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# WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

A Social, Literary and Religious Monthly

VOL. VII.

JULY, 1915.

No. 6.

Published at 1600 Barclay Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

D. A. Chalmers

Managing Editor

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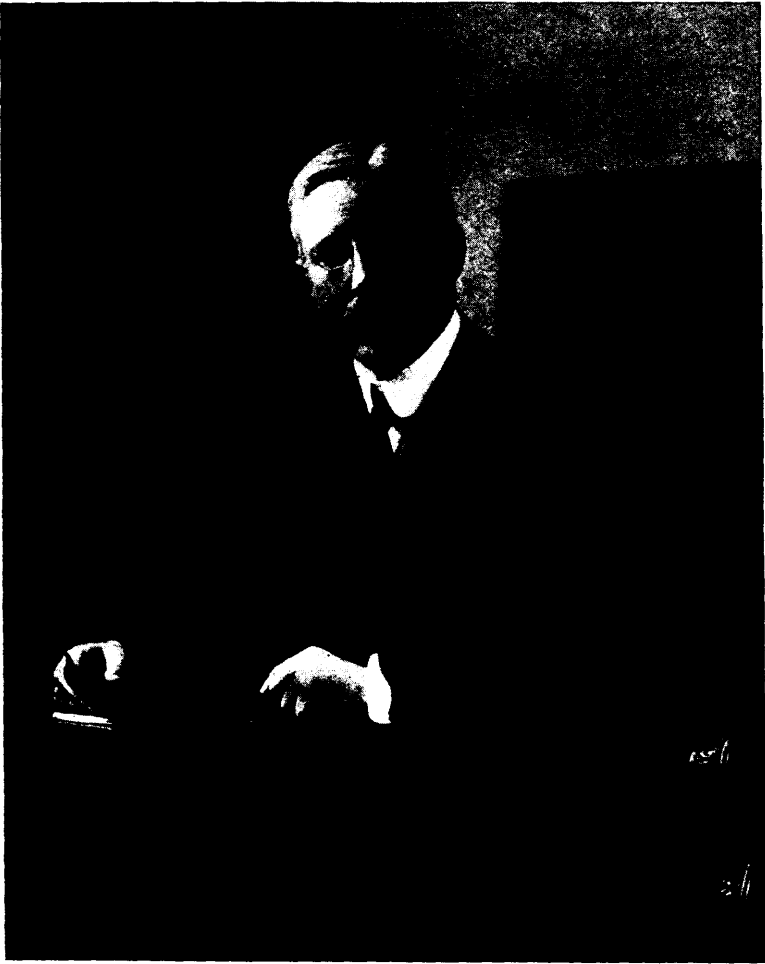
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**PRESIDENT STEPHEN B. L. PENROSE, D.D.**

Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, U.S.A.

Who is President of the 1915 Pacific Coast Theological Conference

The fifth annual P. C. T. Conference opens in the First Congregational Church, Vancouver, on Tuesday evening, 27th July, and the meetings continue, with three seditious daily till Friday evening, 30th July.

In addition to President Penrose and Dr. Boardman of Walla Walla, representative clergymen of the various denominations from Seattle, Spokane, Victoria and Vancouver will take part in the programme; and also Professor Kent of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Principal Sharrard of Indore College, India.

The Conference begins each morning at 9.30 with a devotional service conducted by Professor Pidgeon; at 10 and 11.15, papers of particular interest to theologians will be read; and "The World Crisis" in one relation or another will be discussed at the afternoon meetings—beginning each day at 2.30.

The evening meetings begin at 8.15, and the addresses include: President Penrose on Tuesday night on "The Prisoner in the Dark Cell"; Principal Sharrard, Wednesday, on "The Awakening of India"; Dr. Steelman, Seattle, Thursday, on "Efficient Social Hygiene"; and Principal Mackay, Friday, on "Personality in Modern Religious Thought."

## Editor's Page.

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### The Coming of Prohibition.

Some time ago one of those good men who may, through unreasonable prejudice, hurt better causes, wrote to this magazine asking that his name be taken off our subscription list and giving as his reason some compliment regarding literary work paid in this publication to one who had claimed the right to experiment with the "Gothenburg system" in a neighboring municipality.

We were left somewhat uncertain as to the exact reference to which exception was taken, but we are absolutely certain—from personal knowledge—that any compliment of ours concerning the contributor mentioned was amply warranted, and also that the action of the gentleman in question in seeking to introduce a system different from the present one affecting the sale of alcoholic liquors was inspired by a conviction on his part that the "Gothenburg system" would be a distinct improvement on the one now in force.

People may differ in opinion regarding the workability of the Gothenburg system, but all who recognize the need for improvement in the present condition of affairs should at least credit other workers in the cause of temperance with equal sincerity. Perhaps it is because many reformers have taken the uncompromising attitude regarding abolition suggested in the Ibsen phrase, "All or nothing," that the present iniquitous systems common to Britain and some parts of Canada still exist.

It is questionable if the stipulation obtaining in this country that a "hotel" be connected with the "saloon" is altogether a benefit, as there must thereby be a constant temptation to make good the cost of erection or any loss in running the hotel building through the liquor-selling department.

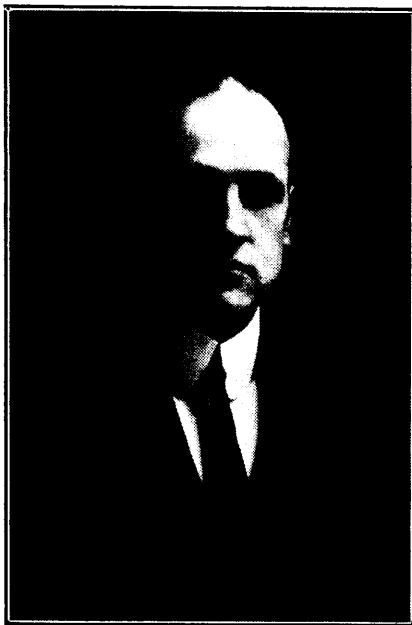
As to the conditions under which alcoholic liquors are sold in Britain—and in Scotland particularly—we are among those who for at least a quarter of a century have marvelled at their continuance.

We believe that the people of a generation not very distant will look back on these conditions with amazement similar to that with which we now regard the toleration of laws by the application of which men were hanged for stealing sheep. In those "*bad* old days" the protection of the sheep and cattle of the "land-owner" (?) was more important than the saving of a peasant's life; and in our own time—even within recent months when the great war brought home, as never before, the need for Prohibition—"vested interests" and "revenue" seem to have been considered more important or valuable than souls.

While disappointment may be fairly general that "Prohibition" was not introduced and carried in Britain and throughout the Empire following the action of King George and Earl Kitchener and others, there is much that is hopeful and encouraging for the cause of temperance, and suggestive of the coming of prohibition throughout Canada.

In this Province of British Columbia several bodies have been in public evidence of late, and when they are united in organization and name as they already are in aim, their work in any campaign undertaken should be overwhelmingly effective. A "Business Men's Committee" arranged a successful banquet in May at which addresses were delivered by Mr. Stevens, member for Vancouver in the Dominion Parliament, and Principal Mackay of Westminster Hall. Since that time, we understand, the Vancouver Social Service Council has associated itself with the Business Men's Committee, and, at the time of writing it seems probable that a united organization will soon so influence, or rather *focus*, public opinion that Prohibition will be carried in this Farthest West Province.

We believe the time is ripe for British Columbia to join with the other Provinces of Greater Britain to show the Central Government at London that the hour has struck for Empire-wide Prohibition, and that not merely during the continuance of the war, but for all time!



H. H. STEVENS, M. P.

Whose contribution in this issue entitled "After the War—What?" is worthy of more than passing notice.

# WESTMINSTER Hall Magazine and Farthest West REVIEW

SUPPORTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS,  
AND RELIGIOUS LIFE.

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

VOL. VII

JULY, 1915

No. 6

## After the War—What?

[By H. H. Stevens, M. P.]

That the Allies will be victorious in this titanic struggle is assumed. That it will be some time yet before it is finally decided, is the growing belief of many. But a few seem to concern themselves with the "aftermath." Well may every thoughtful person ask himself the question, "After the war—what?"

Not long ago the Associated Press flashed around the world the news of the "Baptism of Fire" through which our Canadian boys passed; and a few days later, the same world-girdling and news-distributing agency sent out to all corners of the earth a description of the memorial service in St. Paul's, in honor of our boys who fell under that baptism of fire. The most significant sentence in the latter despatch was a quotation from the conversation of two women: "Things can never be the same again," said one of them. Little did she know that in that little sentence she had summed up the perplexed reasonings of many of the greatest thinkers.

No, things can never be the same again. We are told by those who have been, or are now at the front, that the most outstanding feature of this giant struggle is the "thoughtfulness" and apparent "consciousness" of the man. Each one seems to realize that he is facing, not only a crisis in his own life, but a great crisis to civilization and humanity.

What are the changes we must expect? Not in national boundary lines; not in naval and military power; not in domination. None of these things warrant any very grave anxiety; nor the saying, "things can never be the same again." What, then, are the changes we are to expect? Changes in the soul of man. That sort of feeling which comes over a group of thoughtless frivolous persons when suddenly confronted with a horrible crime committed by one of their circle of acquaintances, the crime being the outcome of a species of life in which the whole circle had participated, but from the conse-

quences of which all but one had so narrowly escaped. That sudden realization of their narrow escape from equal guilt—that sobering influence that such an occurrence always brings—is what is now working like leaven in the hearts of mankind.

The Kaiser and his country have carried to an ultimate issue the mode of thought and living which resulted in the "Crime of Germany." We have, to some degree, escaped their guilt, but deep down in our hearts we must know that our mode of national life has been modelled, somewhat, after that of Germany. We were rapidly adopting many of the philosophical and theological views of the Prussian. Materialism was becoming more and more pronounced in our moral and social life. We were quite well satisfied with our successes in business, and had lost to some degree our interest as a people, in the nobler and finer things of life. Now we see that the end of such a course is inevitably, "Might is Right" and "It was only a scrap of paper."

Fortunately for us, circumstances have forced us to be an instrument in the hand of Providence, by which "Prussianism" will be overthrown. Shall we learn our lesson? I think we will. Every evidence points to that result already.

During the past century, industrial development has progressed at an appalling rate, and this rapid advance has, most naturally, brought with it many problems. One of the commonest of these is the unequal distribution of wealth. On one hand we have seen immense fortunes accumulate under the control of a very small circle of men. A generation of fabulously rich and utterly useless and dissipated heirs have followed and wasted the accumulations of clever industrial magnates, their parents. On the other hand, vast armies of workers are daily pouring out their lives for barely sufficient to keep body and soul together for the few years of their prime manhood, only to be discarded when the hour of their greatest usefulness has passed.

At any moment millions of men might be thrown out of work without knowing where the next meal was to come from. These conditions were developing a bitterness between capital and labour; between employer and employee, which threatened to end in a great destructive revolution. In fact, many intelligent men, grown hopeless, openly preached to their fellows, "Red Revolution" as the only remedy for unbearable conditions.

This problem, which has perplexed the greatest thinkers of the age, has now assumed a new and encouraging aspect as a result of this awful war. The wildest dreams of the most optimistic socialist never anticipated that the Government in this generation, would actually control and operate numerous factories; organize and direct that most

unruly body, the dockmen of Liverpool; bring overreaching, avaricious manufacturers, and grasping selfish workers together in a few days and enforce justice and equity in the operation of industrial plants. Yet this has been done, and now thoughtful men are asking themselves the question, in relation to this old industrial problem, "After the war—what?" Are we to go back to squabbling and bickering; to bitterness and hatred; to oppression and revolution; or, are we to learn that here is a way to solve the difficulty; a way discovered in the stress of national calamity, when men are more likely to be just, impartial, and sane.

Another problem which this war is bringing to the notice of the State in a most forcible manner is that of "Citizenship." For years we, in common with other new countries, have been inviting immigrants from all over the globe; nay, we have been compelling them to come in. We have made them citizens, although they knew nothing of our language, history, systems or customs. We have planted, here a little Italy, there a miniature Galicia, in another place a Germany, and so on. We have not even tried to arrange or direct our immigrants so as to assemble them. We have simply "grabbed" them, and then boasted about our growing population.

War breaks out, and from one end of the country to the other the cry goes up to intern all persons from alien enemy countries, whether naturalized or not. Why? Because some of these people prove false to their new citizenship, so lightly and so carelessly given to them. The problem is of our own making. We urged them to come, and sold our birthright cheaply, for a mess of pottage; hence the problem. This war has brought home to us our folly, and not to us only, but also to our cousins south of the line, who have been more reckless in this regard than we have, if that be possible. For a moment consider this problem in the light of the figures of the American census. Out of each 1,000 persons in the United States there are only 270 who are Americans descended from Colonial stock, 270 who are children of foreign-born parents prior to 1880, 350 who are aliens or foreign born, and 110 who are negroes. In Greater New York, only 14.8 per cent. are of native white parentage, while 85.2 per cent. are foreign or negroes.

Further, it should be remembered that the ascendancy of the foreigner is increasing from year to year. The birth rate among the alien is more prolific than among the native white American. The increase of native white Americans in 10 years was 14 per cent., while the alien increase by births was over 30 per cent. in the same period. In other words, the old American stock will soon be absorbed by the alien immigrant. This problem is being brought home to the people south of the line by the attitude of the German Americans towards the war.



Already one great statesman, William Jennings Bryan, has surrendered to that element, and the Government will stand or fall, it is said, according as that vote is polled.

We have in Canada the same problem to face in a lesser degree. Shall we go out into the byways of the earth, and bring in the Slav, the Hun, the Chinese, the Hindu, the negro and other breeds? Within the past three years many powerful journals, churches and citizens of Canada have been urging that we throw open our doors even wider than they now are. Shall we do so, or shall we learn our lesson from this war, and keep reasonable and just control of our heritage? Our right to exclude would-be immigrants, depends wholly upon the manner in which we administer our great trust. If equity, justice and prudence characterize our national life, then the heritage is rightly ours to give only to those who measure up to our standard. But if we fail to learn this lesson, now being taught us through death and bereavement, then the alien will come and will undoubtedly absorb us.

Then there is the problem of national character. Is the standard of our national life improving? Some men, intelligent, alert and conscientious, say it is degenerating. Be that as it may, this is certain: our national life must grow better, cleaner and stronger; otherwise, Canada will become decadent. This war has shown us some cancers in the body politic; cancers which have been there for many decades and which belong to the whole people. These must be purged. It is not a question of defeating this party or that government, but a question of the outlook of the whole people. For some years past we have measured success and greatness in terms of dollars and cents, rather than in those of virtue and wisdom. Surely this "Baptism of Fire" through which we are passing; this sacrifice of noble young lives; these breaking hearts and bereaved homes are not to count for naught. The verities of life are now before us in all their grandeur and awfulness. Shall we not direct our public, economic, domestic and social affairs on this high plane, rather than on the sordid basis of recent years?

In this war we shall succeed, because we are, fortunately, aligned with righteousness and honor. In our life after the war—as a nation or as an Empire—we shall succeed or fail just to the degree that we are then true to the nobler aspirations of the race.

These words of Ruskin seem most fitting to the present occasion: "In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their impotence, in their infancy, or even in their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; and out of deliverance, faith."

## Sunday with the C. E. F. at Vernon

NOTE:—Mr. Munday's occasional contributions to this Magazine have been welcomed for their variety, literary work, and happy spirit. The interest of our readers in him will not be lessened as they hereby learn that he, like so many other young men of promise in the Arts of Peace, is now in training for the front.—[Ed.]

[By Don Munday]

The cheery bugles sounded at 6.30 a. m., an hour later than on week-days; but many of the men were already astir, taking shower baths, washing, or shaving. The half-hour of physical drill before breakfast is omitted on Sunday. At 7.30 the "cook-house" call brought the men quickly into line with their mess tins for breakfast. The food is very plain, and though not greatly varied, is wholesome. Few men regularly eat the whole of the rations issued to them. Vancouver papers have written of "the thousands of fresh eggs" used in camp—a reporter's dream, unfortunately! But any man with the proper spirit of a soldier will not find his fare unbearable in the Vernon camp.

After breakfast the corporals went along the lines of tents announcing that no coats were to be worn on church parade at 9.30 a. m. Wide-brimmed straw hats are the regular headgear for field work here, and the men go in their shirt sleeves, a very sensible concession to comfort during summer weather. The Roman Catholics marched to Vernon for church service. Then the remainder of the battalion marched to the parade ground where the Presbyterians were given an opportunity to "fall out," "fall in," and go to Vernon for communion.

After Lieut.-Col. Winsby had inspected the battalion, we marched to a shallow ravine, along the bottom and side of which we formed a hollow square; the band, officers and chaplain took positions on the opposite slope.

Service began with "O God, our help in ages past." Naturally, among 1,000 men, there were a number who were indifferent to things religious, some even resenting compulsory attendance at the service; but by far the greater number paid close attention to the chaplain, whose pulpit was a drum covered with a Union Jack. "Fight the good fight with all thy might," seemed a very appropriate hymn; the same applies to "Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!" Undoubtedly many of the soldiers who sang it did not clearly feel their enlistment to be a religious act, but I may state positively that most of them have enlisted through a sense of duty—and the man who fights for the right is obviously on God's side.

During prayers, Bible readings and sermon the men were allowed to recline among the timothy, standing only to sing. The chaplain tried to give us a better understanding of that triumph of the Psalmist's art, the 23rd Psalm; and the surroundings seemed in spirit with the

lofty thoughts—on every hand rose the soothing russet-green of the long grassy hillsides, the higher summits clothed with pine and fir, which were bluish green in the sun-haze; the pretty city of Vernon lay among the trees in the hollow on our left, and beyond it fields of grain, many already showing golden harvest hues; but most of the cultivated area of the lower slopes is occupied by large orchards. Vernon's beautiful scenic setting strikes one at first gaze from the camp which is splendidly situated on a bench well above the city.

The chaplain explained the perfection of the Psalmist's metaphor of the shepherd and the shepherd throughout the Psalm, even to the way in which the Oriental shepherd anoints the sheep's injuries with oil. In closing he tried to show how church service may restore the soul, and his sermon was restorative in a great degree. After the National Anthem we reformed "fours," marched back to the parade ground where each company, A, B, C, and D, formed into platoons. By this time the temperature was firmly entrenched at ninety in the shade, so we gladly marched back between the lines of whitewashed rocks to our tents. The 54th battalion and the C. M. R.'s had held service elsewhere in the fields.

Kit inspection was followed by dinner at 12.30. Then all the men off duty were allowed general leave till 9.30 p.m. Hundreds of men—there are 3,000 in camp—went to Kalamalka (Long) Lake to swim; a few did their washing; others filled the double tent of the Y. M. C. A., not to mention which would be to pass by the most important element in the social life of the camp. Here are free note paper, envelopes, pens and ink, with tables on which to write; reading matter is to be had; and of course there is a piano. The tent is patronized to its capacity and ought to be enlarged because many men keep away owing to the crowding.

The camp is no place for an "ice-cream" soldier. If there are few actual hardships, there are also few comforts. The general spirit of the men is fine; the main cause of dissatisfaction is some delay in receiving equipment, but this is expected to end shortly. A thing very noticeable is the refusal of each man to entertain the thought that he may not come back from the front. This does not result from ignorance of the odds of war; of these we are grimly aware; it may best be described as a healthily-aggressive love of life. With the C. E. F. at Vernon is no place for those with wavering hearts, but there is plenty of room for more of the Neuve Chapelle and Langemarck breed. Our neighbors, the 54th, have posted on their order boards the names of 250 men and officers drafted to England, but the 47th hope to go as a unit at a later date.

## The Social Problems of British Columbia

[By Professor Geo. C. Pidgeon, D. D.]

### *V.—The Enforcement of Law.*

Respect for law is a fundamental civic virtue. The very fact that a law is on our statute books entitles it to obedience unless it contradict the higher laws of God. This is one of the first virtues which we must inculcate in our children and teach our immigrants. Constituted authority can never be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well until its enactments command the reverence and support of the entire community. The only way to this goal is the entire and impartial enforcement of all our laws, especially such of them as have a moral bearing.

In Canada the enactment of the criminal law belongs to the Dominion Parliament—its enforcement to the Provinces. One can see at a glance why its enactment should be a Dominion measure. It would be intolerable to have the same action criminal in one Province and allowable in another. Our laws would then seem to be based on the arbitrary notions of the local authorities rather than on the universal principles of righteousness. If our conceptions of right and wrong are grounded in the nature of things and supported by the Divine Will, then what is treated as wrong by the law anywhere should be treated as wrong everywhere. The nation is a unit with a moral character of its own, and it should speak with one voice on moral issues. But under our system the criminal law is enforced by the Dominion only in the unorganized territories. Where the Provinces are organized this function is theirs. How logical this is we cannot stop here to discuss. Dr. Lyman Abbott has urged that the law should be enforced by the body which enacts it. There is much to be said in favor of this position. But in the meantime it cannot be introduced in Canada.

### Optional and Obligatory Enforcement

The Provincial Governments are not likely to surrender their rights in this respect, nor is the Dominion Government likely to assume the responsibility for the whole country. The point to be noticed is that the Provinces have no option in the matter. They are under obligation to enforce the criminal law as they find it. This was stated most emphatically by His Honor Judge Robson in his judgment on the toleration of social vice in Winnipeg. When the present Minister of Justice visited Vancouver a few years ago, a deputation asked him what was the difference between the Attorney-General's obligation toward the Criminal Law and his obligation towards the Lord's Day Act. He answered to this effect: The Lord's Day Act leaves it

optional with the Attorney-General of each Province whether it is to be enforced or not. If he decline to enforce it, he is quite within his rights. But he has no such option in regard to the Criminal Law. If he fail to enforce it, he is recreant to his duty. And if he violate the law, action may be taken against him in the courts as well as against any private citizen.

In general there may be said to be two systems of law enforcement:

(1) National or Provincial, in which the police force is appointed, controlled and directed by Dominion or Provincial authorities, such as the Royal Irish Constabulary, or, in Canada, the Royal North West Mounted Police, and the various provincial police forces.

(2) Local or municipal, according to which the chief and members of the police force are appointed, controlled and directed by the municipality directly or indirectly. Sometimes the force is under a Board of Police Commissioners. In this case the municipal council has no direct oversight. In other places the council appoints, pays and directs whatever officers are required for the enforcement of law.

In many places there is an attempt to mix the two systems. In administering the liquor laws of the provinces an inspector of licenses is appointed by the Provincial Government. It is still a part of the duty of the local constables to see that the liquor law is obeyed, but in this they have the assistance of the inspector. In actual practice the whole duty is usually left with him. The government of Ontario has brought into existence for the enforcement of the Local Option law a special force of detectives which goes into any district in which the law is being violated. It is under the Provincial License Department and has rendered admirable service.

### The Practice in British Columbia

In British Columbia we are supposed to have the municipal system of law enforcement in the organized districts. In our unorganized territory the Attorney-General's department has direct control of the enforcement of law. But in the municipalities the local authorities have charge of this matter. That is to say, if a crime is committed they must take action, and if they fail to take action, nothing can be done. When it was reported some years ago that the anti-gambling law was being violated on a certain race track, a deputation asked the Attorney-General to stop it. He pointed out that the officials of the township had to act first; the provincial machinery would not move until the case was committed for trial by the magistrate, but then they would take it up. He held, further, that his department could not undertake the responsibility of punishing crime in all parts of the province, especially when there were men appointed by each municipality for this purpose. His interpretation of the law was correct.

In reality, however, local control of the enforcement of the law is not as thorough-going as it seems. The Police Commission in every town and city is composed as follows: The Mayor is *ex officio* chairman. The other two members are appointed by the Attorney-General's department, one from the newly-elected council, and the other from the citizens of the municipality. The Attorney-General has, therefore, supervision of the administration of law throughout the whole Province, since he appoints a majority on each police commission. Recent history has shown that he does not hesitate to use his prerogative.

### The Power of the People to Affect Policy

The policy which the department follows is to consult the wishes of the people of each locality in regard to this question. If the people wish to have the law enforced against any particular evil, it shall be enforced. This led the Attorney-General to appoint police commissioners this year in Vancouver who were opposed to the toleration of commercialized vice. The people of the city had spoken against the segregation of the evil, and their will should be carried out. If, on the other hand, the people wish to have this evil tolerated, they shall have that privilege, and facilities shall be provided for this purpose. A complaint once came to the writer from the moral leaders of a city in the interior to the effect that a colony of prostitutes had been allowed to settle in unorganized territory near their border. It was therefore under the supervision of the Provincial Police. The writer put the facts before the Attorney-General and was told that he had the right to place a section of the unorganized territory near a city under the control of the police of that city, and allow them to administer the law there. In this case, the people wished to have the vice colony removed from the heart of the city, and it had been allowed to settle in a given section outside. He had handed over the supervision of this section to the local police, and if the people of the city wished it abolished, all they needed to do was to vote accordingly. But in any case, he was not going to fill up the jails with unfortunate girls. This policy has prevailed all over the Province.

### The Obligation of the Provincial Authorities

What shall we say about it. Let us make due allowance for the difficulties in the way of a rigid enforcement of law in a new province where vast and thinly peopled territories are under a central government, and where the traditions are in favor of the Western liberty which has so often degenerated into wild license. Personally, the writer believes that the present Attorney-General is honest in this statement, and would gladly enforce the law if he could be sure of local

support. But the religious elements differ from him most emphatically in his interpretation of his obligation.

First, he has not the right to allow any community or section thereof to violate the criminal law of Canada. Local option in law enforcement is not provided for in our statutes. There is but one course open to the provincial authorities, and that is to put the law into effect with thoroughness and impartiality.

### Party Interests *versus* Public Good

Second, the present Government has used wrong standards in interpreting the mind of the people. They accept the wishes of the local party organization as indicating the popular will. It is a recognized fact that the only way to clean up a town in British Columbia under the present regime is to get control of the Conservative machine. They nominate those members of the police and license commissions which the Government appoints, and it is usually the party's interests rather than the public good which is their first consideration. Further, the so-called "two dollar vote" is defeating the will of *bona fide* residents in many places. The law allows a man of twenty-one who pays two dollars to enter his name on the voters' list. It requires him to be a resident, but it does not say continuous residence or specify any length of time. The result is that many transients who are in town only for a visit, register as properly qualified voters.

In one town particularly, a prominent public man affirmed that 75 per cent. of the residents were in favor of better moral conditions but were unable to secure them because of this transient vote.

Third, the Government has not enforced the law in unorganized districts where their will is supreme. When the construction of the National Transcontinental was in process a deputation from the Social Service Council put documents before the Government showing that whenever the road entered British Columbia moral conditions grew worse, and the laws governing gambling, the sale of liquor and social vice were being flagrantly violated. A year later, a Home Mission superintendent went through the new district and declared that the situation was not improved in any way, but that law violation was in full swing. He added, "the failure to enforce the law is so complete that a trail of crime, disease and death has been left along the whole course of construction. Many other similar instances might be cited. It is difficult to characterize such a breach of obligation.

### No Reason for Pessimism Regarding Moral Outlook

At the same time, there is no reason for pessimism in the moral outlook in this Province. There has been a marked improvement in recent years. Even if the present Government is not quite so saintly in its aspirations as the Western Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance

would have us believe, it is nevertheless responsive to public opinion. And public opinion is being emphatically expressed along these lines. In every community throughout the Province there is a band of earnest men and women, trained in the warfare against established evil, and ready to stand by their convictions, no matter what the cost to themselves. There is not in Canada a more effective moral force than these people. They are making their influence felt more widely each year. The great war has led to a moral awakening that is startling in its effects. Even seasoned temperance workers are amazed at the strength of the feeling against the liquor traffic. Against other forms of evil this conviction is equally deep and strong.

We do need a more thorough organization of the moral forces. They should be a factor to be reckoned with in every political campaign.

We need to demand of our public men a higher sense of duty. A public servant is elected by the people, but when in office he is responsible to God. When in office he must not be the tool of his supporters. He represents the people as a whole and must do for them what he believes to be right. Justice is a country's first necessity and there is a crying need for it in our province to-day.

### Christian Principles Should be Applied to Politics

Above all, Christian people must apply their religion to politics. It is doubtful if there has been in any land a baser surrender of sacred privileges than the Christian people of British Columbia have made in recent years. They have allowed their party managers to count on their support regardless of the character of the candidates or record of the leaders. In too many constituencies the party conventions had to choose standard-bearers and adopt measures which would appeal to the looser elements: they did not need to give special attention to the Church vote as these people could be counted on to support their party. Until Christian people demand a Christian administration, and throw party considerations to the winds in insisting on having their convictions carried out in our public policy, we shall have our rights trampled upon by self-seeking politicians and cherished ideals ignored. The ugly fact stares us in the face that while evil doers will vote for those who protect them, Christian people will not support consistently the men who stand resolutely for the principles of righteousness. Party loyalty or personal interest is stronger than moral conviction when it comes to a party contest. The wrongs that we deplore exist because of this fact. The Church must awaken to its responsibilities and possibilities and maintain the righteousness which it teaches, and then a better day will dawn for our Province.



## A Seer

[By Henry F. Waring]

*Prithee read it aloud, with the stress that you ought,  
Were it passionate prose, simply picture the thought.  
And where'er you would hesitate, lilting along,  
(A sharp turn, some rough way) in meandering song,  
As a purposeful discord—a picturesque spot—  
'Tis to add to the music—to aid to the thought.*

“Who readeth life’s hard lines,” so he began,  
“Learns that the wise, selecting, simplify,  
Crowd out strong evil with the stronger good,  
Subordinate the good to better things  
And better things to best.”

With crystal words

In keenly cautious scientific mood  
For five and fifty minutes on he led  
Through psychologic laws and laws of life  
To basic truth of sex; and then a change  
Came o’er him. Spelled we sat before a seer.

The manuscript discarding, out he burst:  
“What is it then? What is the sex of man?  
In search more sacred than for Holy Grail—  
High sociologic quest for modern knight—  
Ye prudish, priggish mumblements avaunt!

An animal a man is, but he is more  
Than merely that; and more than simply sense  
The sex of man. Soul enters into it  
Ennobling; and to be itself enriched  
Through sinless sense.

To be a very god—  
Creator—missing not the meaning deep;  
One’s self to find, aye, in its fulness, LIFE  
Robbed of the limitations (with the pain)  
Of individuality (of “I”)  
In one sweet union; soul and sense at one  
To scale the mountain, and the swift tide stem;  
In some great project, and for others’ good,  
To lose one’s self—the loneliness of life—  
In love that values, wants and wants to bless  
And gets in giving: this the sex of man.

And this: to lose the lustre, gleam and verve;  
To strut, fine-feathered, but with voice a scream;  
Glutting with corn, the diamond to despise;  
To coarsen every fibre of the soul  
And sink it deep—down lower than the brute,  
Sense-sunk in sin; this, too, the sex of man.

Of all our earthly instincts shared by all  
The beasts and birds about us, unsurpassed  
Unless by love of life, philanthropist,  
Physician, aye, philosopher and bard—  
As prophets all—write, speak and sing of sex.  
In language plain to many, pure to all,  
Seldom but surely, time and temper fit,  
Make known the danger; of the duty tell;  
And of the glamor and the glory too.

In human copse and forest ever found:—  
As gladsome songster, carolling of love;  
Or subtle serpent, venomously vile.

More deeply damning than the fiend of drink,  
Corrupting soul and body, blighting home,  
The social evil calls for courage, men.  
The truth! despite the cost, the truth! the truth!"

Raising his hand, impassioning the cry;  
"The times are pregnant—travailing begun.  
Millions exist on less than living wage  
To curse the present system with a curse  
Crescendo. Lowering the fatal storm  
Whose forkèd lightning fierce will smite to earth  
In ruthless revolution who oppress—  
Unless through early legislation man,  
As man, of every craft and country, find  
Position in the sun.

More deep than cry

Of hunger—food for self and wife and brood—  
The deepest craving for a something more.  
'Man cannot live by bread alone,' said He.  
Were all the world encastled equally  
Its only nobles they in fief to Love.  
They, they alone, can find the time to live."

## The Moral Basis of Art

[By Wilfrid S. Brookes]

NOTE:—In the following article Mr. Brookes outlines the probable effect of war on Canadian ideals as expressed in the Nation's Art.—[Editor.]

It may seem somewhat trifling in these dark days of tragedy and foreboding to concern ourselves with the consideration of the moral and philosophic bases of art, and yet it may be that war and art are not entirely unrelated, and that this struggle for supremacy of ideal between the nations, may—as one of its results—create a new art.

Art arose when our remote ancestors first achieved leisure—when they discovered that there was some time left after the hunting and fishing necessary to supply food was over—some more ingenious member of the clan would occupy that time by making rude representations of the things that interested him around.

But is art then mere reproduction? Ruskin defined art as that which states a true thing or adorns a serviceable one. But that early amateur or some of his very early descendants found that they possibly had not stated a true thing by merely copying it. If this were true then untouched photography were the perfect art.

It is not necessary for the landscape artist to put in every leaf on the tree, or the portrait painter to carefully outline the wart on Cromwell's nose. No! True art consists in reaching out for the inner beauty, the hidden truth behind the outward seeming. "If you get simple beauty and nought else you get about the best thing God invents," said Fra Lippo Lippi.

The artist paints not only what he sees with the eye of flesh, but also what he sees with the eyes of his spirit, and seeing the outer as but the evidence of the inner—the form being permeated by the creative spirit within. So if the world wants to know what the real Browning or Tennyson or William Morris was, it goes not to the kodaker, but to the Watts portraits.

For this reason the high-born ladies of Gainsborough's time achieved immortality by paying him to paint their portraits, and those of to-day who would gain similar fame employ Sargeant. The reason that so many of the former, as compared with the modern woman, have so little in their faces is because they had so little in their heads.

But how are we to know what is great art? Art consists of thought and its expression. In a period of growth and development there will be great thoughts perhaps only imperfectly expressed. The great period finds sublime thoughts adequately expressed—the expression being equal to the conveyance of the thought—but a period of decadence will have wonderful ability of expression, but find only ignoble thoughts to express.

In "Andrea del Sarto" Browning makes the faultless artist compare himself with some of his fellows. They

"Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,  
Enter and take their place there sure enough,  
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.  
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."

and criticizing a painting by a contemporary he exclaims, "that arm is wrong . . . but all the play, the insight and the sketch—out of me, out of me!"

Thus there can be no great art apart from great ideas—there will be no great art in a country that has lost its soul. Modern Prussia has produced no Goethe or Beethoven. This is why Canada has only produced a very few artists. It has been immersed in material things, and obsessed with the hope of exploitation, with no interest save in real estate values. In such a world art cannot live. One of the greatest services that any society of cultured people could do the community would be to help to produce an atmosphere in which artists may breathe and not be stifled. But to us all this great war with its clamant call for sacrifice and service has come like a purifying flame. It will surely purge from our national life much that is base and ignoble.

That we are fighting for the great principles of Freedom and Justice and Truth, even to the death, will produce a new nation and a new Empire. We are fighting for the Truth, and "Beauty is Truth—Truth Beauty." In this new spirit we may find a greater art with nobler ideas and a greater responsiveness of expression as a result.

All great art is, in its essence, religious. Idealism breathes a serener air than realism and breeds a greater art, giving evidence that man is not merely human, but divine, and comes to earth "trailing clouds of glory."

There will be different types and schools always, differing as Turner, Whistler, or Brangwyn do from McWhirter, Alfred East, or Alma Tadema, but in ideals and conceptions great artists are in one category.

A nation's art indicates the condition of the nation's life—as in other things a nation only gets what it deserves. It reveals its character by the things it likes and can, perforce, produce no other. If it is vapid and excitable or thoughtful and high-minded, a sure index will be found in the art it nourishes. If it nourish none at all no other evidence is needed of a lack of the qualities of insight and imagination or of a petrification of the sensibilities by the degrading forces of materialism and selfishness.

We are fighting, and intend to fight until Germany has come to itself again, and found its soul. It may be that in the same process we shall find our own, and prove its possession by the sure signs of a truly great and worthy national art.

## In the Hour of Silence.

### *Surrender.*

The hour of His deepest need was the occasion of the richest of our Lord's spiritual experiences. When He could say with all His soul, "Not My will, but Thine, be done," He realized His oneness with the Father as never before and found the strength which carried Him triumphantly through all that lay before Him.

Surrender to another will, may mean slavery and the fear of giving up something essential to freedom and to life, keeps many from praying as they should, "Thy will be done." But we are made in the image of God, His will is what our will ought to be. He is the All Wise, All Holy One whose name is Love and whose will for us is our highest good. Surrender is then discovery. It is the highest freedom, for it is the fullest expression of what life ought to be.

But the will of God is no simple thing to be grasped without effort. It is as rich and full as life itself, nay, as the full character of the Almighty. Through the long history of the race He has been revealing Himself to men. In the pages of the Bible we have the story of men and a nation specially fitted to be the vehicles of the mind of the Divine and the record of the life of the Incarnate One Himself. If we are to know and understand His will we must live and move in the atmosphere of that marvellous book. But we are not alone dependent on any book however rare its riches and its spiritual value. God lives and loves to-day as He has always done and the devout heart may know His will at every moment of its experience. We are spirits and God is a spirit. He meets our spirits in their innermost recesses and makes Himself and His purposes known to us at every turn, if we will let Him. But our lives are so complex and we are so prone to mistake our own perverse and little thoughts for the thoughts and purposes of the Divine that we need the whole experience of godly men of all ages by which to test and rectify our experiences. So when our minds are filled with the thoughts and experiences of those whom God has led and blessed in all ages and most of all with the memory of the life and words of the Incarnate One Himself, we come to know the voice of the Divine as it speaks to our innermost being and we learn through it the will of God.

When we pray "Thy will be done," we put our whole being into harmony with Him and up to the measure of our capacity we become one with Him and He works through us, "Both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

## Prayer

O Thou whose will for us is Holy Love, Who dost surround and indwell our spirits, hear us pray. We are sinful and weak and foolish, we do not know Thee and we seek our own ways. So fill and master us that we may know that Thy will for us is perfect life, that only in Thee can we know our own best selves. We are restless and troubled with many things, because we try to live apart from Thee. Help us to pray with all our heart, "Thy will be done," and in that glad surrender may we find our life in Thee and Thy life in us. To the glory of Thy great name. Amen.

## A Holiday Incident

[By Walter John Agabob]

It was about midsummer, several years ago, when the weather was at its best. I was on my holiday in Macleod, a little prairie town in Southern Alberta. Having received an invitation from a missionary friend to visit his field, I set out one glorious afternoon on the trail to Standoff, an old Indian Fort, forty miles south of Macleod. A journey of five hours on horseback brought me within ten miles of my destination. It was then six o'clock and as darkness was gathering I pressed on my way. When two additional miles had been covered, I espied on a knoll to the left of the road a shack with a light in the window. Tired and sore I resolved to proceed no further if shelter for the night could be obtained here. I approached the place and knocked.

In response to the "Come in" from within, I opened the door and entered to find myself the target of four questions fired at me by four different men: "Who are you?" said one, and "What are you?" said another; "Where do you come from?" asked the third, and "What do you want?" demanded the fourth.

I glanced at the men before answering, and rough-looking fellows they appeared to be. One of them was reclining on a camp bed, another was seated on the table. A third had for his chair an empty packing case, while the fourth stood by the stove, a bottle and a mug in his hands. Addressing myself to him, I explained that I was a stranger bound for Standoff, and being overtaken by darkness, I desired to be put up for the night. Had he any room?

As he filled a mug and offered me a drink, he replied that I was welcome to a share of his bachelor shack. Thanking him for his hospitality, I declined the drink, being careful to add that I meant no discourtesy.

Before long the bottle was emptied of its contents, and the liquor seemed to fire their blood and loose their tongues. Conversation flowed freely. The latest sensational news was reviewed; old

time reminiscences recalled, and harrowing tales recited. Some parts of the conversation were interesting and other parts unpleasant; but, for my part, I adopted the policy of silence. However, when they had exhausted the resources of their own minds, attracted probably by my silence, they suddenly directed their attention to me. One said, "You haven't yet—hic!—told us who you are—hic! But you know your—hic!—business." Then, turning to his comrades, he added, "Come, boys—hic!—the kid must be sleepy—hic! Let's hit the pike—hic!

The men rose to leave, but I interposed. I addressed myself to Joe, the spokesman; for Joe, I discovered, was the name of my thoughtful friend. "Don't go, yet, Joe," I said, "I wish to tell you and the boys something. I'm not a holy roller, boys," I continued, "but I am in the habit of reading a few verses out of a little Book that I carry with me before I retire for the night. Would you care to listen?" Then the light dawned upon them—I was a preacher.

Surprised though they were, yet with good-natured smiles they resumed their seats. I brought out my pocket Bible, and read from it the story of Christ and Nicodemus. The men, who but a moment before were crude and rought-spoken, now listened with attention and commendable respect; and at the close of the reading they knelt down with me while I offered up a simple prayer. Shortly after, Joe and his comrades, with a "Good night, sir," returned to their own bunks, while my host and I crept into ours.

The next morning after breakfast Joe and his two companions made their appearance at the shack to join my host for the day's labour in the field, while I struck out once more on the trail to Standoff. And as I rode out of the gate it delighted me to hear the voice of Joe calling after me, cheerily, "Come back again, parson!"

There's some wha'll no haud up their heids  
An' smile like ither folk,  
An' some wha'll scowl an' at ye growl  
Gif ye should crack a joke.

There's some wha look on hairless mirth  
As tho' 'twere unco wrang,  
They frown on fun, an' e'en would shun  
The sangs their mithers sang.

There's some wha grumble a' day lang—  
Their world rins ower wi' woes—  
They feel ill-used an' sair abused,  
An' coont their friens, their foes.

There's some wha seem to tak delight  
In makin' ithers sad,  
It them annoys to see the joys  
Their puir herts never had.

There's some wha try to worship God  
Wi' faces black wi' gloom,  
As tho' 'twa'd need their sourest creed  
To jink eternal doom.

But such as tread the path o' life  
Without a cheery word;  
We needna say they dinna hae  
The spirit o' oor Lord. —David Lister.

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