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Westminster Hall Magazine

AND FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

Vol. III

June, 1913

No. 6

Published at 1600 Barclay Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.
Subscription Rate: One Dollar Per Year

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

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The Church

The stars within the night's dark deep were drowned,
Winds from the cave of Aeolus had flown,
And fields of Peace with leaves and twigs had sown,—
While rain cut sinuous channels in the ground.
Deserted were the streets—I heard no sound,
Save a child's voice; and as a boy doth try
To find a hidden locust by its cry,
I followed that thin voice until I found
Two ill-clad children, safe from the storm's harm—
On the church-steps they held each other fast.
An impulse drove them to that sheltering arm,
And told them 'twas the home of Charity—
Where Innocence is hidden from the blast,
Where storm-tossed souls can nestle at her knee.

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.

St. James Manse,
Great Village,
Nova Scotia.

Another Special Message

OUR FOURTH VOLUME BEGINS WITH JULY

With our July Number we hope to inaugurate several changes and improvements, but the "get-acquainted rate" or special option of 50 cents for the remainder of 1913, will remain in force.

A CONTRIBUTION BY A PROMINENT AUTHOR

Though we have not made a practice of announcing before publication articles in our hands, we think it fitting to make an exception at this time, and to note that the first number of our new volume will contain an article written for our Magazine by special arrangement with Dr. S. D. Gordon, the eminent writer who lately visited Western Canada. The subject discussed by Dr. Gordon is one which we ventured to suggest to him after hearing certain references of his at one of his crowded meetings in Vancouver city; and we are sure the subject is one which must be of interest to all our readers who have any living concern in the christianizing of the world.

ANOTHER SPECIAL MESSAGE

BY THE MANAGING EDITOR

IS YOUR CHURCH NEWS NEGLECTED?

Perhaps you have heard the question—Why was there not more notice of—this or that—connected with *our* church, in the Westminster Hall Magazine? Well, ask your Church Officials, from the ministers downwards.

Here is a case in point, which may serve to illustrate others, past, present, and to be. In connection with a change in a certain church, the management of this Magazine readily sought at the outset, not only to get and publish the necessary particulars, but invoked the engravers' art—every single call upon which involves more than *your* year's subscription. Another function followed, and we were found to have a meagre notice of it compared with one published by us from a more distant city. Why? In the latter case the news was sent in by a correspondent, and in the nearer case, having shown our interest practically at the outset, we thought we had a right to look for some intimation, if not invitation, to other

functions following. Not that we deliberately avoided any function. But to lay the foundations and build up a publication worthy of the West, it has been essential that the management of this magazine should be willing to work almost all their waking time, and with the best will in the world to overtake all Church functions, and get due notice of every outstanding event, we have been unable to attend all.

We believe in a wide field, because we think it wise and right in the interests of Christian unity and good-fellowship; but we are also working for it because it affects our business department, which is concerned with much wider interests than those of any one congregation, or even of one denomination *exclusively*.

We do not think that an extensive review or reproduction of Church news from afar need involve any neglect of local news and developments; but it may necessitate a more thorough awaking of local churches and officials to the opportunities for publicity presented to them in our pages. Already we enter every Province in Canada, and each of the Home lands, but our motto is "Into All the World."

THIS MAGAZINE NOT ENDOWED BUT MANAGED INDEPENDENTLY

We think it only fair to emphasize that our publication is in no way endowed, and is being managed in an independent way financially; and we believe that when this is known, not only to church people, but to "general readers" in the West and elsewhere interested in ideals affecting "Social, Literary, and Religious" life and work, we shall have the support of about 100 per cent. of the families of those who are something *more than formal* church members and a very fair percentage of others.

By the way, may we ask: What is *your Church, your Session or Board of Management, or Young People's Societies*, doing to show practical interest in, or to extend the circulation of the ONE Magazine of Western Canada devoted to "Social, Literary, and Religious" questions? If you are out of the way and have not heard of us before, we mean to see to it that that excuse will not hold from this time.

We are arranging to have a responsible agent in each Church in the West, and we want only men and women who believe in making work worth while. If your Church has not an agent from whom you have heard, write to the Manager, Circulation Department, and you may have an opportunity of combining service along ideal lines with a "good business proposition."

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FARTHEST WEST REVIEW

FOR SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Volume III.

JUNE, 1913

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SHOULD MEN BRIBE THE DEVIL?

All men of years and experience know something of the insidiousness of sin, whether they call it by that name or some more modern designation which would seek to explain "sin" away.

What is true of experience of the individual life is usually found to apply in the social and national. In the main, the community conscience reflects that of the individual persons who make up the community, and often the public conscience is ahead of the individual in what it will tolerate or condone. But there are times when the community conscience may be misrepresented by the officials or representatives who happen to be temporarily in office or power; and then a question arises as to how long the mass of the people will remain ignorant of, or indifferent to the attitude of those who are supposed to represent its mind and to be working to carry out its will in matters making for the welfare and progress of the commonwealth.

Though our Magazine is affiliated with a college and a denomination, we are interested in the work of the whole christian church. Our ideal of service has to do with "Social, Literary, and Religious" questions, and we write not from a ministerial, but from a layman's point of view. We are interested in the ideal life, but we resent the suggestion too readily made by some men of affairs that that need involve taking less interest than others in the practical conditions of life. While we do not write ministerially, on the other hand we believe that ministers and kindred workers—who are often men who have first graduated in other schools of experience—are sometimes unfairly accused of ignoring "human nature" and the hard facts of life, etc., by men who themselves are apt to err by letting the practical unduly dominate the ideal instead of making the practical the means of working towards the realization of the ideal.

C. M. Wright, the Presbyterian minister at Fort George, British Columbia, has been saying some plain things at the Toronto Assembly about the district in which it has been his lot to work for over two

years, and one or two sentences from his address have been transmitted by wire to the West. At first he was credited with having spoken of having made a weary trek of 350 miles on foot before starting his journey from Vancouver. To those acquainted with the country and the conditions of travel between Fort George and Vancouver, that statement in the reports might itself have been sufficient to make them await a fuller and verified account of anything imputed to the speaker before entering into judgment; but in one case at least in the editorial columns of a local publication of prominence and worth we find a reference by the Presbyterian pastor of Fort George to the Gates of Hell, calling forth comments which, whatever may be thought or said of the use of such phrases to describe certain conditions, hardly do justice to the young minister who is credited with using this one.

We would not be understood as suggesting that the writer of the newspaper article in any way intended to be unjust or unfair; no doubt the writing was done from his viewpoint of the social conditions which may have led Wright to use the phrase "the Gates of Hell"; but we believe, from personal acquaintance with the character of that young minister, who is said by his address to have deeply stirred the thousands in the Toronto meeting, that any suggestion or implication of his being of the "goody-goody" type of man or minister is erroneous.

It seems inevitable in ministerial work, as in the individual life, that times come when men must choose between plain speech which may cause some to cry out, and an indiscreet silence which may allow evils to go on unchecked permeating the community life. There may always be those who will question whether anything is gained by publishing certain facts; those who will say—You do not better conditions but rather aggravate them by giving them publicity, and at the same time give other cities, provinces, or countries occasion to suggest that things are very bad in your district, whereas they may not be any worse than elsewhere; besides, they will add,—What can you do?; these evils are there, and they will last as long as human nature, etc., etc.

Where men have taken that attitude without prejudice, the disclosures in recent times regarding the white-slave traffic, and the methods adopted by the fiends in human form who have carried it on, should themselves be a more than sufficient answer and irrefutable proof of the folly of silence. There is too much reason to know that in recent decades thousands of lives of the ignorant and the

innocent have been sacrificed to lust because certain subjects and conditions were formerly unknown to the victims, who in the home and the school had continued unacquainted with certain facts of life, and crafty creatures, male and female, in human form prowled city and country seeking whom they might devour.

All which proves that to accept age-long evils as irremediable is to capitulate to a merciless enemy, and is just another way of saying "Peace, peace," when there can be no peace, but only unceasing war.

Men may question many things in religion, and more as to the attitude to be taken regarding the betterment of social conditions, but no man, whatever his political party label, who makes any pretence of being concerned in the welfare of the race and the world, can be content, through police protection in cities, or in any other way, to bribe the Devil. Philosophers, and the foremost among free-thinkers and others equally sincere, may call what many still believe "the Fall," a "Rise," and reason accordingly; but no manner of reasoning or number of appeals of the kind "It is human nature," will, we believe, in these days, win the support of the awakened electorate of any country thoroughly influenced by British ideals. Nor can we believe that the mass of the people of any British country will hold that it is necessary for any government, or any authority acting in its name, directly or indirectly to license or legalize that which admittedly makes for the degrading and worse than brutalizing of manhood, and the encouragement of an unmentionable traffic which in various ways yearly lures to ruin and living death thousands of young women.

Some men have even dared to allege that license is necessary to protect the innocent. What is this but a confession that the powers of evil—even if some prefer to call them only the lowering and down-dragging tendencies in human nature, and evidences of evolution—reign supreme? What is it but a bribing of the Devil,—whether we think of "him" as a personality or as a form of temptation or opposition by the combatting of which the human race ascends? Whether we speak of a "Fall" or a "Rise," we must recognize the fact, and then let us say on which side we shall stand, on which side we shall fight.

Are we in the twentieth century, the heirs of the ages, sons and daughters British-born or of British descent, living in this beautiful western land, which, with its mighty mountains and matchless woods and water-ways may sometimes seem a very Garden of the Lord—are we to be so degenerate as to let laxity and license overrule the best

in the civil and religious laws which have helped not only to make our Empire possible but to make it great? Are we to say "It is no use fighting; let us compromise with this evil or that?"

If we do so, we shall not merely be unchristian; we shall be recreant citizens of the greatest Empire this world has known; and we shall begin a process of decay in national life more insidious in its workings and much more certain in its detrimental effects upon the place and power of our race in God's world, than can ever be the strongest of possible outside opponents, white, black, brown, or yellow.

Whatever, as individual members of the community, may be our political party colours or affiliations, let us see to it that we do not support any party or any man who is willing directly by word or action, or indirectly by silence, to compromise the national well-being and, in effect, bribe the Devil.

UNITY BEFORE UNION

So far as reports have come to hand at the date of this writing, there is still a not inconsiderable minority within the Presbyterian Church to be won over to a basis of union before further progress can be made among the bodies already actively exercised with the question of organic union.

The Christian public of the Farthest West have been rather unhappily reminded, that, so far as the Anglican Synod of British Columbia is concerned, only a small minority seem to have reached the stage in which they would welcome some kind of union with other Christian bodies.

While to some Anglican brethren the matter which constitutes the greatest difficulty may be held to involve "a principle," to some others—and to others outside, but not out of sympathy with their Church—it may seem little more than a form. We would, under no circumstances, wish to make light of the religious beliefs of others, or even of any forms which may have the sanction of the centuries for their continuance; but we think it may be a matter for wonder as to how any Church in these days which seeks to be alive and alert to the christianizing of the world, and the need for closing up the ranks of christendom, should let what, after all, is surely mainly a matter of form, tend to exclusiveness and separation.

Certainly, in its standard of education and in other ways, the Anglican Church is among the least of the Protestant bodies that

need adopt an attitude of aloofness among its brethren. But in organizations, and, alas, even in Church organizations, as in mere worldly concerns, it often seems that those who have the least occasion to be exclusive, are the most apt to "put on airs." To our way of thinking—and we write as laymen—any Church standing aloof on such a question as the "laying on of hands" or any such form which can never, in itself, ensure or command the exercise of the spirit, much less the indwelling of the spirit, might be likened to a physician, who, while the patient (the world) was thirsting to the death for the Water of Life, stood aside to maintain that the life-giving draught should be served only in a particular kind of vessel.

If the Old Scots school of Protestant Christians, partly as the result of re-action against the attempt to force Episcopacy upon them, went to one extreme in seeking only plain walls and unaccompanied singing, surely our brethren of the Anglican church are no less blameworthy in putting such stress on vestments and ritual of any kind. If exclusiveness and self-satisfaction, based on historic forms, seems the almost impassible barrier to fuller affiliation between the Church of Rome and the Greek Church on the one hand, and the Protestant Churches on the other, it seems at present as if there were as much hope for union with Rome as with the "High" Church of England. Indeed, as an Anglican clergyman (now school-teaching) said the other day, there seems to be more difference between the "High" Church and "Low" Church than between the "Low" Church and the Presbyterian.

Following closely upon the reports of the British Columbia Anglican Synod came a notice in the press of the condemnation expressed by one of their own body against the differences and divisions existing and continued between the "High" and "Low" branches of the Anglican Church in Canada. The condemnation is severe, but perhaps it will serve some purpose if it stirs up the members and ministers of the Church to give more attention to unity. When the Anglican Church has advanced to something like unity among themselves, it will be time enough for them to consider union with other christian bodies, and time enough too for any branch of that Church, or the members of it, to adopt any exclusive attitude, suggestive only of the Church of Rome as an organization, but not consistent with the spirit of christianity and certainly not in harmony with the broadening and world-permeating attitude of the best men and ministers in all churches throughout christendom in the second decade of the Twentieth Century.

AN INFLUENTIAL WRITER AND EVANGELIST

DR. S. D. GORDON—AUTHOR OF "QUIET TALKS"

An Independent Impression by D. A. Chalmers

Experience teaches all the likelihood of our being surprised as a result of our letting imagination picture the personalities of people of whom we have only read or heard. More frequently than not the actual is very different from the imagined person, and too often it is to be feared that the sequel is more or less disappointing.

But it is not always so. On occasion we are at once gratified and satisfied to find that those of whom we have drawn a mental portrait excel our best and happiest anticipations of them, though they may prove altogether different from the characters fancy drew.

To many on the Western coast-land of Canada, as elsewhere, we believe that the author of the "Quiet Talks," when he came in person, must have more than fulfilled the expectations as to the personality behind the writings; for the writer of the appealing books on Power, Prayer, Personal Problems, Home Ideals, etc., is a man whose dominating characteristic in public speaking, as in personal conversation, is "Quietness"; but quietness combined with force and pointed application.

There are some personalities on meeting whom open-minded people do not have any questionings because they seem at once to disarm criticism and to generate liking, if not admiration. Such characters are said to have winsome manners, an attractive way with them, a strong personal charm, a magnetic personality. Such a man is Dr. S. D. Gordon.

What nationality is he? To which church does he belong? Probably, like the writer of these notes, many who have read some of his books, would have to admit that before they heard or met him in Vancouver, they could not have answered any question of that kind; probably also, they were not much concerned about such questions. A good writer's personal worth, and his power of appeal and capacity in the exposition of truth, are far more important than the choiceless circumstances of birth, and the often merely inherited connection with a particular denomination of the Christian Church.

Dr. Gordon is himself an excellent living example of the kind of preacher he counsels other preachers—and would-be preachers—to be: He is a "forgotten" preacher—a preacher forgotten in his message, and in his presentation of the "Jesus" Whose message and Whose mission and Whose Personality it is the first and last duty of every preacher to proclaim and reveal.

Just as this author-evangelist adopts no affected or tragic tones in his utterance, but obviously lets the heart speak through the voice, so, in other ways, the meetings at which he speaks pass unmarked by anything that can fairly be called sensationalism. It seems as if in revival or evangelistic work there had been a healthful evolution in the methods followed; at any rate, to the open-minded seeker after truth there must be little or nothing to criticize adversely, and much to commend in the procedure at Dr. Gordon's meetings. There is no penitent form and no moving appeals to make outward exhibitions before a human congregation stirred by emotional feelings which too often seem to be of transient effect. Dr. Gordon does not seem anxious through his addresses

to count heads at a penitent form, but rather to influence hearts so that they must inevitably ultimately gravitate towards submission to the unfailing Source of rest and satisfying—the God-in-man—"Jesus."

The first thing that strikes one about his form of address, next to his gentle, strong, straightforward utterance, is the ease with which an attentive hearer may carry away a synopsis of his story. Is he seeking to define God to the human understanding? Then the definition is made to gather round such common, but rightly understood, hallowed words as Father, Mother, Friend, Lover, Husband.

The English scholar and careful writer, the word-student and word-master are revealed by the way as he introduces a reference to this word or that. In one case he will explain that it is a word he hesitates to use because of some associations that have grown around it in some quarters; perhaps through the very fineness of the word causing men to borrow or steal it for less honorable application. But with such a qualification, Dr. Gordon will wisely venture to use the word, and so help to retain it in its rightful place, and in this way he treated "lover," naturally reminding his hearers in that connection of Wesley's world-known hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Then the way in which he related "Father" and "Mother," jointly as well as severally, with the Eternal's method of revealing Himself to men, had a boldness in it which only a master-expositor could exercise becomingly.

The author of "Quiet Talks" has a fund of fine and fitting stories, and he tells them with an inimitable naturalness. Such illustrations are skilfully used to point or drive home the truth of the lesson or message, and sometimes it seemed as if the closing word itself could not fail to make a lasting mental memo for the vital appeal of the "Jesus" whom he preaches and represents. What could be more touching than the story with which, in St. Andrew's Church, he closed his reference to the notable passage of Scripture: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not?" A story, as he afterwards mentioned in conversation in his quiet matter of fact way, was related in a little book called "Laddie": How a man, born in humble circumstances, who had become a well-known and wealthy city physician, occupying a large mansion, was visited by his old mother,—"a homely country body" who had thought to live with him, and the sad sequel through the undue consideration given by the son to worldly place and power, and his allowing a shameful anxiety about "what people will say" to interfere with heart-claims and the rights of the deathless passion and measureless service of Mother Love.

"But not an uncommon kind of man either"—was the Doctor's reply when we remarked to him, after first hearing the story as so tellingly told by him, on the pitiable tragedy of it from the man's side, and questioned if many men could be guilty of such an attitude. But, of course, the application of the illustration to mankind and the Master was the main point in Dr. Gordon's mind.

The direction of the minds and hearts of his hearers to the appealing position and the undeniable claims of the Master, whose ambassador he is, are the outstanding features of Dr. Gordon's talks, and it is always apparent that he would have his hearers make personal acquaintance in their hearts with the "Jesus" who is standing by; for this Author-Evangelist puts the Scripture phrase in the present tense, and reminds us that—"He comes unto His own, and—each one must finish the sentence for himself!"

SELECTIONS FROM THE ORATORICAL CONTEST ADDRESSES

NOTE: Because we think the matter worthy of reproduction, we give space to the following selections from the addresses given by Mr. R. R. Holland and Mr. Wm. Warner, respectively, in the Vancouver Second Annual Oratorical Contest. Mr. Holland, who has a winning way with him, was awarded first place, thereby securing the gold medal presented by Mr. James Beveridge, and becoming the first holder of the Challenge Trophy presented by Mr. T. F. Paterson; while Mr. Wm. Warner was placed third and received the bronze medal presented by Mr. S. S. Taylor.

The address of Mr. F. T. Thomson, the winner of the Silver Medal (presented by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper) was published in our May Magazine.

FROM MR. HOLLAND'S ORATION "THEY STRUGGLED ON"

As we today in speaking of pre-biblical history—are satisfied to encompass hundreds of years in the phrase—"Memphes arose and Memphes was supreme. Thebes arose and Thebes ruled the world"—so will the historian 2,000 years hence dispose of "The Glory that was Greece," and the "Grandeur that was Rome."

If, with the swing of the pendulum, Great Britain's far-flung Empire has become one with Alexander's and Caesar's, or if 2,000 years from now she is still flourishing as a great world state, the student's most interesting question will still be "What British characteristic is dynamic behind the phenomenal rise of the barren little North Atlantic Island to the position of Mother of Nations?" Our hope and boast is that the historian will ask himself the question in the present tense.

Is it the British love of the open? "To give the gale his sea-worn sail, in the shadow of new skies?"

Is it the sturdy British Patriotism?

Is it the British love of the game?

Is it the British bull dog tenacity?

I am going to beg the question and reply that it is all these traits;—the phrase "They struggled on" encompasses them all, but at the same time it announces a finer characteristic, a characteristic which is the real power dynamic behind this phenomenal rise to greatness; a characteristic which may be described by Kipling's lines, "They shall fulfill God's utmost will, unknowing His desire"; and so it is that British history is one long echo of that wonderfully potential phrase "They struggled on." This inability to recognize defeat has made immortal every name and event which gleams from that history. What are the pictures that set that surging something rising in the heart of every patriot of the British race? Not pictures of men recklessly sacrificing themselves in the heat of the struggle for comrades or glory, but such a vision as that of the sinking Birkenhead, and the long red lines of British soldiers drawn up at attention to die. Or, to come to a later day, such a vision, perhaps,

as that of a great ship in the gloom of Atlantic's twilight, her decks crowded with men and women in the agony of contemplated drowning, and a little knot of cheaply paid musicians reverently standing in the performance of a last duty; a simple act of heroism which will forever link the name "Titanic" with one of our grandest hymns "Nearer My God to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

So it is that the phrases, the simple phrases, which in passing seem so blatant and empty, when we associate them with such pictures and realize their significance, are "lifted into honour over all." "Play up school, and play the game." It isn't whether you won that counts, the question is, "How did you fight?"

The cheer which echoes across our playing fields, is the same which strengthens and revives our soldiers and inspires our statesmen. Truly with us, it isn't whether you won that counts, but the question is—"How did you fight?", and when a man's eyes and a nation's aspirations are fixed upon the struggle itself and not upon the result, nothing but ultimate and lasting success can crown their efforts. So it is that British history echoes with the phrase which means so much to us now "They struggled on."

Mr. Holland, in closing a detailed and stirring reference to the tragic circumstances of the South Pole expedition, said:—

How pitifully small that little tent looks out there in that unbroken vastness of white, weighted and stayed by the drifting snow! How futile seems the quest, how empty and vain the attainment, but yet we know in our heart of hearts that it is only by such sacrifices, by such national inspirations that this mighty empire of ours can be held together as a united people; and while Scott and his brave companions sleep out there in that cruel white land, which can never become a country, the British people will go on and up, and Scott and his companions will still be a factor, "For their work continueth, and their worth continueth, broad and deep continueth, greater than their knowing."

But they shall lay his effigy in Westminster Abbey, and they shall carve his name beside that of Livingstone in the hall of our thousand years; and the centuries will roll on, and we lesser sons of Britain will die and our names will perish with us. But the name of Robert Falcon Scott will live long after the stone bearing his epitaph has crumbled into dust.

So it is that the doctrine of service has gone abroad; service not of the lip or body, but service of the free heart; service to one's country and to one's fellow men. It is in this service that men are called upon to maintain the greatest struggle. It is through this doctrine that we can render ourselves true sons of Britain, for it is through this service only that we may come to a reverent realization of our nationality.



GREAT BRITAIN—THE MOTHERLAND OF HEROES

Synopsis of Mr. Warner's Address

One seldom has to apologize for addressing a Canadian audience on any subject which may be called patriotic, for we are all proud of our country—justly proud—and however matter-of-fact we may sometimes be thought, our sentiments are none the less sincere because they are controlled and we are slow to become hysterical. Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of our feelings in this regard and the one on which we pride ourselves most, too, is the breadth and Imperial range of our vision; our good natured independence. That oft-quoted remark of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's that the Twentieth Century is Canada's, was about the one thing needed to make us entirely satisfied with ourselves and the times.

It may seem ill-advised, therefore, and at first sight almost reactionary for one living in this great and promising west of ours, and in the twentieth century, to suggest that we cultivate more of that old-fashioned and even insular patriotism which has been associated peculiarly with the old lands—that we turn our eyes backward occasionally over history instead of forward to the future. Realizing as we do that this is an age of rapid expansion and rising national consciousness in Canada, we are apt, in our youthful vigor to be rather scornful—secretly perhaps—of the sedate little homeland of our race and of its achievements. This is probably natural under the circumstances, and to some extent justifiable.

But this breadth of view and independence has its dangers. It is trite learning that if we are to be a great people we must cultivate a generous and wholesome national sentiment as well as material prosperity, and patriotism is a virtue which by no means depends on expansion or resources. The Irishman loves the Emerald Isle just as much in its struggles and poverty as he would if it had always been rich and prosperous—probably more. Patriotism grows less on ambition than on memory, and just as surely as great traditions have made the British peoples supreme as they are, so the upbuilding of those traditions will keep them great. Not a few of our best thinkers are beginning to have a vague fear that our pride in Canada is making us look too much inward, that what we laud as Imperialism may prove on a closer scrutiny to be a rather selfish provincialism, and that in neglecting to honor sufficiently the venerable ancestor of our race, we may be freezing the genial current which would make us worthy descendants of her.

So at the risk of being called a sentimentalist, my appeal at this time is for a greater reverence and deeper affection than ever for that little trinity of lands from which the Canadian people has sprung; our truly **Great Britain—the Motherland of Heroes.**

Where can one find a record to equal the British? I have seen memorials and emblems of national greatness in many shrines from Tokio to Rome, but I have never seen any which stirred me as did those tattered and blood-stained flags which hang in Westminster Abbey, mute witnesses to the cost at which our freedom and supremacy have been bought.

“Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.”

Aye, not once nor twice indeed, but countless thousands of times have brave souls gone out beneath the folds of our flag, scorning death so long as they "kept the faith."

Nor need we live in the past. These qualities have persisted—the Briton of today is worthy of his sires, and the indomitable men who in every corner of the earth are upholding the honour and fame of their race and turning their eyes ever toward "That royal throne of kings, that sceptered isle" with a passionate devotion, prove that the ancient spirit is far from dead and that we need not yet fear decadence. Only a short time ago, we in British Columbia forgot all our worldly ambitions and commercial expansion in the thrill of pride which went round the empire at the story of Captain Scott's heroic death; and a good many hearts beat faster as men read how Captain Oates walked out in the storm to die in the hope that his comrades might live.

It is the same everywhere,—under every sky, on land and sea—with Inspector Fitzgerald and his Mounted Policemen dying in the Northern wilds. or with "No surrender" Oates and his sailor captain at the Southern pole; such men are every week laying down their lives without a murmur for the safety and honour of the Empire they love.

So let us whenever we feel that commercialism may be stealing away this heritage of valour, turn our eyes to the cradle of our race and remember that "the blood our hero sires have spent still nerves their hero sons," 'and is flowing as freely as ever. Let us take this great heritage, and with a full appreciation of what it has cost, make it the inspiration of our patriotism, the ark of our national covenant—and we need not fear for the future of either Canada or the Empire. "Come all the world in arms"; they shall find that the Motherland of Heroes, with her strength renewed in her offspring and with that offspring by her side, is still a land of hope and glory as of old.

A report which has reached us from Victoria states that work at First Church is flourishing. Services are being conducted in the new Church Hall, which itself seats 750 or about 150 more than the old Church did. The attendances are good. Four new elders were recently ordained, and at the communion service no less than 190 new names were added to the roll. Plans are nearly completed for the new church, which is to be gone on with at once.

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As was to be expected, Kerrisdale Church is making rapid progress under the pastorate of the Rev. A. O. Paterson. At last communion seventeen were added to the roll. The session has also been augmented. There is a steady growth in the district, and the church is having a corresponding development.

HOW THEY KEPT THE LIVINGSTONE CENTENARY IN LIVINGSTONE LAND

(By Rev. D. G. Manuel, B.D., Mertoun Parish Manse, Scotland)

NOTE:—From our British correspondent we welcome this account of the Centenary celebrations in "Livingstone Land." Unfortunately some original photographs sent therewith were crushed in the mail.

It is, not unnatural that the name "Livingstone Land," should be given to that part of Central Africa where David Livingstone laboured so strenuously, and where several Missionary Societies have already entered into his labours; but to many, the name will always be associated with that district on the banks of the Clyde where he spent his boyhood and his early manhood—the neighborhood of Blantyre and Hamilton, in Scotland.

It was the writer's good fortune to have answered the call of his Church to do ten-days' mission work in that district about the time that the Centenary of the great Missionary and Explorer was being held. In this way, he was given to let know something of how the inhabitants felt and acted on the occasion of the great world-wide celebration. Many hearts seemed to be stirred by a feeling of pride in one who had brought so much honour to their district. Scarcely a child could be questioned without giving back an answer which went far to indicate that no stranger need think of entering the district to tell of David Livingstone; and not an adult could be met without conveying the impression that though humble and grimy were the surroundings of the home in which the great man first drew breath, it was still something to be able to feel and to know that he had been born there.

On the Saturday on which I arrived in the district a statue of David Livingstone in an outside niche of the Livingstone Memorial Church, was being unveiled. Crowds filled the streets during the ceremony, and the interior of the church was overtaxed by hundreds wishing to hear what the speakers had to say of David Livingstone. It was fitting that the chairman of these gatherings should have been Mr. Fred. L. Moir of the African Lakes Corporation, and still more fitting that the lady who unveiled the statue should have been Mrs. Livingstone Wilson, the only surviving member of Livingstone's family, and the one who was known by him in earlier days as "little Anna Mary." It was also noteworthy that with Mrs. Livingstone Wilson were her son, Dr. Hubert, and her daughter, Ruth, both of whom are about to start as missionaries for Livingstone, in Africa—the one as a doctor and the other as a nurse.

On Sunday, 16th March, fitting reference was made in most of the local Protestant Churches to the life and work of David Livingstone. In the majority of cases the whole service was more or less given up to his commemoration. Although David Livingstone was not a son of the Church of Scotland, it was quite appropriate that the Parish minister of Blantyre,—the Rev. C. S. Turnbull,—should in his morning service speak thus for the whole inhabitants of the Parish:

"We do honour to ourselves, we do honour to our community, we do honour to our country, when with reverent thankfulness to God, we commemorate the magnificently unselfish spirit and achievements of that great son, who from our small, once rural parish, in obedience to the voice of God within, went forth to bring noonday to a benighted continent, and add lustre to the already glorious annals of our beloved native land.

"Surely of Scottish hearts there are few indeed who do not now feel more truly the sacredness of duty, the worth of the human soul, and the urgency of the claims of Christ. Surely there are few who do not long to see more widely realized the ideals and hopes so passionately cherished in the heart of our great missionary explorer."

On Wednesday, 19th March, the exact day on which to celebrate the Centenary of the birth of David Livingstone, perhaps the most significant gatherings took place. In the afternoon a divine service arranged by the Presbytery of Hamilton, took place in the Parish Church of Blantyre. Over this the Rev. James McGibbon, minister of the second charge of Hamilton, and Moderator of the Presbytery, presided. After praise, prayer was offered in which he besought Almighty God to sanctify with His gracious presence this hour of prayer "wherein we would praise and bless Thee for our privilege in Christ; and for the testimony of His faithful witness born in this place, who counted not his life dear unto himself, that he might make known Thy name among the heathen, enlightening their darkness with Thy love, delivering them from the bondage of soul and body into the glorious liberty of Thy sons." A lesson from the Old Testament—Isaiah LXI—was then read by the Rev. T. Pryde, minister of the quoad sacra Parish of Stonefield, in which Livingstone's birthplace is situated, and a New Testament Lesson—Matt. X—by the Rev. C. S. Turnbull, minister of the church in which the service was being held. These, with appropriate praise between, were followed by a prayer of Thanksgiving and Intercession, led by the Rev. James Mackie, Bothwell, Moderator of the U. F. Presbytery of Hamilton. In these thanks were given for the life, the work, the lessons and the example of David Livingstone, and prayers offered that we might enter by missionary effort increasingly into the doors that he had opened; above all that we might by our christian likeness and self-sacrifice devote ourselves to the cause of Christ as His faithful servant had done.

Following upon this came an address of much point and appropriateness from Rev. John D. McCallum, Clerk of the Presbytery. Having himself spent a year in Africa, as a deputy to the Mission Stations of the Church, and some time in that part of Africa where Livingstone laboured, Mr. McCallum was able to speak as only one with first hand knowledge could. Beginning with a reference to the fact that it was unnecessary to dwell upon the details of the life of Livingstone, he spoke of him as "Blantyre's noblest son," and as one who belonged **par excellence** to them, inasmuch as he had been born, baptized and educated in their midst, and had toiled in the mill by the river within sound of their church bell. It was here, said Mr. McCallum, that Livingstone began that life of unremitting toil which ended in Chitambo's village, far away in the heart of his much loved Africa. And it was here that by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, he sprang into consciousness of his high calling of God, and gave himself, as he ever continued to do, without counting the cost, to a great missionary career. Passing on to speak generally of his work Mr. McCallum said for Livingstone the pathway of undying fame seldom if ever permitted of any remission from privation and suffering. Few men have in purpose and experience more nearly trodden in the footsteps of our Lord "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross." Finding that the "open sore of Africa" was the slave trade, Livingstone felt that until that was put down little or nothing could be done for the uplift of that great continent. The call of God which he

had always striven to obey became to him henceforward a call to open up Africa to legitimate commerce, and to plead with those in authority to put an end to the awful traffic in human lives. The secret of Livingstone's courage and endurance, Mr. McCallum found in "his constant fellowship with God." "When I find him telling how, when his sufferings were at the worst in Manvema, he had read the Bible through three times; when I read his fervent yet dignified commendation of Jesus Christ and His religion, in his letters to his children and to not a few men of science who were his close friends; or still more, when I scan his diary and discover the wealth of spiritual aspiration that is there confirmed by that prayerfulness whose record is amongst the tribes he visited, and whose symbol is found as in death he kneels beside his couch,—when I know these things, then I understand how the persistence of the boy who in the Blantyre mills read while he worked at the loom, has been sanctified by his God-consciousness to endure all things for the sake of Him who called him. Surely to him may Browning's words be most fitly applied:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Speaking of results, Mr. McCallum said: "Go where you will today over all these lands of his wanderings, and you will find at no great distances from each other the representatives of many Christian Churches holding aloft the blood-stained banner of the Cross. No sooner was he buried than the Churches and the Missionary Societies moved. Scotland was in the van. Many years before, Mr. Stewart, late of Lovedale, had been sent out by the Free Church to see if a mission might be established in Nyasaland, and he reported very favorably. But now the forerunners of a little army from the Church of Scotland and the Free Church went out together,—our men settling in the Shire Highlands and the Free Church men going further north to serve the district between Lakes Nyasa and Bangweolo. The London Missionary Society went farther north to Lake Tanganayka; the Church Missionary Society of Uganda entering over the martyred Hannington; the Universities' Mission, after an earlier attempt which failed, returned again, going farther north to the east of Lake Nyasa. German and French Missions of many denominations, Protestant and Roman Catholic, took up their place in the great battle line of light against darkness, all treading in the footsteps of that lone pioneer. The open sore of Africa has been healed, the door which Livingstone opened can never be shut. A vast, enthusiastic generous Church of Christ has risen up where he trod. Hundreds and thousands have entered into a heritage which he bought for them by his toil and prayers and pleading. If ever the African church adds to its Calendar of Saints, its first and brightest name will be that of David Livingstone. Read in the light of his great sacrificial life laid on Africa's altar, how full of meaning are these words of Holy Scripture, "One soweth and another reapeth." "Other men laboured and ye are entered into their labours." "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit into life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

The praise part of the service included Psalm 98, Paraphrase 59 and the Hymn "For all the saints who from their labours rest," and fittingly concluded with the missionary hymn and prayer, "Let there be light."

It was left to the evening meetings to bring out tributes to the memory of

the great man that were at once more personal and more demonstrative. In St. James' Congregational Church, Hamilton, with which the Livingstone family were in its earlier history associated, and of which David as a young man became a member, there was unveiled a tablet to his memory. The chairman of the meeting, in introducing Mr. Wm. Naismith of the Yews, said: "It was particularly fitting that Mr. Naismith should unveil the tablet, as he was now the last of those who were in full membership when Neil Livingstone with his wife and family came from Blantyre to the church in Hamilton. Mr. Naismith was also at the soiree in the Muir Street church in 1857, when Dr. Livingstone was presented with an address from the congregation, and when there were present Livingstone's wife, his two brothers, two sisters and two sons."

Mr. Naismith, in a happy and reminiscent way spoke of the close friendship which existed between Livingstone's parents and his own father and mother. He also referred to the occasions on which, as a boy, he had met David Livingstone, the key to whose character, he thought, was to be found in the mildness of the father and in the energetic determination of the mother.

Later, a great public demonstration took place in the Hamilton Town Hall, and Provost Smellie presided. In presence of the leading people of the town and district, addresses bearing upon the work of the great missionary and explorer were delivered by the Rev. W. H. Rankine, Parish Minister of Titwood, Glasgow, and the Rev. James Webster, Foreign Missionary Secretary of the United Free Church of Scotland.

It was again left to Mr. Naismith, largely because of his long and intimate connection with the Livingstone family, to deliver the most interesting speech. Picturing the Congregational Church in Blackswell Lane, which the Livingstone family attended, he described it as no bigger than a room and kitchen. Its membership, he said, was only 30, but its Sunday scholars in these early days significantly numbered 300, and their chief characteristic was their interest in Foreign Missions. No wonder that the congregation were popularly known by the name of the "Missioners," or the "Wee Kirk Folks," and no wonder that in such an atmosphere the missionary ideals of young Livingstone's mind should early have been formed. "It was with this body," said Mr. Naismith, "that Neil Livingstone, the doctor's father, connected himself. They came regularly from Blantyre every Sunday and attended its services, spending the interval at his father's house. The doctor's mother was in the habit of bringing with her a modest lunch and a small packet of tea and would only accept from my mother the boiling water with which to infuse it. It was on one or other of these occasions I first saw the doctor, a young lad of about 17 years of age. The doctor's father was a quiet, gentle, kindly man. He was in the habit of selling tea, chiefly among the members of the church. This he put up in little parcels of a quarter-pound and upwards, and in these visits he seldom failed to refer to the latest items of intelligence from the mission field. His wife was a little, smart, lively woman, not without character. She was fond of, and smoked an old cutty pipe. On one occasion one of her grandsons came hurrying into the house and told her that the price of tobacco was up. "Is that so?" she said. She had her pipe in the hand at the time and was engaged with finger and thumb putting in the usual "dottle." She laid the pipe down with the words "I'll smoke no more," and my informant told me that she kept her word. With reminiscences such as these, and with detailed accounts of visits which Living-

stone paid to Hamilton on his returns from Africa, Mr. Naismith brought some very interesting old time pictures back to view and spoke with a personal note which charmed every one. He at least made very plain that while David Livingstone owed much to environment and to heredity, something had to be said for the influence of the father and still more to be laid to the account of the energy and determination of a mother whose forbears played no unimportant part in the stern struggles of the Covenanters in the upland Parish of Shotts.

That gatherings such as these must have left a deep impress upon the inhabitants of Blantyre and Hamilton is indubitable. Deeply rooted though their pride in "Their noblest son" may hitherto have been, there must be few in the neighborhood who do not now think more highly of him than they have ever done before. Upon its young, in particular, deep and abiding impressions have been made. In a deeper reverence for the ideals which the great man kept ever before him, and in a service for God, and Christ and humanity which he, by his devotion, so truly ennobled, will the fruits be gathered many days' time hence.

Very different is "Livingstone's Land" today from what it was in the time of his boyhood. The humble house in which he first drew breath, and which with its one small apartment served as a shelter for a father and mother and large family, may still be visited. The very window from which shone far into the early morning the lamp, or perhaps dim tallow candle, by the help of which Livingstone studied, may still be viewed. But the mill in which he wrought is now in ruins. The banks of the Clyde by which he roamed and botanized on holidays are too close to the coal pit to be called beautiful. The road through fertile fields over which Livingstone travelled as he wended his way with his parents to church is now lined on either side with houses, and over its final stage runs the electric car. Another road over which he must often have travelled barefooted as he wended his way from Hamilton to High Blantyre now skirts on the right the three great Blantyre pits where about thirty years ago occurred the awful fire damp explosion by which hundreds of lives were lost; and, on the right, the great Udston pit where, a little later on, another and a similar disaster thrilled the heart of Scotland. The population of the district today is largely made up of miners, and it is to be feared that if Livingstone could compare these with the thrifty, God-fearing weavers of his early days, the comparison would not be in favour of the modern dwellers.

Still, it is the Livingstone Land we are in, and the glamour of the Livingstone name rests upon it. A cottage on the side of the Burnbank Road leading to Hamilton bears the name of "Ulva Cottage," for there the family of David Livingstone resided while he himself was deep in the heart of Africa; and in the name those who dwelt in the cottage sought to remind themselves of the lonely island from which came their paternal ancestors. But it means something, too, to see on the Station Road leading to Shuttle Row, where the great man was born, houses of neat and trim modern appearance bearing the names of "Zambezi" and "Ilala." In stone and lime the memory of Livingstone is being preserved, and by gatherings such as those of which I have written it is being revived. Let us also hope that upon many hearts the re-told story of his life and work will have made an impression that will not soon fade away; and that in many lives, because of his greatness and his goodness, there will be found a following of one who in all his praying, and in all his working, strove so hard to follow Christ.

CHURCH LIFE AND WORK

The Pulpit and the Press

In an article upon the "Christian Conservation Congress" of last year we were told that "an entire session was devoted to christian publicity, and out of this has come the determination of these representatives of the Church to prosecute steadfastly this new form of service. We may look forward to hearing in all our ministers' meetings and denominational gatherings and men's conventions the discussion of the subject of how the Church may utilize the press in serving the world."

Further: "The place of the religious press in the economy of the churches was stated in unmistakable terms. Instead of turning attention away from the Church papers, in favor of the daily press, this commission had made it appear as a clear duty of the laymen and of the denominations to take hold of the problem of the religious press, bringing home to every christian family its real need of a church paper."

Perhaps it would be well that these quotations, and what they imply, should be brought under the notice of some ministerial bodies, singular and plural. We have reason to believe that some men who otherwise show aggressive alertness with regard to social conditions are slow to recognize the place and power of the press in public life, and its importance as bearing upon church life and work.

We know from experience that the officials of most other bodies,—corporations and societies which would hardly be called "religious,"—are so alive to the value of the publicity of the press that they usually inundate newspaper and journal offices with invitations and complimentary passes to their meetings and functions; and the difficulty of pressmen often is to attend to all, even when there is a considerable staff.

All which may suggest that in more matters than one the children of this world are sometimes wiser than the children (or officials) of light and leading in religious communities.

Finance and Ministerial Independence

We rejoice to find that a man has arisen in the Presbyterian Church of Canada who is big enough to tackle men fearlessly on the subject of finance, and so to speak (if reports be correct) even to hardened outsiders that they have been led to ponder that only the USE of "their money" is given to them, and that they are answerable for that.

It might be an interesting study to consider whether, or how far, the forcefulness of that personality as regards finance was born of years in the Yukon, and some (alleged) considerable personal acquaintance with finance. It is certainly easier for men to be "independent" in talks on money and other matters, when they themselves have already secured—by fair means of course—a position of independence and of substantial financial base in the world; and no doubt there is much more courage needed and more credit deserved when

men are prepared to speak out fearlessly for what they hold right—regardless of position or finance.

We are heartily in sympathy with the men who say to the big business men and others—You are rich and the Church is poor, there is much work to be done; give more freely of what has been given to you for the upbuilding of the church's life and the spread of the Gospel message, and the civilizing influences of christianity; and we hope that Dr. A. S. Grant, who is credited with having very much to do with the money involved in the organization of the pre-Assembly Conference and the consequent unique character of the 1913 Assembly in Toronto this month, will continue to awaken and keep awake to the claims, needs and rights of the Church of Christ, the all-too-dormant consciences of the moneyed members of the community.

At the same time we may venture to express the hope that the results of the awakening will affect the whole Church and all the Church's work—down even to the Religious Press which may happen to be more or less affiliated with the Church.

Enduring Hardness

We like to hear Church leaders talk strongly of the need for men who give themselves to church work being willing and prepared to endure hardness. We know from experience and observation that no men with any brains or any character and training worth mentioning would go to Church work for the salaries that are usually attached to it—compared with the possibilities in other lines of work. But we think that in the present age ministers may have abundant opportunities for the "enduring of hardness" and for self-denial without having added to their other trials and tribulations anxieties concerning the maintenance in reasonable comfort of their homes and families. In these days Societies and Unions agitate for the payment of "a living wage" for tradesmen and craftsmen of all kinds; and men need not be street-corner Socialists to agree that every "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that if there is no question about the need for sweat of brow or brain, there is also no question about the promise of bread. No honest worker ought to be without bread—free from anxiety.

Even with all reasonable material comforts assured, the work of the ministry must to all men in earnest remain arduous and harassing; and we venture to express the hope that with increased finances obtained, the rank and file of the ministry, and even the student body, who so often fill the gaps and do the hard initial organization, will benefit, and that the standard of living will be somewhat raised by a substantial increasing of the standard of salaries.

We certainly do not think that an ability to live from hand to mouth should be part of the equipment for the ministry any more than for any other worthy vocation; or that men should be so pressed for a living wage for their work that they find themselves with little or nothing to spend on the latest literature in any form.

Qu'Appelle Notes

That the west is yet in an unsettled condition is manifest by the many changes that take place in our congregational life. This Presbytery in a very short period of time has to record three vacancies. Rev. W. B. Tate moved from Qu'Appelle to Broderick. Rev. A. Fraser, through ill health, has resigned Moffat and intends visiting his old home in Scotland; and Rev. R. MacKnight has resigned Santaluta. We follow these brethren with our prayers and good wishes.

Since the beginning of the year Presbytery has lost by death two of its worthy representative elders. John Brown of Indian Head was a man of fine rugged character, with a high ideal of life. For many years he served the church, east and west, in the eldership. A. T. Fotheringham of Kirkfield was an outstanding figure, a man of marked ability. He could lead the service of praise, preach most acceptably, preside with dignity as moderator of Presbytery, and on occasion address the general assembly. These laborers have finished their task and enjoy their reward.

Kipling sounds poetic; with Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., as bishop there is a fine blending of fact and poetry. This is a young congregation, but has sprung into all the glory of its strength as a self-sustaining charge in remarkably short time. Good preaching, good organizing, and good pastoral oversight, have made a name for Kipling as a centre of Presbyterianism.

Sintaluta this summer is to have the services of Mr. H. B. Donnelly, B.A., a student who has just completed his second year in theology in Manitoba College. Mr. Donnelly has served the Presbytery for three summers most acceptably.

Rev. A. Robson, one of the first missionaries to reach Saskatchewan, is still serving the church, and every Sabbath afternoon takes the Union services at Wideawake. Mr. Robson has also found time to enter the literary world, and his book—*West of the West*—is in the market. In this book Mr. Robson tells the story of pioneer missions, and Mr. West, around whose life and work the story of the book gathers, can be easily recognized by those familiar with the workers of those days.

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The Presbytery of Orangeville in 1912 decreased in families 42 and communicants 45. It has increased in stipend from \$15,007 in 1903 to \$26,088 in 1912.

The exodus to the West has depleted so many congregations that vacancies are common, and some congregations have been vacant for over five years, except for occasional supply.

Westminster Presbytery's Peace Manifesto was adopted and ordered sent to the Dominion Government.

The Presbytery overtures the Assembly to permit all regularly retired ministers to share in all the revenue of the A. & I. M. Fund, except in rates, on an equality with ratepaying ministers.

A. McVicar of Jarratt is called to Flesherton.

G. L. Johnston, of Horning's Mills, accepts a call to Pickering.

J. Buchanan, formerly of Richmond, B. C., was nominated by the Presbytery as the Immigration Agent or Chaplain at Toronto.

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From Arcola Presbytery—An Interested Reader

A correspondent in this Saskatchewan district writes:

"I am exceedingly pleased to see in your Magazine space devoted to Social Questions, and also a page to Woman's Work—subjects which are of more than paramount importance in this day. I hail with delight the tokens of awakening interest in the social and economic problems of life. The social question, with all that it involves, is, for us modern men, the religious question. My only regret in connection with the new movements is we are not approaching them through the method of Christ, and His method, let me say, is as much a part of His revelation as any miracle or any spoken word. In regard to this the Church, no less than the world, is denying her Lord."

The Assembly's Effect on Presbytery Work

Of course, the great meetings at Toronto—the pre-Assembly Conference and the Assembly itself—have overshadowed all else in Presbyterian Church news at this time, and no doubt the newspaper reports of the proceedings have had more or less attention. Hereby we would remind our Presbyterial correspondents that when the inspiration of the stirring addresses has extended to the Presbytery meetings, we shall hope to hear of strenuous days and ways being overtaken by them jointly and severally.

Letter from Wright of Fort George

In response to a telegram of inquiry sent from the office of this Magazine, Mr. Wright replies in a letter, which, in view of the reports which partly suggested an editorial in this number, we think it only fair to all concerned to quote here. Incidentally, it will be inferred that the scrappy and context-divorced reporting and sensational headlines were evidently begun with the Toronto **Globe**, from which we should naturally expect more care and attention.

Mr. Wright writes: "I was very much annoyed by the report emanating from the **Globe** of my address, and regret exceedingly that it was sent through, apparently on the authority of the same reporters, to the Coast papers. The report appearing in the **Globe** is absolutely unreliable. The scare head lines had absolutely no basis in fact, and many of the individual statements are torn from their context in such a way as to make me say exactly what I did not say."

"In particular what I was endeavouring to do through my address was to present the need of the West for more men, and the golden opportunity that is there. The first half of my address, which, by the way, was confined to fifteen minutes, and, therefore, very much condensed, was devoted to the darker side of the picture. Eight minutes were given to the brighter side of the picture, and one of the statements made will give an idea of the gist of it. These were my actual words: Just because we find there so many good people united for the advancement of truth and righteousness, the very gates of hell cannot prevail against the advancing cause of the truth."

"I have not seen the **Province** or any of the other papers, nor do I know where they would be available here; but I am sure that the report is so absurd that right-thinking individuals will not be affected by it."

Organization of Westminster Hall Alumni Association

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the present Chairman of the Board of Management, Mr. James Beveridge, those connected with the College who happened to be in attendance at the General Assembly at Edmonton last year, met in a social way at a round-table luncheon in the King Edward Hotel at Edmonton.

The unique Assembly in Toronto this year has been made memorable, so far as Westminster Hall is concerned, by the organization of an Alumni Association, concerning which, through the thoughtful attention of the Rev. R. Van Munster of St. Stephen's Church, North Vancouver, who happens to have been elected Secretary-Treasurer, information has reached us as we go to press.

Mr. Van Munster states that it was in the historic environment of the Red Room in the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, a room in which Sir John A. McDonald is said to have decided upon the national policy, that this notable event in the

history of Westminster Hall took place. As many of the graduates as could be present, were the guests of Captain and Mrs. J. J. Logan at dinner there. On this occasion all the men who have "graduated" in a worthier way by wedding had their wives present, and the company also included Rev. Professor Welsh, Rev. J. A. Logan, Mrs. Burch, and Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw Taylor

In the course of speeches or conversation following the function, the idea of inaugurating an Alumni Association was mentioned and warmly welcomed. Without delay a meeting was constituted in the historic room referred to, and the Rev. A. O. Paterson, of Kerrisdale, Vancouver, was called to the chair. Office bearers were duly elected as follows: Patron, Captain J. J. Logan; Honorary President, Rev. Principal Mackay; President, Rev. A. O. Paterson; Vice-President, Rev. Ronald Macleod, St. Andrew's Church, North Vancouver; Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. R. Van Munster, St. Stephen's Church, North Vancouver; Committee, Messrs. R. C. Eakin, Kerr, Lockhart and Raynes. On the motion of Mr. Bryce Stewart, seconded by Mr Hyde, it was agreed that the executive should draw up a constitution and make recommendations at a future meeting.

The organization of this Association, which has taken place under happy auspices, will, no doubt, be of interest to the constituency of the Farthest West College, and it was very fitting that one who has taken such a consistent and practical concern in the life of the Hall should have been connected with the function at which the Alumni Association was formed.

WEST COASTLAND NOTES

Robertson Church, Vancouver

The Ladies' Aid Society of Robertson Church were singularly fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. Professor Pidgeon to lecture at the last May meeting on his recent experiences in the old land. The church was filled with an audience which frequently manifested its appreciation. The literary, artistic, religious and political aspects of present-day life in the Motherland were vividly depicted, the whole being reflected against the romantic background of the nation's history. The subtle and delicate touches of humour, displayed in Dr. Pidgeon's portrayal of various incidents in his travels, were simply inimitable, and completely captivated those present, and withal, the warm spirit of brotherliness and humanity, which breathed throughout the lecture, was but an expression of those qualities of heart, as well as of head, which are possessed in so rich a degree by the lecturer himself. His broad outlook, with wide and cultured sympathies, recalled to mind the attractive and much-loved personality of the late Professor Henry Drummond. The evening was one long to be remembered, and was pleasantly varied with songs and recitations.

Robertson Church has been exceedingly happy in its "supply," during the absence in the east of the pastor, the Rev. Mr. James, the pulpit having been occupied by Professor Pidgeon for almost two months, and on two of the later Sabbaths by Professor Taylor,—thus cementing more firmly, if that were possible, the bonds already existing between this congregation and "The Hall."

It is expected that Mr. James will be on duty again about the end of June, and the congregation are eagerly looking forward to his return.

FROM A "THEOLOGUE'S" VIEWPOINT

Student Notes by Wm. Scott, B. A.

Since our last issue two of the visiting professors, Professors Welsh and Carruthers, have left the Hall. Before they left the students had an informal dinner, when the staff were the guests of honour. There were present Professors Pidgeon and Taylor of the permanent staff, and Professors Welsh, Patterson, and Carruthers of the visiting professors, also Rev. J. A. Logan, representing the Tutorial Staff, and Rev. Mr. Burch, representing the financial board of the college. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Alver Mackay, President of the Student Council, occupied the chair. Speeches were made by each of the professors and by Mr. A. O'Donnell, representing the student body. A very high note was struck by the various speakers, who spoke of the dignity and opportunity of the Christian Ministry.

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On the last day of Professor Carruther's stay the students surprised him with a small token of their appreciation. Mr. A. Mackay, on behalf of the student body, presented Mr. Carruthers with a beautiful walking stick, and with a small remembrance for Mrs. Carruthers. At the dinner Professor Carruthers had said that he was appointed to the position of lecturer in Elocution without ever being consulted in the matter; and we learned at a later date that he gave his services without any remuneration. He delights in his work and offers it as a labour of love to the college and her students. It was fitting, then, that those who had benefitted from his lectures should show that they were not unmindful of the sacrifice he made in leaving his home, and his pastoral work in Albarni, to teach them how to speak. Our thanks are due Professor Carruthers and the gift only serves to give them some more material and permanent form.

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During the past month there has been keen interest shown in the tennis tournament that has been in progress. Already the first round has been played off, and some of the second. Some good games have been witnessed, and still better are anticipated as the game closes in towards a finish. One very interesting game was played the other evening in which the editor of the Westminster Hall Magazine, who is quite a "soncy chiel," met defeat at the hands of Mr. Gillam of the tutorial staff, who, though not so "soncy," is yet quite "plump." The game was long and close, and both players were "peching" and "sighing" quite freely before it was finished. The unanimous verdict of the onlookers was that no better fought fight had been fought on the tennis court than this. It may be said that the editor met defeat like a man, and refrained from any stronger ejaculations at a bad stroke, than "tut, tut, tut," or "what, what," and so restrained himself in jubilation over his opponent's bad strokes, that his only evidence of rejoicing was a flapping of the arms like some old rooster, preparatory to crowing—with, however, in this case the crowing left out.

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It would be interesting to watch these games just to remark the refined method of swearing which theological students cultivate. It can hardly be

called "swearing"; it is only a refined substitute for that habit. One of our men had almost taken out a copyright on one phrase which invariably followed upon a poor stroke. It was "wouldn't that make you sick," followed by a scratching of the head with the right hand. Another usually says "gracious," or "gosh," while another throws his racket on the ground and jumps over it, muttering the while something not quite audible. But Mac's highland blood is only fired with the sting of threatening defeat, and pulling his cap down over his eyes, and crouching like a panther about to make a spring, he says to his partner "let's beat them yet; I just feel like playing now." The tennis court is no bad place to judge a man's character.

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A lively discussion has been maintained for some time on various topics of current interest. The reason of it is a man from the north of Ireland. If that is not sufficient reason, you need only drop in on us some time and see that man in the midst of a bunch of fellows. To see him is to acknowledge that he is a "scrapper." He has many opponents, but that does not daunt Mac. We do not wonder that he and his followers managed to convert all the Liberals of McGill, Montreal, to favor the Borden Naval Policy. But then Westminster Hall men are not all McGill men of Montreal, and Mac. seems to have his hands full if he intends to do successful missionary work here. But disagree with him, as some of us must, we can't help admiring the relish with which he welcomes a fight—it gives those of us who have never lived in Ulster, an inkling of what lies behind the opposition to Home Rule. These men dearly love a fight. They remind you of their comrade to the south of them, who when asked if he could not live without quarrelling, answered, "No, not happily."

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Vancouver has been privileged during this month in being permitted to sit at the feet of Dr. S. D. Gordon, the author of "Quiet Talks." Dr. Gordon visited the Hall on the 11th, and addressed the students. It is refreshing to listen to a preacher who does not strain after effect; who is quite sure that what he is saying is absolutely true; who is not bothered with doubts as to the authenticity of this or that book of Scripture, and who speaks out of an experience of God which is his very life. It is good, too, to hear a man who speaks so quietly and softly as Dr. Gordon does. He gives prominence to a side of the Master's character that we are too often apt to overlook. We would not like to think that this "quiet" Jesus was the whole truth. But this is the trait that we need very much in the hurry and bustle of our modern life. Dr. Gordon, the man, is a far greater study than his message. His message and the way he presented it was only a window through which you could see a great soul resting in the presence of God; indeed you saw more of God than you did of the speaker. One could not help noticing his Bible; it was much thumbed, ragged and torn—a Bible that spoke of a complete gospel. No gospel is complete till it has been sought and grasped by a living soul, and this Bible, with its marks of study, showed that a soul had sought and loved its message. Dr. Gordon pleads for an absolute surrender of the life to Christ. His message to us theological students was the counsel to cultivate a passion for Christ, to speak of what we have proved to be true by our own experience, and when we have got to the end of our experience, get closer to Christ, not to

books, and extend that experience. His was no halting speech; he spoke out of a rich experience. Allowing for his seeming mistrust of books and intellect, we would do well to cultivate his sense of the ever present Christ, and his unwavering conviction that the old gospel can still save men. We have too much apologizing for it today. We hear a deal about sociology and the "glad and happy life," but the truths men want to hear are those fundamental truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the grasping of which will make a new social life possible, and bring substance and stability to the glad life.

Another Note About Tennis

May I suggest (writes another correspondent) that emphasis be put on the need for non-delay by competitors in the playing off of tennis tournament ties. There is no reason why there should not be a tournament among the men of the college during each of four or five of the six months of the theological summer session. After all, playing the game for the exercise and development of social spirit (as well as muscle) is just as important as particular displays of personal prowess by any players; and the men who postpone playing, not only keep back all the others, but to some extent qualify the worth of their winning by the extra time some of them have (and take) for practice.

In one case we believe a player met his first opponent in the tournament without one practice game previously this season, and no doubt several others, rather than keep back the tournament, have played with little or no practice before hand. Let the tournaments themselves constitute more of the practice. Some men, who are slow to give time to "play," never care to miss meeting "their friend the enemy," against whom they may be drawn, and with whom, winning or losing, there may be some "work" to be done. In this connection, enthusiastic onlookers might get a word of warning against exercising their interest in the game or players vocally at critical moments—when a man is about to "play ball" for instance.

If we had more tournaments, the interest would not only be greater, but it is probable that there would be some even more exciting games and curious "table-turnings" (not the class-room kind) among many of our men, some of whom are very well matched. For instance, who would not like to see Archie O'Donnell and J. H. Buchanan at it again; and who would undertake to say that the result would be the same next time? The same question applies to A. R. Gibson and Willie Scott, whose first set was one of the closest witnessed this season, though Willie was left in and A. R. G. out at the finish. Unfortunately, Archie McLean, perhaps our best player, has been disabled for a time at least through an accident; but we hope he may be fit to challenge the best-practiced players of the season yet.

"Play up men, and play the game"—without undue delay. Perhaps by another year the Athletic Committee might arrange tournaments (singles and doubles) for at least four separate months, and then there would be a better test, and also a greater credit to the successful man and men.

What about the tournament of the Church Societies so successfully organized last season by A. R. Gibson. Give us some news of their proceedings this season.