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**COVER AND  
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Beginning top, left to right

- (1) Scene Tasiriki; (2) Banana; (3) Coconuts; (4) Bread Fruit; (5) Sunset, Tongoa Harbor, showing Mission Boat-house and Landing; (6)





(1) Native Chief Tonga, Polynesian; (2) Heathen Santo; (3) Fijian Warrior, with whales' teeth necklace; (3) represents race sprung from union of other races represented by (1) and (2).

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### PUBLISHERS' NOTE

We are still late with the outget of our February Magazine. Nevertheless we believe that the Articles will be held not only "up-to-date" but otherwise satisfying in their variety and worth by our daily-augmented list of subscribers.

# Westminster Hall Magazine

Published monthly by the Students of Westminster Hall, 1600 Barclay Street,  
Vancouver, B. C. Subscription price, One Dollar.

Printed by the North Shore Press, Ltd., North Vancouver, B.C.

VOL. I.

No. 9

## The Staff

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## IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

*By Captain J. J. and Mrs. Logan*

Four years ago it was our good fortune to entertain Dr. and Mrs. Annand, Missionaries from the New Hebrides, as they passed through Vancouver on their return to their field of labour. The acquaintance then formed ripened into the closest friendship and last year we determined to pay them a visit in their far off Island Home. In arranging this trip we embraced other points of great interest, including several groups of South Sea Islands, also Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. During the eight months of our voyaging in the Southern Hemisphere, covering over twenty-four thousand miles, it is needless to say we met with many unique

experiences and felt we were in a new world when conditions of life, everything in fact, was so entirely different to our northern clime.

Never before had we realized the great extent of the Pacific Ocean, although in our school days our geographies did tell us that it was the largest ocean in the world and covered one third the surface of the globe.

Because of its vastness this ocean is interesting, but more so, perhaps, because of the numerous groups of Islands, large and small, which are scattered over its surface from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle. It is more of the Islands of the South Pacific of which we will speak at the present time. Those lovely tropical Islands where everything combines for their attractiveness. Earth, air, sky and sea are filled with beauty, and one feels that it would take years to exhaust this beauty. To one going among these Islands for the first time from another clime, the appeal to the senses is very strong, and even after leaving them and returning home you feel them calling you almost irresistibly. Of the glory and the beauty of the sunrise and sunset which we witnessed so frequently during our stay in the tropics it is difficult to speak. Soft clouds seemed to hang in the East in the early morning as if waiting to welcome the sun, and long before he appeared seemed to catch and reflect his glory, changing from softest white and grey to the most gorgeous colorings which gradually disappeared before the "King of Day." Again at sunset we had a repetition of this gorgeousness as the sun sank into his ocean bed, leaving behind him a path of splendor which, as it faded, gave place to the beautiful constellations of the southern skies and the "Milky Way," studded with its myriad stars. When in her due course the moon appeared to throw her soft beauty over these tropical scenes it was fairyland indeed.

All of these Islands are formed in one of two ways, viz.: by the working of the coral insect or through volcanic agency. This little coral insect appealed to us as one of the greatest wonders of the tropical seas. It belongs to the lowest order of animate nature and is so small that you require a microscope to see it. Yet it is used in the plan of the great Creator to lay the foundation of Islands or to build up reefs that withstand the mightiest forces of ocean. Surely we may take this as a striking illustration of the way



the Almighty sometimes uses the most feeble and unlikely instruments to accomplish the greatest results.

These minute creatures, millions upon millions of them work down under the ocean twenty or twenty-five fathoms deep, building away year after year, age after age, in the warm waters of the tropical sea. There are many different species, but all seem to have the same power of forming around themselves this hard, lime-like substance which serves as a protection to their jelly-like bodies. Each species produces a variety of coral peculiar to itself. One generation dies and another takes its place each adding its small quota to the final result and so the work goes on and on.

These reefs which are thus formed become in many cases the foundation of Islands. Sub-marine forces throw them up, and various agencies combine to deposit enough soil on them to support animal and vegetable life. Then, perhaps, another upheaval throws them still higher and often the coral formation is found at quite an elevation. Such an Island would be said to be both of coralline and volcanic formation. There are many instances of Islands either volcanic or coralline in formation being wholly or in part protected by an encircling coral reef with openings here and there through which ships may pass to the smooth waters inside. The greatest encircling reef in the world is the Barrier reef, off the north-east coast of Australia. This is eleven hundred miles off the shore with deep water inside and out. The other class of Island is entirely volcanic, having been thrown up in an irruption in a state of fusion. Then the lava decomposes and forms very fertile soil. Several instances have been known of these volcanic Islands being thrown up in this way and gradually subsiding again until they have completely disappeared.

From the appearance of an Island as you approach you can tell largely what formation it is. The coralline ones being flat or of slight elevation, while the volcanic ones are in some instances thousands of feet high and often of such fantastic shape, blending grandeur and beauty of scenery with richness and fertility and general attractiveness.

These South Sea Islands produce abundantly all forms of tropical vegetation. Yams and Taro are cultivated very generally

and form very important articles of native food. Chief among the fruit-bearing trees is the cocoa nut palm. From it, it is possible for the native to supply all his wants. The fruit is good, the water of the green cocoa nut makes a most delicious drink, its leaves and boughs they use to thatch their houses, from the fibre they make fishing nets, ropes, cords, etc., and also from the finer fibre they make a kind of cloth which they use for native dress. With the oil which they express from the ripe nut they smear their bodies and hair. It bears all the year round. The tree next in importance is probably the Bread Fruit tree. The fruit of this is light green in color, round or egg shape and about three or four inches in diameter, and is easily prepared by roasting. Other trees of value are Orange, Lime, Banana, pawpaw or mummy apple, plantain or wild banana, all of which are found very generally throughout the tropical Islands.

Both animal and bird life are very scarce. The woods are not vocal with song.

The sea abounds with fish in great variety and of many brightly vivid colors. It is a fine sight to row out over the coral reefs with all their lovely colorings like a great garden of beautiful shrubbery and watch these multi-colored fish as they dart in and out among the coral growth.

The Islands of the South Pacific have been populated by two distinct races. Those living on the Islands lying East of Fiji belonging to the Polynesian or copper colored race, being allied to the Malay, those living West of Fiji to the Negro or Melanesian race. In Fiji there seems to have been a blending of the two and there we find many characteristics of both races. Also we find on some of the Islands of the New Hebrides group, people strongly resembling the Polynesian. The Polynesian occupies a much higher place in the scale of civilization and is altogether a superior being to the Melanesian, having large, well-formed bodies of stalwart manly bearing, hair fine and glossy with a nice wave in it, while the Melanesian have black skin, short curly hair and the negro cast of countenance.

The diffusion of these peoples over the different groups of Islands widely separated as they are and the means of communica-

tion so crude and unsafe has always been a matter of interesting speculation. It has never gone far beyond the realm of tradition and will probably ever remain wrapped in mystery.

## A PRAYER FOR SINGLENESS OF EYE

*By Edward Arthur Wicher*

O God, our heavenly Father, who hast unfolded unto us the perfect truth in Thine own Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour, we pray Thee to bestow upon us an eye that is single and a body that is full of light.

Hear us, while we present to Thee our petitions for the freedom of Thy spirit and the deliverance of Thy grace.

From all eye-service and duplicity of heart, from all fear of the displeasure of men, from all want of reverence towards Thyself, we pray Thee to deliver us O Lord.

From all hypocrisy, pretence and sham, we pray Thee to deliver us, O Lord.

From all insincerity of speech and extravagance of behaviour, we pray Thee to deliver us, O Lord.

From all insidious temptation to the love of mammon, we pray Thee to deliver us, O Lord.

From all doubleness of dealing, from all questionable practise in the conduct of our worldly concerns, from all speculative pursuit of money, for our own sakes or our children's sakes, we pray Thee to deliver us, O Lord.

But give unto us that we may serve our Master with a devotion so unalterable and controlling that we may desire no other good than His kingdom, and may find no other happiness than the fellowship of His sufferings and the victory of His love.

Thus may there be in us also the mind which was in Christ Jesus, that in unity of spirit with Him we may have ingenuous brave and gentle dispositions, tempered for the severity of the day of battle, touched with sympathy for the service of the needy, and exalted to the purity of the purpose of the Master.

And these, our humble petitions, we present through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## THE REBIRTH OF CHINA

A New Era in Human History

By Rev. John Mackay

The clocks in our homes strike the hours to remind us of the passing of the old and the coming of the new periods of time, but no clock strikes to call attention to new eras in human history. These eras pass swiftly into being, as part of the moving drama of our crowded lives, and only to the eyes of spiritual insight do they show their stupendous significance.

The other day when Dr. Sun Yat Sen was declared president of the Republic of China such an era dawned, an era pregnant with significance for the whole human race.

The line of development of which our civilization is the fruit has been confined almost exclusively to one half of the globe. The great classic which has moulded our modes of thought and our moral ideas is the Bible, and it has only one doubtful reference to the Ultimate East. Side by side with it has come to us the treasures of Greece and Rome, and these all deal with the Western world, so that our thought and our traditions are all rooted in scenes enacted by races of various shades of white.

But long before any of these civilizations in which our root had their being, an Empire of steady, patient, hard-working people was in existence beyond the great Divide of Asia in the wide fields of China, an Empire with the arts and industries far in advance of its Western compeers.

From time to time the two halves of the world met. The West got glimpses of China to be filled with admiration for its orderliness and steady development; China got glimpses of the West, only to be filled with disgust for its rapacity and its coarse brutality, until she settled down with well founded contempt for the cruder races beyond the home land.

Ptolemy, writing in the Second Century A.D., says of the Chinese: "The people are civilized, mild, just and frugal, eschewing collisions with their neighbors and even shy of close intercourse,

but not averse to dispose of their own products, of which raw silk is the staple, but which include also silk stuffs, fine furs and iron of remarkable quality."

Mediaeval Europe knew China as Cathay and had good reason to know it for Jenghis Khan and Kubla Khan, his son, the Mongol conquerors who were by conquest emperors of China, carried their Mongol hordes down into the heart of Europe. The world-wide influence of these Mongols drew travellers and missionaries to Mongolia, and Carpini, a Franciscan monk who visited the court of the Khan in 1246, says of the people of Northern China: "Now these Kitai are heathen men and have a written character of their own. . . . They seem indeed to be kindly and polished folk enough. They have no beard, and in character of countenance are Mongoloid. They have a peculiar language. Their betters as craftsmen in every art practised by man are not to be found in the whole civilized world. Their country is very rich in corn, in wine, in gold and silver, in silk and in every kind of produce tending to the support of mankind."

Rubruk, another Franciscan monk, who visited the country in 1253, says: "The best silk stuffs are still got from them. . . . Those Cathayans are little fellows, speaking much through the nose, and, as in general with all these Eastern peoples, their eyes are very narrow. They are first-rate artists in every kind, and their physicians have a first-rate knowledge of the values of herbs, and an admirable skill in diagnosis by the pulse. . . . The common money consists of pieces of cotton-paper, about a palm in length and breadth, upon which certain lines are printed. They do their writing with a pencil such as painters paint with, and a single character of theirs, comprehends several letters."

Compare this with what a traveller to Great Britain could truthfully have said about the conditions there in the thirteenth century and you will understand something of the contempt with which, up to a few years ago, China regarded the Western nations.

But a new force had entered the crude and brutal civilizations of the West, and while China settled down to a complaisant worship of its past, Western civilization was slowly being saturated with the character of the Christ and the Western lands were slowly

coming to understand the meaning of life and the wonders of nature, until by the dawn of the nineteenth century they had left far behind them the highest achievements of the fine old civilization of China. With this advance in civilization came an increasing feeling of their own importance until, for the West, the white man was the only figure worth considering, his achievements were alone worth while, his destiny was the all-absorbing purpose for which this old world swung on its axis. So it came about that, when some adventurous sons of Cathay pushed out into Western lands to improve their fortunes they were dubbed Chinks, and by some classes of society were treated as little better than animals. So the tables turn. What a surprise it must have been to John Chinaman with his centuries of splendid civilization, with his age old conviction that his was the destiny for which the world existed, with his contempt for the men of the West, to find out that there was one half of the world where he had never been thought of for centuries, and where he was looked on as an inferior being coming from somewhere across the Pacific, having slant eyes and wearing a pig-tail.

And it was a surprise to our merchants and missionaries to find, when they went into China that they were classed by the ignorant with hogs and dogs and called by the opprobrious name of foreign devils. But China is becoming civilized. She is recognizing that we know something she does not know, and that we have some claims to respect which she had not thought about, and, with rare good sense and judgment, is moving up to the higher plane of seeking the good wherever it may be found, irrespective of the color or race of her teachers.

Yet China is not alone in her need of civilization. The great characteristic of savagery is its callous inability to sympathize with or understand the inner life of others, and with all our twenty centuries of Christian civilization, there is a large substratum of savagery in us yet. We still too often damn a man for the color of his skin; we still too often claim all the good things of this fruitful world as the special prerogative of the white man and hold a big club ready to drive off all comers of other colors, and the only thing that makes us treat them with respect is a bigger club in their hands. But the old rule of Club towards the natives of the East will no longer do. Four hundred millions of steady, brave, industrious people, when

they act together and have made our science their own, will hold a club of their own against which ours is a puny splinter.

But there is a more excellent way. The Chinese people have always been known for their steady sanity and desire for reasonable relations between man and man. Now that they have discovered us, whatever is worthy in our civilization will receive its meed of sympathetic respect, but whatever is mere brazen assumption and hollow pretence will be passed by. And if we are to make the most even of our own heritage, we must treat China with the same respect, the same sympathetic insight with which we hope to be treated.

That may be a rude jolt to many of our proud assumptions, but it will be a mighty help to our better natures and lift us into worthy membership in the parliament of empires, and the brotherhood of mankind.

The first step in this salutary process of civilization is some knowledge of the history and the religious ideals of our new old neighbors, the hoary headed youth of Eastern Asia, the Republic-Empire of China. To assist the readers of the Westminster Hall Magazine in their task, I hope to give, in the succeeding articles, a brief outline of this history and this religion, for, as in all countries, these two are inextricably interwoven.

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## VANCOUVER THEN AND NOW

### A RETROSPECT AND CONTRAST

*By E. D. McLaren, D.D.*

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It is only in a new country that any striking contrasts can be found between the beginning and the end of a period of twenty-three years. To the inhabitant of the old world a quarter of a century is a very insignificant fragment of civic or national history, and, in ordinary cases, furnishes few grounds of comparison between the *then* and the *now*. It is far otherwise in the case of this young city by the western sea.

Twenty-three years ago on the 11th of February, the writer had the good fortune to become a citizen of Vancouver; and now, as he begins to set down some reminiscences and reflections for readers of the Westminster Hall Magazine, he is impressed by the thought of the unique character and the far-reaching influence for good or evil, of the years that have since elapsed. However great the changes may be that the coming years will bring, it is safe to predict that no subsequent period of similar duration will witness so remarkable a transformation.

In those early days the Railway Station was a small frame building, consisting only of a ticket office and a waiting room; and the waiting room would have been uncomfortably crowded if two or three dozen people had tried to get in to it at once. Standing on the north side of the railway track and facing the western end of the present railway platform, the only thing one could have found in its basement was the Pacific ocean; for at that time the whole of the ground that is now covered with railway tracks from Carrall Street westward, formed part of Burrard Inlet.

Cordova Street was then the business street of the city, and the bulk of the business was done between Cambie and Carrall streets. There were a few houses on Mount Pleasant, but the forest still covered the site of Fairview; and Granville street was only in process of being opened through the bush to the Fraser River. Fairview and Greer's Beach (or Kitsilano as it is now called) were spoken of as possible residential districts in the distant future; while Grandview and Burnaby, North Vancouver and South Vancouver, Point Grey and Shaughnessy Heights had not risen above the horizon of even the most far-sighted and optimistic of Vancouver's citizens.

Burrard Street had been opened as far south as Barclay or Nelson Street, but there were not a dozen houses on the whole street. There was a plank sidewalk on the south side of Georgia Street, but from the Hotel Vancouver to Burrard Street, nothing was to be seen but stumps and tangled roots, with corner stakes to indicate where Hornby Street would some day have its place. Howe Street, which had just been graded, was "the race course" on Dominion Day, 1889, the horses being started at Drake Street and finishing at Georgia Street. Beach Avenue and Georgia Street



had been opened up to connect with the magnificent drive-way around Stanley Park; but with the exception of three or four houses on Alberni Street, the whole district west of Burrard Street, between Georgia Street and Beach Avenue, was simply a wilderness of stumps, until somewhere about Jervis or Broughton Street, the stumps gave place to the original bush. Through the stumps and the bush the Vancouverites of twenty years ago made their way on foot to the bathing beach at English Bay.

Apart from the Hotel Vancouver and the Opera House, the only buildings of any size were a couple of three story blocks on Hastings Street (in one of which the Post Office was located), and the Van Horne and New York blocks on Granville Street. There were only about half a dozen buildings on Granville Street south of Robson; and even at the corner of Nelson Street, where a policeman is now stationed all day long for the regulation of traffic, one might have fired a rifle in any direction at any hour of the day and not run any great risk of being indicted for homicide.

Three banks were sufficient to take care of the little money the citizens of that day possessed, or to loan to them what little money belonging to other people it was deemed wise to entrust them with—the Bank of Montreal on the corner of Seymour and Hastings Streets, the Bank of British Columbia next door, and the Bank of British North America at the corner of Carrall and Oppenheimer Streets.

There were then only eight Churches in Vancouver—two Presbyterian, two Anglican, one Roman Catholic, one Methodist, one Baptist and one Congregational. The late Rev. H. G. F. Clinton, whose death a few weeks ago occasioned such universal regret, was then, as he had been for two or three years previously, the Rector of St. James. Christ Church congregation, whose place of meeting was a vacant store in the New York Block was ministered to by the Rev. H. P. Hobson. The minister of the First Presbyterian Church was the Rev. T. G. Thompson, who had originally come to the Province to minister to the Church on Sea Island, but who had subsequently taken on Vancouver as an out-station or "country appointment." The Rev. J. W. Pedley was in charge of the Congregational Church, and their place of

worship was the Wilson Hall, at the corner of Cordova and Abbott Streets. The late Rev. Dr. Robson and the Rev. J. B. Kennedy were respectively in charge of the Methodist and Baptist Churches; but their Church buildings—on Homer and on Hamilton Streets—were then only, the Methodist in process of erection, and the Baptist in contemplation. The newly organized congregation of St. Andrew's Church worshipped in a small building on Georgia Street which was afterwards used as a lecture room, and has had finally to be incorporated in the main building in order to meet the need for increased accommodation. The present magnificent Roman Catholic Church then existed only in the brain of the genial, broad-minded Priest, the late Father Fay; the Church of those days being a small frame structure on Richards Street, half way between Dunsmuir and Georgia Streets.

There were, of course, no street cars, and, except in the heart of the city, comparatively few sidewalks. The electric street lights, which were only small incandescent lamps, were confined to a very restricted area; and the people who had built their houses amongst the stumps where streets had not yet been opened up, were obliged to carry lanterns when they came to church on winter nights.

Most of the conditions of life were somewhat primitive, and nearly every one had some little experience of the discomforts that are inseparable from pioneer life; but they were very happy days in spite of all their draw backs, those days of the old times, when Vancouver was in its infancy. There was a community of interest among the pioneers, a genuine brotherliness of spirit, which one looks for in vain to-day. It could hardly have been otherwise.. Every one was constantly coming into some sort of personal association with every one else, and their common interest in the city of their adoption was both the cause and the consequence of their interest in one another. All, too, were strangers in a strange land; and the loneliness and longing that all alike experienced when they thought of far off scenes and distant friends constituted a tender bond of strong and lasting comradeship. That is the reason every old timer has a chamber in his heart into which he finds it impossible to admit even the most highly esteemed of his friends of a later day, but through whose ever open door his associates of the days that are gone pass as a matter of course, by a most delightful kind of spiritual freemasonry.

No other generation of Vancouverites can ever tread the old paths or see the old sights, or experience the old sensations. The pioneer days are gone, never to return. But on the ampler base furnished by the larger opportunities and capabilities of to-day, the men of the past and of the present may unite to erect a noble structure—a city that despises mere artificiality and conventionalism, and does homage not to wealth but to genuine worth; a city of high ideals and lofty achievements, in which the practice of a true Christian socialism will have power to drive out the unclean spirit of a socialism that prides itself upon its godlessness; a city of law-abiding, truth-speaking, right-doing, God-fearing men and women.

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## THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

*By Rev. John Mackay, D.D.*

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Thrown up by some titanic convulsion in geologic days, draped with nature's fairest flora and peopled by a sunny-hearted, kindly-natured race, the Hawaiian Islands float into the ken of history as the "fairest fleet of Islands that lies anchored in any ocean."

Twenty-five hundred miles from any other land, half-a-dozen little islands in the heart of the Southern Pacific, theirs is an atmosphere as pure and balmy as only ocean air can be. Lying one thousand miles north of the Equator, they revel in a never-ending summer, never hotter than Canada in June, never cold at all. From January to December the sun shines every day, the flowers bloom and the birds sing, great masses of fleecy clouds fleet across the sky, bringing out in relief its deep blue vault. There is always a shower of rain falling somewhere, freshening and sweetening the air, now up on the mountains, now down one of the deep valleys, now on the other side of the street, now on this, and ever and anon the fleecy clouds seem turned into a mighty silken veil, irradiated with all the colors of the spectrum. It has been called rainbow land.

In the dim, distant days to which only tradition journeys, canoes made their way from some where among the islands of the Southern Pacific, bringing groups of adventurous voyagers to make their homes on Hawaii. They brought with them the simple arts and industries to which their Malay race had attained and peopled in successive waves the different islands of the group. Through long centuries there was little intercourse between them and the then Pacific Islanders, and their language took on characteristics of its own, but there is still unmistakable evidence of its kinship with the tongues of New Zealand, Tahiti, Samoa, Java, Sumatra, New Guinea, the Caroline Islands and some parts of the Philippines. When they landed, vegetation was very sparse and the fauna almost non-existent. But with successive waves of immigration came plants and animals until now the land is rich in plant and animal life of all kinds. In the old days the food of the natives was very simple, consisting of the taro root, cooked and pounded into a pasty mass, called poi, and eaten mostly with raw fish. With the coming of animals, hogs and dogs were added to the menu and no feast was complete without one or more of these roasted in the hot sand and eagerly devoured.

With a temperature so equable and conditions of life so pleasant the Hawaiians fell into habits of easy going, light hearted indifference. When one member of a community caught some fish or made a batch of poi, all the others within reach depended on him till this was exhausted, when he, with the rest, moved on to the next who made provision. Houses were of the simplest kind, and the most elaborate costumes consisted of a breech cloth and a smile, the simpler ones dispensed with both.

But such Edenic conditions are never what they seem. With every bodily comfort and the most fascinating surroundings, the Hawaiian people were far from happy. Their religion was a degraded and brutal Polytheism and some of the gods preserved in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu make one shudder with their savage ugliness. To these, sacrifices were offered, sometimes even of human victims and their cruel influence was over every phase of life.

The system of tabu became more and more elaborate, until it had the whole of life in its grip. For a man and woman to eat

together was tabu. For a woman to eat pork, bananas or cocoa-nut was tabu. It was tabu to go near certain houses and locations specified by chiefs or priests, almost every phase of life was hedged about with tabus without rhyme nor reason, and to break tabu meant death.

When a temple was consecrated it required one or more human victims. When a chief or king died, his death was supposed to be due to the influence of some enemy who must be put to death. The people were in constant terror of the priests and medicine men who were the executioners in these cases. There was no trial, but the victim was approached in the dark, or when asleep and knocked on the head. He had no means of defence and no opportunity of proving his innocence.

The people were naturally light hearted and joyous and had many games and pastimes in which they engaged. But these gradually lost their beneficial character and became scenes of licentiousness and cruelty.

There was scarcely any family life, infanticide was terribly rife and abortion was practised with a skill and frequency only excelled by the army of inhuman females of our own race and time who have recourse to that most degrading and murderous practise. All these were unrebuked by the prevailing religion which became more and more burdensome until about the opening of the nineteenth century the people rose in their might and threw off the dominance of their old gods with the whole system of tabu, thus preparing the way for the coming of the missionaries in 1820.

No brighter chapter adorns the pages of missionary literature than the story of these islands. The people, naturally warm-hearted and kindly, received the missionaries with open arms, and in less than twenty years the whole group was evangelized. Of course there were many difficulties to be overcome and many back eddies in the stream of progress, but the people seemed prepared by the course of their own history for the change which Christianity brought.

The men sent out by the A. B. F. M. of the Congregational Church, were all from the New England States, and were men of rare ability as well as deep piety. The names of Bingham and

Richards and Thurston and Bishop will live in the annals of Christian heroism.

They had to form an alphabet for the language and reduce it to writing, to teach the people to read and write and to instruct them in the arts and sciences of Christian civilization. So apt were their pupils, however, that nine months after the language was reduced to writing the chiefs were writing letters to each other, showing an amazing command of their own musical and beautiful speech. The people with one accord crowded into schools, and in every town and village, every one, old and young was struggling to learn to read. The first newspaper, west of the Rocky mountains was printed at Lahaina in 1834. It was in Hawaiian, and called "Lama Hawaii" or Light of Hawaii. The first English paper west of the Rocky mountains was also printed on the Islands and so excellent were the schools established that for years students came from California to be educated.

The Hawaiian people have suffered much because of their defenceless position, and almost every nation on earth has now some representatives among its heterogeneous population. Japs, Chinamen, Koreans, South Sea Islanders, Mexicans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Russians, Phillipinos, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen, Americans, Canadians and, of course, Scotsmen can easily be picked out on the streets of Honolulu, so that Hawaii has well been called "The Worlds Melting Pot." What the amalgam will be when the melting is done, no one knows, but so far all seems to go well and a public school in any of the cities is like a museum of races.

In the middle of the sixteenth century a Chinese junk drifted ashore on one of the islands, and the men in it married native wives. Ever since Chinese are more favored than any other race by the natives, and the children of these mixed marriages are among the best of the citizens. To-day there are thousands of Chinamen on the Islands and Honolulu is proud of the fact that Sun Yat Sen, first president and real founder of the Chinese Republic was born and educated there.

In 1832 a Japanese junk made its way to Hawaii, bringing six men over that broad expanse of ocean and they have been

followed by ninety thousand others, and to-day some scare-mongers are trying to stampede the United States into thinking that these are preparing to rise up some nice morning and invite Uncle Sam to move on.

Captain Cook, in a British ship, discovered and explored these Islands and met his death on Hawaii. Captain Geo. Vancouver, to whom British Columbia owes so much, twice visited them and was the adviser and friend of Kamehameha the first great king. He introduced cattle and sheep and is still remembered as a friend and helper of the people. In the archives at Honolulu is a letter from Captain Vancouver to the British Sovereign, describing his dealings with the natives and his plans for them.

Later, for some months, the British flag flew over the Islands, but they were restored again when the authorities in Britain were convinced of the injustice of the seizure. Among the first white settlers were a number of British people and the Hawaiians have always looked with admiration and affection upon Great Britain. The old Hawaiian flag was based upon the Union Jack. Hawaii might easily have been a British possession had the Home Office so desired. Her ultimate absorption by some power was a matter of course. Because of her strategic position the sailors of all nations made her the football of their passions and caprices and made the steady development of the nation economically and morally impossible.

It was well for her and well for the United States when that great Republic annexed Hawaii. Henceforth she is sure of stable conditions and an ample market for all she produces. Though the monarchy has passed away and the old, care-free days are past, the best of the Hawaiians are glad to be a part of the United States.

The American people have so much faith in the strategic importance of these islands that they are spending ten million dollars fortifying Pearl Harbor, and other millions in establishing three great military posts on Oahu, the capital Island of the group. Everywhere you go the sailor and the soldier is in evidence, and the varied life of the community is rendered still more picturesque by their presence. It is said that Hawaii is soon to become the Pacific naval and military base. With its increasing commerce and grow-

ing industries this will add to the commercial importance of the group, but nothing can add to its charm as a holiday resort.

When one tires of the blue sky, the many-hued rainbows, the glorious surf bathing on world famed Waikiki, the murmur of wind through the palms and the ravishing strains of Hawaiian music floating on the soft breezes, he has only to escape to the mountains to see scenes of surpassing grandeur or stand on the edge of Kilauae to be overpowered by the sight of the world's greatest active volcano.

It is a mighty bowl of molten lava, boiling up unceasingly, throwing high in air showers like molten gold. All round its twelve acres of liquid fire are the remains of a still greater crater, more than three miles in length and with an area of thousands of acres. In 1868 this whole area was in active eruption, boiling and seething with consuming heat. What this must have been like one can only dimly conjecture, as he stands in awed wonder in presence of the titanic forces at work in the present crater. At night when darkness furnishes a background for the intense heat and light and the sky is lit up with lurid glow for miles around, one can easily see how the ignorant natives picture this as the abode of Pele, a horrible goddess whose glance means death.

As you pull away, the docks are thronged with people of all nationalities, you are laden with leis, the flower wreath of friendship and farewell, while the band plays some of the heartsearching music of the olden days, ending with the Auld Lang Syne of Hawaii, Aloha Oe.

No other land but Canada tempts me as my home, but after two visits to Hawaii, I have much sympathy with the words of Mark Twain: "No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me, but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking through half a life time as that has done. . . . For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf beat in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloudrack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude; I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."



## EDITORIAL

The month has brought us an incursion of the I.W.W.'s, with more truth than poetry interpreted as the I Wont Works. The Mayor and Police Commissioners deserve the commendation of all right minded citizens for their action in suppressing their meetings. The sacred right of free speech is one of the boons of our British civilization, but free speech does not mean free sedition, especially when the sedition mongers are aliens coming here with the avowed purpose of bringing our city into disrepute. For the man who is a citizen and who is doing his best by honest toil and decent living to help himself and his fellow citizens, there should be the greatest latitude in the expression of his opinions. Society still has many wrongs to right, and no one is doing more to right them than the toilers who work and at the same time seek to educate others to the need of improved conditions. But the sulker and the loafer are a nuisance to themselves and a menace to society, and for their own benefit nothing better can be given them than a wholesome course of physical culture at the rock pile. The labor organizations did the wise and right thing in dissociating themselves as far as possible from them. These organized loafers have no right to the sacred name of workers, and to call themselves International Workers of the World is to show their lack of humour or veracity or both.

THE EVENT OF THE MONTH on the European Continent has been the rapprochement between Germany and England. At a time when public feeling was in a very ugly mood over the Stewart case, and that in Germany was equally ugly, Viscount Haldane's visit to the German Emperor cleared the atmosphere for the time being and produced an understanding which all right-minded men will hope to see lead to a complete agreement on the outstanding causes of suspicion and a limitation of the race in armaments which threatens to cripple the best activities of both empires.

When the Orient is awaking and the Eastern nations are claiming their place in the world's activities, it would be suicidal madness for the two great leaders of the white race to engage in a life and death struggle, no matter what the seeming provocation.

Anglophobes and Germanophobes alike are playing with dynamite, and all right-thinking Christian men in both empires are uniting more and more in sincere efforts for permanent peace.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF THE CENTURY, if not of many centuries, was the establishing the other day of the Republic of China with a Christian man for its temporary president and Yuan Shi Kai, who is in thorough sympathy with Christian civilization for its first regular president. The change is one thoroughly in keeping with the genius of the Chinese people. They have always acted on the assumption that when disaster has come to the empire through the incompetency or rascality of the Emperor, he should be deposed and a better man put in his place.

Yuan Shi Kai is an exceedingly able statesman and a man of very high character, and his leadership in the new era which has dawned on China will mean much to her and much to the world.

This ancient empire is so vast and so full of potentialities for good or ill that it will take much earnest thought and sympathetic study before the Western nations fully realize the significance for them of the revolution which is taking place so quietly in old Cathay.

ALL OVER CANADA the centre of the stage is now held in Methodist and Presbyterian circles by the question of Church Union. It is the most important question which has ever come before these churches. Some feel that the proposed union would be a great boon to the religious life of Canada; others believe that it would be a distinct and very great loss to that life. So far as the voting has gone, there has been practical unanimity among the Methodist Churches, but a good deal of difference of opinion among the Presbyterians. If the vote is practically unanimous in all the churches, the final steps looking to union will be taken at the meetings of the Church courts this summer, but if not, delay is certain to be the wisest course.

The people have now the opportunity of saying what they believe to be the right course in this most important matter, and if they study the issues carefully and prayerfully we need have no fear of being guided by their decision.

Whatever the result of this vote the spirit of unity has gained immeasurably by the movement and is bound to triumph in the end, whatever form the organization of the church may take.

DURING THE PAST MONTH two of the veterans of the church in the West have signified their intention of retiring in June. Rev. John Campbell, Ph.D., of First Church, Victoria, after twenty years of faithful service as pastor of the oldest church west of the mountains, has decided to retire from the active duties of the ministry. His congregation marked their appreciation of his services by making him pastor emeritus and giving him the splendid sum of \$3000 in token of esteem. After a little over three years of strenuous and remarkably successful work, Dr. Peter Wright, of Kitsilano, has found it necessary to retire. His congregation also gave splendid recognition of their attachment to him by appointing him minister emeritus and giving him a retiring allowance of one thousand dollars a year.

Both of these cases are as things should be. Our young men need every support and encouragement, but too much cannot be done for the old heroes who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and have well earned a few years' rest before they go hence. The goodwill and affection of those for whom they have toiled is the recompense for all their toil, and that goodwill and affection is fittingly expressed in tangible provision for declining years.



I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

—*Shakespeare.*

BLACK SHEEP

*By Theodosia Garrison*

Black sheep, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
That I have, my master,  
Three bags full.

One is for the mother who prays for me at night,  
A gift of broken promises to count by candle light;  
One is for the tried friend who raised me when I fell,  
A gift of weakling's tinsel oaths that strew the path to hell;  
And one is for my true love—the heaviest of all,  
That holds the pieces of a faith a careless hand let fall.

Black sheep, black sheep,  
Have you aught to say?  
A word to each, my master,  
Ere I go my way.

A word unto my mother, to bid her think o' me  
Only as a little lad playing at her knee;  
A word unto my tried friend to bid him see again  
Two laughing lads in spring-time aracing down the glen;  
A word unto my true love—a single word to pray,  
If one day I cross her path—to turn her eyes away.

## THE RIGHT ARM OF WESTMINSTER HALL

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On April 21st, 1908, a number of ladies appointed by the sessions of the Presbyterian Churches in and near Vancouver, met with Rev. Principal Mackay at the New Presbyterian College which had not then received its name of Westminster Hall.

After Dr. Mackay had explained the reason for calling the meeting, a Woman's Auxiliary was organized, the object of which is to assist the College in any possible way.

The initial work undertaken by the Auxiliary was the furnishing of the building, and so expeditiously was the work done, and so readily did the ladies of the different congregations assist with gifts of money and furniture, that in little more than two weeks from the first meeting there was ready a comfortable and substantially furnished home, capable of accommodating fifteen students.

Before the opening of the session of 1909 it was found necessary to add to the equipment throughout the College and provision was made for seven additional students.

Still the number of students grew and in December, 1910, the Auxiliary was again called upon to furnish more rooms, when a house close by was secured for the use of the College. In ten days this new home for fifteen students was ready and occupied. Just a few months after this an extension was built to the College, and once more the Auxiliary looked after the fitting out of the rooms.

In addition to attending to the present need, it is thought well to look forward to the time when Westminster Hall will be removed to the University grounds; and, while all the furniture is bought with a view to being suitable for the permanent building, there will be much more required then, and a fund is being raised to meet this future need.

The plan which has proved a successful one is this:—Each congregation has a special month given it in which to make a canvas, when each lady is asked to give a dollar towards the work. Many give more than this and it is seldom that a refusal is met with.

As a result there is a steady income, the Auxiliary is free from debt, and a substantial sum is growing to meet the future need.

The Auxiliary meets regularly on the last week day of the month, but has many additional meetings for sewing and other work arranged by the House Committee. This Committee looks after the needs of the College and reports to the Auxiliary whatever is required in furnishing or in work. There is a Purchasing Committee and from the preceding part of this article it can be seen that they have no small amount of work to do.

The Social Committee is one on which a large amount of work devolves. The Social part of the Annual Banquets, the opening and closing exercises of the College, any receptions or luncheons, falls to their lot, and in addition they make arrangements for an occasional evening at the College, or in the summer a picnic or lunch party, for the interest of the ladies extends to the students and not merely to the comfort of the building.

The Decoration Committee arranges not only for the large affairs, but as far as possible keeps the College supplied with flowers during the year.

The Programme Committee is the last to be mentioned and this has been ably assisted by much of the best talent in Vancouver.

When first organized, the Auxiliary had fifteen members representing nine congregations; now there are fifteen congregations represented, while the membership has increased to forty.

The value of the furniture procured for the College, as shown in the inventory is: for the first year, \$1925; for the second, \$605; for the third, \$1148; for the fourth year it has not yet been made out.

As representatives of the Presbyterian Congregations, the members of the Auxiliary feel a responsibility for the work and for the interest they succeed in arousing in it. They hope to have representatives from more congregations and to have the women of British Columbia generally come in touch with the work. Their own enthusiasm and interest has, after four years, in no way lessened, all feeling it no unimportant work to provide a home for these

young men who are to go out from it later to do their part in making this a greater, a better country.

OFFICERS OF THE AUXILIARY :

President, Mrs. Peter McNaughton

Vice-President, Mrs. J. A. Logan

Treasurer, Mrs. W. J. White

Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Cowperthwaite

EDITOR'S NOTE:

It will be a source of pride to all readers of the Magazine to know that our esteemed President, who has held that office ever since the founding of the Auxiliary and has done so much for its success, was recently elected at the head of the polls as Vancouver's first lady Trustee on the city School Board. We are proud of this public recognition of the ability and faithfulness which we have always recognized and appreciated.

No body of women in Canada contains more downright ability, earnestness and enthusiastic devotion to whatever they put their hands to than the Women's Auxiliary of Westminster Hall.

CONGREGATIONS REPRESENTED

VANCOUVER—St. John's, St. Andrews, First, Mt. Pleasant, Chalmers, Kitsilano, Robertson, St. Paul's.

NEW WESTMINSTER—St. Stephen's, St. Andrew's.

NORTH VANCOUVER

LADNER

EBURNE

CENTRAL PARK

SAPPERTON

## ALMOST A TRAGEDY

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James Dallas could not sleep. All night he had tossed about on his bed, and when morning came he arose more tired than when he lay down. Conscience is, indeed, the greatest scourge that anyone could have, and such, Dallas found it that morning.

Mrs. McBean, his landlady, knocked at his door, and as she handed in a letter, announced that breakfast was ready.

"Thank you, Mrs. McBean," he replied, "I won't have any breakfast this morning."

"What! no breakfast," she exclaimed in astonishment.

"No, thank you, I don't feel well this morning."

Mrs. McBean closed the door and stood in the hall, full of surprise, and more so, of curiosity. What was wrong with her boarder? She could not understand him, because he acted so strangely sometimes. He seemed to have some great load on his mind. Bending down, she looked through the keyhole. As she peeped into the room she saw Dallas hastily open the letter, and then, lo! with a groan he sank into his chair. She at once hastened into the kitchen and exclaimed to her daughter, Peggy, who was at breakfast: "Peggy, I'm thinkin' Mr. Dallas has gotten something tae upset him this mornin'. He's for nae breakfast, an' that letter seems tae hae annoyed him, for he geid a groan when he opened it."

Peggy was as much surprised as her mother was, and replied: "There's somethin' strange aboot that man, mither. He's been here a month noo an' we ken nae mair aboot him than when he cam'. He's an awfu' scaured look, an' seems sae nervous when ye speak tae him, maybe he's done some awfu' deed. Ye shuid tell him tae gang."

"Aweel! Peggy," her mother responded, "we'll wait anither week at onyrate, an' then I'll speak tae him, he seems a decent man."

Just then the door opened and Dallas went out. He wanted to get away somewhere from the bustle of the city, and therefore turned in the direction of Glasgow Green. There, he thought he



would have quietness to consider his position. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and all nature was rejoicing, but Dallas was oblivious of all these. Now and again, however, as he passed a policeman, he thought he was eyed suspiciously, and he expected every minute that one of them would lay an arresting hand on his shoulder.

At last he reached the Suspension Bridge and stood a long time watching the dark waters of the Clyde as they flowed on towards the ocean. Why not end it all, he thought? "It's either death here," he exclaimed to himself, "or penal servitude for life." He shuddered at the thought. Life was sweet after all; better to face the disgrace. He had made up his mind as to his course of action. No longer would he hesitate, he would settle the thing at once. Conscience and remorse hastened him on.

He turned down the Saltmarket, and then into the Trongate. He was all excitement, but at last screwing up all his courage he walked into the Granite House and paid his tailor's bill. He slept well that night.

W. J. C.

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## THE DAWNING AGE

*By Wm. Neville Duncan.*

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In these days we hear much of Materialism. Men say that there are evidences of it on all sides, and even go so far as to say that we are living in an age of materialism. But it remains that, even in this so-called materialistic time, men are in search of the truth; and as God is truth, we cannot finally accept the statement that the material is in the ascendancy. The advances of scientific and religious thought, and the increasing good-feeling that is being established between science and religion, are in a fair way of making a materialistic reading of life's phenomena impossible.

We can speak to no man about his nature, and be told by him that his soul is inseparable from his body; or that the two, body and soul, form but one substance. Every man, after applying himself

to the study of nature, and the endless round of perfectly ordered life around him, must admit a master mind. Every man has experienced times when the complexity of his nature has appaled him; when the good and evil in his make up have waged war; when in moments of solitude his mind has been deprived of its own power, and he has been forced to think, in contradiction with his own inclinations, of beautiful things in a beautiful way.

The fact is, that it is not a spirit of materialism that is passing over humanity, but rather a spirit of uncertainty. There is not a desire to discredit things spiritual. Instead, there is a craving to get nearer to the understanding of them. Men are looking for a solution for the modern misunderstandings; they are willing, if properly led, to grasp the real meaning of life. The feeling of dissatisfaction that characterizes men to-day, is the awakening of their spiritual nature. The emptiness of modern business life, the wide disparity of social conditions, along with the injustices of present civilization, are not, to the masses, satisfactory. And the recognition of these evils—for evils they are—will mean, in the end, not the embracing of materialistic ideals, but the embracing of Christianity as the sole remedy.

Thinking men of to-day who look around them and see the forces that are operating upon our life, tell us that we are in the dawning of a great age. They tell us that, in the coming age, Christianity is to be a powerful factor. The Christian conscience is beginning to manifest itself, and is pushing to the forefront with a persistence never before equalled.

Down through the Christian era, there have been wars and national complications. Land-grabbing has been the object even of those nations which call themselves Christian. At this present moment, there is an unjust war going on, and the other nations of the civilized world are indignant over the happening. But, at some time or other, those countries which are opposing the war have been guilty of the same offence. Can it be that they, themselves, are getting beyond the offensive stage, and that the twentieth century will go down in the annals of history as the century in which unholy wars and national armament were done away?

It does not take much observation to see that the Christian conscience is at work. National spoliation is becoming intolerable to the citizens of Christian countries. The idea of a strong nation's preying upon the weakness of another is becoming obnoxious to the whole of mankind. Men are slowly approaching that high state which will allow national disputes to be settled not by clash of armed forces, nor the strength and superiority of dreadnaughts, but by the Christian Mind.

Despite the sayings of men, God is slowly and surely manifesting Himself. Christianity is beginning to rule the world. And after all it is the only ruling power that can rule to the whole of the world's amelioration. When under its influence, men will love their neighbor as themselves; when the true spirit of service shall be established; when every soul shall be in subjection but not in oppressive bondage to God; when, under the principles of Christ, men shall be established in one universal brotherhood, living together in perfect harmony; when unholy wars shall be done away, and human blood-shed shall be no more—then shall we be able to exclaim with the Israelitish host that, for us, "He hath triumphed gloriously."

Some men say that such ideas of the coming age are but the results of after dinner dreams. They say that the nature of man is antagonistic to harmonious living. There is truth in what they say. But it remains that some of the most beautiful things have been the outcome of beautiful dreams; and also that we of the Christian religion, while accepting the fact that righteous living is against the nature of *man*, know it is not the man who is to work the change in conditions, but the spirit of God and the Christian principle working through Him.

And so we are ready to work faithfully during this century. We are ready to contribute our share in this great movement, confident that the dreamed-of beauties of life will be reached. And while the changes that must take place may be attributed to the social systems of men, we can feel profoundly sorry for those who hold such a view, and at the same time we may glory in the power of our Faith.

## THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMAN DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

By *J. M. Wyatt*

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"In a certain sense all men are historians," says Thomas Carlyle, and although "History discloses itself as in sunbeams, then drops the blanket of centuries, of everlasting night over it and passes on elsewhere," the student of History appreciates the light which falls upon the pages of past life and its activities.

Literature as a branch of History may justly claim a share in the illumination of the past. In this sense Addison is an historian. "As we read the delightful volumes of the *Spectator* the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived. The May-pole rises in the Strand again in London; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops." We are not, however, to study Addison as an historian, but rather his picture of woman, given to us as he sees her at home with her mirror, abroad with her fan.

The description he gives us is not a philosophic one of women in general, but rather of women as he saw them. This necessitates a definition, and with one of the fathers Addison declares women to be "a beautiful, romantic animal that delights in finery." Nature has bestowed upon women so much beauty and charm, they feel that to be splendid is fulfilling the design of their creation, and with womanly sense of duty, especially where duty is pleasant, they set about the delightful task of arranging themselves in the splendor of the earth. To them the sea gives up its wealth, for them, the rocks are ravished of their gems, for them, a hundred climates bring forth their varying products. They thus disguise their natural beauty and by yielding to foreign fopperies, follies and extravagances of dress, destroy all individuality in habit. Taste, modesty and refinement in dress were sacrificed upon the altar of Fashion. Symmetry of figure and natural beauty of countenance were alike destroyed by the adoption of transient fashionable fads. Comfort and convenience were minor considerations to the female mind. To waddle about in the cumbrous expansion of the fashionable petticoat, to have one's forehead marked by a party patch,

to remember always the nice flirt of the fan, were pleasant, for they were "proper."

So fine a creature must needs be full of activity, else its glory will not be seen. Such splendor was never meant to be confined within the narrow sphere of the home. So women of quality, zealous for their country's weal, step into the arena of politics, strut through the lists and throw down the gauntlet at the feet of some other Amazon marked by the opposite party patch or party hood. Of course the home life may suffer but great issues are at stake. Popery must be kept out of England, for a fish diet would play havoc with complexions, and Mr. Froth, whom Clarinda now ogles with so much satisfaction, would look so strange in an unbecoming skull cap, to say nothing of the breach of modesty confessing innocent liberties would involve. Thus we find female patriots forsaking domestic cares and giving their time and influence for the public weal. "Female Associations" are formed, each member pledging the use of every available weapon and the contribution of a quota of worthy followers.

The matter of supreme importance to women is the point of place. Their highest ambition is to be seen and spoken of as women of quality, especially by members of the sterner sex. Every art possible is put in practice to captivate the hearts of men, not that men's hearts are valuable possessions in themselves, but captured hearts show skill and daring. They are prized as the Sioux brave prizes his rows of scalps. All arts, save one—the art of listening—she practises. But why should women listen when she has a tongue? In calm and storm, it is in constant motion, as the aspen leaf is ever quivering. It is its nature. The business of other people, the marriage of a friend or foe, the christening of a neighbor's child, hair arrangement and ribbon adornment,—all these are topics of absorbing interest. Criticism of the appearance and actions of others, spiced with invective and censorious cynicism, fills in any pause in the conversation. A remark concerning another woman's age is never out of place, provided she is not young.

Action is a very important part of oratory and the cultivation of nice movements is as necessary to a woman of quality as freedom of speech. The proper glancing of the eye, flirt of the fan or movement of the limb are fine arts and sometimes give results.

Women must have husbands. Even widows and "demurrers in love" renew their youth in their search for a husband. Such an important matter must not be decided upon too hastily. Plenty of time must be spent in spying out the land. Well dressed, neatly booted officers have many eyes upon them, but the common man of the ranks in his heavy boots and uniform worn with service, hardly receives a glance. When a woman has by beauty, will and art succeeded in securing one of these essential possessions her work is not yet finished. There are other men to please—other worlds to conquer. The home is her treasure house. There she keeps her store of brocaded petticoats, muffs, lace and fans. Given the opportunity in a crisis of saving what she could carry with her as the citizens of Hensberg were given, husbands would take a place second to monkeys and ribbons, dogs and chinaware.

This was the picture of women drawn by Addison when Anne was Queen of England. We must not, however, think that all women were as he depicts them, for this picture was drawn for a purpose. Instead of cultivating simplicity and modesty, virtue and true womanhood, Addison feared the women of England were becoming vain and insincere, uncouth, censorious, idle and full of levity—giving more time to the adornment of the head than to the development of the heart. With this thought before him, he directly addressed the women of his age and in his own shrewdly civil way he aimed to "enliven morality by wit and temper wit by morality," and set himself the task of developing "a new kind of national sentiment, polite, easy and modern in which women took her civilizing place."



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