I shall be glad if you would let me know with what success. My chief reliance is on Balbus, in my letters to whom I frequently and warmly recommend your interest. But why do you not let me hear from

you every time my brother despatches a courier?

"I am informed there is neither gold nor silver in all Britain. If that should be the case, I would advise you to seize one of the enemy's military cars and drive back to us with all expedition. But if you think you shall be able to make your fortune without the assistance of British spoils, by all means establish yourself in Caesar's friendship. To be serious, both my brother and Balbus will be of great service to you for that purpose; but, believe me, your own merit and assiduity will prove your best recommendation. You have every favorable circumstance indeed for your advancement that can be wished. On the one hand, you are in the prime and vigor of your years; as on the other, you are serving under a commander distinguished for the generosity of his disposition, and to whom you have been recommended in the strongest terms. In a word: There is not the least fear of your success, if your own concurrence be not wanting. Farewell."

And again in a later letter:

"I perceive by your letter that my friend Caesar looks upon you as a most wonderful lawyer; and are you not happy in being thus placed in a country where you make so considerable a figure upon so small a stock? But with how much greater advantage would your noble talents have appeared had you gone into Britain? Undoubtedly there would not have been so profound a sage in the law throughout all that extensive island.

"Since your epistle has provoked me to be thus jocular, I will proceed in the same strain, and tell you there was one part of it I could not read without some envy; and how, indeed, could it be otherwise when I found out that, whilst much greater men were in vain attempting to get admittance to Caesar,

you were singled out from the crowd, and even summoned to an audience? But after giving me an account of affairs which concern others, why were you silent as to your own, assured as you are that I interest myself in them with as much zeal as if they immediately related to myself. Accordingly, as I am extremely afraid you will have no employment to keep you warm in your winter quarters, I would by all means advise you to lay in a sufficient quantity of fuel. Both Mucius and Manilius have given their opinions to the same purpose, especially as your regimentals, they apprehend, will scarce be ready soon enough to secure you against the approaching cold. We hear, however, there has been hot work in your part of the world, which somewhat alarmed me for your safety; but I comforted myself with considering that you are not altogether so desperate a soldier as you are a lawyer. It is wonderful consolation indeed to your friends to be assured that your passions are not an overmatch for your prudence. Thus, as much as I know you love the water, you would not venture, I find, to cross it with Caesar; and though nothing could keep you from the combats in Rome, you were much too wise I perceive to attend them in Britain."

These extracts offer a very fair example of Cicero's jocose style of writing.

Cicero was a man of the widest culture and the most catholic of tastes and not only was he a great collector of books and manuscripts but he spent lavishly on statuary and works of art with which he loved to decorate his numerous villas. We have rather an amusing letter written by him to Fabius Fallus a man whom he had evidently commissioned to purchase some statues for him. This Callus had evidently bought not only the wrong things

but had also paid too high a price and here is an extract from what Cicero wrote him:

"I am sensible indeed, that in the zeal of your friendship you have purchased for me what pleased your own eye and what you imagined would be worthy of mine; and I always considered you a man of the most judicious and elegant taste in every kind. Nevertheless, I shall be extremely glad if Damasippus should continue in the resolution of taking these figures off my hands for, to own the plain truth, I have no sort of inclination to them myself. As you were not apprised of my intentions, you have actually consented to pay more for these four or five pieces of sculpture than I would have given for all the statues in the universe. You compare the images of the priestesses of Baechus to those of the Muses which I bought at Metalus. But surely, my friend, the two instances are by no means parallel. For, in the first place, the Muses themselves would have condemned me if I had ever rated them at so extravagant a price; and in the next I purchased the figures you mention as bearing an allusion to my studies, and affording a suitable ornament to my library. But where can I, with any propriety, place these bacchanals? . . . and would it not be absurd enough, my good friend, if I, who upon all occasions, should erect a statue of the god of war. (One of the statues was a Mars)."

The humorous kindly strain of this letter bears witness to the good feeling and courtesy of Cicero who is careful not to hurt the feelings of his correspondent although he is evidently much vexed at the purchase he has made.

The kindly relationship existing between Cicero and his slaves is very evident throughout his correspondence.

We notice it in the letter to Terentia already quoted where he speaks of trying to secure their freedom if his property should be confiscated; but it appears most strongly in his letters to Tiro, who was his secretary and amanuensis. It is said that Tiro was the inventor of a system of shorthand which he used in his work for Cicero and it is to him that we are indebted for the preservation of Cicero's manuscripts and letters. The letters Cicero wrote to him, some of them are amongst the most tender of his epistles.

On the voyage back to Rome from Ciceia where Cicero was Pro-consul for nearly two years, Tiro was taken ill and had to be left behind at Patrae and Cicero sent him numerous letters full of solicitude and affection. Let me quote from one or two. He says:

"I did not imagine I should have been so little able to support your absence; but indeed it is more than I can well bear. Accordingly, not withstanding it is of the last importance to my interest that I should hasten to Rome, yet I cannot but severely reproach myself for having thus deserted you";

and again in a later letter:

"Numberless are the services I have received from you, both at home and abroad; in my public and my private transactions; in the course of my studies and the concerns of my family. But would you crown them all? Let it be by your care that I may see you (as I hope I soon shall) perfectly recovered. The care of your voyage indeed is the next thing I would recommend to you after that of your health. However, I would now by no means have you hurry yourself, as my single concern is for your recovery."

It is one of the greatest signs of greatness in a great man if after he becomes famous, his head does not be-

come turned or to use a modern figure enlarged by the applause of the crowd.

Theodore Roosevelt is, perhaps, a striking modern example of a great man who has failed to keep his heart humble under a test of this kind; I am sorry to say that Cicero failed also and proclaimed it both in public and in private even more forcibly than the ex-president ever did. Fancy a man of Cicero's sense and understanding writing to a historian of his day asking him to write the story of the Catilinarian conspiracy with him as the hero; and not only that, but suggesting to him not to keep within the bounds of accuracy in proclaiming his courage and virtues but even to paint them greater than the truth would justify.

"I have frequently had it in my intention to talk with you upon the subject of this letter; but a certain awkward modesty has always restrained me from proposing in person, what I can with less scruple request at this distance; for a letter you know spares the confusion of a blush. I will own then, that I have a very strong, and, I trust, a very pardonable passion of being celebrated in your writings; and though you have more than once given me assurance of your intending me that honour, yet I hope you will excuse my impatience of seeing your design executed."

Then farther on he says:

"I will venture, then, earnestly to entreat you not to confine yourself to the strict laws of history, but to give a greater latitude to your eulogiums than possibly you may think my actions can claim."

Then farther, still in the letter which is a long one, he declares that if Lucceius to whom he writes should refuse him, he will even write the history of his deeds himself. In considering this letter, of course we must take into

account the different viewpoint of the time towards such conduct and not judge Cicero by the standards of our own age. There are blemishes of vanity, insincerity and indecision which we cannot avoid seeing in him; but his virtues far outweigh his faults. In our judgment of him we must remember the stormy times in which he lived and the unscrupulous, self-seeking men by whom he was surrounded. Such men as Caesar and Pompey, men who made self their god and cared not how others might suffer so long as they themselves were benefitted. When we contrast Cicero with them; when we see him using his power not for personal enrichment but for the people's good; when we note the breadth of his humanity, the grasp of his intellect and

the range of his interests; when we see the number and wide diversity of those who were his friends; when we mark his kindly disposition and his affection for his children; we cannot but admire and respect him. He was a man centuries ahead of his time, and the lives of such must nearly always end in tragedy and his was no exception. His letters exhibit to us the human and the personal side of him and they constitute no mean item in the world's literature. He might say of them just as truly as of his orations or his other works, in the words of Horace "Exegi monumentum aere perennius," I have built me a monument more lasting than bronze.

(The writer has used the translations of Melmoth and Dr. Heberden).

REV. DR. FLEMING ON GENERAL BOOTH

General Booth was a man of tremendous—I had almost said terrific—initiative and power. . . . General Booth would have told you—he was always telling people—that that phenomenal power of his was not his own. . . . I remember once hearing him preach from the text, "Ye shall receive POWER." I shall never forget his intonation of that word "power." . . . It was the Pentecostal doctrine. You must wait—however galling it may be to wait—till the rushing, mighty wind from the Beyond descends upon you; and THEN you can begin. "Ye shall receive POWER"—such power! Tremendous, irresistible, sweeping everything before it. That was General Booth's explanation of himself: I have yet to hear a better. I remember the old man, after this hurricane of speech, going down on his knees and pouring forth a hurricane of prayer—prayer that on that great sea of people the breath of the Spirit might blow, and the promised "power" descend. That the prayer was answered I have not the slightest doubt whatever. There were few of us went out from that wonderful presence without the sense of some added grace to fight the flesh, the world, the devil—snatched for us, by that marvellous man, from the very alter-fire of God.—British Weekly.

"OUR BUSINESS is to make the Best we can of the Present, leaving the Future to God; trying more and more to so live and act in the present that a happier, worthier, more-satisfying Future will follow inevitably to our own souls and to those with whom life and love bring us into contact."

—From a Cor.

LIFE IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA MINING TOWN

(By Mrs. James Hood, Cumberland, B. C.)

"Twenty-three years ago, when I first came to Cumberland," said an old resident, "we drove in a wagon from the wharf, and on account of the bad roads we were two weeks in getting our clothes. There were two mines open at that time, both disused now. The town consisted of a few shacks, two boarding houses, and there were only four women in the camp, and where the city now stands was a dense wood."

Now we have a progressive mining city of over 1500 people, while outside the limits are Chinese, Japanese and Italian towns. Four hotels, beside numerous boarding houses, afford accommodation for the men who are not fortunate enough to have homes of their own.

On coming into this city on a rainy day, as it was my lot to do, one will at once exclaim, "Oh, what a dirty place!" The reddish brown mud underfoot and the black coal smoke from the chimneys settling over all in a greasy black pall makes everything look black and gloomy, and even the men are black as they return from the mines.

But the next day the sun shone, and a wonderful change appears. The grass is green as it only can be in a climate like ours. The mountains, with snow-capped heads, catch the rays of the sun and reflect their brightness. One forgets the blackness of yesterday, and the whole town seems cleaner. And yet a mining town is not, and never can be, bright, although a good many people have beautified their grounds with green grass, flowers and climbing roses.

The houses, when built by the company; are exactly alike. Walking down

the middle of the street seems like walking down the middle of a pod of peas; and yet no one makes the mistake of entering a neighbor's house, and inside the individuality of each housewife is seen. Here we have the home tastefully and comfortably furnished; then one clean and homelike, and then, perhaps, the next one occupied by an overburdened mother, who, seemingly, has given up the struggle with dirt and it runs rampant over all. But women who have never lived in a mining town cannot realize the difficulties with which these women have to contend.

What "Three Shifts" Involves.

There are three shifts in the mines, and the men have a week in each shift. The husband may go out to work one week at half-past six in the morning, if his work is at a distance, necessitating a very early breakfast; returning on the half-past three train, he at once wants his hot dinner. The next week he goes at two-thirty in the afternoon, having dinner just before he goes; returning at half-past ten he must have something to eat before going to bed. The following week he goes at eleven at night, comes home in the early morning, when breakfast must be ready. And one woman may have husband and one or two sons, each in a different shift. So imagine, if you can, how that household can be run systematically. In addition to this, the men's buckets, which contain their lunch, must be filled. This is a granite can, or rather two, one fitting into the other, with a tight cover. In the bottom one is the tea, milk or whatever he drinks, and in the upper the bread, cake and pie. "Meals ready at all hours" can truly be said of these

women and homes; and then over all each woman has that constant dread of her loved one being brought home to her, maimed or dead.

One of the sad sides of life in a mining town is that one meets many a woman in black who has lost a husband or a son, suddenly snatched away from her side; and yet the other members of the family will continue their work in the same place. So often word comes that some one has been hurt, some one killed. Perhaps they say: "It is only a Chinaman, only a Jap," but God knows that perhaps somewhere some heart is breaking over his death.

We have a splendidly equipped and managed hospital, with a competent staff of doctors and nurses, whose hands are always more than full. The feeling is so strong against the Orientals that they have a ward of their own and are never allowed to enter the other wards. The men receive their hospital care free, if injured in the mines, or sick from some disease contracted there. One dollar a month is kept off each man on the payroll, to pay for medical care and medicine, and they receive the very best of both.

After "Pay Day" and "Sunday Observance."

All of interest centres around pay day, which is the Saturday nearest the fifteenth of the month. Bills are all made out then, and presented on Monday. Concerts, dances, and anything for which money is needed are arranged to take place that week. For, like the sailor, the miner cannot keep his money long. Good-hearted, generous, and, alas, too often drunken, he soon spends his pay and must do without until another pay day comes around. And just here we have the greatest curse of our mining city—drink. Four bars, three wholesale houses and a brewery, all doing a

flourishing trade, must, of necessity, mean a lot of drinking. Many a poor woman dreads pay day on that account. Passing down the main street that night and looking in at the bar door as some poor unfortunate staggers out, one sees men lined up three or four deep, waiting their turn. God pity them; they have a hard struggle to break away from it. No one under the influence of liquor is allowed to enter the mines, as too many lives are at stake. One wonders to see these men, reeling down the street, swearing and shouting, when one thinks of the dangerous life they lead, and yet they are, generally speaking, indifferent to it, and almost regardless of God.

Sunday is spent as a day of pleasure. Football, sports of all kinds, picnics and many forms of amusement are carried on on Sunday, and yet most of these men came from homes of a religious atmosphere in the east and the old land. It truly seems as if we left our religion behind when we have crossed the Rockies.

Four churches minister to the spiritual wants of these people. The morning services are noted for the poor attendance, but at the evening service the attendance is exceedingly good; and one Adult Bible Class has a membership of seventy-three, the majority of whom are young men. This class, though only recently organized, has done good work, and is attempting to live up to its motto: "For Christ and Sociability." If we can only win these young men to Christ, what a grand lift in the right direction would be given our town.

Down the Mine.

Now let me take you on a short visit to one of the mines. You can go down one in the cage, or if you prefer to walk, go to another and walk down the slope. As we are in a hurry, we will

go down the one with the cage.

Arriving at the pit head at the appointed hour on a bright spring morning, we were met by the manager and the ladies of the party were given safety lamps to carry, while the gentlemen carried the open lamps that the miners wear in their hats. Taking our places in the cage—an iron grating with thick cables which are worked by an engine—we grasped two thick ropes which hung from the iron bars at the top, and the signal being given, we gradually glided down until the last glimmer of light was gone and all we had to light our way was the lamps in our hands.

Reaching the first level, about 200 feet below the surface, we were taken down an inky passage to the stables, where the mules are kept. These stables are as clean and sanitary as those above ground, a stream of clear water constantly flowing between the stalls. Once the mules in this mine come down they never go up again, but live and die there. We were shown one old veteran that has been eighteen years in the mine, and was just as ready with his heels, we were told, as when he first came down. These mules are used to pull the full cars down to the shaft and the empties back again, and so accustomed do they become to the work that they will pull the empty car up, go back themselves in the dark, and take their place at the end of another ready to be hitched to it.

But we must leave this interesting part of our visit and stumble along the track, through another dark level, until we come to a place where a shot is about to be put off. The miner selects the spot where he thinks he will get the best results, drills a hole about seven feet into the solid coal, puts in the charge and attaches two copper wires to it. The fire boss makes his

rounds, attaches the cables, and with the battery he carries forms a circuit and fires the shot, first taking refuge at a safe distance. We took our position behind a jutting of rock and awaited the explosion, which soon occurred. Hurrying out, we were met with a sulphurous smoke, which very soon cleared away, and there lay at our feet about four tons of coal, ready to be loaded on the cars and carried by the mules to the shaft, where it is lifted to the surface. It is weighed and dumped into a sieve, down which it slides, the smaller coal dropping through, while the lumps fall on a revolving table, where the rocks are picked out and the rest loaded upon cars and shipped to the distributing point.

Passing on, we went down another level until we came to a heavy curtain, which fell across it, and a short distance further a heavy wooden door shut off the passage.

The Air System.

Asking the inevitable question, "What is that for?" we had described to us, by the obliging manager, the air system, upon which the lives of the miners depend. On the surface is a fan, run by a steam engine, which forces the fresh air down one shaft into the mine, and the foul air returns up the other shaft. It is carried along the surface of the levels, where the men work; and in order to change it into another level this heavy curtain and door have been placed across the passage and so forced the air down another way. Thus in all parts of the mine the air is almost as fresh as on the surface, and so strong is the current of air that the open lights were blown strongly to one side. Pushing on our way, we came to many places, some of them partly walled up, some still standing open, from which the coal had all been taken. A little fur-

ther on a new level had been opened, and in order to make room for the track the pillar of coal had been dug out and a cog built instead. This was made of heavy logs, with coal to give it strength. In another place our attention was called to some heavy posts, bent and cracked, caused by the roof settling; but as plenty of support still remained, we felt no fear. Continuing our way, we came to a shining cave of coal, semi-circular in shape, in which we had to stoop so low that it was more comfortable to sit down and look around us. A Jap was working here drilling for a shot, and as we looked around at his place of work for eight hours in the day, and thought of the lonely hours spent here, his only visitors the mule and his driver, and considered the stooping position in which he must work, we felt that the coal we use so freely does indeed cost some one many a hour of toil in the silence and darkness, and, alas, too often costs many a life.

A Scottish Mine Story.

It was here the genial manager told us the story of a mine horse in one of the old mines of Scotland, which, he said, was a fact. This mine was almost worked out and the horse, which had been down over twenty years, had been working around the shaft for some time, and doubtless must have noticed the signal by which the miners were lifted up to the surface. One day the engineer heard the three raps that was the signal that some one wished to be lifted up, and giving the return signal of three raps, he waited

for the one rap that would show that all was ready. In a few minutes it came, and as the cage reached the surface the old grey horse walked off, causing the engineer to flee in terror, as he thought it was the devil. Needless to say, it never went down again. Picking up our lanterns, we resumed our homeward and shaftward way, having a distance of about three-quarters of a mile to go.

Let any one who thinks there is any romance in coal mining take the trip we did, stumble over tracks, sometimes bent almost double, see these men at their work, and the idea of romance will soon be knocked out of them, especially if in their forgetfulness they may straighten up some time and receive a sharp knock on the head.

While going along the cracks we would hear a distant rumble, soon a light would appear, and the dim form of a donkey, with loaded ear, on which was seated the driver, would then be revealed and glide past us as we crept close to the rocky wall behind us.

On returning to the shaft—the signals having been given and returned—we slowly made our way upward, and reached the surface just as the whistles were sounding the hour of noon. How bright the sunlight seemed to us, and the happy voices of the children, just let out of school, sounded like glad music to our ears.

Bidding our friendly guide good-bye, we turned homeward, glad of the experience and valuing the wider knowledge that made us more fully appreciate what a miner's life really means.

The superstition that a cool and sure-footed man of business cannot be a deeply religious man dies hard, but it is dying.—British Weekly (Article on General Bramwell Booth).

EVANGELISM AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Suggested by the last C campaign in B. C.

By the word "Evangelism," we mean those simple, earnest presentations of Gospel truth, of a supplementary character, that are held from time to time in many of our Churches either by the Pastor and Session, or with such suitable aid as can be procured. They must of necessity be spasmodic in their character and partake of the nature of special effort. They are designed specially to reach the unsaved. Only the saving truths of the Gospel are made prominent.—The hatefulness of sin; the necessity of repentance; the terrible danger of unbelief; the hopelessness of merely human effort; the urgent need of immediate and absolute surrender to Christ; the unspeakably tender love of Jesus, and His infinite willingness to save; the majestic claims of God and the pathos of the crucifixion, must be urged with an earnestness that springs from hearts aflame with the desire of saving men.

One danger that besets our churches is that of settling down to a comfortable routine. The currents of the Church's life are in danger of running too much toward externals, and too little toward a burning love for the person of Christ, and an intense longing for the salvation of man. We may be intellectually orthodox and yet lacking in love; and where love is lacking, all is lacking. Orthodoxy without love is but the gaunt skeleton out of which the life has fled—a cage in which no bird sings,—an empty form without the living power.

Now, evangelistic services are well adapted to arrest this tendency to routine, and fan into a livelier glow the flame of Christian love. The sun's divergent rays may fail to supply the heat which a given purpose requires;

but let these rays be collected by a powerful lens, and heat sufficient is obtained to melt the most refractory substances. So evangelistic services are the Church's burning glass. They do not generate the heat; that resides in and comes from the Sun of Righteousness, but they bring it to a focus. They help to concentrate it on human hearts; and often beneath its steady and continuous power the hardest hearts are melted into tenderness and contrition.

Inspired by a deep consciousness of the value of evangelistic services, our Committee on Social Service and Evangelism, fixed on the Fraser River Valley as a suitable field for an Evangelistic Campaign. The local Committee, mainly through the leadership of Dr. Pidgeon, held a convention at Abbotsford.

This Convention was so timed as to secure the presence of three of our grandest Eastern men, who were in the West in connection with the Laymen's Missionary movement,—namely, Rev. Dr. R. P. McKay, Rev. Dr. Grant, and Rev. Dr. Shearer. Of our local men there were present, Rev. Principal McKay and Rev. R. J. Wilson. It was a splendid and inspiring convention and will be long remembered in the Valley.

The Committee in charge determined to use local men as far as possible. This plan was largely adhered to, and some of the busiest men in the Presbytery rendered valuable service. Yet it ought to be said that the assistance given by the Assembly's Committee on Social Service and Evangelism was a factor of the highest value in achieving the excellent results that were attained.

P. W.

EDITOR'S PAGE

WESTERN AND FAR-EASTERN IDEALS

The suicide of the great Japanese general and his wife has naturally impressed the public mind and caused much comment in the press. The daily papers of Vancouver have had noteworthy and suggestive editorials on the subject. To the western mind the feeling of repulsion and revolt, especially at a Japanese method of self-murder, is, in this case, associated with a great measure of admiration for the spirit of heroic, though mis-applied, loyalty and devotion to a fellow mortal which leads a man to leave uninvited this sphere of training and discipline.

Various writers comment on the seemingly fathomless differences in the civilizations represented by the East and West, and, in effect, remind us that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

It seems to us that there is only one method by which the apparently irreconcilable difference between the races of the Eastern and Western world can ever be obliterated; and that is by influences acting upon their ideals. During the past generation Japan has made marvellous progress in what is now reckoned the world over as the methods and conditions of modern civilization, and China is now making big efforts in the same direction. But much of the rapid change in Japan has been from without—not from within—and all who have the higher welfare of the world and the human race at heart will hope and pray that within the next generation Japan and the other great nations of the East may make as great progress towards assimilating the unexcelled Christian ideal.

As they do so, the spirit of loyalty and devotion which led General Nogi and his wife to follow their Emperor into the spirit world need not be less alive or less national; only it will be otherwise directed, for it will be subordinate to a higher spirit which recognizes that all earthly kings and potentates are only fellow mortals, under heaven-ordained discipline, too; whereas over all is the Alone-Enduring-One, Whom Jesus Christ revealed to our world as the All-loving Father.

The Christian ideal inspires the belief that, notwithstanding the ways in which man may abuse life, or theories he may form or experiment with, as to its basis, beginning, or development in any one sphere, LIFE is the gift of God; and as such is to be valued, and if need be, endured with heroic patience till the summons comes to pass hence.

The western mind reckons that the person taking his own life often (where mental derangement does not explain all) acts a selfish and cowardly part. Considering the grief and trouble that usually follow to relatives and friends left behind, this may be held to be a fair and reasonable position—leaving religion out of the question. But even if our years and experience in this world have not led us beyond the attitude which holds life itself the Great Enigma, man, we believe, shows a spirit more heroic and godlier when he follows the example of the immortalized Roman soldier at Pompeii who, amid what may have seemed and sounded like "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds" did not desert his post.

At the same time, too, while we yield

admiration and homage to the heroic in deathless loyalty and unswerving devotion which led that great general and his wife deliberately to follow their emperor, we need not forget that our ideals have again and again in the history of western peoples led men to sacrifice themselves no less deliberately and dauntlessly, and often with greater purpose. Probably examples could be cited readily from the history of every western nation, and we mention only as types common to all, the Scottish nobility, whose gallantry and devotion in the hour of dire disaster led them to gather in a circle and fall fighting around King James at Flodden; the many more Scots, especially of the Highland clansmen, who gave their lives freely for the hopeless and hapless Stuart cause and dynasty; or, to come to our Canadian homeland, that band of valiant young men who, with forethought and preparation, voluntarily gave themselves to a fight to the death against a multitude of molesting and murderous Indians that their people might thereafter be left in peace.

The difference in the ideals of the eastern and western nations has been finely suggested, and indeed emphasized, at this time in the closing lines of some timely words of welcome by "D. Rand Pierce," published in the Vancouver Daily Province. The verses are headed "Welcome, Thrice Welcome," and apply to the visit of the Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia of Connaught, members of the Royal House and Canadian representatives of the King. The closing verse reads:

And once again we welcome you,
Such joy your Royal Presence
brings,
But higher yet, like Britons true,
We magnify the King of Kings,

And pray that His benignant will
May guide and guard our empire still!

In proportion as the Christian ideal which teaches men to recognize the "King of Kings" is given due place in the life of a people, so shall they hold in fitting, but not extravagant, honor the offices, duties, or persons of other fellow mortals; who, while they may be "in authority over us," are always, like ourselves, "under God" and equally dependent upon Him.

CONSERVATION

The recent forestry convention at Victoria was an event of great importance to the whole of Canada, and especially to British Columbia. Our land is so rich in forest wealth that we have allowed the most lavish waste, quite regardless of the rights of posterity. Nowhere is this more true than in British Columbia. For years far more timber has been burned by forest fires than has been used by lumbermen, and there are some very well-informed experts who maintain that British Columbia's forest wealth will not last for more than twenty years at the present rate of use and waste. The Government is awaking to the situation, and every year sees more spent in fighting and preventing fires; but much more remains to be done yet in this and many other directions in the administration of our timber if we are to be worthy of the heritage into which we have come, and if the recent convention did nothing more than call attention to this need it was well worth while.

LIFE AND CHEMISTRY

In the recent meetings in Dundee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, much speculation was indulged in as to the nature of life and the meaning of the soul. The

SIR HENRY CRAIK'S VISIT

hope expressed that life might one day be found to be a matter of chemistry seems, at this distance, to be a long way from realization; and even if it should be found that a something very like life can be produced by chemical reactions, we will still have to distinguish between life and chemical reactions; and the problem will still remain as to what makes the difference between life and ordinary chemical reactions. This solved satisfactorily, there will still be the problem as to what chemical reactions are, and how they came to be. In other words, we still need the Great Originator to account for the most vital facts of existence, and it matters not for the life of faith where the Scientist stops and says this is the insoluble mystery, the christian knows that there is only one solution for every mystery, and that is God.

Is Science then futile? Far from it: all these questionings of Nature and the answers won to them by patient and reverent research are bringing us nearer to the meaning of things, and increasing our knowledge of and reverence for the Great First Cause of Chemistry and of Life.

Every school boy in Scotland knows Sir Henry Craik's name and signature. For a quarter of a century he has been Secretary of the Scottish Board of Education, and he is now member of Parliament for the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen. It was a fitting thing, therefore, that his visit to Vancouver should have been noted by the Alumni of the Scottish Universities, more than twenty of whom gathered at a dinner in his honour in the University Club. In addition to the guest of the evening there were only two other guests not of the Scottish Alumni, namely, Hon. Carter Cotton, Chancellor of the University of British Columbia, and Principal Mackay of Westminster Hall.

The guest of the evening made an address full of wisdom and kindly insight into the significance of Canadian problems, and was received with fine enthusiasm by the Alumni, who gladly acknowledged the debt they owed the speaker.

The visits of such men as Sir Henry Craik do much to keep alive British ideals and institutions in Canada.



... "I find it difficult to be patient with good people who talk about 'living by faith.' They have a saintly and unworldly air, and seem to dwell on a serene and lofty height; but all the while they are living by the industry of the despised multitude of struggling toilers . . . There is no passage in the Holy Scriptures more abused than that precept of our Lord: 'Be not anxious for the morrow.' It does not absolve us from the duties of industry and providence."—British Weekly (Prof. David Smith's Correspondence).

KINDRED

What vexes thee, O Sea? Hast thou a heart
 Within that grey, light-shifting breast of thine:
 A lonely heart, in yearning like to mine?
 Dost live apart,
 A spirit manacled to stern Remorse,
 And walled forever in thy shaking waves?
 Hark, 'tis thy voice
 In agony re-echoes thro' these caves,
 Comfortless, hoarse.

* * *

Behold, there is no movement in the pines;
 Far towers their shaggy grandeur toward the blue;
 No sable-suited zephyr murmurs through
 Their serried lines.
 Below, their purple talons grip the rock
 Touched by the tireless sequence of the tides,
 Whose waves, like weary hands, forever knock
 Where Rest abides.

* * *

But ah! like me, they sigh and knock in vain,
 They shall not learn the secret of the veiled;
 Nor do they know again their offspring rain,
 That, heaven scaled,
 Has darkened down the golden lapse of day,
 To fill the fainting brooks with fuller song,
 Which, born in laughing mood, re-seek the sea
 With silenced tongue.

—J. D. S.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE AND PUBLIC MORALITY

The subject of Sabbath Observance, and others relating to Intemperance and Social Impurity, are of such importance in the healthful progress of any nation, that we think it fitting to give space to certain "Recommendations" which a Committee connected with the Synod of British Columbia put on record this year.

1. This Synod, prizing above all price, the Christian Sabbath as a Divine Institution, and an unspeakable blessing to mankind, would hereby record its gratitude for all the efforts put forth by the Churches, the Lord's Day Alliance and its Branches, and good citizens generally, to preserve so precious a boon to ourselves and our children.

2. This Synod expresses its gratification at the fact that the Attorney General of the Province has recently granted leave to prosecute, under the Lord's Day Act, many offences for which permission had been long refused. It regrets however, that much unnecessary delay has occurred in some important cases; and it earnestly calls on the Attorney General, henceforth to use the powers conferred upon him by the Dominion Act to protect the people's rest day from the inroads of illegal pleasures and commercial cupidity.

3. This Synod enters its emphatic protest against the re-opening of Post Offices on Sunday; and earnestly hopes that the law will be duly enforced and that no reactionary measures will be adopted by the Postal Authorities.

4. This Synod, while rejoicing in every evidence of a growing temperance sentiment in the community,

would none the less urge ministers, elders, parents and Sunday School teachers to spare no effort to instil into the minds of the young, temperance principles enforced by both moral and scientific sanctions; to earnestly advocate total abstinence on moral and philanthropic grounds; and to regard total prohibition of the liquor traffic as the true goal of all temperance legislation.

5. This Synod, realizing as never before, the appalling danger to the community of commercialized vice, would earnestly urge all good citizens to place in authority men who are known to be in sympathy with a high and pure morality; and to give them every encouragement and aid in enforcing the law, and in reaching and maintaining the highest possible level of social purity and righteousness.

6. The Members of this Synod, conscious of their responsibility as guardians of public morality, and educators of the people in the higher things of life, while gratefully acknowledging the fidelity of many of our Magistrates and Chiefs of Police, in protecting the community against the direct enemies of its social life; yet feel impelled to demand in the sacred interests of public virtue and domestic happiness, that all Provincial and Municipal Officers charged with the enforcement of criminal law, shall use their utmost authority and power to eradicate commercialized vice, including intemperance, social impurity and gambling in its various forms; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Attorney General of the Province; to the Mayors of our Cities and to the various chief executive officers of rural Municipalities.

NOTEWORTHY ORGANIZATION WORK

EDITORIAL NOTE—After the production, introduction or attainment of most things affecting public life, there is nothing easier for "the man in the street", or the man in the easy-chair, than to criticize; but in the work-a-day world there is nothing harder or more deserving of credit and commendation than pains-taking and care-involving organization work.

In connection with organization of healthful exercise or re-creation in different spheres of activity, there has been a little history made at the coast centres lately and we think it fitting to make a record of the work and of the workers chiefly responsible.

At our request, Mr. A. Earle Waghorne, the Musical Director, has made a note regarding the organization work connected with the initiation of the first Musical Festival held at Lynn Valley, which attracted so many, and proved such a remarkable success.

In like manner, we give place to notes regarding the work of Mr. A. Raeburn Gibson in organizing a tennis tournament which brought into friendly competition representatives from many churches.

ORGANIZING A MUSICAL FESTIVAL

LYNN VALLEY LEADS THE WAY

By A. Earle Waghorne

"We Canadians are a people by no manner of means lost to the finer senses of things that matter. Rather, indeed, are we a people much exercised in cultivating the finer senses, proof of which is exemplified throughout the whole Dominion in music here, music there, and in the making of music everywhere."

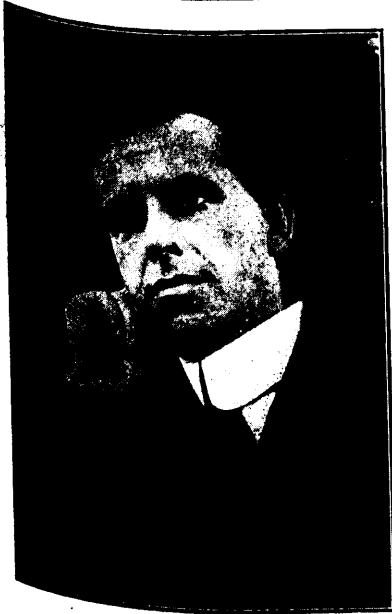
The above words, uttered over three years ago by Dr. Charles Harris of Ottawa, were given further proof at the recently held Musical Festival at Lynn Valley, B. C., when about 125 singers congregated from all parts of southern B. C. to vie with each other in song and chorus for the trophies offered.

To show the comprehensiveness of the scheme, it may be here stated that in the choral section an English church choir captured for 1912 the two challenge cups, while a Presbyterian choir became permanent possessor of a cup offered for Pinsuti's part-song "In this

hour of Softened Splendor," while the local Choral Society was not fortunate enough to secure anything more than encouragement from the adjudicator.

The idea of a musical festival to be held in Lynn Valley which should embrace the whole of southern B. C., had for a long time been evolving in my mind. I argued with myself that a quiet country beauty spot such as Lynn Valley, with a new hall admirably adaptable to the scheme, was a more suitable place for a choral festival than was a city; for city choirs—and they are far more numerous than country ones—would treat the day as a kind of holiday, and the occasion as a kind of picnic, and—providing they were given a good time in every way—come to look upon it—as was necessary to its success—as an opportunity for an annual outing.

I had had some experience in similar festivals in the Motherland, so I pro-



Mr. A. Earle Wagborne

ceeded as follows:—First, I consulted a man whom I considered suitable in every way for secretary, explaining my ideas fully and asking his opinion. He was delighted and thought it not only feasible but advised going right ahead. Then I told him I wanted him to be secretary. After some hesitation, arising from modesty and the hugeness of the scheme, he consented, and between us we chose an assistant secretary and two extra men to form a committee. I attribute the enormous success ultimately attained largely to the fact that we had so small a committee, we two resolving mutually that we would hold ourselves personally responsible for all the work in connection with the scheme. I immediately drew up a syllabus, rules, entry form and a letter to accompany same, submitting all to a meeting of the committee, making what alterations were deemed necessary and then had the whole printed in a tasteful manner

that they might the more attract those into whose hands they fell.

The next step was to secure the names of all church choirs and choral societies in the territory we wished to cover, which we did through the authorities of the several churches and a directory of B. C., sending to each by mail. In this way we distributed over 300 copies of the above documents. Others were applied for by mail through the extensive advertising we placed. Entries were supposed to close four weeks previous to the date of festival, but this being the first year, and as we were not over-burdened with entries at that date, we decided to accept same right up to time of printing programs, which was about one week before the festival. By that time we had over 30 entries spread over seven classes. During this time of waiting there was an enormous amount of work to do. I had to secure the services of a fully qualified adjudicator—finally deciding upon E. E. Harper, Mus. Doc. of Trinity Coll., Dublin, residing in Vancouver. I had also to rehearse the competing choirs in the pieces chosen for the massed choirs at the evening concert, while the secretary had to see to getting a false sloping platform made for the stage, and to arrange refreshments for the crowd of visitors expected—there being no restaurants in the Valley. Other work mutually undertaken included answering hosts of letters, attending to printing and advertising, visiting various persons whose interest affected the success of the festival, to say nothing of the more arduous task of finding means whereby we might raise sufficient funds to guarantee carrying the whole thing through to a successful issue. We had become personally responsible for any shortage in funds. In fact, the whole developed into a far more prodigious

undertaking than I had anticipated, but having started, and having already received such a measure of success, we redoubled our energies, working practically day and night for the last few days as the date approached.

The proscenium in the Institute Hall, where the evening concert was held, is very low and if the choir had been arranged as is usual, with the sopranos and contraltos in front and the tenors and basses behind, the former parts would have overbalanced in volume the latter, owing to the men's voices coming from further back and higher up on the stage. I resorted, therefore, to an original arrangement, forming triangles of each part and so interfitting them that the balance was well maintained, the rendering of the part songs and choruses with a choir of 100 voices accompanied by organ and piano producing an effect that was at once soothing and inspiring.

Financially the Festival was a success and the hall was filled to overflowing during the evening while the 100 persons comprising the choir retained their seats on the stage.

As to the secrets of success in connection with this festival, I have no hesitation in saying that it was largely attributable to the enthusiasm of Mr. E. V. Stuart, secretary and his assistant, Mr. Barker, whose interests never lessened—although for the last two or three days Mr. Stuart was confined to his bed; and to the further fact that each worker did whole-heartedly whatever was allotted him.

The results of the festival I have not room to dilate upon. I simply give the foregoing, hoping other places will follow our example on as broad a basis, with no less aim than "on behalf of better music in Canada." May such others have as large a share of suc-

cess as we had in 1912, and then share our determination to make it an annual "Feast of Song!"

ORGANIZING A TENNIS LEAGUE

That the 1912 season has seen the successful inauguration of a Tennis Tournament linking together, in the first place, at least, the Presbyterian churches of Vancouver and vicinity, is mainly due to the initiative of Mr. A. Raeburn Gibson. It was to him that the idea came that some such association among the Churches in the sphere of sport would be beneficial in a social way, and the result, even in the first season, has justified the experiment and reflects credit on the originator.

At the outset, Mr. Gibson sent circular letters to representatives of the different churches, and it was soon ap-



Mr. A. Raeburn Gibson, B.A.

parent that most were ready to take part in a tennis tournament. Indeed, the idea, which was at first received kindly, gradually gained in interest till latterly it had enthusiastic attention. Success was capped by the commendable readiness of Rev. R. J. Wilson, pastor of St. Andrew's, to provide a silver cup for competition in the "doubles" and Mr. W. J. Anderson of Vancouver to give a first-class racket for the "gentlemen singles."

Well-attended meetings of representatives from various churches were held and these culminated in the perfecting of an organization of which the secretary is Mr. Wood of St. John's Presbyterian church, and the treasurer Mr. George Lee of Westminster church. Following on Rev. R. J. Wilson's offer of a cup, it was natural that he should be voted the first Honorary President of the Tennis League, and equally fitting that Mr. A. Raeburn Gibson, who was responsible for the initiation of the organization, should be elected its first president.

The players connected with the different churches had trial games to select their best teams, and then quite a number competed. It was hoped that the final would be played on Labor

Day, but the weather prevented that, and it was not till Saturday, September 14th, that the last games were played on the tennis court at Westminster Hall. Beautiful weather favored that day's arrangements and quite a little company of ladies and gentlemen gathered to witness the finals. Mount Pleasant Church, Vancouver, carried off the honors, representatives from that church winning the cup and the racket respectively, though their worthy opponents, the representatives of Westminster church, also displayed much good tennis, and made the victors work hard for their success.

Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon presented the cup to the winners, who must win it three times, not necessarily in succession, ere it becomes their property.

By another season it is hoped that arrangements may be made to include in this tournament representative teams from the churches in the neighboring city of New Westminster and also in the Capital city, Victoria.

Though it has nothing to do with our recognition of his initiative, it may be noted that Mr. Gibson is a student in theology at Westminster Hall, and is the present Dean of Residence at the Hall.

ECHOES OF LIFE

THE ROYAL VISITORS

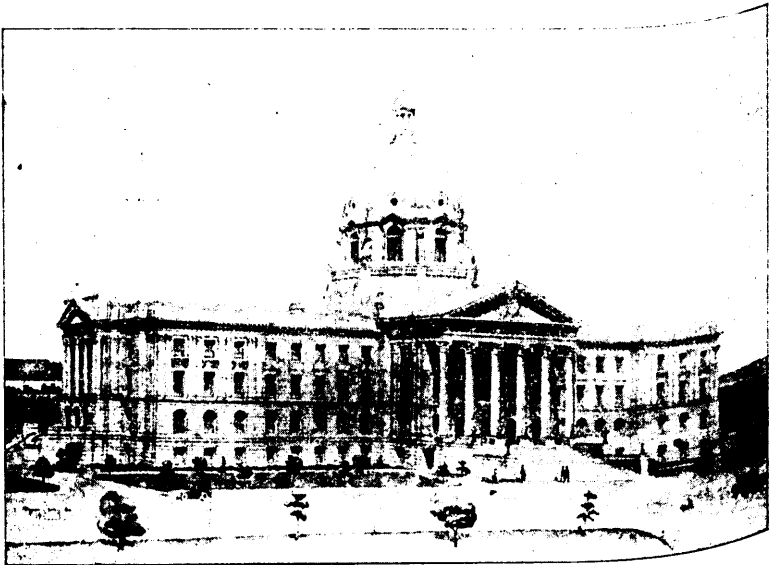
To the farthest West has come not only the Royal Governor-General of Canada, but his Royal Lady, and the modern Princess of Reality and Romance, Patricia. They have been given a right royal western welcome and it is likely that their visit will help to bind closer the already strong bonds of Empire.

EDMONTON AND CALGARY

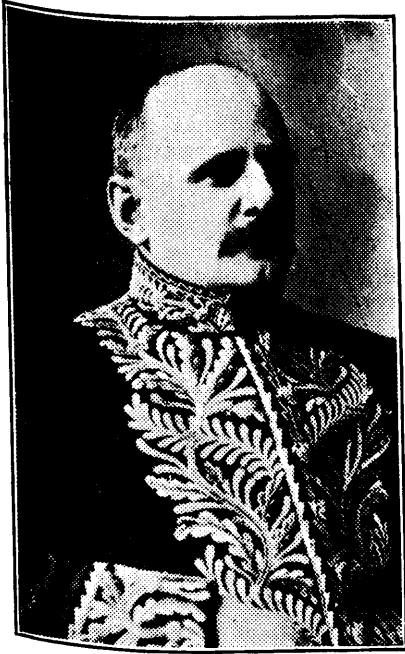
We reproduce several pictures relating to Edmonton, Alberta. The new Government Building is an imposing structure, and worthy of the capital city of our sister province. The present "Government House" is of somewhat modest dimensions, but its modesty is in keeping with the character of the genial Lieutenant-Governor of that pro-



At Edmonton, Alberta



The New Provincial Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, Alberta



Lieut.-Governor Bulyea, Alberta

vince, whom the Westminster Hall Magazine representative had the pleasure of meeting when in Edmonton. It happened that the writer of these notes had formerly been commissioned to interview His Honor when he visited the coast some years ago. Though Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea owns to being a Baptist, he attended the Presbyterian General Assembly in his official capacity and made a short speech in every way fitting to the occasion. Our own "Ralph Connor" was among the guests entertained at Government House, or rather at the Lieutenant-Governor's residence nearby during the Assembly's Sitting.

RIVAL CITIES

The rivalry that arises between neighboring or related cities is a matter of interest or amusement to visitors according to their connection with

the cities or concern in their welfare. In Edinburgh, Scotland, a certain unfinished building on Calton Hill led to a reference to "pride and poverty" becoming associated with Edinburgh from a Glasgow point of view, while the wise men from the east in that country associate smoke and smuttiness, and various other things—especially rain—with the western metropolis of Glasgow, which nevertheless (churches and lawyers excepted) is in great measure the business "hub" of Bonnie Scotland and largely a city of unaffected, homely (i.e. home-like) folk whom business prosperity does not spoil.

In British Columbia there is likewise something of rivalry between Vancouver and Victoria, though Vancouver people may reckon that they have got beyond that,—or at least that Vancouver has. But whether or not Seymour Narrows is bridged in the not-distant future—and so leads to increase in the rate of Victoria's progress—it is likely that Vancouver will always have to own a heavier rainfall in the winter than the capital city on Vancouver Island.

So far as Edmonton and Calgary are concerned, the impartial observer will admit that at the present time Calgary is well ahead in finished city appearance. On the other hand it is apparent that, with its inevitable development as a railway centre and otherwise, apart from its being the capital of the province of Alberta, Edmonton is bound to go on growing in size and importance. With nearly 200 miles of good prairie land between them, and numerous towns growing up throughout the province, the visitor free from local bias, cannot but hold that there is scope for the unlimited development of both cities, and that in their case, as in others, rivalry should ultimately have results mainly stimulating and healthful to the life of the country.

The largeness of the individual provinces is indeed one of the facts concerning this country which many of our friends in the Old Countries do not readily grasp, or at any rate fail to consider sufficiently. Of Alberta province alone we think we heard it said that it is bigger than the whole German Empire. But, however that may be, we respectfully suggest to our Old Country readers and friends the general need for making a closer acquaintance with Canada, especially the prairie provinces and the western garden-gateway province of British Columbia.

NEARER AND YET FARTHER AWAY

Informal and friendly discussions which take place about Eastern Canada and Western Canada—and other countries—may fairly lead to reflection on how the countries would have been related had they been separated by water as well as by far-flung prairie and mighty mountain. The climate in Eastern Canada is so different from that of Western Canada that it is at least probable that eastern Canadians would have considered this portion of the globe much more “abroad” than many British born Canadians now do. For the simple fact is that the climate at the coast of British Columbia particularly has much in it akin to that of many parts of the British Isles.

For the benefit of our Old Country readers, we may add that the worst that can be said of the Pacific coast is that there is a fairly heavy rainfall towards the close and about the beginning of the year. On the other hand, after residence here for more than one winter, Old Country people may hold that, everything considered, the climate rivals that of any other part of the globe; for even in the “rainy season”, (if we must own to one) two or three wet days may be followed by one day of sunshine and bracing air which seems to more than compensate for its

predecessors. Then, in addition, taking the whole year round, there are usually many months of really beautiful weather.

THE FLOWER-STREWN PATH OF THE FAIR

Ruskin has somewhere—in “Sesame and Lilies” surely?—a happy reference to the effect that the path of a good woman is strewn with flowers. The occupants of Westminster Hall are now and again reminded of such allusions by the thoughtful action of one or other of the members of that Unsurpassed “Ladies’ Auxiliary”, and other friends of the institution. Nor is it the less pleasing to find that folks who are out in their motor cars can stop to remember that a bouquet of beautiful flowers may be restful to the eyes of the tired students and others whose lot is cast within Westminster Hall.

In another but kindred way, the eyes of man-kind have been lightened and brightened occasionally by the appearance in the vicinity of colours which can be associated only with the realm of ladydom. This has been partly due to the initiation of the Tennis Tournament (mentioned elsewhere in this issue), which led one Church society in the district to apply for permission to use the Hall tennis court at certain times. It is just a pity there were not more of them—tennis courts of course, we mean; but as it is, we are sure not even the keen players will grudge the fair visitants and their partners a share in the use of our valued court. Indeed, the thought that when the removal to Point Grey is arranged there will be space for more than one court, is qualified by the reflection that we may then be too far away for such visitors. Still the Tennis Tournament is likely to grow in interest rather than otherwise and it is likely that the Hall courts will be in request for some of the games.

JAMES ROBERTSON, THE GREAT SUPERINTENDENT

Few men in Western Canada have risen in the space of about twenty years to such distinction and admiration as Rev. James Robertson, D.D.—the First Superintendent of Missions in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. A Scottish lad, he belonged to a family which emigrated to Canada.

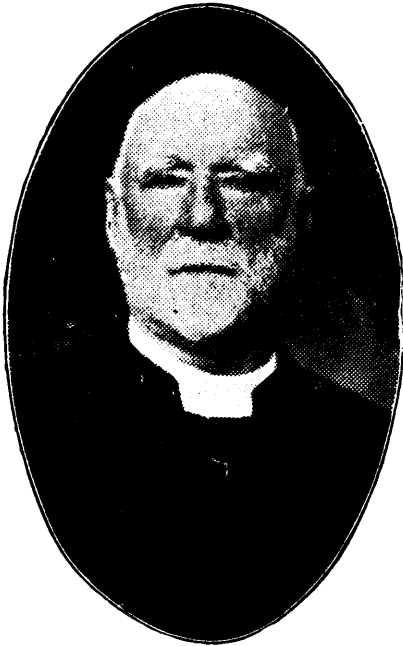
At the age of twenty-four, after teaching a country school for several years in Western Ontario, he entered Toronto University in 1863. He was a hard student and in the third year of his arts course entered Theology in Princeton, U. S. Coming back to Canada, he was settled in the county parish of Norwich, Ontario, but in 1873 was induced to go out as a missionary to Manitoba, and was settled in Knox church, Winnipeg, in 1874. There he rose to the high requirements made upon him of being a city pastor and the receiving agent for hundreds and thousands of immigrants coming by way of the Red River to Manitoba. He financed and pretty largely single-handed built the second Knox church in Winnipeg.

In 1881 he was appointed Superintendent of Missions for Western Canada. There were few railways in those early days and the Superintendent did his work by long and laborious drives, both in summer and winter. On the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, his work increased until at last it covered the supervision of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, and even a part of Ontario of to-day. Rev. Dr. Bryce, the first lecturer appointed by the General Assembly under the new "James Robertson Memorial Fund", lecturing in Westminster Hall said:

The great superintendent's visits to

Western localities were very heartening and the most remarkable feature as the years went by was that his speech and power of oratory became more and more effective. From his wide experience he gained material and skill in addressing audiences most effectively. His power of using personal narrative and wide variety of experience gave him a great hold on the people. His work was most difficult—it was unending. His correspondence was enormous and one man's work in itself.* * *

"His visits to the colleges were systematically made in order to obtain missionaries. Grievances and objections were asked for—and they were numerous—but the superintendent could meet every case. The superintendent was bold, direct and generally successful in overcoming opposition. With his argument there was also a spice of humor and hard-headed sense that counted for much. With all his firmness and his severe financial logic there was a genuine brotherliness and sympathy that led him to do numerous kind and generous acts which were known only to a few. It was the left hand not knowing what the right hand did. His passing away became the life of toil he had lived. He had in 1901 fallen on the street and been badly bruised, and under his doctor's orders took to bed. He was enjoined to give up all his work but he could not do it. His physician on visiting him found him dictating and answering letters with the aid of his daughter. The missionary prophet could not stop. While dictating a letter on January 4th, 1902 he stops—makes utterance like a tired child to his faithful wife standing over him "I'm done out!" Then he slept away. "This was tragic, but it was in some sense appropriate to the man."



REV. PROFESSOR GEORGE BRYCE
D.D. LL.D.

In accordance with the General Assembly's plan, Rev. Dr. Bryce of Winnipeg, gave the first lectures arranged in connection with the Lectureship instituted in memory of Dr. James Robertson, "The Great Superintendent."

The two lectures delivered this month at Westminster Hall, Vancouver by Dr. Bryce have a historic significance, as they were the first of a series which will be continued throughout the years, in the eight College centres of the Church in Canada.

It was at once fortunate and fitting that such a contemporary and intimate friend of Dr. Robertson's as Professor Bryce was available at the initiation of these lectures. Dr. Bryce is himself one of the pioneer educationalists of Western Canada, and his happy manner and the obvious breadth of his interests, combine to make him a popular

lecturer not only with the general public, but with students.

Many of the pictures shown in connection with the lectures were of peculiar interest as revealing the marvellous development of Western Canada within the last 30 or 40 years. From the views shown of "Fort Garry" (now Winnipeg) as Dr. Bryce himself first saw it, it would seem that the lecturer is more senior in years than his active and alert personality suggests.

THE CHICAGO PROFESSOR—AND OTHERS

As we go to press this month our Student Editor, in common with others, continues overwhelmed with examination-preparation work. Whatever else we omit or leave over, however, we should not fail to record without delay the very real appreciation of the students and others concerned of the visit of Rev. Dr. Shailer Matthews of Chicago. His course of lectures has fittingly closed a session which has been another one memorable for the excellent outside assistance arranged for by the Executive or Faculty of the College. With memories and lectures of Professors Welsh of Montreal, Fleming of Winnipeg, MacEwen of Edinburgh, and Matthews of Chicago, to associate with their experience of the work of the permanent staff, Westminster Hall students of the 1912 session now closing, and especially the graduating class, must feel that their intellectual and spiritual education has been well considered and provided for again this year.

CLOSING EXERCISES

The Fifth Annual Convocation of Westminster Hall will be held on Friday, September 27th, at 8 o'clock in the new Chalmers Church, corner of Twelfth and Hemlock Streets. Six graduates will receive their Testamurs and one the degree of B.D.