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# WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1914

No. 2

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D. A. CHALMERS

Managing Editor

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Spare copies of our issue of February, 1914, are still earnestly solicited.

## “The Terms on Which I Serve”

**N**O better text for a forenote for a “Patriotic Number” of a publication could be found than the statement made regarding the terms of service, by Earl Kitchener, in his first speech as Minister of War, in the House of Lords.

¶ The terms are the same as those under which the rank and file serve. The reference as made had a particular bearing on the time of service, but we can rely on it, that in so far as it has been necessary on any occasion for Kitchener to “serve” by roughing it in the field, he has been ready to “endure hardness” equally with the humblest man in the ranks.

¶ That spirit of true leadership which inspires men to deeds of valour in a military campaign is no less essential for successful warfare in other armies; and it is times of stress and strain in the life of churches, business houses, and communities, which provide opportunities to ministers, employers, and leaders to show unmistakably the kind of spirit which animates them.

¶ In the measure in which a general is prepared, in testing times, to share with his men the roughness and rations—which, in the case of business men and leaders in other lines of service, may be represented by limited income and accumulated capital—in that measure will the rank and file be ready to follow and fight, if need be to the death.

¶ True patriotism inspires a spirit of self sacrifice, and its war cry is not, how much can I get, but, *how much can I give, how best can I serve?*

# The Anthems of the Allies

## I. The British Empire

### God Save the King

God save our gracious king,  
Long live our noble king,  
God save the king;  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the king!

O Lord, our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the king!

### Concerning the National Anthem

"The most celebrated of all national anthems is the English "God Save the King," which is said to have been first sung as his own composition by Henry Carey in 1740; and a version was assigned by W. Chappell (*Popular Music*) to the *Harmonica Anglicana* of 1742 or 1743, but no copy exists and this is now doubted. Words and music were printed in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for October, 1745. There has been much controversy as to the authorship, which is complicated by the fact that earlier forms of the air and the words are recorded. Such are an "Ayre" of 1619, attributed to John Bull, who has long been credited with the origin of the anthem."

"The question was discussed in Richard Clarke's *Account of the National Anthem* (1822), and has been reinvestigated by Dr. W. H. Cummings in his *God Save the King* (1902). Carey and Bull, in the general opinion of musical historians, divide the credit; but in his *Minstrelsy of England* (1901) Frank Kidson introduced a new claimant, James Oswald, a Scotsman, who settled in London in 1742, and worked for John Simpson, the publisher of the early copies of *God Save the King*, and who became chamber composer to George III."

"What appears to be certain is that 1745 is the earliest date assignable to the substantial national anthem as we know it, and that both words and music had been evolved out of earlier forms. Bull's is the earliest form of the air; Carey's claim to the remodelling of the anthem rests on an unauthoritative tradition; and, on general probabilities, Oswald is a strong candidate."—*The Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

## II. Belgium

(A Free Version by Felix Penne)

Forget past slavery—

Let not your courage lag,

Fight to again be free,

Fight for your rights—your flag.

We touch our sovereign's hand,

He bids us all "be free,

Fight for your native land—

King, Law and Liberty."

March on with sturdy stride;

Climb higher yet—and higher—

Your God is on your side,

He'll grant your soul's desire.

Work with good heart and hand,

Your fields shall fertile be,

Fight for your home—your land,

King, Law and Liberty.

To kinsman, long estranged,

This message now we send—

Our heart to you is changed,

Once foe is now our friend.

So, side by side, we stand,

Let us all brothers be—

And fight for native land,

King, Law and Liberty.

Oh, Belgium, mother dear,

To you our hearts—our arms!

For you we have no fear,

We heed not war's alarms.

Immortal you will live,

Home of the brave and free—

Your sons their lives will give

For King, Law, Liberty!

## III. Russia

God the All terrible, Thou who ordainest,  
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword;

Show forth Thy pity on high, where

Thou reignest,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,

Watching invisible, judging unheard;

Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All merciful, Earth hath forsaken  
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy  
word;

Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

## IV. France

The Marseillaise

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory,

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears, and hear their cries!

Behold their tears, and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate the land,

When peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheath!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,

To mete and vend the light and air!

To mete and vend the light and air!

Like beasts of burden would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore;

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheath,

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,

Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,

Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing

The blood-stained sword our conqu'rors wield;

But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing!

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

## V. Japan

(Kimigayo)

A thousand years of happy life be thine!  
Live on, my Lord, till what are pebbles now,  
By age united, to great rocks shall grow,  
On whose venerable sides the moss doth live!

(Repeat).

## VI. Servia

Servia, peaceful land of flowers  
Home of vines and leafy bow'rs,  
Thou the Danube's gentle daughter,  
Rise and prepare for slaughter!  
Foes are near, will Servia cower?  
Rise and strike for freedom's dower!  
Though no stately tow'rs have we,  
Yet our land is fair and free!

Free are Sàv and Duna's waves,  
Shall then we be Turkish slaves?  
Like Stefàn so famed in story,  
We will lead to glory!  
Foes are near, will Servia cower?  
Rise and strike for freedom's dower!  
Balkan vales, Moravian land,  
Free shall be from tyrant's hand!

### CHORUS

Servians, quit the plough and tether,  
One and all we'll fight together!  
We will fight together!  
Foes are near, will Servia cower?  
Rise and strike for freedom's dower!

## O Canada!

O Canada! in praise of thee we sing,  
From echoing hills our anthems proudly ring  
With fertile plains and mountains grand, with  
lakes and rivers clear,  
Eternal beauty thou dost stand throughout  
the changing year.

Lord God of Hosts! we now implore,  
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,  
Bless our dear land this day and evermore.

Dear Canada! for thee our fathers wrought,  
Thy good and ours unselfishly they sought,  
With steadfast hand and fearless mind they  
felled the forest domes,  
Content at last to leave behind a heritage of  
homes.

Lord God of Hosts, etc.

Blest Canada! the homeland that we love,  
Thy freedom came a gift from God above;  
Thy righteous laws, thy justice fair gave  
matchless liberty—  
We thank our God that we may share thy  
glorious destiny.

Lord God of Hosts, etc.

## The Maple Leaf Forever!

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,  
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
And join'd in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
The Maple Leaf forever!

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf forever!  
God save our king, and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,  
Our brave fathers, side by side,  
For freedom, homes, and lov'd ones dear,  
Firmly stood and nobly died;  
And those dear rights which they maintained,  
We swear to yield them never!  
Our watchword ever more shall be,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

On merry England's far-famed land  
May kind heaven sweetly smile;  
God bless old Scotland evermore,  
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.  
Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
Till rocks and forests quiver,  
God save our king and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever!

## Rule, Britannia

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main.  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the  
waves!  
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

### Who Wrote "Rule, Britannia"?

The song "Rule, Britannia," first appeared in the *Msaque of Alfred* by Thomson and Mallet, which was produced before the Prince of Wales in 1740. In a re-issue of the *Masque*, Mallet indirectly claimed the song as his own, "but it seems fatal to his claim that the song was published in 1752 as by Thomson."

James Thomson is best known in English literature as the author of *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*. That he loved and admired the beauties of nature he described, is amply evidenced in his writings. His wholesome outlook on life and nature is well suggested in these lines:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

The use of "England" for Britain and the British Empire may be forgivable at times, if only because the seat of the central government is in the southern part of the island; but James Thomson, the author of "Rule, Britannia," was a Scotsman, and was "born at Ednam, near Kelso, in Roxburgh, on the 11th September, 1700.

## The Attitude of Business Men During the War

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The obligation of business men during a war is to maintain commercial discipline, keep their ranks steady, and fight for new business.

The men at the front are doing their part, and the business man of today may be one of the men at the front tomorrow.

Until that necessity arises, it is his duty to face conditions hopefully, courageously, and with a determination to do his part towards keeping business in its normal channels.

ERNEST McGAFFEY.





REV. W. R. TAYLOR, M. A., B. D., Ph. D.

Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature, who has left Westminster Hall for a Chair at Toronto University. (See page 13)



J. R. Craig

C. S. Millar, B.A.

Wm. Scott, B.A.

A. McLean

H. D. Henry, B.A.

WESTMINSTER HALL GRADUATES IN THEOLOGY, 1914

*From Photos by Geo. T. Waddis, Vancouver*

# WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

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FOR SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS LIFE AND WORK  
INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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## The Faith of Bliss Carman

[By Don Munday.]

In much of his poetry Bliss Carman has drawn a whimsical veil across the character of his real faith by invocations to Nature as personified in Pan or Spring or April. But this is only the outcome of a keen poetic appreciation of natural beauties, and, he asks, "What is color but the soul of things?" Despite this appearance of a semi-pagan worship of sheer beauty, Carman at times discards these fanciful personifications and reveals his faith clearly—a creed vehement as the song of the first oriole of spring, confident as an unfolding rose, serene as a starlit sky, and as lofty as the impulse which bids the tallest fir aspire.

Probably the most complete single expression of the faith of Bliss Carman is "Christmas Eve at St. Kavin's," the last poem in "Songs from a Northern Garden." "The Word at St. Kavin's" may be considered as really an introduction to the longer poem just mentioned, being an emphatic pronouncement of his recognition in Nature of "deep below this pageant that we know," and is a declaration that, through all and behind all the seeming conflict in Nature, runs "the greater law of love." "Behold the fir trees, how unswerved they are!" he cries, "for they conform to the gentle law their sound heart knows," and therefore:

"What a travesty of man's ascent, were I  
To bear myself less royally than they,  
After the ages spent in spirit's betterment,  
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!"

Having defined in this poem his attitude towards Nature, he again takes up the thought in "Christmas Eve at St. Kavin's," it being a fuller treatment of the aspects of that love and also a renewal

of the plea to "live by the truth each one of us believes!" for it is not only higher beliefs that we need, but also unflinching courage to live up to such faith as we already possess.

The poem has only a very loose connection with Christmas Eve. "Young Brother Amiel," through whose mouth the poet speaks, announces that:

"To-night we calendar the rising of that star  
Which lit the old world with new joy of living."

Now, there are persons who would warn us that Christianity is doomed to become outworn like some religions of the past. This concerns us not at all, for the truth or falsity lies hidden in the bosom of the future a thousand centuries away. What *does* concern us is that no other religion teaches "that God is love indeed," and that, far from being outworn, Christianity has not yet been put to its full use. How comparatively rare it is to find one who wholly "dares make Love his god before all men?"

"Of old, men walked by fear; and if their God seemed near,  
It was the Avenger unto whom they bowed . . . .  
Of old, men walked by hate; the ruthless were the great."

But this was before the birth of Christ. "To-day we walk by love"—this truly sounds a strange statement when we think of almost the whole civilized world arrayed in battle; however, the words are obviously to be regarded as relatively, not absolutely, true. The love actuating mankind at present is assuredly feeble and imperfect, but on every hand are evidences of an increase. War was once the most honorable occupation—now many call it an outright crime. Some deem it a horrible necessity, while few there are who see any glory in it. Slavery is intolerable; the use of intoxicants is fast becoming disgraceful; criminals are more humanely treated; industrial and social wrongs are no longer considered ineradicable; all these changes are unmistakable proof of the spirit of love at work.

Despite these great and real advances in mankind, the poet is forced for an illustration of peace to turn sadly away from the activities of men to those of Nature, in which he professes to have had a share previous to his present existence; owing to his close knowledge of the processes of Nature, he goes so far as to assert it was a conscious share, and he says: "Science unravels how," we have been led "through cell and tissue up to man." Thus he has once worn the guise of a fir tree sprayed by a mountain torrent, has soared on eagle wings, has hungered in the polar night, and also has "fled on gaudy fin through coral gardens under tropic seas,"—and everywhere "the greater law was love."

“There was no wanton greed, depravity of breed,  
Malice nor cant nor enmity unjust;  
Nay, not till I was man, learned I to scheme and plan  
The blackest depredation on my kind,  
Converting to my gain my fellow’s need and pain.”

“In Nature you behold but strivings manifold . . . .  
Look deeper.”

Now the wolf is almost symbolical of ruthless ferocity, but the poet has more than superficial knowledge, so, after asking, “what lurks in the deep gaze of the old wolf?” replies thus:

“Not love of self alone, struggle for lair and bone,  
But self-denying love of mate and young,  
Love that is kind and wise, knows trust and sacrifice.”

Because of such things as these the poet is sure that “love surely in some form,” and “not fortuitous chance alone, nor circumstance” governed “the primal purpose groping up to mind.”

“Else would all effort fail, the very stars avail  
Less than a swarm of fireflies in a wood.”

Putting forward the supposition, “Take love out of the world one day,” he foresees such terrible results that he quickly turns from its contemplation and cries confidently:

“However wild and long the battle of the strong,  
Stronger and longer are the hours of peace.”

Then, with the remembrance that the time is that commemorating the coming of the Prince of Peace, he passes to thoughts of the “lavish perfunctory show, the burdensome display” of Christmas, and bids forego “the empty gift”—exhorting us instead to see that rich as well as poor be fed, and in this manner: “Break up thy soul for bread,” that they, “receiving of thy good may bless the God within thee.” From this point the poem continues to be mostly a direct appeal to the reader.

“Remember the new word . . . .  
The marvellous discourse which John records,  
The one last great command the Master left his band,  
Love one another! And our time affords  
What greater scope than just to execute that trust?”

This vivifying love for which the poet pleads is so comprehensive that it must find expression in all our relations with our fellowmen and in our daily work, but this love must also find just as full an expression in perfecting our own mind and soul and body. The passage devoted to this latter thought is somewhat compressed; fortunately, however, Carman has given us elsewhere ("The Making of a Personality") an exhaustive exposition of his belief that mind, soul and body are so indivisibly interdependent and so sensitively interacting, that neglect or abuse of any of the three, reacts surely and unfavorably upon the others, resulting in what is in reality a deformed personality. In the same way the wise development of part of a man's nature benefits his whole being to some degree.

"Believe the truth of love, enact the beauty of love,  
Praise and adore the godliness of love.  
For we are wise by love, and strong and fair through love,  
No less than sainted and inspired by love."

This exalted exhortation might well have been given final place in the poem, but the poet has seen fit to end with a stanza which, though less impassioned, is strengthened by a haunting tragic note in its direct appeal to recognize our responsibility to our fellows.

"Open the door to-night within your heart and light  
The lantern of love there to shine afar.  
On a tumultuous sea, some straining craft, maybe,  
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star."

Bliss Carman's philosophy encourages a close, intelligent love of Nature, but never at the expense of our duties to our kind; nowhere is his creed sickly or unwholesome, but everywhere vigorous and vivifying, fitted for a man among men, and so embracing that it enlists the entire energies of mind and soul and body—a creed to make a man more manly, and a woman more womanly.

---

#### *Call by St. Paul's, Vancouver*

At a largely attended meeting of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church congregation on Tuesday, September 15th, it was decided by a unanimous and most cordial vote to ask Rev. W. H. Bates, of Ladysmith, to accept a "call" to act as successor to Rev. H. R. Grant, who was recently transferred to First Presbyterian Church, Prince Rupert. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and the call was signed by many members and adherents. A committee was appointed to attend Presbytery on October 2nd.

## Dr. Taylor's Departure

*Complimentary Dinner at Westminster Hall*

On Friday 11th September, there was a memorable meeting in Westminster Hall when the students of 1914 entertained the Faculty to dinner. The meeting had special reference to Dr. Taylor's departure. Mr. Wm. Scott, president of the Students' Council, presented Dr. Taylor, on behalf of the students, with two handsome pictures. In addition to Mr. Scott, Messrs. J. R. Craig, J. H. Buchanan and B. H. Wallace, representing in the order given the graduating year, the second year and the first year students, spoke with grateful appreciation of Professor Taylor's ability as a teacher and influence as a man. Principal Mackay and Professor Geo. C. Pidgeon also spoke, voicing the regrets of the College authorities at losing Professor Taylor from the permanent staff.

In acknowledging the gifts and replying to the addresses made, Dr. Taylor told of how his heart had been in the work at Westminster Hall, but he had come to recognize the offer of work in Toronto, repeated at different times, as a challenge from the Highest to a much more arduous field of service; and he was going almost against his inclination, but with the conviction that it was the path of duty.

We believe we cannot do better than quote the following notice concerning Dr. Taylor and his appointment which appeared in the *Vancouver Daily Province* after his return to the West in April of this year:—

"Professor W. R. Taylor, of Westminster Hall, who has arrived home after lecturing all winter at Toronto University on "Oriental Literature," has been offered the chair of Professor McCurdy, the great Semitic scholar who is retiring this year after a long and brilliant career on the university's teaching staff. Professor Taylor will probably accept the position.

"Principal Mackay, in speaking of the prospect of losing Professor Taylor from the Westminster Hall faculty, said that he would regret exceedingly the loss of so brilliant a member of the staff, but felt that all should rejoice at the signal honor and great opportunity which have overtaken their accomplished co-laborer.

"Professor Pidgeon, in referring to Professor Taylor's good fortune, said that for so exalted a position to fall to the lot of a young man of 32 years was nothing less than remarkable and was the highest possible compliment to his splendid attainments.

Professor Taylor was the son of Mr. R. M. Taylor of Port Dover, Ont., and was born at that place in the year 1882. After a

preparatory course, he entered Toronto University in 1900 and graduated from that institution in 1904. He took honors in Semitic languages and classics. After graduating in arts he spent a full year in the mission field, including portions of 1904 and 1905. He was in charge of the Presbyterian churches on Pender Island. He then took his theological course in Knox College, Toronto, graduating in 1908. In 1910 he secured the degree of Ph. D. from Toronto University in the Greek, Assyrian and Hebrew languages, taking first class honors in everything. His examination was regarded as most remarkable.

In 1907 he took charge of the men's work in the Victoria Church in West Toronto, then a large railway and manufacturing town of about 12,000 population. There were large numbers of men in the town whom it had been found difficult to interest in the church work. Dr. Taylor took hold of this problem in April, 1907. The work was centred in a men's Bible class and began with a nucleus of five. In eighteen months he had a class of 200, thoroughly organized and full of enthusiasm. The work touched every side of the men's lives. There were athletics, literary activities, social enjoyments and such like, all of which were made tributary to work of the Bible Class. Dr. Taylor was even then a magnetic teacher, and great throngs of men Sunday after Sunday listened to his exposition of Bible truths. The results were magnificent. Lives were transformed on every hand, and the men became enthusiastic workers for the welfare of their fellows. One of the most interesting services ever held in that part of the country was when the Toronto Presbytery ordained Dr. Taylor to the ministry, giving him special charge of the men's work as assistant pastor of Victoria Church.

In 1911 he was offered the chair of Old Testament Languages and Literature in Westminster Hall, Vancouver. His work here has been brilliant and successful."

---

## Life's Message

Great truths are portions of the soul of man,  
 Great souls are portions of Eternity;  
 Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran  
 With lofty message, ran for thee and me;  
 For God's law, since the starry song began  
 Hath been, and still for evermore must be,  
 That every deed which shall outlast Time's span,  
 Must spur the soul to be erect and free.

—J. R. Lowell.

## Sic Transit W. H. Graduating Class, 1914

By D. A. Chalmers

Change is a law of life and inseparable from progress, and yet it is inevitable that the passing out of home-like fraternal conditions and common community interests of men who have spent several winters or summers together, should have something of sadness associated with it. Perhaps, too, in proportion to the height of the aims and ideals which bring men together is the depth of feeling and the pensiveness of memory stirred. And if to have taken any training towards a course, and had unbroken fellowship with a group, makes a man feel that a link of some worth in life's experience is being severed, the feeling of separation must be the stronger in the case of men who have sat through a complete theological curriculum together.

In 1910 we saw the first group of graduates go out from Westminster Hall, and five representative men now pass out as the fifth company.

In connection with its bearing on the extension of the earthly empire on which the sun never sets, it is significant that three of the five graduates are men of Scottish birth. These notes are written without knowledge of class lists and before the final examinations, but it is safe to assume that the leader of the graduating group will be the student who has been prominent this year as president of the College Council. Mr. Wm. Scott is a B. A. of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and it augurs well for his usefulness that after completing the full Arts course with distinction in a notable Eastern Canadian University, he should have taken all his theological training in the Farthest West College, and, (if we are not mistaken) led his class in each year.

But whatever be his place in the final adjustment of third year honors, Mr. Scott is to have the unique distinction of being the first volunteer from Westminster Hall for the wider mission field of the world, which is still usually (though with questionable appropriateness) classed as "foreign." It is understood that as soon as arrangements permit, Mr. and Mrs. Scott will go to Korea, and after his thoroughness of preparation has for some years been carried into the work there, we may count on his becoming a force in the region to which he gives himself in service.

Westminster Hall is certainly giving of its best in so far as it gives Mr. Scott, and the friends of the College and the Church will hope that in entering the Far East he shall prove to be a forerunner of many others from the Farthest West College.



Mr. A. McLean, more than any other student of his year, may look upon Westminster Hall as his Alma Mater; for while resident within it during the past six years, he has undergone his training in Arts and Theology alike. But seven years in Canada, with varied experience on different mission fields, and six years more or less of college training, with all their inevitable effects on character and outlook, seem but little to have affected in Mr. McLean the evidence of origin given in speech of which no Scotsman need be ashamed, and of which most Scottish Highlanders may well be proud.

A good all-round athlete and the best tennis player of the Hall, "Archie" has proved in the course of study that "its dogged as does it," and his friends will sincerely hope that British Columbia may retain his service.

One outstanding characteristic of the third Scotsman, Mr. J. R. Craig, is his love of humour. "Jack" is a man of varied experience, and that he has profited by the study and the training in theology might well have been suggested by his speech at the farewell dinner to Dr. Taylor. Before coming to work for the Church in Canada, Mr. Craig had represented a Scottish missionary society in South America, and since the end of his college training was in sight, we understand that the question of his returning to South America has been raised. A prairie congregation near Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, it seems has also heard of him in such a way as to take upon itself to "call" him on reputation. But the Vancouver suburban congregation, to which he has been ministering in the past year, may have something to say against either of the other calls or claims upon him.

Messrs. C. S. Millar and H. Donald Henry are Canadian born, and if less is written in detail of them it is merely because there has been less opportunity to become intimately acquainted with them. Mr. Henry completed his B. A. course in Montreal last spring, and is likely to have the distinction of being the youngest graduate of Westminster Hall, in which he has taken his first and third years of theology, his second being taken in Montreal. There is reason to believe that a promising young congregation in the neighborhood of Vancouver only awaits Mr. Henry's being licensed to give him a unanimous call; while it is understood that Mr. Miller, who took his Arts course and first year theology in Winnipeg, will return to work in one of the Prairie provinces.

The war-like similes of the time may be applied to all five. They form a body of picked men who, having undergone necessary drill and discipline, pass forward to the front. May every man of them not only set up the standard of the Highest, but carry it forward to victory  
\* for the Cause of the Christ!

## Papers on Public Health—III.

(By A. P. Procter, M. D.)

In preceding numbers I have discussed Tuberculosis and Alcoholism, which may well stand for the things in the realm of disease tending to destroy us. There are others upon which, for various reasons, I shall not dwell—such as the ravages of specific disease—resulting in the ruining of our manhood, the invalidism of our women, the slaughter of the innocent. Perhaps only the members of the medical profession are fully informed as to what that means to our national life. Then there is the question of preventable accidents—the conditions under which some of our working population have to labor, which we know are absolutely wrong; the needless sacrifice of life and the consequent paralysis of humble homes. Surely the case for the protection of the public health is strong enough from the economic standpoint and from that of the well-being of the race; for notwithstanding all we hear of material prosperity, race progress is of the first importance.

### *Wherein Lies the Remedy?*

Towards remedying these conditions several things are needed. First: Departments of health with absolute power to deal with all questions affecting the public health; departments with adequate money to conduct them, and free from interference from the type of legislator who is always ready to hold up a reform if he thinks it may cost him a vote. Secondly: We want properly co-ordinated legislation from our administrative bodies, giving these departments power to carry out their regulations. Meantime these administrative bodies sometimes seem to play battle-dore and shuttle-cock in the matter of jurisdiction affecting these great questions, and the result is the paralyzing of earnest efforts at reform. Thirdly: We want our governments to supply sufficient money for these objects, and also to see that the indigent sick are properly cared for, especially those whose misfortune makes them a menace to others. Our country can do this sort of thing and do it well when it likes. Our Provincial Government has just completed at Coquitlam a building for the treatment of the insane at a cost of over \$600,000. This is only one of six similar buildings to be erected. This building is magnificent. We think we have some fine residences in our Province, but very few compare with this institution, with its marble halls, tiled corridors and beautiful finishing, including even a new \$7,000 library. If those afflicted people were not too sad a subject for levity, one might say that it is almost fortunate to be mentally afflicted in this province.

*A Comparison: The State and Consumption.*

Do not misunderstand the comment; I am not criticising the taking care of these people by the province. They must be looked after, and that the province is doing well. But it seems extraordinary that a province as wealthy as ours, boasting of its surpluses—although it is true we have not heard so much of that lately—and ready to lavish money on the care of the insane and less important objects, cannot find itself able to provide sufficient money to take care of every indigent consumptive both for the sake of the patient and the protection of its people. I believe that it is as much the duty of the State to take care of its consumptives as of its insane. I am not sure that it is not more so because tuberculosis is a greater menace. I know that there is such a thing as an undesirable paternalism by the State; that the most virile races develop best under conditions of healthy struggle. We don't want things to be made too easy or too much legislation, but surely our people have a right to expect an enlightened government to protect its people against conditions which are almost criminal, and especially to look after those who because of their poverty cannot escape from such conditions. One of the alarming things is that in the cities of this new country we are not making use of the experiences of the old; we are perpetuating the same mistakes and without their excuse because we have had the opportunity of knowing better.

*An Enlightened Public Conscience Needed*

Fourthly and finally, we want an enlightened public conscience. We want our citizens to awaken to a greater sense of personal responsibility. There is too great a disposition to leave everything to our administrative bodies. We want our citizens, and especially those to whom money and influence have been given, to awaken to a keener sense of duty towards these great questions. In other words we want from our citizens the best kind of service. Our people must realize what has been realized in older countries, that apart from the humanitarian side of these questions, it does not pay to have people physically unfit.

*"Port Sunlight" Commended*

About two years ago I had the privilege of listening to an address by a Mr. Vivian, member of Parliament for Birkenhead, England. The address was delivered before the Canadian Club of Vancouver on "City Planning and a Model Village." It was one of the finest addresses of its kind that I ever listened to. He told us of what had been done in the model village of Port Sunlight; how the children of that village, compared with the children of the slums, such as they might have been living in had they not been in Port Sunlight, were pounds heavier and several inches taller. He showed what it was

possible to do to combat physical degeneration by placing our people under proper conditions.

Undoubtedly, among the chief causes of race deterioration are overcrowding, pollution of the atmosphere, unhealthful conditions of employment, alcoholism, bad and insufficient food, and bad conditions attending the life of children. A visitor to our own land said some time ago that the slums of Griffintown, Montreal, the first city of our own land, were worse than any in the old country. Does not this give us food for serious reflection? In this Western country we have one of the finest heritages God ever gave to a people. We do not need imagination to realize that we stand to-day upon the threshold of a great nation in the making, and upon how we possess our heritage and upon how we build depends the kind of nation this shall be.

#### *A Notable Quotation*

Let me quote in closing, the words of Huber, the words with which he closes his great work upon "Consumption and Civilization." "Is it," he asks, "really of so great essence that men shall forever with turmoil and wrong-doing, with much anguish and sweat, and dying, contrive and build mighty works, tremendous enterprises, magnificent structures scraping the skies, giant cities, vast memorials of material striving, so often miscalled human progress? Have you read Shelley?—

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,  
Tells that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on those lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed,  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

"And have you ever thought to put all such progress in the balance against Gethsemane? It is naught, it is naught, I tell you; it is worse than naught, when set against the single cry of a soul anguished for its kind. And is it not woeful, O Christ, is it not infinitely woeful when in all this tawdry fabric of civilization, a piece of money is so often set against a bitter tear, a shrewd bargain against a sick and tired heart; a phariseism, such as Thou didst hate so much, against a life crushed out before its time!"

## The Woman's Page

*What Is the Women's Missionary Society?*

[By Mrs. L. W. Scouler, Vancouver]

[NOTE:—We are gratified to be able to reproduce the following historical sketch dealing with Women's Missionary Work in Canada.]

The Women's Missionary Society is a company of Christian women, united in the effort to give to women of non-Christian lands, and of our own land, the privileges and blessings which the gospel of Christ has given to ourselves; to extend our sympathy, to give of our means according to ability, so that missionaries may be sent with the good news of salvation, specially to those who are, as has been said, "in misery of body, mind, and spirit"; to pray individually, and together for the work at home, and abroad, that our representatives may be helped and guided, that the people may receive the message gladly, and be won for Christ's kingdom. We have, according to the latest report, 50,000 members of the united society, only a fourth of the women of the Presbyterian Church, who might become connected with our society. So there is much to be done, in interesting, and trying to gather in those who still remain outside.

The Pioneer Women's Missionary organization on the continent of America, was the Boston Female Society, established in 1800, two months before Carey baptized his first convert in India. At first, the aborigines of their own land of America were thought of, but soon the interest spread to India. Another society, by the Congregational women of Boston, was organized in 1801. Their work was among the early settlers, and the American Indians, later extending to more distant regions. The first legacy received by this Society was from a poor servant girl, who managed to save \$345 out of her meagre wages, which she willed to the Women's Board. It is said this woman's gift deserves to rank with Mary's, that of pouring the precious ointment on Jesus' feet. Other churches followed the good example of these faithful women.

The beginning, in England, of Women's Foreign Missionary work, was in 1834, after the visit of a missionary from China, Rev. D. Abeel, who returned home on account of his health. In London he was asked to address a meeting of ladies in a private drawing room. They were interested in his work, and as he spoke of the degradation of the women, as he had seen it in China, hearts were stirred in response. This missionary desired to have unmarried women go out as missionaries. There were difficulties in the way before such an important step could be taken. About its propriety and difficulty, one of the leading missionaries of that day said: "Female education in

India is as impossible as to scale a wall 500 feet high." But a society was formed, called the "Society for promoting female education in the East," which has continued well on to a century. The missionary mentioned visited New York but failed to interest the women at that time sufficiently to lead them to organize, as their English sisters had done. It was thirty years later, before the first Women's Missionary Society was formed in New York. A Baptist lady missionary had the honor of initiating this work among New York women, and a society was formed in 1861 including women of many denominations. Its main object was to give to benighted women the knowledge of Jesus' name.

In 1880, when the writer left Glasgow, Scotland, to come to Canada for the first time there were few Women's Missionary societies. There were Dorcas societies in the congregations, to assist the poor with clothing; women did the work of buying and sometimes making the garments. In one large city congregation at that time, there was a missionary society composed of a few men directors, one of whom was treasurer; also a number of young women collectors, who made monthly calls on the congregation. A missionary in Kaffraria, South Africa, was supported by this congregation, and also a home missionary and Bible woman who labored in the poor districts of the city. At that time the children of the church gave their small sums to support a teacher in Kaffraria, so foreign missions were not neglected, nor home work either.

Although congregational maintenance of a foreign missionary is a comparatively new thing with us, it was undertaken in Scotland fifty years or more ago. The earliest Canadian Women's Missionary Society was organized in Montreal fifty years ago. It had its beginning in the organization of a Ladies' Auxiliary in connection with the French work of the Church of Scotland, and did valuable work for many years. In 1875 this body was reorganized as the "Ladies' French Evangelization Society," working with the Assembly Board of French Evangelization. Several Presbyterian congregations were represented among these workers. A mission house was leased, in which meetings were held for the French people. Mothers' and sewing meetings were held with as many as eighty in attendance. A French city missionary was engaged, also a Bible woman who visited the homes. In 1881 it was considered advisable to extend the work to foreign missions. A proposal from the W. F. M. S. Western section to become an auxiliary to them was received, but as the French work had become so dear to the Montreal society, they felt it could not be given up. The final result was to continue the French work and to take up work abroad, and more work at home. The Point aux Trembles schools have been largely helped by this society.

In 1886 money was given by this society for work among the Indians of the Northwest, also clothing, and the Doukhobors and Galicians were aided. Then the work in India was thought of, and the desire to have a missionary of their own was evidenced. There were difficulties through the W. F. M. S. being already in this work. Finally a lady missionary, Miss Graham, whose term of office was short, was supported by the Montreal society. She died after two years in Honan. Then Dr. Jean Dow became the missionary, and she has continued her work for nineteen years. Finally the field in Macao, China, was given to them, as their own, by the Foreign Mission Board, and two lady missionaries were sent out in 1904. At the twenty-fifth anniversary a thank-offering was given by the auxiliaries of \$1,309. The givings for last year were \$18,800 and the membership at the time of union, was 2,113, composed of 46 auxiliaries throughout the Presbytery of Montreal.

That is the society which has now united with our foreign and home societies, and we hope, and pray, that we may receive inspiration and encouragement from its faithful, untiring work of half a century.

The maritime provinces also have in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island their Women's Foreign and Home Society. It was organized one year later than our W. F. M. S. It began with Foreign work only, but enlarged its scope some years ago to include home work. It has now 10 Presbyterials, 367 auxiliaries, and a membership of 9,703; last year's contributions were \$23,432.

Now, as to our W. F. M. S., with which we all are, or should be, familiar. It was organized in Toronto in 1876 to aid the Foreign Mission Committee in its support of work among heathen women and children. It would be difficult to estimate the work of these thirty-eight years, both at home and abroad. Three auxiliaries were organized at first: one in Toronto, one in Hamilton, one in Kingston. The women met in the school room of McNab Street Church, Hamilton. The attendance from 1881 onwards, until congregational auxiliaries were formed, was not larger than at our monthly meetings now. The writer can only speak of Hamilton, having been present at these meetings. It was not a large representation of the Presbyterian women of the city. In 1876 one thousand dollars was raised by the three societies; last year \$104,000 was raised by our W. F. M. S. (Western section). The three auxiliaries in 1876 became eighteen by the close of that year; last year there were 1,038 auxiliaries. The membership has increased from 94 in the first year, to 36,367 for last year, including mission bands. The united society is to carry on work in Central India, Honan, South China, North Formosa and Korea; also in various parts of Canada, including the territory of our French-Canadians.

Mrs. Steele, the President of the United Society, said in her address at Toronto: "There are millions of women and children who have never yet heard of our Saviour and who will never hear unless our Church and its women awake to a keener sense of their duty and send forth more of their young people, well equipped in every sense of the word, to tell our message." Dr. Mott, the missionary-statesman, also said: "Never in any age have the opportunities in non-Christian lands for the preaching of the gospel been so many, and never has the success met with been paralleled."

The W. H. M. S. was organized in 1903 in response to a loud call for hospitals and nurses in the remote districts of the Dominion. This society grew rapidly and at the time of union had a membership of about 25,000. As was stated lately by a President of this society, "hundreds of men and women have been relieved from pain, lonely ones comforted, children, rescued from hardship, have been taught our language, and better still, of our Christ." Last year the income was \$89,900.

In this Province of British Columbia, the first W. F. M. S. auxiliary was organized in Chilliwack. After lapsing for some years this auxiliary was reorganized recently. To St. Andrew's, New Westminster, belongs the honor of being the first society which continued from the beginning. It was organized in 1887. In the Westminster Presbyterial there are now 17 auxiliaries and 10 Mission Bands. A Presbyterial Society was organized in the Kootenay one year ago. Victoria Presbytery has another with 16 auxiliaries. So the work goes on. It is our earnest desire and prayer that union may mean strength in every department of the work at home and abroad.

Our missionaries of to-day are to be congratulated on the happier conditions under which they labor. Think of the Geddies and the Gordons going out to the New Hebrides in small sailing vessels, taking about six months to reach their destination! Lady Frances Balfour, in the *British Weekly*, recently said: "There is one place where sex has no particular merit or demerit, and that is in the Church militant here on earth. In the trials and dangers of the mission field women stand shoulder to shoulder with men." Think of the terrible isolation of these early missionaries surrounded by savages, of the brave Robertsons of Erromanga and others. Now, although there are still sacrifices to be made and difficulties to be overcome, our missionaries travel by first-class steamers, with every comfort, have generally good homes and many eager to hear their message. They also get letters and papers regularly and have been visited in India, Honan, and even the New Hebrides by wealthy members of our Church. So times have changed for the better.

Let us help all we can. One way we can assist is by faithful attendance at the monthly meetings, not grudging one hour or more



for such a great and good cause. "We shall pass through this world but once, any good thing we can do let us do it now, we shall not pass this way again."

"We pray for His Kingdom to come,  
For His reign upon earth as in heaven;  
We ask that His will may be done  
And His grace to our souls may be given.

But nothing is gained by the prayer  
If 'tis only a meaningless word;  
Not unless we are ready to share  
In bringing in the year of our Lord."

## Around the Hall

Notes of College Life, by Wm. Scott, B. A.

Since our last notes appeared a short respite of two full weeks has been enjoyed by the students. Vancouver in summer is one of the most delightful spots to live in. This makes it both pleasant and irksome to the student who has to attend classes through the summer months. It is pleasant because the days are long and bright, and not oppressively hot—all which make studying, when one can get down to it, quite a pleasant occupation. But the difficulty lies in the "getting down to it." The same weather which keeps one bright and cheerful for study is insistent in its alluring call to the outdoor life. So it frequently happens that the Bay or park proves too strong an attraction when such tasks as Hebrew or Systematics demand our time. It is a relief therefore to have two weeks each summer when, with a free conscience and an unburdened mind, we can leave our text books behind, and live in "God's out-of-doors." Most of the students took full advantage of this opportunity, and there was little study attempted. Few left Vancouver, but those who remained spent their time to good advantage, at the beach or in the park, or visiting friends in the district.

\* \* \* \*

Now we are back at work again, and upon the "home stretch." Four more weeks (from this time of writing) will see the close of the session, and for some of us the end of our Theological course. It is not necessary nor perhaps befitting for one to lay bare the thoughts that arise in his mind as he contemplates the end. It is sufficient to say that few signs have appeared of those painful feelings which men so often tell us they have in parting with institutions of learning. The prevailing feeling is one of thankfulness that at last our college course is about to close, when we will be free to work out our own programme for life.

We are glad to welcome, through our columns, Mr. Harold Neilson Shaw, who will look after the subject of "Expression" until the end of the term. We feel that we can trust this most important subject in his hands, and be assured that our peculiar faults in speech and voice production will receive kindly criticism and wise correction

from him. Mr. Shaw has already won the confidence of the men, and we all join in expressing our appreciation of the choice the faculty made this year in appointing him to this work.

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We wish to convey our thanks to the Ladies' Auxiliary for their pleasant annual outing. This event took place on Friday, the 21st of August, when the company proceeded by motor launch to Horse Shoe Bay, past Whitecliffe. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent in games and romping. Tea was served by the ladies on the veranda of Mrs. Center's cottage, after which we returned to the launch and started for home. On the return trip one of the features of the picnic took place. It took the form of a competition, a prize being given to the student producing the best college song. Four songs were submitted, sung by the students in a body. The first prize went to the production of Mr. William Scott, that of Mr. Wilfrid Brookes receiving second prize.

NOTE.—Our last issue was "made up" for the printer before the foregoing notes reached us. Mr. Scott's song, "Westminster Hall," was printed in the "insert" of the August issue, and we hope to find space later for that written by Mr. Wilfrid S. Brookes, which was awarded the second prize.

Dr. and Mrs. Pidgeon (writes another correspondent) afforded the students of Westminster Hall, the faculty and a few friends a delightful evening on Tuesday, September 1st.

The company left the Hall in spacious automobiles and were driven round the Marine Drive, Point Grey, and past the site chosen for the new university. Gathering darkness and smoke from forest fires interrupted the seaward view, but here and there through the trees glimpses were caught of lights from many vessels and the observers wondered if the Leipzig and the Rainbow were in the neighborhood. The party were hailed by soldiers bivouacing near the Point and asked for a newspaper. The common anxieties consequent upon war were suggested by that momentary meeting. When the home of Dr. and Mrs. Pidgeon was reached a cordial welcome was given to all by them and their family, and the warm glow from a huge log fire intensified the feeling of good cheer. An impromptu programme of songs, recitations and choruses, interspersed with interesting talk, made the fleeting hours pass all too quickly. Dr. Pidgeon is an ideal host. His thoughtfulness and genial manner set everyone at ease, and when they are supplemented by the winsomeness and dignity of Mrs. Pidgeon, a social hour of the best is ensured to their guests.

Though tossing seas, towering mountains and far-stretching prairie may separate most of the company in the coming days, many will no doubt recall with pleasure and gratitude the evening spent together around the glowing hearth in Dr. and Mrs. Pidgeon's hospitable home.

## Church Life and Work

Notes from the Presbyteries

### *Saskatoon*

The regular August meeting of the Presbytery was held under sad conditions: the awfulness of the European war, and the latest news of the allied forces, together with that of the tragic death by drowning of the Rev. Mr. Morgan, a beloved minister of the First Baptist Church in the city, served to cast a shadow of gloom over all present. The Rev. W. C. Clark, Moderator, was in the chair, and Principal Oliver, in prayer, lifted the hearts of all above mere temporal surroundings into the eternal realities, and thus strengthened, each felt that the work of the Master must be continued amid clouds as well as in sunshine, and measured not by time, but eternity.

The Rev. A. Young, of Outlook, was appointed Moderator for the ensuing term, and with genial spirit directed the business of the evening. First a committee was appointed to convey to Mrs. Morgan the sincere sympathy of the Presbytery in her sudden bereavement, and to represent it at the memorial service.

The home mission fields were then considered and as each was accounted for by the student the convenor or the superintendent, we were assured that the fields are manned by exceedingly competent and earnest young men. Amidst the discouragements of poor crops, there were no pessimistic thoughts expressed. All are doing their best for both student and budget.

The Rev. John Zazulak, missionary to the Russians in Saskatoon, gave an interesting account of his work, and as he speaks the Bohemian language, he was asked to visit, in company with the superintendent of missions, a settlement of 30 families living near Broderick, in order to ascertain what steps can be taken to furnish supply in their own language.

### *Lacombe*

This Presbytery met at Lacombe on 1st September. Rev. D. C. Ramsay, Camrose, was appointed Moderator for the current year, and Rev. Wm. Hamilton reappointed clerk.

Home mission matters were fully discussed, and showed an advance over former years. Members of general assembly are henceforth to be elected, one-half by rotation. It was agreed in the future to hold a public meeting in connection with half-yearly stated meetings for the discussion of some phase of the church's work.

Mr. John K. McKean was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel and his ordination at Daysland was appointed to take place on Tuesday, 15th September.

Rev. James A. Wheeler, Ponoko, accepted a call tendered him by Leduc congregation. Mr. Pocock was appointed Moderator during the vacancy in Ponoka.

An application for the reception into our church of a body of Welsh Presbyterians at Wood River was favorably entertained.

### *Minnedosa*

The Presbytery met at Russell on September 9th and disposed of a considerable amount of business of a local character. Rev. T. F. Heeney is the new Moderator. Rev. J. D. McNair, Angusville, is to be inducted at McConnell on October 1st. McNutt mission field is being handed over to this presbytery by that of Dauphin. After an examination of an almost gruelling nature, conducted in open court, Mr. M. O. Wonitowa, a Ruthenian, was heartily recommended to the Senate of Manitoba College as a student for the ministry.

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## Rev. H. R. Grant Leaves for Prince Rupert

The people of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, (writes a correspondent), took advantage of the opportunity of the translation of the Rev. H. R. Grant to First Church, Prince Rupert, to give new evidence of their deep devotion to him and his family. Few congregations are bound with such strong ties as those that bound Mr. Grant to the people of St. Paul's, and while their hearts ached to think of Mr. Grant's departure, they resigned themselves to the hand of God, and joined in wishing Mr. Grant and family every good wish in their new sphere.

When the congregation met to bid farewell to their pastor they presented him and Mrs. Grant with a cheque of substantial amount, and an address of congratulation. Mr. Grant also received a gift from his Bible Class, and Miss Stewart was given a token of the esteem of the class.

During the two years that Mrs. Grant has been in St. Paul's she has done much good work among the young girls, and they met one evening with Mrs. Grant as their guest, and gave her gifts in silver as mementoes. After the reception mentioned, a deputation of the Boys' Brigade met Mr. Grant and presented him with a handsome dressing case. Mr. Grant's work among the boys of St. Paul's has been no less successful than the work of Mrs. Grant among the girls, and it can be safely said that they have left an indelible memorial of their good work in the characters of the young people of the congregation.

A large crowd gathered at the boat to bid the minister and his family a last good-bye, and the wet eyes evident eloquently witnessed to the bond of love that has bound pastor and people—a bond that will ever remain unbroken.

## Editor's Page

### *A Special Appeal to Our Readers*

Were we to collect and reproduce the kind and complimentary references made to this magazine in voluntary letters received in recent months from readers in the Farthest West and elsewhere, we would require several pages of space. These letters would themselves encourage us to take our readers into our confidence at this time; and we have had no difficulty in deciding that it is right to do so.

That the times are abnormal goes without saying. Temporarily at least, most businesses are being affected by the war. With our steadily increasing circulation among the best class of readers, we have reason to believe that this magazine may more and more become a medium of publicity for clean, commendable and trustworthy business of all kinds, and we are not therefore going to grumble because one or two leading firms deem it essential, during the temporary dislocation of business, to curtail or altogether cease their advertising.

The reflex effects of such action, however, are such that we must, in turn, make the after noted facts clear to our readers.

Strange as it may seem to many in these days when commercialism is often allowed to dominate where it should only serve, this publication has been run for two and a half years on the principle of putting the ideal of service before the dollar. We do not mean this to be interpreted as a statement that the business side of the magazine is not planned with a view to developing and enduring on a self-supporting basis; but what we would emphasize is that the main question governing the management in its production has been, not "How much can we get out of it?" but "How much can we give—how many pages of good reading matter can our business side carry?" That principle has been allowed to influence us so much that in seeking to set a standard of varied excellence, we have consistently carried month by month almost twice as much literary matter as our business side justified.

In the same way, notwithstanding that Western rates are usually much higher than those of Eastern Canada and the Old Countries, we have kept our subscription rate at the one dollar per year standard, which, when costs of mailing, cover envelopes, etc., are allowed for, our readers may reckon brings our post-delivered single copies down to something like five or six cents.

It thus follows that, with a reduced advertising business, we simply could not continue to give the same amount of reading matter, and must inevitably, until business conditions are readjusted, reduce the size of the magazine. We are confident that with this explanation,

our readers will not only bear with us, but that many of them will be ready to help us to maintain what we have now well established—a publication devoted to the promotion of the higher interests of educational, social and religious life.

### *How Every Subscriber May Help*

The message following this about overdue subscriptions will, we trust, have the immediate attention of the hundreds of subscribers to whom it applies. We do not hold ourselves qualified to do any special pleading, but that we believe is unnecessary. Contributions to war and other funds reveal how much men and women can and will do for worthy causes—*when they know the facts.*

From correspondence, we know that our publication is valued for its literary matter and also as an educational medium not only in British Columbia, but throughout Canada and also in Britain.

We have, therefore, no hesitation in asking each of our readers who values our ideal of service to reckon it his or her duty to *secure for us at this time at least one other subscriber.* Our rate remains one dollar a year in advance, but in order to make this doubling of our subscription list the easier, we shall, until further notice, accept *subscriptions of fifty cents for six months.*

### *When Trading with Advertisers Mention the Magazine*

There is another way in which those who value this magazine and its ideals can help it. When doing business—as we assume many of them do—with the firms who use our advertising space, we would suggest that our readers be mindful to mention the magazine and their interest in it.

All along we have been working—by setting a standard in the literary department and seeking to increase our circulation—to make the business department more and more worth while. We are well accustomed to having it said of advertising: "It is a business proposition," and we would not have it otherwise. At the same time we have reason to believe that many business men do not think always and only of dollars, but have some regard for the objects and ideals of a publication such as ours. To such men we can appeal with confidence for a share of their business even now.

### *Are These Arrowhead Markings Necessary?*

"Your fingerposts have in this case had the desired effect, and I send herewith subscription with apologies for delay. With best wishes."

So wrote one courteously attentive correspondent; and he represents the attitude taken by a fair number of our subscribers since we

introduced the system of directing attention to overdue dates of renewal by marking the covering envelope of the magazine with an arrowhead. We respectfully refer others who have unwittingly omitted to keep their subscription up to date to paragraph four of "A Special Appeal to our Readers." One person's subscription overdue may be in itself a small matter; but when the number of overdue renewals gets into *hundreds*, their non-payment has an important bearing on the successful carrying on of a publication.

Prior to using the blue arrowhead method, we had repeatedly had inserted in the magazine—by special checking work—renewal slip reminders, but only a small proportion of subscribers receiving them gave them attention. Latterly we sent a typewritten personal letter with a return envelope enclosed, but even that course brought back only a small percentage of the overdue renewals. Such procedure means time and work—each representing money—and money in addition for postage and stationery; and an unlimited amount of these cannot be expended with only one dollar a year involved in the subscription.

We are confident most of our readers have only to know these facts to ensure their making a habit of attending immediately to renewal markings.

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## The Old Cradle

Ah! no, the hammer of the auctioneer  
 Upon that humble thing must never fall!  
 Chairs, sofas, dishes, pictures—let them all  
 To highest bidders go! There's nought so dear  
 In all the house as this; for, ah! while here  
 We children slept, what gentle touch it felt  
 What anxious motherhood beside it knelt  
 How oft upon us sleepers dropt a tear!

Elsewhere the plain old cradle shall not go  
 To feel the touch of some strange, vulgar hand;  
 But on the morrow, ere our leave we take,  
 We, whom the years have left, alone, will stand  
 And watch it burn; then, from Love's urn we'll shake  
 Its sacred dust where Mother's roses blow!

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Smiths Falls, Ontario.