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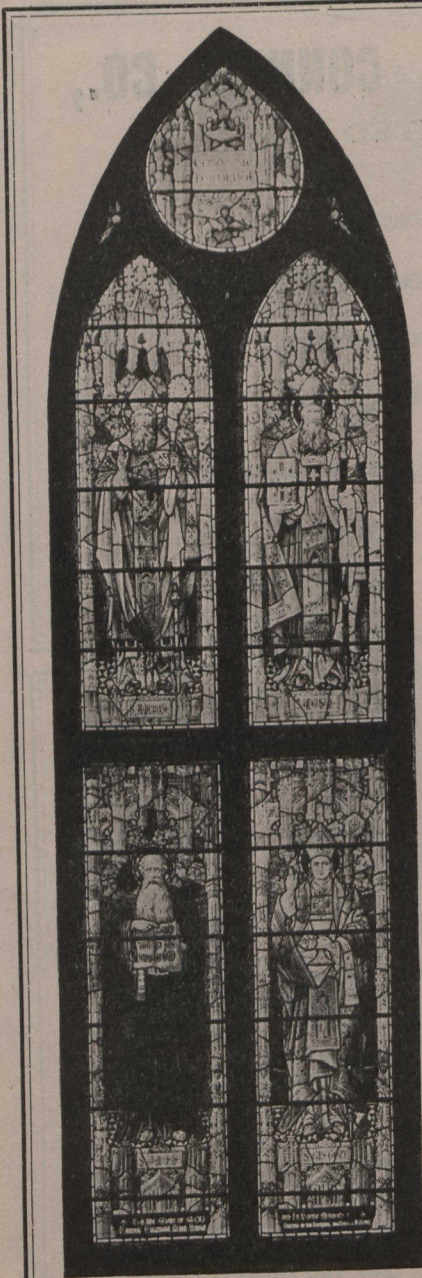
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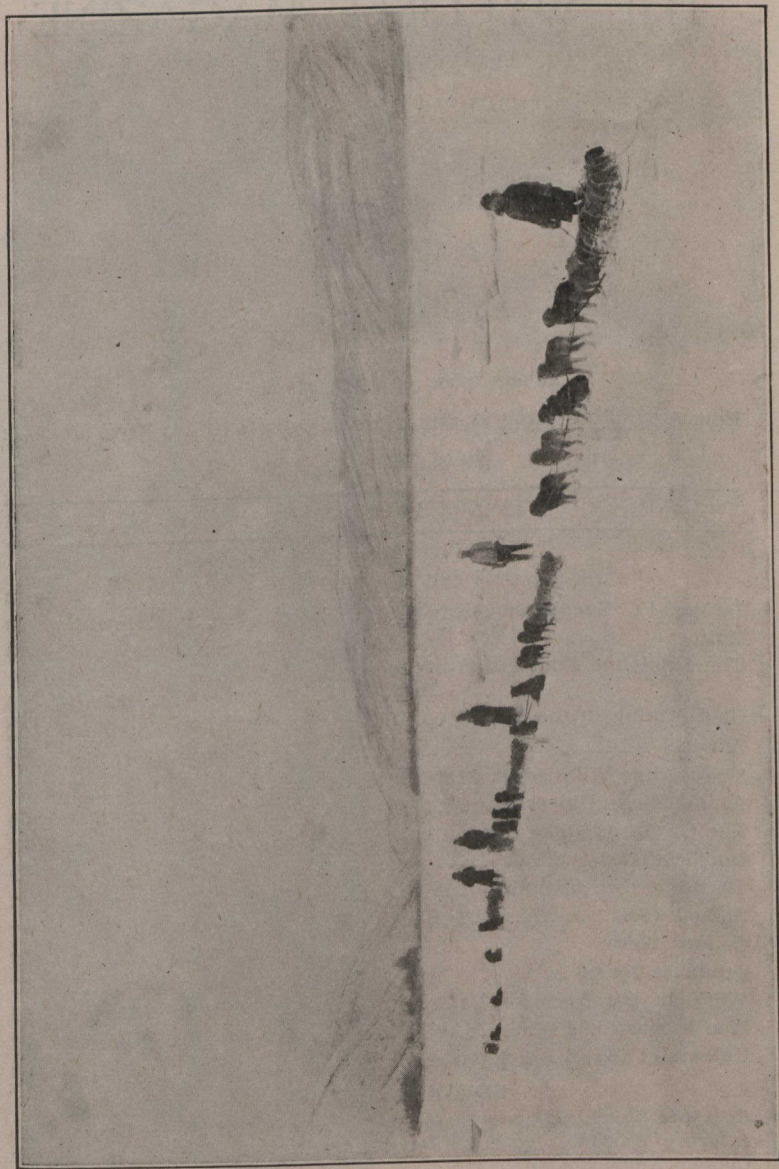
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## Editorial

**I**T was the best of times," says one man as he returns to college and contemplates the changes which have taken place during his absence. He sighs for the good old days even while a learned professor remarks "There's no time like the present." "It was the worst of times," exclaims a new-comer as he hears accounts of the far-off happy days. "It was the age of wisdom," says the 'old-timer.' "It was the age of foolishness," protests the "green-horn." Tut, tut! "the truth lies atween you: you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say."

Does not this express one of the acutest problems of our college life this year? In re-union there is happiness and at last we welcome the main body of our Wycliffe veterans. But with re-union there is re-adjustment, not so much of institutions as of the spirit which is to pervade them, and instead of bonds of love there may be bones of contention.

Life is a unity. The past is never wholly done with. The present is always with us. The future will always be before us. Yet are there not three lives but one life. While we leave experiences behind us and press on to new ones we must, as Phillips Brooks admirably pointed out, go forward with all the strength and wisdom that our former experiences had to give to our characters and souls. By all means let us leave Egypt—its idolatry and tyranny—but before we go let us borrow their jewels of silver and jewels of gold which will prevent barrenness in our wilderness worship as we journey to the Beautiful gate of the temple where all will be so unsurpassably splendid. Revere the past and the future will revere you. But obviously we are not advocating an intolerable obscurantism. We only ask that men recognize a unity in college life—the veterans of the college, the new-comers and

the group between them seeking to charitably re-adjust their points of view in the interests of the common good.

“Dead vocables, dead vocables, Bill!” cried out a young and enthusiastic graduate of the college one evening as he saw the editor delving into some volumes relating to the past. To this esteemed graduate the past had no relation to the present or future. The present, the realistic present, “the living Present” was an obsession with him. We commend his energy, enthusiasm and realism, but may we use him as our text—present, living, real—to point out the need for a readjustment in our individual lives. We would remind our enthusiastic graduate that much of the enlightenment which we enjoy in this real, present and living twentieth century, we owe to the “dead vocables” of the nineteenth century—not to go back further. Who gave us the historical method? Who gave us the inductive science? The dominant feature of Victorian scholarship was the search for and love of truth for its own sake. True, either through forgetfulness or through the desire to avoid pious moralizing, they often failed to give truth its real significance by relating it to life. But their foundation was secure. We are in danger of searching for and loving novelty and originality for their own sakes, irrespective of their relation to truth, and with a foundation of hay and stubble our castles fall, and great is the fall.

“Get a knowledge of human nature by mixing with men,” is a common exhortation, but as the wise man said—there is a time for everything and everything beautiful in his time. You may mix with men and understand human nature. So did Plato, Aristotle and Socrates in the Academy of Athens, but there is also evidence that much of their philosophy was thought out and formulated in the seclusion of the study as they pondered over “dead vocables, dead vocables,” forsooth.

There is little immediate danger of our students going to the extreme of becoming studious recluses. There is no immediate danger of the church being swamped with scholars. Let every man strive to attain a happy medium which will lead to a maximum development of his whole self. He must make a careful selection of college organizations so that each

part has its proper place. Get your philosophy of life not only by seeing how men live and what they hope for in the present, but also how men lived and what they hoped for in the past.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The living and present "I am" is also Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, the past and the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is an age of mass movements. A man only acts as his group acts—it may be his church, college, trade union, business association. "You cannot see the forest for the trees," runs an old epigram. As all analogies have the germ of the ridiculous in them, so all epigrams have an element of danger. They have a nasty habit of recoiling. Democratic America said: "We must make the world safe for democracy." "Aristocratic" England tartly said: "We must make democracy safe for the world." We may reverse the older epigram and say: "You cannot see the trees for the forest."

This epigram can be modernized to illustrate mass movements. In the days of unbridled individualism "we could not see man for men." The idea of having a vision of humanity was ethereal. Today "we cannot see men for man." The big man must view all the world. Individuals are far too insignificant for his master mind. So we think at least!

But is not humanity a very elusive and intangible thing? What is it? Where shall we find it? We must give it up and come down out of the clouds and out of our dreams. We must wake up and find ourselves after all standing alongside an ordinary common or garden variety of individual like ourselves. He is the man we must live with and die with. And we live and die with him not in visionary realms but in such a spot as this commonplace old earth.

The latest mass movement is the Forward Movement. We wish it God speed. But let us beware lest we estimate it in terms of large gatherings and big finance. If the movement is to bear fruit that remains, it must begin in the individual soul. Has it begun in yours?

“My heart speaks they are welcome.”

We greet the new members of our staff:—Rev. E. A. McIntyre, M.A., B.D.; Rev. C. V. Pilcher, M.A., B.D., and Rev. H. W. K. Mowll, M.A., who returns to us after a period of three years in England and France. They are not strangers here, but we are glad to have the bonds drawn a little closer.

“You know your own degrees; sit  
down: at first and last,  
The hearty welcome.”

A message for the times! Prof. R. M. MacIver, M.A., D. Phil., of the Dept. of Pol. Science and Social Service in the University, of Toronto, is well qualified to speak on “The Economic Foundations of Society.” This article, we may say, prefaces Dr. MacIver’s latest work: “Labor and the changing World.”

Young Judah! Zionism is evidently not a movement of older Jews who desire to spend their latter end in Palestine. It is a movement stirring up the younger members of that nation. Mr. Sol. Eisen is a recent graduate of the University of Toronto and very active in the Menorah Society work.

The Department of Political Science has been accused of cultivating anything sordid and mundane in human nature. We protest. Mr. R. Salter, the writer of “The Author Who Never Grew Up,” is our evidence.

“Toike oike” refers to a college yell. In other words, it is “much ado about nothing.”

We are favoured again with the versatility of Rev. C. V. Pilcher,—classicist, poet, astronomer, musician. Under his guidance we have visited dreamland and Iceland. Now his facile pen, more realistically than the proverbial witches’ broom, whirls us through space to starland.

For real “Church Establishment” see Rev. E. Gillman’s account of the Church in the Nechako Valley.

A Book Chat. Prof. McIntyre, who holds the chair in Apologetics, is well qualified to speak on the books mentioned.

Miss M. Reid, of the History staff, in the University of Toronto, has written upon a vital problem. Organizations may all too easily kill organisms.

The contribution by Rev. Prof. H. W. K. Mowl tells us of a "Chaplain Service," which we have heard little about.

In the event of a street car strike write E. W. Knight, Canadian and North China Ricksha and Litter Co., Wycliffe College. Speed, security and comfort guaranteed.

To *Acta Victoriana*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Trinity University Review*, *The University of Toronto Monthly*, and all to whom these presents may come—greetings! In the piping days of peace we wish our fellow-collegians success in their efforts to publish college magazines.

"Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man lived as you do, this earth would be heaven."—*Phillips Brooks*.

Tempus fugit! To one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



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# The Economic Foundations of Society

PROF. R. M. MACIVER, M. A., D. PHIL.

**I**T is the law of nature, for nations and for men, that they pass through the crumbling stages of past life to new experiences, which, unless they can receive, they die. There are periods of secretion and gestation and also of travail and birth; periods of quiescence and also of struggle; periods of slow growth and also violent transition. It is our fortune to live in the disturbing days of great changes, fulfilled and impending, in a time of national travail and of new deliverance. The war, it is said, has shaken society to its foundations—to its foundations yes, but the foundations themselves remain. The superstructure is shaken, but the foundations themselves remain. The superstructure is shaken, but the foundations are in the heart of humanity; and, while that endures, while men hunger and thirst, while they love and fear, while their wants and strivings can be satisfied only by obedience to the abiding laws both of their own nature and of the outer world, the bases of society endure.

I am not advocating the hoary fallacy that human nature does not change. Man changes all things else upon the earth because he changes himself first. He builds new worlds because he is himself different. He widens the bounds of society because his own mind is widened. He masters the forces of nature because his own intelligent force has grown. But, though social forms and institutions pass away, the ties which bind men in society are not thereby broken. Men remain dependent upon one another; rather, they grow more dependent on one another. The common welfare grows more, not less, real; more, not less, insistent. The foundations of society can never fail while the truth stands that the essential needs of men are best or alone fulfilled in mutuality and co-operation.

It is of these foundations I wish to speak, but before doing so I would say something of the superstructure that has been

shaken. There is scarcely a social institution that the storm of war has left wholly unscathed. Some will soon be repaired, but others must be rebuilt. These last, though bulwarked by custom, had been weakened by the continued assault of new ideas, by the growing urgency of conscious needs seeking a satisfaction these failed to give. The war broke the seals of custom and thereby gave potency to the attacking forces.

For, in these days of history-making, it is well to remind ourselves that the only thing that does make history is a change in men's ideas. Finally, it is not wars or conquests, not King or Emperor or President, but the ideas which they represent or incarnate, the ideas which they stimulate or repress, that change the face of the world. Actions fade into memories, but ideas live so long as there is a brain to think them. Over them alone time has no sway, but it is they that give time its meaning. We divide time into epochs because of the changing thoughts of men. Actions are circumscribed by the hour and the place. Ideas are winged and seek all over the earth for the receptive soil; just as the germ mysteriously appears where its appropriate breeding place is prepared, so wherever the spiritual soil is favourable the idea finds its way. It waits patiently for the hour and the place that it may strike root, and there it grows and fructifies and can be extruded only by the presence of another and more potent idea. An old Scottish theologian used to speak of the "expulsive power of a new affection." The phrase may be applied to ideas. No force, no medicine, nothing but the expulsive power of a new idea can drive out that vital germ from the mind of man.

The war confounded the general sense of security which exists in an ordered society, disturbed that complacency which the more fortunate wrap around them as a garment, and still more completely dissipated that spirit of acquiescence which the less fortunate acquire as part of their adjustment to life's conditions. The ferment of ideas is more advanced in the older lands, but it will inevitably spread, as do most socio-economic movements, from east to west. It is well, therefore

that we should ask ourselves just what has been shaken and what remains as solid rock.

First, the position and power of the State itself has been subject to the assault of new questionings. Never in history has the State been so supreme, so absolute, as it became under the necessity of war. Never did it enter so intimately and so irresistibly into the life of every individual, assigning to millions the issues of life and of death, prescribing what men shall work at, what they shall eat, what they shall wear, even what they shall think. In earlier times the theory of absolutism went further, but it required the modern centralized mechanism of production, it required the modern press, it required the network of railway, telegraph, and telephone, to arm the central political authority with swift and universal dominion over the lives of men. And yet underneath there were forces at work which were preparing to challenge as never before the old principle of state-sovereignty. While the menace of autoeracy was being thrust down, democracy itself, in its historic significance, was insecure and full of doubt. The struggle for democracy had been, historically, a struggle for the liberty of representative parliaments. The struggle seemed over, the liberty achieved—and men felt a curious dissatisfaction with the result. Was this the goal of centuries of striving—a House of Parliament all powerful in name, but where had its prestige, its virtue fled? A House of Parliament omni-competent by constitution, but of what was it competent? Consider the mother of parliaments herself. It was only in 1911 (when the veto of the Lords was broken) that the last stage of its emancipation was complete, the end of an age-long struggle. And yet when the war was over and the time came to elect a parliament that, constitutionally, must decide the most fateful questions ever submitted to any body of men, most observers recorded an unwonted indifference on the part of the electorate. Many felt that it was not there, or by these representatives, that the fate of the world would be decided. Within the nation there had grown up other powers, great new associations that the political sovereign had perforce to recognize. With the most



formidable of these powers, the opposing forces of capital and of labor, the English parliament is even now parleying, ostensibly acting as mediator, doing so not of choice but of necessity. The State is no longer Leviathan, supreme and alone. It is one collectivity among others. It finds new and strange limits to its power.

In the international situation another change of the political structure is being prepared. Federation of peoples, which nearly all men—if we except some Senators of the United States—regard as desirable in some form, cannot be attained without a surrender of a part of the old sovereignty of the individual state. Beside the national parliament there may arise the international parliament. It is well to recognize that this would profoundly affect the currents of national life, that it would mean the stimulation of new ideas, that it would mean in particular a further and progressive revision of the idea of political sovereignty. It would create new problems for democracy, showing that the mere achievement of full parliamentary institutions, far from being the final solution of the problem of liberty and order, was but the first step on a long journey of peril and of hope.

Enough may have been said to explain the statement that the political structure has been shaken by the power of new ideas. Much that once seemed sure has grown uncertain, much that once men accepted as cardinal political principle is questioned. Those who look for finality in human institutions must journey elsewhere on their fruitless quest. I turn next to the economic structure, the true storm-centre of the struggle.

The present economic system is often described as a competitive one. The description has long ceased to be accurate, if it ever was. In reality the present system is the unstable resultant of two opposing sets of forces, the competitive and the anti-competitive, and the latter has been gaining ground at the expense of the former. This is revealed very markedly in three ways: in the growing control of the state over economic conditions, ranging from actual ownership to such legal determinations as Factory Acts ensure; secondly, in the vast

modern organization of capital, by means of amalgamations, trusts, cartels, selling agreements, interlocking directorates, associations of manufacturers, associations of agricultural producers, co-operation of banks, trust companies, and industrial corporations, and so forth; and, thirdly, in the extension of unionism among the workers. The semi-automatism of the competitive system is being in part superseded by the conscious effort of these three great forces to gain or retain control of the productive process, and, perhaps still more, by the struggle between the two latter, capital and labor, to obtain the greater share of the product and in the effort to use the machinery of the state.

While these mighty contests are straining the whole industrial fabric, the strife is gradually concentrating around the wage-system.

Here is the real significance of what we call labour unrest. As it grows self-conscious it proves to be nothing less than an ever more resolute attack upon a system. We shall go far astray if we think that praise or condemnation, of either side, has any relevance to the situation. The worker, if he changed places with the employer, would be over-persuaded by the system even as the employer is; the employer, if he changed places with the worker, would likewise learn the bitterness and inertia of wage-earning. Employers and workers alike are bound up in a system which neither has created, but naturally the attack comes from the side which suffers from it most. Labour unrest witnesses to a deep-rooted evil. It springs from poverty, hazard and privation, but still more from the sense of exploitation and the frustration of opportunity—for all of which it accuses the wage-system. Labour unrest is not something to be exorcised, it is not even something to be feared. It is part of what distinguishes the human being from the sheep. It is inevitable in a civilization which leaves from twenty to forty per cent. of the industrial population in a state of sheer destitution, and which concentrates, as in Great Britain, 2-3 of the total wealth of the country in the hands of 1-70th of its population, or, as in America, the same proportion in the hands of 1-50th of the population.

It is part of the eternal striving of humanity for a better and fuller life, fraught no doubt with all the difficulty and aberration, but also with all the necessity, which accompanies every process of growth. The unrest of to-day makes the civilization of to-morrow. Had there been no unrest in the stone age, the world would be still in the stone age.

It is our duty to understand this momentous uprising, to examine it with clear and fearless eyes, to search beyond symptoms for causes. Let us not think of it as a mere troubler of the peace. It exists because there is no peace. Let us not dismiss it as agitation, as disturbance of the established order. It exists because there is deep-seated disorder. We should no more meet it with reproof and indictment than a physician reproaches or indicts a disease. We should no more seek to remove it by vain palliatives or vainer incantations than a physician seeks thus to remove the cause of disease. If those of us who are not in the ranks of labour do not go out with sympathy and understanding to apprehend the human meaning of these discontents, we are but helping to give them a narrower, more bitter, and more explosive character. Blindness is always the counterpart of revolution.

A great new consciousness of need has arisen within the present system of industry. It is in part the product of education, and in part the product of machinery. For education, the education fostered by experience rather than by the schools, has brought a greater consciousness at once of dignity, of power, and of possibility. It teaches men to refuse the position of being a commodity, to be bought and sold without regard for the human costs of the buying and selling. When once that degradation becomes conscious, it ceases to be long tolerable, and the days of any system which makes it necessary are numbered. Machinery was in a measure the means of that degradation. Machinery massed men and de-personalized their work. It destroyed the old craftsmanship—the intimate relation of the worker to the integral product of his hands. Machinery is man's great agent of deliverance from the drudgery of life, but it offers deliverance at a price. The price is the loss of the specialized skill known as crafts-

manship. Machinery breaks down the barriers between crafts. It does not destroy skill but it generalizes it. It specializes function and generalizes skill. It has destroyed the mystery, the exclusiveness, and the privilege of the old crafts. No longer can the workman find in his specialized function the living interest which a man seeks in his work. He must now gain a less narrow interest, even as his skill is less narrow. He must share in the interest of the whole process of production of which his work is a fragment. He must consciously co-operate in production, as one who is a partner in production. The absence of this spirit of co-operation is the final indictment of the present breaking system, and there will be no peace until a means is found by which it can be restored. Ask almost any employer and he will tell you that the workmen have no interest in their work. Lord Leverhulme, for example, declares that the present system turns the workers into a race of ca'canny shirkers and slackers. What can you expect? Has it not always been true that the hireling flees because he is a hireling?

The loss is twofold, in the effect upon character and in the effect upon productivity. When men lose interest in their work they lose the sense of responsibility. Much of the energy of life is lost, and much is misdirected. The demand for mere excitement witnesses to the loss of a more central interest. Because men fail to find interest in their work they pursue the spurious excitations of sensationalism, to the provision of which all social institutions, but especially the press, the picture house, and even the pulpit may be perverted. The balked intrinsic desire, the natural desire of men to fulfil themselves in their work, issues in a restless craving for extrinsic and unsatisfying stimulation. On the other hand, there is the direct economic loss. Is it not a curious commentary on our economic order that the great mass of those who produce should take pains to lower their own productivity? While in all other things men seek to be efficient, here they seek not uncommonly to be inefficient. It has been calculated that in the twenty thousand plants controlled by the British Munitions Board the output for the same number of workers and

hours was doubled as a result of the spirit of co-operation and the desire for efficiency which the sense of a common cause inspired. The sense of the common cause brought harmony. There was co-operation, and therefore efficiency. But in industry in general there is cleavage, not co-operation, and therefore inefficiency. The general conclusion is clear. A way of co-operation, of partnership, must be found which will unite all producers in the work of production, making it the common interest of them all, so that men cease to feel as the helots and hirelings of their fellowmen. All significant schemes of industrial reconstruction, such as that of the Whitley Committee in Great Britain, are directed to the attainment of this end. They recognize the necessity for a new order, a more representative order, a more co-operative order. This cannot be attained without changes of great importance in the economic superstructure of society. Into that I cannot enter here. What I want to do is to contrast the shaken superstructure with the sure foundations.

The economic foundations are secure. Every advance of society, every discovery, every application of science, make the foundations more secure. For they make men more dependent upon one another over greater areas of community. Already not one of us but employs unwittingly the hands and brains of countless thousands of his fellowmen. Carlyle prophetically saw it when he declared that not an Indian could quarrel with his squaw but the world must smart for it—the price of beaver would rise! That hyperbole grows in fact more true with every advance of science, for science destroys isolation and establishes interdependence. The history of man is in one aspect the history of the growth of an organization which diversifies the work of each, making each more dependent on others, in order that by the surrender of self-sufficiency he may receive back a thousandfold in fulness of life. It is becoming true between nations as between men. The world knows to-day that a nation cannot injure another without doing grave injury to itself. What it has yet to learn is the happier counterpart of that truth, that a nation cannot serve

itself, cannot honestly prosper, without benefitting other nations-also.

Co-operation is more fruitful than conflict. Man works to satisfy his need, and seeks to do so in the most economical way. He therefore seeks more and more the method of co-operation. Economy and society go hand in hand. Where there is no society there is waste. Where there is social division there is waste. The greatest waste in the modern world, from the economic standpoint exceeding even the waste of the warfare between nations, is that of the warfare between labor and capital. If that seems a hard saying, it is because we have not realized the extraordinary wastefulness of industrial disharmony—the waste of unemployment, the waste of labor turnover, the waste of unwilling task work. This warfare will never be ended, it will almost certainly grow worse, until labor ceases to be mere labor, and capital to be mere capital. This means equality of opportunity, so that neither status nor accumulated wealth, but natural endowment and quality shall determine leadership in industry. It means security against exploitation, so that none shall grow rich out of the poverty of others. It means assurance of employment, so that none who have the will and capacity to work shall seek for it in vain. It means a more representative system of industry, so that all who share in its toil shall have the right to express their needs through an orderly constitution. It means industrial citizenship, so that no class shall be without a voice in the determination of its fate. Let us clearly understand that the alternative to these conditions is no longer, in the present temper of our civilization, the retention of the existing system—it is the ferment of revolution, and revolution can gain, by whatever violence and disturbance, no other ends than these. It may attempt more but it cannot obtain more. Any economic order whatever must rest on the economic foundations of society. Men must finally adopt the system which is in the widest sense most economical, the system which, with the least expenditure, produces most of what men seek to satisfy their needs. Neither the selfishness of the few nor the tyranny of the many can long defeat the lesson of

experience. Because co-operation is in the long run most economical, men must in the long run resort to co-operation. They must, whether they desire it or not, obtain their individual ends through economic solidarity.

There was only one lion in the path which could have made this progress impossible. The most formidable question within the economic sphere, which any man has ever asked, was that raised by Malthus. Malthus raised the question of productivity verses population. He held that there was a constant tendency for population to outrun productivity. The increase of mankind was naturally more rapid than the increase of means of life. If this were true, then men must always be subject, in the absence of a prudential control which Malthus thought desirable but rare, to endless conflict, and the economy of co-operation could never be established. But the period that has elapsed since the works of Malthus first disturbed the optimism of the early nineteenth century has witnessed developments which have removed that terror and implanted, in the more fearful-minded, another of a very different kind. Falling birth-rate and falling death-rate in all civilized countries, witness to profound changes in the social order. Into the significance of these changes we cannot here enter. It must suffice to state the conclusion, which many facts and figures could be brought forward to substantiate, that there is now every reason to believe that productivity is advancing more rapidly than population. The period of war was a sad exception, but in all civilized communities there is created in every normal year a surplus of production over consumption, a surplus which, as increased capital, can be made to enhance continually the general standard of economic prosperity.

This is a fact of immense significance. It opens up a prospect full of hope. It points to a time, in the quite near future, when a recognized minimum of material comfort shall eliminate the sordid destitution in which multitudes are living today. The philosopher Godwin held the view that in the truly scientific age half an hour's work a day would suffice for the satisfaction of material needs. We may think such a state-

ment absurd and utopian, but it is worth while reflecting that probably some such minute fraction of modern industrial activity is as productive as the whole weary day of work which our ancestors of not many generations back endured. The spindles of Lancashire to-day produce as much as would have required the services of two hundred million men unaided by machinery. Of course needs grow with the power of satisfying them. Need is the hydra which whenever one head is cut away grows two new ones in its place. If it were not so, there would be in the world to-day no poverty and little wealth.

Let me dwell for a little on this hydra character of human needs. It has an important application. When an original need is satisfied, two new possibilities of satisfaction are revealed. When, for instance, men have provided for their need of food their former desire may go out towards a finer diet, not more food but different, or it may be diverted into some different channel altogether. When all the primary organic needs of men are satisfied, men may either refine on these, seeking their more luxurious fulfilment, or they may pass to the satisfaction of what we may call higher needs, cultural needs. Usually, of course, both directions are pursued together, and the character of a civilization is defined by the degree of stress it lays upon one or the other. Capua went one way and Jerusalem another; Florence went one way and New York goes another. In every case the foundation is the economic one, the satisfaction of the primary needs. In Aristotelian terms, there must be life before there can be the good life—or the luxurious life. Man is economist before he is either stoic or Epicurean. Hence, man's increasing productivity, his increasing control over the material environment, opens out two great avenues of life. Being liberated from the pressure of organic necessities, he may be carried by the very momentum of the previous effort to satisfy these into the ever more intensive pursuit of their endless varieties of refinement. If he follows that way, and that alone, his liberation is illusory. As the power of satisfaction grows, custom and habit turn into necessity what was formerly otiosity. The pressure of ne-



cessity is restored, with the difference that a hundred necessities have taken the place of a few. I do not mean to imply that the refinement of organic needs is not itself a process of great cultural significance, but only that the complete engrossment in these prevents that greater liberation of the spirit which the enjoyment of intrinsic interests can bestow. This is the other great avenue which man's economic mastery prepares. Here is the greater emancipation, in the spirit of free devotion to ends in themselves worth while, in the pride not of possession but of the quality of life, in the satisfaction of workmanship and art, in the understanding of man and in the appreciation of nature, in the sense of fruition through the exercise of all one's faculties. These are the treasures laid up in heaven which thieves never break through to steal, for taking does not impoverish nor does withholding enrich. This is the living bread which can be distributed among the multitudes and grows the more it is divided.

These intrinsic satisfactions are in part the alternative to, in part the complement of, the former. They are different modes of seeking what all men seek as naturally as the plant the light—the sense and reality, the thrill, of living. One mode is extrinsic, because it is shallow and impermanent and rests on comparison and contrast; the other is intrinsic, because it is deep and permanent and satisfies in the direct reaction of subject to subject. In our civilization this latter avenue is all too neglected. If only the claim of intrinsic interests were more imperative, it would restrain the encroaching habituation of further extrinsic interests, and thus redirect some of the enormous expenditure of economic energy which the satisfaction of these involves. It would thus in time ensure for all men that liberation from engrossment in mere necessity which is the final condition of the fulfilment of life.

The civilization of this continent, even more than that of Europe, needs to be saved from absorption in these extrinsic interests. It was inevitable, in a land of great resources newly opened to exploitation, that the extrinsic interests should dominate the mind and the temper. It was inevitable that, until the economic foundations were fully laid, the cultural interests

should be neglected. But this too exclusive devotion to external ends at least defeats itself. For it creates poverty as well as wealth, by an excessive diversion of resources to material display. It hinders social co-operation and stimulates division. It develops one aspect of character at the expense of another, and robs life of the finer satisfactions. In the new lands, where the appeal of wealth is most insistent, there is a development of mere forcefulness at the expense of personality. This is a truth which must be insisted upon, the development of will at the expense of thought. It means finally that many who have obtained amply the means to live have lost in the scramble the faculty of living. I remember a conversation related to me of a New York architect who builds elaborate houses for wealthy Americans. "Do they get any happiness out of them?" he was asked. "No," he replied, "it drives them crazy," adding, "and I think it will some day drive me crazy, too." So the fine arts are perverted because men have not learned to build on the economic foundations. They have not learned the lesson of the intrinsic devotion demanded for all permanent satisfaction. The stones of civilization have been quarried and cut, but no formative soul has built them into its own home and abiding monument. Here in Canada we have all the stones for the great building, a land broad and rich in resources, a soil that yields as yet on the average but a fraction of its potentiality, a climate that evokes all energies, a people enduring, healthy-minded and clear-willed. What is less manifest is the spirit of co-operation in communal purpose, the sense of direction towards a goal, in a word, social education.

This is true in some sense of our whole modern civilization, European as well as American. Narrow, dividing, extrinsic interests, born of engrossment in material aims, have threatened civilization itself. They still threaten it, though one great peril is past. They threaten it because men still believe that the gain of one nation is necessarily the loss of another, not understanding how much more fruitful, both materially and spiritually, is co-operation than conflict. Even the deep sense of a sacred international cause, which led multitudes to

death and mutilation in willing but awful devotion, has scarcely sufficed to teach that lesson. The choice of the alternatives, international co-operation and justice or national aggrandisement and insecurity, is still far from complete. And again there is danger because men still believe that within industry the methods of autocracy and oligarchy are possible, in a world that has suffered so much in the name of the opposite cause. If recent events have any lesson for us at all, it is that the common interest must be widened, and that the narrow ambitions of nation or class in these days of interdependence must end in mutual disaster.

After all there is no possible remedy but education. If that fails, all else fails. Education may not engender the spirit of humanity, but it directs it, justifies it, and thereby stimulates it. Education shows the economy of co-operation. It discovers connection and mutual dependence in what seemed unrelated. It alone can destroy the basis in ignorance on which the whole spirit of caste, which denies likeness and draws apart from that of which it is a part, is founded.

And let us remember also that true science breaks the trust in chance and fate which ties men's hands from the attempt to deliver themselves from their woes. It has done so in the physical and biological sphere, as revealed, for example, in the growing modern control over disease. It must do so also in the social sphere. It must give us power over social disease. This will mean change, perhaps great change, in the social structure, but change based on knowledge of foundations is to be welcomed, not feared. Education is not a mere bulwark of habit, a defender of the status quo. What it assures is the foundations, so that ignorance shall neither destroy these nor yet build upon the sand. Education should enable us to distinguish between what is enduring and what is of the day. The history of thought teaches us that, though our little systems pass, there is something that abides. Our little systems, of thought no less than of institution, have their day, but the universe remains unshaken. It is only that we understand it better. So even he who lives to see his thought grow obsolete can afford to rejoice. The better

thought that overthrows it may have been born out of his own, just as his too has sprung from that which it sought to overthrow. This pious patricide is the very principle of progress. The best of us know that all we strive to accomplish will be superseded, all we think new and vital will become outworn, all we dream to achieve will in its achievement seem to fade like a dream. But we know also that without our work and its supersession the better work will never be realized; without our dreams and their fading the less perishable dreams will never grow bright in the kaleidoscope of time. "In sequent toil all forwards do contend." Whatever of genuine accomplishment we bring to our own generation is the potentiality of a greater gift to the generation that shall follow, surely a sufficient consolation for the ephemerality of our own gifts. Being used they serve the day; growing outworn they serve the morrow.

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## Gold Mining in the Yukon

HERSCHEL STRINGER.

**I**T was not in 1898, in the days of the great gold rush, that gold was first mined in the Yukon. In the '80's and even before that, miners had found their way over the Chilcoot pass into the watershed of the Yukon river. They had mined on Hootalinqua river, Cassiac Bar, Pelly Stewart and Fortymile rivers. On the last named especially the operations had been carried on most extensively.

As far as is known the first man to discover gold in the Yukon valley was a young missionary, Rev. Robert McDonald, afterwards Archdeacon McDonald. On one of his missionary journeys among the Indians, near Ft. Yukon, he found some gold on a tributary of Birch Creek. Samples of this he sent to England along with some bones of the prehistoric horse which are still in the British Museum. *The Times* published an article on this gold discovery in the Arctic regions of North

America. Thirty-two years after, when the famous Klondyke discovery was made, *The Times* referred to their former article in the '60's giving McDonald credit for the first discovery. A young man named Strachan, a relative of Bishop Strachan, of Toronto, was clerk of the H. B. Co. at Ft. Yukon, and reported this discovery to them. But the representatives of trade and religion had no desire to exploit this gold discovery. The trader was seeking the rich furs of the Indian, Archdeacon McDonald was seeking to bear the "Unsearchable riches of Christ" to the minds of the Tinjizyoo, the Tonceux tribes of the land.

A few pioneer miners from the Fortymile and other neighboring districts had prospected on the different creeks of the Klondyke region with indifferent results. Bob Henderson had found promising prospects on a creek afterwards called Hunker. George Carmacks, with his native wike Kate and her brother Skookum Jim, and Dawson Charlie, had done some fishing at the mouth of the Klondyke river and went up Rabbit Creek, afterwards known as Bonanza, for the purpose of hunting and prospecting. While resting one of them found some gold in the bed of the stream. Washing out some gravel in a gold pan they found the prospect good and Carmacks staked Discovery claim on Bonanza. Charlie and Jim staked one above and one below Discovery. This was on the 17th of August, 1897. They then proceeded to Fortymile to record their claims. This started a stampede of miners from that district.

It was not till late in 1897 that news of the discovery reached the outside world. Then began the famous stampede from all parts of the globe. Men came, and women too, lured on by the lust of the yellow metal. Over the Chilkoot pass, the White pass, by the Hootalinqua Pelly, and Mackenzie rivers, and up the Yukon from the mouth, they came. The privations endured by all were great. All expected to find gold everywhere and were disappointed. Some made millions, others never even reached the gold fields. One man started a coffee stand in Dawson and left the country in a

few weeks a millionaire. Many others made fortunes but lost them in some foolish enterprise.

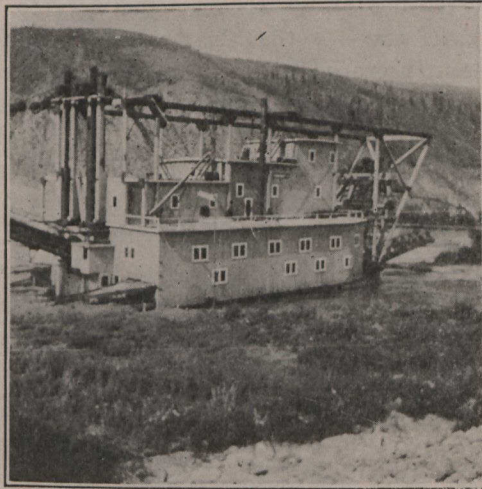
The rich portions of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks were worked by the primitive methods of placer mining. A shaft was first sunk in the ground. When the shaft went deep the ground had to be thawed by wood fires. Tunnels were run from the shaft in all directions, and the dirt was hoisted to the surface by a windlass. In a week or two, when enough dirt had accumulated, there was a clean-up. A long line of sluice boxes was set on a slope. These boxes are from ten to fifteen feet long, one foot wide and one foot high, open at the top. Riffles were placed in the bottom of the boxes. They consist of four or five small poles one and one-half inches in diameter, nailed together in a frame to fit the bottom of the box. A good head of water was run through the boxes and the gravel shovelled in the ones at the top of the line. Gold being heavier than gravel, sank to the bottom and caught in the riffles. When all the gravel was run through, the gold and sand were collected from the boxes, the gold being cleaned and put in pokes. In the early days a miner's purse was his poke, and gold dust and nuggets were used for money.

A method which is quite similar to placer mining and which is used quite extensively at the present time is hydraulic mining. A good head of water at high pressure is required for this. In many cases the water is brought long distances in large ditches and pipe lines to obtain the required drop. In one instance there is a line of ditch and pipe over forty miles long. The water is run through a nozzle at high pressure and is directed on the hillside which is to be washed. The gravel is torn away and carried down in the water. The stream is directed into sluice boxes similar to those used in placer mining but much larger. They are from three to four feet square with larger riffles. The gold is caught in the riffles and collected as in placer. There is more wasted in this method on account of the greater rush of water and larger boxes, but this is counteracted by the large amount of ground that is covered.

Quartz mining is a different system entirely. Gold is found in veins in quartz rock. It is not in solid veins but is

intermingled with pieces of quartz. The rock is blasted and mined out. Then it is sent to the stamp mills where it is crushed fine. Then the gold is obtained by a chemical process. Mercury is mixed with the crushed rock and the gold combines with it. The amalgam is removed and the gold is separated from the mercury.

Dredging is the system of gold mining that has been introduced most recently into the Yukon. There have been two large dredging companies in operation for a number of years. There are three of the largest dredges in the world on the



GOLD DREDGE ON THE KLONDYKE RIVER.

Klondyke river. A dredge can be used to work low grade gravels where other forms of mining would not pay. These dredges are large flat botomed boats about 150 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a draught of about three or four feet. At one end is a chain of heavy steel buckets each about a yard square. These dig the gravel and dump it in the top of the dredge. Then it is run through a revolving screen and the lighter gravel and gold are sifted through. This is washed in a method similar to that used in placer mining, and the gold is collected on mats. The gravel is run out at the back of the

dredge off a stacker and collects in huge piles behind the dredge. A valley bottom after it is dredged is nothing but long rows of these "tailing piles," and is a desolate looking spectacle.

For dredging, the ground has to be thawed. In the Klondyke valley the earth never thaws beyond a depth of about four feet, and much less where there is moss. Steam points are used to thaw the ground. They are long steam pipes with a sharp end which is driven into the ground. Steam is run through pipes and rubber hose to these points, and sent through them at high pressure. These pipes are set in the ground at frequent intervals over the area to be dredged. This thaws the gravel so that the dredge can work it.

At present there are many drawbacks to successful gold mining. The value of gold remains the same, about \$15 to \$17 an ounce, while the cost of machinery, labor and all mining supplies has more than doubled. The Yukon has not yet recovered from the slump due to the war, but the prospects are bright. There are prospectors still in the hills in all parts of the Yukon, and rich gold deposits may be found at any time. In the Mayo district especially the outlook is very promising. One can never tell when some lone prospector will strike another Bonanza, and, having overcome all obstacles and hardships which makes the prize worth while, realize his dreams, and thus

"Fond 'man,' by passions wilfully betrayed,  
Adore these idols which 'his' fancy made."

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Why is it that the church had so little influence to stop the war? Why has it really so little influence either to produce a League of Nations or to calm and compose the industrial strife to-day? I say unhesitatingly—*because it is so divided*. We have left out something which was an essential feature of the early Church; we have left out Brotherhood. There is a great thirst in the soul of man for Brotherhood, and the Church was meant to be the most perfect Brotherhood the world has ever seen. "Sirs, ye are brethren."—*The Lord Bishop of London*.



# Zionism

SOL EISEN, B.A.

**W**HAT is Zionism? As an ideal it is undefinable. We may, however, determine its aim in a few short phrases, such as, the revival of Jewish consciousness, the re-instating of the Hebrew language, and the creation of a home for the Jewish people in Palestine.

The aim of Zionism is clearly stated in the political program which was adopted at the first international Congress of the Zionist Organization held at Basle in 1897: "Zionism aims at establishing for the Jewish people a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine. For the attainment of this purpose the Congress considers the following means serviceable: 1. The promotion of the settlement of Jewish agriculturists, artisans and tradesmen in Palestine. 2. The federation of all Jews into local and general groups, according to the Jews of the various countries. 3. The strengthening of the Jewish feeling and consciousness. 4. Preparatory steps for the attainment of those governmental grants which are necessary to the achievement of the Zionist purpose." The opening paragraph of this declaration has become the watchword of the whole movement, and is universally known as "The Basle Program."

As an historical movement Zionism takes its inception from the time when the legions of Titus overran Judea in the year 70 A.D., laying Jerusalem waste, burning the Temple and crushing the nationality of the Jews. Israel was then indeed uprooted from his native soil; but mere separation from his father's soil did not cause the Jew to forget Jerusalem. It rather made him long for Zion all the more.

The everlasting longing of Israel for the re-possession of his country is expressed by the Jewish prophets and bards. When one reads the Bible one cannot but notice that each of its writers craves for Zion, and that the love for that country penetrates his whole self. This longing for the return of Jer-

usalem, the land of their ancestors, has never ceased burning in the hearts of the Jews; two thousand years of exile could not wipe out the remembrance of their former state. Throughout these many centuries Palestine continued as the land without a people, while exiled Israel was ever conscious of being a people without a land.

At last the day arrived in the wake of the greatest and bloodiest of all recorded wars. The greatest event in the history of the Jews since their dispersion occurred on November 2, 1917, when the British Government declared their sympathy with Zionist aspirations and its favorable attitude toward the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people in the following historical declaration, which has since become the charter of Zionism: "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object." Commenting on this declaration, Dr. S. S. Wise said: "We rejoice over nothing more than a 'scrap of paper,' but that scrap of paper is written in English. It is signed by the British Government, and therefore is sacred and inviolable."

At the time of writing this article, on the eve of the second anniversary of that memorable Declaration by the British Government, the Zionist World Administration in London issues a manifesto to the Jewish people declaring its confidence in the early success of the Zionist movement. The manifesto in part states: "The British Government adheres unflinchingly to the historical declaration it made on November 2nd, 1917;" and expresses the hope that this declaration, which has the approval of America, and of all the Allied and associated Powers, as well as that of most of the neutral powers, "will be realized within the next few months by international agreements." The conclusion of the manifesto is a call upon the Jewish people to be prepared for the work awaiting them when this is accomplished.

When we carefully examine the history of Zionism we notice that in the course of the centuries of exile of the Jews the expression of their desire to return to Jerusalem takes

many different forms. During the first thousand years of the Christian era it bore a political career. Jehudah Halevi, the greatest of the Jewish poets of Spain was inspired in all his poems by the love of Zion and the yearning for its lost glory. But, from the twelfth century onward this ardent desire for Palestine began to lose its intensity. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries many old religious Jews used to wend their way to Palestine for the sole purpose of ending their days there and being buried in holy soil. Thus there grew up Jewish communities in Jerusalem, Hebron, Safed and Tiberias. The monetary support which the population of these Jewish communities received from their native countries was not sufficient, and therefore an appeal for help was issued to European co-religionists. In this way the Jews of Central and Western Europe became interested in Palestine.

Among the outstanding men in the history of Zionism may be mentioned Rabbi Zevi Hirsch Kalischer, Baron Edmund de Rothschild, who took up the cause of Jewish agricultural colonisation during the eighties, Moses Hess, George Eliot, and Leo Pinsker. But, the greatest of all these was Dr. Theodore Herzl, who summoned the first congress at Basle, in 1897, where the so-called "Basle Program" was drawn up.

What causes brought about Zionism? Some writers erroneously attribute the cause to Anti-Semitism. But this was not the real cause of Zionism. It was neither the Russian persecution and "pogroms" nor the murderous attacks of the Middle Ages upon Israel that originated Zionism. The real cause of Zionism is the homelessness of the Jewish people. The Jews can no longer live among the nations of the world as aliens. The Jews are a people which "shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." Now, Israel cannot accomplish this without a country of his own. For no country is adaptable to his religion, philosophy and thoughts. Of all the countries in which the Jew lived throughout his long history, Palestine alone has an abiding place in his national tradition. Palestine alone is the centre, the memory and the hope of which have been bound up with the national consciousness of the Jewish people through the two thousand

years of exile. It is in Palestine that the Jew will be able to preserve his individuality and religion and retain the teachings of his sires. "In Palestine," writes Dr. Chaim Weizmann, "the Jewish spirit will have free play, and there the Jewish mind and character will express themselves as they can nowhere else." In Palestine the Jews will be able to reap the fruit of their ingenuity. A Mendelssohn and a Disraeli will not be regarded as a great German philosopher and a great English statesman respectively, but as a great *Jewish* philosopher and a *Jewish* statesman.

Is it the aim of Zionism that all the Jews in the world dwell in Palestine? No. Palestine covers an area of about 10,000 square miles, and its population before the war numbered approximately 600,000. No matter how intensively the land could be cultivated, it would not be able to hold more than two or three million Jews. But the number of the Jews in the world is about fourteen million. Zionism aims to make Palestine the country where Jews should be found, in the same way that, for instance, Ireland is a country where Irishmen are found; and just as there are more Irishmen outside of Ireland than in it, so there will be more Jews outside of Palestine than in it. In Palestine the Jews will be masters of their own destiny.

As one writer has pointed out, "Zionism is not a sign of cowardice, but the proof of bravery. It is the remedy against assimilation, which means loss of the Jews' individuality."

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Mankind is once more on the move. The very foundations have been shaken and loosened, and things are again fluid. The tents have been struck, and the great caravan of humanity is once more on the march.—*Lt.-Gen. The Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, P.C.*

# The Author Who Never Grew Up

R. SALTER, B.A.

**I**N all Sir James Barrie's work, from the first, there is a quality which at its best is really child-like, and at its worst is not far removed from childish."

So writes E. T. Raymond in the London "Outlook," deploring the fate of the author who never grew up, who is at sixty "more gracefully immature than he was at twenty."

It is true, in a sense, that Barrie has never grown up. He is one of those rare individuals upon whose spirits age sits lightly like a flower. He has not lost that divine gift of childhood that clothes with reality the things of the imagination. The world is never too much with him. Though the street be narrow and dusty, Barrie feels the glow of the sunset that tinges the smoke-pall; above the roar of traffic, he hears the call of birds in springtime.

Critics, commenting upon this happy faculty, have ascribed it to aloofness, have blamed him for it. Perhaps they are right, they who believe that unless one writes only of commonplace, sordid things, one can have no sympathy with a world where all seems commonplace. Perhaps Barrie does stand aloof; but his is the aloofness that Emerson sought to describe when he wrote: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own; but the great man is he who in the world keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Barrie stands as one apart from the surging, chafing eddy of human activity. With Whittier he seems to pray: "Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our feverish ways!" But though in his superb calm he seems unmoved by the passions and jealousies, the tawdry pleasures and foolish pride that make up so much of man's whole existence, though his serenity of outlook is ever present, none will suggest that he does not understand the ways of men or that he is not faith-

ful in their portrayal. He sees clearly, feels strongly, writes truly.

Keeness of insight into human nature is one of the outstanding qualities of Barrie's work. As novelist as well as dramatist he seeks to hold a mirror up to nature. It is no ordinary mirror. It does not show us ourselves as we would like to be seen, as we sometimes think we are seen. Appearance, conventionalities, mere external things are no mask for the motives that not often come to light. Barrie creates for us moments when we feel as Browning felt when he wrote:

"There are flashes struck from midnights,  
There are fireflames noondays kindle,  
Whereby piled-up honours perish,  
Whereby sworn ambitions dwindle,  
While just this or that poor impulse,  
Which for once had play unstifled,  
Seems the sole work of a life-time  
That away the rest have trifled."

The mirror of Barrie's art is one of many aspects. Most frequently it is of the kind that the greatest of dramatists employed, a simple, true portrayal of human nature. Familiarity robs us of appreciation, of understanding.

"We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

We need to have drawn aside for us the veil of custom that hides true significance, we need to be lifted out of our commonplace selves. This effect Barrie sometimes achieves by giving us a glimpse of a dream world. It is in his realm of dreams that his work is "at best really childlike." It is here that his critics are most pained by his immaturity. Sometimes, as in "The Kiss of Cinderella," his dream world is conjured up solely for its beauty, and for the pathos that comes from the striking contrast with reality. Sometimes he leads us through the forest of "What Might Have Been," to show us that

"The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Barrie writes much of dreams. "As a man dreameth," he seems to say, "so shall that man be." But what of him who

dreams no dreams? Ambitions he may have, but of dreams, of delusions, none. He has tasted life, he has drained the cup of experience to the dregs, he knows the character of men. As for visions, he may have had them once, when he was young and unlessoned in the ways of the world; but they have faded long since. What of him? We ask; and we seem to hear the answer: "Man perisheth with his dreams."

In perfect harmony with Barrie's keenness of insight and idealism of interpretation is the breadth of his sympathy. Nowhere in modern fiction is there to be found finer expression of true sympathy, of one's ability to feel with another. Such sympathy is the saving grace of those who seek to look beyond what is apparent. Others have seen clearly, but not quite clearly enough, have observed many sides of our natures, not blind to the least lovely, and have become cynics. For all their clearness of vision they have lacked understanding. Among the many great gifts with which Barrie is endowed, none is more precious than his sympathy. Had he lacked this quality, could he have given us Tommy Sandys, or Peter Pan, or Babbie, Gavin Dishart the Auld Licht Minister, Cathro the ferocious dominie, gruff old Dr. McQueen? There is no trace of intolerance in him, no bitterness, nothing that savors of derision or contempt. There is no emotion he cannot feel, no motive he cannot appreciate, no spirit to which his own is not attuned as in a symphony.

This engaging sweetness of disposition pervades all that Barrie has done. It is the mainstay of his work. His greatness lies not in the structure of his plots; he is in this respect not to be compared with Stevenson, whom he resembles in more ways than one; rather is it to be found in the winsomeness of his own personality and the simple grace of his style, which makes it possible for him to take the merest of incidents and the most ordinary of mortals and throw about them an unforgettable charm. Were he to produce a work of complex plot, profuse in mundane incidents strung together in an exciting succession; were his villain to be ever so hateful and his heroine ever so rare a beauty; were he to play upon the most common and violent of passions, admitting never a

gleam of idealism or of kindly fellow-feeling—if we can imagine Barrie writing in such a strain, we can also imagine the work being hailed as “powerful,” “stirring,” “revealing one of the gravest problems of our civilization and grappling boldly with it.” No one would suggest that it was immature, however crude it might be. No one would bemoan the author’s failure to grow up. But Barrie shows no disposition to read the riddles, social, political, economic, that abound in our time as in all times. He is content to portray life as he sees it, in all its aspects, the best and the worst; but never failing to show the good where good is to be shown; and presenting all with inimitable grace and rarest art. So he has done in the past, so he will likely continue to do. His immaturity is hopeless. It is now too late for him to cast aside the child-like qualities of his work. And as one lays down a Barrie book, one is inclined to offer up a brief, but fervent, prayer of thanksgiving for the author who never grew up. . .

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## A Boundless Universe

REV. C. V. PILCHER, M.A., B.D.

**A**S the Psalmist stood on some Judæan hilltop and gazed at the star-spangled depths of Syria’s midnight sky, he wondered how it was possible that the Divine Being had time to concern Himself with such an insignificant person as man. Modern astronomy, with its giant telescopes and sensitive photographic plates, would, had he known, have immeasurably increased the Psalmist’s amazement. If he had stopped to define his own conception of the universe, he would probably have done so along the lines of Babylonian science. The firmament was, to ancient thought, a sort of huge material dome, spanning a flat earth, in which the stars were fixed as lamps. Vaster by far than any vault that man could raise, it yet was practically coterminous with the world which it arched. It was a comprehensible, understandable thing. The modern astronomer by contrast has given the man



of to-day a sky of unimaginable distances and of inconceivable glory.



A CROWDED REGION OF THE MILKY WAY.

In order to bring the relative size of the universe to the earth within proportions which we can approximately grasp, imagine 10,000 miles shrinking and shrinking until that huge

distance is reduced to one millimetre. In other words, the earth, like Alice in Wonderland, has eaten a cake which has made her grow less. Tinier and tinier she becomes, till now our whole terrestrial ball can pass through a hole in a sheet of paper that you have made with a pin. All space has shrunk likewise. Let us now place the heavenly bodies on our imaginary map, drawn to this scale. The moon will be an almost invisible speck, less than an inch from the earth. The sun will be a ball about 3 inches in diameter and about ten yards away. The great planet Jupiter will be a pea 50 yards off. Saturn, with his rings, will be a small pea within 100 yards from the earth. The outermost planet of our own family, the solar system, will be a big pin's head between 300 and 400 yards away. And then? Then comes empty space! Our map must span the continent. You will have to take the C.P.R. express to Regina before you find the nearest of the stars—Alpha Centauri—two balls about six inches in diameter, moving round one another somewhere out on the prairie. The brightest of stars, Sirius, which you may see to the south on winter evenings, is away out in the Pacific Ocean beyond Vancouver; while to reach Capella, the bright star which in the August twilight you notice just above the horizon a little east of north, you must travel, in our vastly shrunken universe, 28,000 miles or so. To get to what are possibly the furthest stars which the telescope can see, you will have to go about two and a half million miles, or ten times as far as the moon really is (some say 500 million miles, or as far as the planet Jupiter!)—and that when the earth can go through a pin hole! In other words, to plot out the universe we can see, on the scale of 10,000 miles to a millimetre, you need a map five million or even a thousand million miles across!

And this space is thronged with stars, each a blazing sun, with planets of its own, on many of which life is probably possible. When the photographic plate is exposed towards certain of the richer portions of the sky the stars are so crowded, that it is almost impossible to see between them. These blazing suns, these colossal distances, these myriad possibilities of sentient life! And with chastened insight we ask,

“What is man that thou art mindful of him?” Can this world, this speck of cosmic dust, be a centre of God’s care, a theatre for the astounding miracle of the Incarnation?

Such are the questions which naturally arise before the mind in view of this sublime panorama. But perhaps consideration will lead to a truer perspective, a more confident attitude. For, after all, what is the idea that God is so busy with His big universe that he has no time for our small affairs, based upon? It is the unconscious picturing of God as a sort of overworked business man, whose powers of attention, with the best will in the world, are strictly limited. But what sort of God do the marvels of the universe show God to be? They show Him to be a Being who can fling the starry systems through the halls of infinity, who can guide, with the rein of unerring law, His teams of suns down the corridors of boundless space; but who also can control and rule the smallest details. Each ray of light has its correct number of ether vibrations—correct to the last decimal point. Each infinitesimal electron in the tiniest atom, moves within that microcosm as obediently as the most majestic sun upon his course.

And if God cares for electrons, why not for man? Man—who is, after all, greater than the whole physical universe, because he has been given a mind and a soul, in the Divine image, to conceive and weigh and understand. Not size, but spirit counts. Not through the universe, with all its glories, but through Him who became man, has God made the sublimest of His revelations—that of His person and His character and His love.

A God who could plan the boundless universe, can plan an individual life. What will not such a God have in store for the man who accepts the amazing privilege of His call to cooperate with Him—to cooperate with Him in a work that is of all others the nearest to His heart, because it is the extension of the Kingdom of His Beloved Son, until His will is done on earth, as it is in heaven.

## The Origin of Toike Oike

T. S. GLOVER.

**T**HE bulbul hummeth like a book upon the pooh pooh tree  
And now and then he takes a look  
At you and me,  
At me and you—  
Kutehee  
Kutchoo.

This well known fact of nature so strikingly pictured in the quotation, has nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand. It is merely a prelude to the more serious business. This should be grasped thoroughly at the outset.

The student of A.D. 3000 will on opening the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 120 Edition, discover much valuable information, such as:

OIKE-(TOIKE). Comparatively little is known about the origin of these mystic words. Those who have known the secret have never divulged it, and for this reason it is surmised that the words formed part of the ritual of some select body. The only record we have of the stanza, of which those words were the beginning, is a piece of red brick, much worn, found amongst the ruins of Toronto (Q.V.). The inscription reads:

TOIKE OIKE TOIKE OIK—

—LUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHA—

—CHOO OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SC—

—OO— — Y.

At this point the inscription is almost obliterated. The last word is thought to be another spelling of the exclamation "Oi" used in those days by one person to attract another's attention.

Whether the words were used in speech by one man to another, or in chorus by a large body of men is uncertain. The latter is more probable as the words are cunningly constructed so that their effect when shouted in unison would be tremendous.

Undoubtedly the sect of the Oike's has exercised a profoundly beneficial and energising influence on the community,—an influence which is ever increasing as the world grows older.

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## Unofficial Observations

MARJORIE G. REID, B.A.

**S**TUDENTS of the middle ages in Europe are accustomed to think with awe of the complicated relationships of the feudal landholder, to wonder how he was able to reconcile the conflicting demands of his overlords and give to each the services which the system demanded. But his problem was simple in comparison with that of the modern man who attempts to fulfil his obligations to the thousand and one enterprises which call for his support.

Take, for example, a young business man. He earns his livelihood by seven or eight hours a day of strenuous work; belongs, if he wishes to keep in touch with his age, to the Canadian Club, also to social and athletic organizations; he must show his patriotism by assisting with campaigns for raising money; his church asks for, not merely his attendance at Sunday services, but active participation in half a dozen activities; the Old Boys' Club of his school, and the Alumni Association of his University, send him papers and ask his support; all this in addition to incidental social duties and pleasures that spring up in a normal life—do you wonder that he is the tired business man?

Of no one is this more typical than the clergyman. He may no longer be a recluse, issuing forth from his study to visit his congregation and preach the Word of God on Sunday; he must be as much a man of the world as his parishioners, and show an interest in all the undertakings of his church workers, including the Boy Scouts and the Woman's Auxiliary.

Even little girls no longer play with dolls at house-keep-

ing in the old comfortable way, incidentally learning to perform their future duties, but they must go to a kindergarten to play and to a school to study cooking and sewing. In some ways our forefathers were more fortunate than we, who are the slaves of our institutional life.

It is a common saying that there are too many organizations; not so many criticize the multiplication of functions and widening of the sphere of those which we recognize as essential, for example, our schools and churches. The public schools no longer content themselves with teaching the pupils, but must feed them, look after their health and reform their homes. Universities, especially, tend to expand far beyond their original limits, because of the wide interests which are represented within them. A distinguished representative of one of the State universities of this continent told us recently in a public lecture that his university aimed at teaching everybody throughout the State anything he wanted to learn. We could understand such an attitude if there were no other educational institutions in the community, but in a stirring middle-west State, with the most modern facilities for general and technical instruction, why does the university take over the work of the public schools and libraries?

And the church, though this is certainly not a new movement in its history, enters widely into the social and intellectual life of its members. In the middle ages there was an obvious explanation for the many-sided activity of the church. The absence of hospitals, asylums, schools and libraries forced upon it work which is to-day being done by special institutions. Why, then, does the church still aim at being a self-contained community satisfying all the needs of its members?

Organization is certainly one of the absorbing passions of the age. A group of people can do nothing without founding a society, and its success is measured by figures in two dimensions—numbers and money,—perhaps one might add publications. As if that were not enough, we must now have further societies to co-ordinate the first set,—a complete hierarchy. No doubt much of this is necessary when life has become so cosmopolitan in outlook, but there is a growing tendency to

value the organization for its own sake, regardless of the end which it seeks or its progress towards that end. One could found a thriving club for almost any object, if one could get the right people to "boost" it, and keep it sufficiently excited at the psychological intervals.

This movement has a curious double relationship to another modern passion, advertisement,— for advertisement is the real, often the avowed object of many societies, and it is also their chief method of operation. Its basis is the fact that most people do not decide reasonably their courses of action, but follow more or less blindly that which is presented most insistently to their senses. New York has a startling bill-board which represents two men falling headlong from a high wall, advertising an institution for Turkish baths. There is no appeal to the reason only an attempt to shock the senses. So the man with the loudest voice can fill his booth at the fair, the store which erects the most startling sign can sell its goods; the University which tickles the palate of the public with "fancy" courses can produce a weighty register of graduates and beguile money from the legislature; and the church which invests in gymnasium, tennis-courts, picnics and social gatherings can increase the numbers and enthusiasm of its members.

Anyone who is interested in any undertaking which needs to attract public support is forced, however reluctantly to sanction the shouting and display of colors. The multiplicity of activities overwhelms the average man, and, not having sufficient foresight to follow his reason in selecting those to which he shall give his allegiance, he flutters to those which catch his attention at the moment.

There is nothing essentially wicked about advertisement itself, but its evil influence is all the more subtle. It tends to perpetuate the weakness in human nature upon which it is based by fostering a love of ostentation and excitement. Excite the public sufficiently, and it will soon depend upon it. Teach it to look for startling advertisement, and it will soon regard that as the measure of good value. Let the University talk loudly about its vocational and technical courses, and

the public will soon cease to appreciate and support liberal education. Let the church advertise itself by "attractions" of one kind or another, and the unthinking crowds will jump on the scale to weigh down the side which is already too heavy. And so the vicious circle is complete. We must all advertise and by that make the world so much busier, and then to meet the increased competition for men's attention, we must re-advertise in a noisier way. The whole process tends more and more to rob men, and even children, of the precious energy and leisure which they need so much for thought and development.

Where can a break be made? Could we not have a clearer definition of the ends of organizations, and a determination on the part of those in charge that they shall be judged by that standard? We might have a reduction in the number of activities which involve a sheer duplication of work, and in those which serve no purpose but to bluster. More numerous we should find those which are over-organized, though well-intentioned. The question, "Is the object to be obtained adequate for the energy which will be expended," would cast grave doubts upon the value of many extensive operations,—shall we be specific and mention bazaars?

Advertisement would be of use only as it set forth in a convincing way the real merits of a piece of work, and not for its powers of deluding the public into fancying it wants something about which it really cares nothing. So a more critical people would begin to demand that organizations should realize the objects which they claim to seek, and their members would be, perhaps, fewer, but certainly more vigorous. Thus advertisement, carrying with it a certain responsibility, would be automatically sobered, and made to take a second place behind the recognized activity of the society. Might an interested layman venture to say that these results are especially to be desired in the life of our churches?



## Travel in North China

E. W. KNIGHT.

**I**N the last ten or twelve years China has made rapid strides in railway and telegraphic communication. The main avenues of commerce are well supplied, and branch lines are being added constantly. Travel has been greatly facilitated wherever modern civilization has had any influence. Large steamers ply up and down the coast, and along the mighty Yang-tze River for 600 miles, but even now in the interior, conveyances are very primitive and consequently the journeys are nerve-wracking and wearisome.

The railways of China were built by the great European Powers—Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia and Germany—each taking part. Of course since the war Japan has taken over Germany's interests. While the railroads are now under foreign control, China is gradually acquiring them by making annual payments. As, however, there are vast tracts unsupplied with railways in N. China, the chief modes of travel are by cart, mule-litter, and horseback. The carts are built to stand rough usage, and are heavy, two-wheeled, springless waggons, pulled by one animal in the shaft and two or three on in front. The horses are not nearly as large as the strong, strapping animals in this country, but are merely large ponies. Mules, donkeys and frequently bullocks are used. A mule litter consists essentially of two poles slung on two mules, fore and aft, and between the mules a network of rope is fastened; over this is placed a covering of straw matting. Then onto the ropes you are bundled, with bedding and baggage and you start your journey, free from the terrible jolting of the carts, with only the fear of accidents to trouble you.

Perhaps the reader would care to come with me and set out on a typical journey in N. China. Let us be transported in spirit to the sea-port of Chefoo, which is situated on a fairly sheltered bay facing the north, with a storm-swept

breakwater beginning to rise above the waves. It has a prosperous, rising foreign settlement, and a squalid Chinese city, seething with humanity. It is a bright frosty day at the end of November, here and there a little snow on the ground.

When all our luggage is ready we prepare to leave for the steamer, and since there are no street cars we take rickshaws. A ricksha may be described as a chair running on two wheels and pulled by a Chinese coolie. We quickly arrive at a small "jetty" in the harbor, and when the last farewells are said we are transferred in the company's launch to the steamer's side.



A MULE LITTER.

After some delay, during which time you are shown into a cabin, and you begin to get used to the peculiar ship odor, the glad realization comes "At last we are off." Now, whether you will enjoy the first part of the journey depends on your experience of the sea. This eighteen hour trip across the Gulf of Peichili is ill famed, and if you are susceptible to mal-de-mer, a rough passage means misery. Sometimes, in the depths of your distress, you think that you are going to die; another moment you fear that you are not going to die. However, all things have an end. After having watched the purple hills and the quaint, cumbersome fishing junks fade into the

distance, you look for the appearance of land again. At the mouth of the river which is our first destination, there is a long, wide sand-bar, which can only be crossed at high tide. So after possessing our souls in patience for six or eight hours, we follow the channel and steam slowly up the narrow, tortuous river. The wash in our wake often rises over the low mud banks, and strikes terror into the hearts of the peaceful families in their humble huts.

After five hours the smoke of the great manufacturing city of Tientsin besmudges the horizon, and in viewing the many objects of interest, the large factories, the steam dredges and the inhabitants of this foreign land, time flies till we arrive at the wharf.

Unfortunately, in China there is no system of checking the baggage, so it is necessary to see for oneself that all the baggage is transferred to the railway station.

Several of the Great Powers have land concessions in Tientsin, and since the siege in the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, garrisons have been maintained to guard against a similar outbreak. Before the war, the scarlet coat of Tommy Atkins was often in evidence. After seeing the sights of the city we retire early in order to take the 6.30 train for the north next morning.

Next day we set off with our hand luggage and our indispensable lunch basket and board the Express, which, running under British supervision, has the familiar long corridor coaches and attains the speed of 40 miles an hour. The chief objects of interest along the route are the caravans of camels, travelling to and from Mongolia; the walled in cities with their tall pagodas; and the wide bridges which cross the many large rivers.

At each station where the train stops, one can take his choice of the various edibles offered by clamorous pedlars. One exhibits roasted chickens, another hard boiled eggs, others again dried persimmons, or hot dumplings stuffed with chopped meat and vegetables, greasy doughnuts and various kinds of fruit. Owing to the low cost of living, a few coppers alone afford great opportunity for bargaining.

Strange to say, a 20 cent piece can be exchanged for 23 coppers, and a dollar (sometimes being worth six of the 20 cent pieces) will fetch from 120 to 140 coppers. This is due to the fluctuating price of silver, and it is easy to imagine how bookkeeping becomes most involved.

Speeding on down the province of Chihli, we arrive towards dusk at Che-kia-chuang and, leaving the train to proceed to Hankow, we stay over-night at a Chinese inn. An inn has a central court yard, in which carts are stationed, surrounded by buildings containing the stables, the kitchen and the guest rooms. The sleeping rooms have at one end a raised brick platform, about 3 feet high, 8 feet broad and as wide as the room, which serves as a bed. On this our bedding is spread out; then we partake of a repast of vermacelli, vegetables and scrambled eggs, eked out by the contents of our food basket.

Next day we take the train on a French line which runs to the capital of Shansi province, Tai-yuan-fu.

There is only one passenger train each way a day on this line, the principal traffic being freight and coal trains. The country is very mountainous. The train winds along the bank of a sparkling river, and, boring through numerous tunnels, steadily climbs to the watershed. The Great Wall of China, passed en route, is of interest, and the picturesque water mills on the riverside, the large coal mines within a biscuit toss of the track in places, and the scenic beauty make the trip enjoyable.

On descending from the hills, we step off the train and go to an inn, preparatory to starting on a cart journey. This mode of travel is very comfortable if the cart is packed well, some trunks being lashed on behind and two or three near the shafts, with the hollow between nicely padded with bedding. What enjoyment is to be had in being able to stretch one's legs by a walk after being cramped on a train! What fine times one has riding on the horse which accompanies the party, and in telling stories on the cart!

As one travels in China, he becomes acquainted with the characteristics of the people, the kind courtesy and good na-

ture, also the ignorance and superstition. He realizes that travel is a great education, increasing knowledge and broad-mindedness, which surely are worth while.

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## A Book Chat

REV. E. A. MCINTYRE, M.A., B.D.

**E**XPERIENTIA docet! For one learns, in this one inevitable fashion, that even Academic Succession in free and unfettered Wycliffe is not entirely rid of the bonds of traditionalism. My predecessor in the Librarian's office was a man of generous spirit. In a moment of more than usual generosity he yielded to the persuasion of the inveterate editor and contributed a very excellent article—such as but one man can but once write. On its reputation he retires into parochial seclusion. Who would have foretold that within these walls ruthless Precedent would so dare to rule the days that are to be! But so it is. I am told I have no choice but to provide the Librarian's quota. As a dutiful servant of my College I obediently face my task.

But I insist upon placing a limit to this chat. I gather that this tradition originated in a desire to make the library of practical value to graduates and senior students by suggesting books either on our shelves or otherwise available in some selected department of reading. One is so often asked for literature relative to current "isms" that I am deliberately selecting two of the most widespread of these—Christian Science and Spiritualism.

And now I must keep reminding myself that I am writing as librarian and not as teacher of Apologetics. Still from the great mass of literature to hand I must make a selection, and that selection must reflect my own attitude in the matter of an effective apologetic. Frankly, I am not keeping in mind sermon literature. It seems quite obvious that the pulpit is not the place for such controversy, except upon the rarest

occasions. But there is need of equipment for study groups and for private discussions in pastoral visitation, and such must of course give added power in this direction to our positive pulpit preaching. In the selection of material I have inclined to the more thoughtful type. I pass over some writers who have a certain vogue as heresy fighters—because I doubt whether their literature convinces many who are not already half convinced, since so much of preliminary belief is constantly assumed. Haldemann and Biederwolf, sincere though they certainly are, seem to me to be of that type. Sheldon's various works are to my mind more generally valuable, and are quite simple enough for the unlettered to grasp. Speaking of general works, Prof. Haire Forster's *Four Modern Religious Movements* is excellent as a direct, lucid and thoughtful handbook.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The first book to read is, of course, Mrs. Eddy's text book, *Science and Health and Key to the Scriptures*. This for two reasons: first, in order to establish any apologetic you need first hand knowledge of the movement you aim to combat; and, second, very often the "authority" itself is its own best refutation. This is certainly so in this case. The article on "Christian Science" in the Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics is a brief exposition by one of themselves. It is worth reading.

About fifteen years ago there appeared the first edition of Miss M. Carta Sturge's book, *The Truth and Error of Christian Science*, which has kept its place in the forefront as a sane, penetrating and constructive treatment of the subject. It takes a woman to fathom a woman. She sees through Mrs. Eddy and flashes her own insight upon your own vision. There has just appeared, in that well named popular series, "People's Books," an abridgment and adaptation of her older work under the title *Christianity and Christian Science*. This may be even more serviceable to some than its older companion Dr. Richard L. Swain parodies Mrs. Eddy's nomenclature in his very worthy little book issued two years ago, *The Real Key to Christian Science*. He has investigated the movement and

its tenets first hand and despairs of finding in them any real religious belief, whatever else there may be. Just what nature this "whatever else" proves to be is something astounding if you accept as your authority the Boston lawyer, Frederick W. Peabody whose exposé of *The Religio-Medical Masquerade* is a most startling contribution to the subject in its moral and economic phases; and his amazing accusations have stood unanswered for nearly ten years.

For distribution privately or in your churches serviceable pamphlet literature is, of course, far more effective than the best books. Many Wycliffe men will still have the late Principal Sheraton's masterly article *Christian Science* in pamphlet form. And many others are available. The S. P. C. K. is at present doing a valuable bit of service along this line in many departments of religious teaching, and in this controversy there are two out of a half dozen in this list that you will welcome — *What is "Christian Science?"* by Rev. G. R. Oakley very readable and direct; and *A Review of "Christian Science,"* by Margaret Benson, easily readable though somewhat more philosophical. Some while since Mowbray's issued a brief but scholarly article from the pen of Dr. Frere, an answer to Christian Science, entitled *Positive Christianity*; it would appeal to the intellectual, from the point of view, however, of dogmatic religion. For anyone interested in the more distinctly metaphysical side, and seeking a short, vivacious treatment, there appeared many years ago, and may still be available, a brilliant article by Dr. Knight Dunlop, of Johns Hipkins University, *Some Psychological Aspects of the "Christian Science" System of Witchcraft!*

As hinted above, there is a direct apologetic stimulus in the positive teachings of the old fundamental truths apart from controversy. In the literature on prayer and its true place in physical healing the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" has a timely treatise on *The Christian Doctrine of Health*; to which you may choose to add such a book as *Dearmer's Soul and Body*, the literature of the Emmanuel Movement or a good strong book on Prayer in general, such as S. D. Gordon or H. E. Fosdick can provide you.

## SPIRITUALISM.

This cult is always with us, and we shall want to meet it exactly as it reappears in these years of the war and after. Hence the value of first hand acquaintance with the particular claims of the writers who at this moment are attracting the mind of our people. Sir Oliver Lodge in *Raymond*, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in *The New Revelation*, and Dr. Watson in *The Twentieth Plane*, are its chief contemporary exponents so far as any popular movement is concerned. Doubtless we are all aware that these teachers are not appealing to our unlearned but to our best and finest minds. Rash and unthinking denunciation will, therefore, merely react to our own undoing. Fortunately we are not left to helpless and unguided floundering. If you want a direct refutation of the whole modern system it comes hot from the merciless pen of the agnostic folklorist, Edward Clodd, in *The Question*, "If a man die shall he live again?" As an unbeliever the author's primary premise is "the non-existence of the soul." Thus far you find him no friend. But for a ruthless denunciation of the whole cult, root and branch, especially in its English manifestations the most orthodox can ask for nothing more definite and final. In a more refined manner, and with no anti-Christian bias (nor yet pro-Christian, may it be noted) Dr. Charles Mercier does the same in *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge*, having chiefly in mind the matter of "Raymond." These writers have value in that none can accuse them of church prejudice. From a more general point of view there stands the refutation of *Modern Spiritualism* by a Christian champion, T. Godfrey Raupert. This has survived fifteen years and stands the test.

Again it may be the case that simple pamphlets are what most will welcome. These are beginning to appear. The Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications has given to the church public some very valuable apologetic literature, and none more so than Dr. E. W. Barnes' booklet, *Spiritualism and the Christian Faith*. Those who know the writings and sermons of the "Master of the Temple" need not be told that this is no "manual" for the "million"; it is a weighty and



close sixty pages of brilliant reasoning, and yet, as you see, but a pamphlet for the coat pocket—the coat pocket of your student and graduate parishioner who is willing to follow a leader who can lead his best thinking. There are two others, somewhat more popular but not the less worthy as literature—George Longride, C.R., *Spiritualism and Christianity* (Mowbray), and T. J. Hardy, *Spiritualism in the Light of Faith* (S.P.C.K.). The positive message in these is very wholesome. The only modification one of our school of thought would be inclined to make would be in their reference to our relation to the departed. On strictly evangelical lines is Principal Waller's *Spiritualism vs. Christianity*.

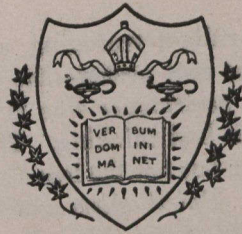
And this raises the question of literature that shall arm us for positive teaching that will answer whatever legitimate yearning sends our people to Lodge and Doyle. And, as if to meet our need, one after another of God's choicest spirits has sent out his reaffirmation of the Hope that is ours in Christ beyond doubt and without adulteration—Bishop Moule, *Christus Consolator*; Sir Robertson Nicoll, *Reunion in Eternity*; Robert Law, *The Hope of Your Calling*; J. D. Jones, *If a Man Die*; and many others that you have already treasured as an old yet ever "New Revelation!"

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### THE SECOND ADAM.

By Rev. J. A. Shirley, M.A., B.D., Gorham Press, Boston.  
(61 pp., \$1.25).

The latest of our graduates to join the company of authors is the Rev. J. A. Shirley, M.A., B.D. (1912), the Rector of East Kildonan, Manitoba. The theme of the book is Christological. He couches his lance for the conservative position and wages a doughty battle against any ideas of "low Christology." He strongly adheres to the Virgin Birth of our Lord, and the reality of our Lord's humanity. His chapter on the Sacrifice of Christ develops the idea of the penalty of spiritual death for sin. He brings out admirably the all-sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice.



## College News

**W**ITH the conclusion of peace and the return of many of our men from overseas, the College again returns to normal conditions. Old acquaintances meet together to discuss and compare happenings and experiences of the past few years. It would be hard to say in general terms just what has been the effect of the war upon those of our number who were privileged to play a part in it. But we are safe in saying, that one and all are glad to be back again in Wycliffe halls and to resume, with a renewed vigor, their studies. The same college spirit of fellowship, hilarity and studiousness exists. But behind it all there is a new spirit of greater determination to pursue the ends for which we are here. It is a spirit which is manifesting itself not only in the various college activities, but in the lecture rooms, where points are being raised and questions asked, in an earnest endeavor to become well founded in the fundamental principles of Christianity and our church. Men are endeavoring to equip themselves for a work, of which they realize the importance as perhaps never before.

After the departure of the R.A.F. Cadets, from the greater part of our college, which had been thrown open for their accommodation during the war, a general renovation of the whole building from the attic to the basement took place. A large sum of money over and above that granted by the military authorities was spent for this purpose. The building was rewired throughout and the rooms redeccorated in an attractive

manner. One great improvement was the retention of the shower baths installed in the east wing by the military authorities, during their time of occupation. The lower portion of the west wing is no longer open for the accommodation of students, but has been fitted up for the Rev. Prof. H. W. K. Mowll, who returns to us in the capacity of Dean of Residence. Dr. Cotton's old residence is occupied by the Rev. Prof. Hallam and family. The Rev. Prof. McIntyre occupies what was formerly known as the Dean's study.

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#### THE LIT.

**W**ITH Mr. Traverse as President, the Literary Society resumed activities this Fall. The meetings although to a very great extent attended by a minority of the student body have not lacked in enthusiasm, which threatens at times to get the better of good sound reasoning. Great credit is reflected upon the President for the masterly way in which he has guided this enthusiasm along the right channels, settling questions of dispute, and giving his decision upon that somewhat elastic document commonly known as "the constitution," in a manner which even "Mike" seems prone to accept.

Little out of the ordinary has happened in the way of business. Committees have been appointed to interview the "proper authorities" upon nearly every matter from putting of locks on doors to the granting of degrees, until we wonder what next a committee will be appointed for. One matter, though, might be worthy of mention here. Late last Spring it was suggested that a committee of the students meet a committee from the Council of the College. This suggestion was taken up by the Council with the result that a committee from the students composed of Messrs. Traverse, A. H. Holmes and E. L. Wasson met a committee from the Council. The main

idea is to bring the Council into closer contact with the student body.

Interdivisional debating has started. The first debate was between the third and fourth divisions. Messrs. W. Barlow and C. P. Heaven succeeded so well in showing that state ownership of railways was in the best interests of the community, that in spite of the many able arguments brought forward to the contrary by Messrs. P. V. Smith and W. A. Geddes, the Rev. W. F. Wallace, M.A., B.D., who acted as judge, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. The question was then opened for a general discussion and some very enthusiastic speeches followed, which revealed the fact that even theological students take a keen interest in the great political problems of our day.

The next debate was between the first and second divisions, the subject being—"Resolved that there should be a standard eight hour day for Canadian industries exclusive of seasonal industries." Messrs. McLennan and Swan upheld the affirmative and Messrs. Alexander and Fuller the negative. The Rev. J. S. Harrington acted as judge and in giving his decision to the affirmative, recommended a critic as well as a judge for our interdivisional debates. He urged a more enthusiastic support for our debaters and gave some very helpful hints on the proper method to be followed by the opposing sides.

Now, what about those who have been using their friends as umbrellas, in other words, participating in the fruits of the labors of the Lit. without participating in its activities. Line up, my brothers, and hear your condemnation. Lay aside your books for one hour, more or less, each week; promise to meet her at eight-fifteen instead of seven-fifteen, and come along and help to "boost" the Lit. The primary purpose of this society is not to appoint committees to interview the "proper authorities" to provide high teas and other forms of amusement or refreshment, but to train men in the art of public speaking; to teach them how to weave their thoughts into words intelligible to those who listen to them. You may "cram" and "cram" until you are full to over-

flowing with wisdom, but what good is it all if you are not able to express it in words understandable to the average man. What better place is there than the Literary Society to obtain this training! It was founded for that very purpose. The Progressive party, which has again put in an appearance, needs your support and so does the Government. Come right along and join in the discussions. Let us hear what you think of the policy of the Government or the platform of the Progressives.

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#### INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING.

**M**R. C. Glover has been appointed as our representative on the Inter-College Debating Union. We were matched with the Faculty of Applied Science for the first round. The subject chosen was "Resolved that there should be a standard eight hour day for Canadian industries exclusive of seasonal industries." The debate took place in the Sheraton Memorial Hall on Thursday evening, December 4th. Messrs. W. F. Barfoot and F. G. Lightbourne were nominated from Wycliffe to uphold the affirmative. Our men debated well and put up arguments which the negative failed to meet. Mr. Lightbourne gave many examples where a reduction from nine or more hours to eight had increased production and reduced costs instead of the reverse, as the negative contended without bringing evidence to support the contention.

Mr. W. Barfoot dealt with the physiological, educational and moral aspects. Great credit is due to Walter, for he was himself fatigued and sick all day. He stuck to his guns nobly and also succeeded in putting up a case which the negative could not overthrow.

On behalf of the judges, Justice Riddell gave the decision in favour of Wycliffe. He proceeded to give some valuable criticism and advice. Talking is not argument and gesture is not grace. The day of "soap-box" oratory had gone never

to return, unless it happened that men would have more time and taste for it when the eight hour day was introduced (laughter). Rhetoric must convict and persuade. Know your facts and not know about your facts. Speak with conviction. Get down to "brass tacks." Don't blabber. Real oratory is speaking from the heart of what you know. These were a few of his most pointed remarks.

We cannot give any information about the next debate. We do say that we are thoroughly optimistic. If we win, well! If we lose, we shall go down with colours flying.

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#### FRESHMEN.

"Freshmen, children, everybody come."

One afternoon toward the end of September, a stranger was noticed in our corridors, wandering "to and fro," seeking whom he might approach with the question as to whether this was Wycliffe College. Being mistaken for someone in search of work, he was directed to the Matron, who, after much questioning, discovered he was a freshman. Having heard of Wycliffe in the far land of New Brunswick, he had journeyed hence, thinking these halls of learning might have somewhat to contribute to his already accumulated store of knowledge. He was allotted a room and had succeeded in finding his way about the building, when others of this strange band began to put in an appearance. From East, West, Nort and South they came until their numbers had swollen to eighteen—even China and Japan making their contribution.

Mr. Sunter and his noble band of warriors having initiated them into the mystic rights of membership in the Green Brotherhood, they were acknowledged as members of our student body—the final opinion being that they were not at all a bad bunch. A goodly number of them had recently returned from overseas. They are taking a keen interest in all college activities and have already displayed prowess, both in athletics and on the floor of our Lit.

With Mr. Unsworth, a returned man as their President, we look for great things from this, the largest body of freshmen to enrol since the commencement of the war. The numbers are there and we hope the quality will not be lacking. They have been promoted to the rank of freshmen, and it remains for them to pass on to the coming years a record unsoiled by undue frivolity, familiarity and reclusiveness.

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### SOLDIERS' RECEPTION.

On Thursday evening, November 27, the College assumed an appearance, like unto the festal days of pre-war time. The President and Council welcomed home the Wycliffe men who had served in His Majesty's forces. The Sheraton Memorial Hall was appropriately decorated and orchestra music brightened the evening. There were about three hundred people present.

Dr. N. W. Hoyles, the President of the College, gave the first address of welcome, "What is expected of returned men?" he asked. "They were to be servants of the King of kings, the King from whose army there is no discharge and of whose army there is no demobilization."

The men were then greeted as "fellow soldiers" by Mr. L. A. Hamilton, a veteran of the second Fenian Raid. He spoke of the need for our Synods to hear from men in the rank and file as well as chaplains and officers.

Due to the illness of Lieut. C. C. Robinson, Lieut. W. Burd, D.C.M., replied on behalf of the men who had served overseas. He said that the soldiers owed a great deal to Wycliffe College. It was the Wycliffe spirit which had backed them up. The men had demonstrated that one can be a soldier and a Christian. Much laughter was caused by Lieut. Burd remarking that a hut or dugout where there was a Wycliffe man, could always be distinguished from the others by the language used in it. He held up two ideals for the college—to lead the Church of England in Canada, and to have a "forward" movement in Wycliffe itself.

Lieut. Alfred (Mike) Holmes responded for the prisoners of war. "We don't want to be made too much fuss of," said Mike. "We only did our duty."

The graduates were represented by the Rev. L. E. Skey, M.A. He regarded it as a privilege to go to France and thought our church leaders had made a mistake in not making it easier for more of the twelve hundred applicants to go overseas as chaplains. He and others had learned five great lessons,—how to meet the men of our country, the value of a sense of humour, the place of a smile in a sermon, how to be men, and the large amount of gold in the human alloy.

After the address Dr. Hailam read the names of the men who had served, and each received a beautifully illuminated testimonial signed by President Hoyles and Principal O'Meara.

The gathering was favored with a solo from Mr. R. H. Stapells and two selections by "The Messiah" Quartette. The meeting was closed with Prayer, National Anthem and Benediction. ?

Refreshments were then served, after which the entire building was thrown open to the visitors, who availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the rooms of their friends.

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### HIGH TEA.

**T**HE first High Tea to be held in the old dining room subsequent to the war surpassed our highest expectations. There was food for both body and mind in abundance. Our thanks are herewith extended to Miss Rogers for the excellent repast of the former.

An intellectual treat was given by Prof. Hume, Ph.D., of the Chair in Philosophy in the University of Toronto. With rare insight he dealt with that vague and yet very real movement known as Bolshevism. His chief aim was to distinguish Bolshevism from Socialism and Democracy—all three of which



were often confused. It was Russian in its origin and revolutionary in its character. Kerensky and the "moderates" had overthrown the Czar and Absolutism because of their plotting with the German spies and set up a real democratic government. Then the spies and traitors started a counter revolution in favor of the proletariat as opposed to the bourgeoisie. This was the Bolsheviki movement.

Democracy, Socialism and Bolshevism all claim to be opposed to Absolutism, but they are far from identical. Socialism is collectivism and belongs to Germany, but there is not much democracy in the Social Democrats of that country. Its dominant note is Power rather than Right. It is anti-religious. The Socialists want a bureaucracy of the workers. Orders are still to be given from above instead of from below. Socialism is thus fundamentally tyrannical. Democracy works on the principle of orders from below. It conserves the rights and liberties of individuals. Government, according to democracy, was made for man and not man for government. The individual controls the government which in turn controls economic life. The individual is controlled by moral rights. Socialism refuses this—man for government, the individual controlled by super-imposed authority not moral rights. Socialism is class government.

Bolshevism is neither Socialism nor Democracy. It is a peculiarly Russian product and is very complex. It rose to oppose democracy. The forces of Bolshevism were made up of nihilists and anarchists who found the Russian peasants a very easy prey, although they are generally very pacifistic and strong adherents of the philosophy of Tolstoi.

Rarely have we been privileged to hear such an address, and its cogency of argument, penetrating analysis and lucidity are a tribute to Prof. Hume. All who heard it know a great deal more about this great movement which has rocked half of Europe and even threatens to spread its malignant influences abroad.

## ATHLETICS.

On account of the increase in attendance at the opening of the Fall term, we were able to resume our various athletic activities with renewed energy. In addition to those of our own college, many of our men are taking part in a number of the university sports. F. G. Leigh has already represented the university at two different events in Montreal—first at the Inter-Collegiate Track Meet, and secondly with the Varsity Harrier team. Although not successful in securing the championship, he made a very good showing, coming in a close second in the Harrier race. Soanes and Stringer both received particular mention for their good play in the final game of the Mulock Cup series, between Junior Meds. and O. A. C.

The admission of all Wycliffe men to membership in Hart House provides a splendid opportunity for participation in nearly every branch of athletics. Physical training is compulsory for all those able to take it; and it is hoped there will be no exemptions upon the part of those whose physical condition will permit them to engage in gymnasium work. Through a judicious combination of mental and physical training, a man will be so developed in mind and body, that he will be able to do far more effective work, when he leaves the college halls to enter upon his life's vocation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But all play and no work makes him a bright boy with undeveloped mental capacities. Let us look to it then that we are not found wanting in either field of activity.

## FIELD DAY.

Our annual Field Day was held on the afternoon of November 7th, and in spite of the inclement weather proved a great success. The following were the winners in the different events:

100 Yards—Morgan, 1T8.

Half Mile—Marsh, 2T0.

220 Yards—Morgan, 1T8.

One Mile—Leigh, 2T2.

440 Yards—Morgan.

Running, broad jump.—Blackwell, 2T3.

Three Mile—Leigh, 2T2.

Shot Put—Marsh, 2T0.

Running High Jump—Marsh, 2T0.

Hurdles—Marsh, 2T0.

At the conclusion of the events, a pleasant social evening was spent in the college dining hall under the guidance of Miss Rogers, who acted as hostess. The hall had been attractively fitted up for the occasion. After refreshments had been served, the President, Mr. E. L. Wasson, called upon the Rev. J. J. Callan, Hon. President, to take the chair. Mr. Callan made a few pointed remarks upon the value of athletic training, and then asked the Principal to present the prizes. Mr. H. H. Marsh was given the championship cup for the greatest number of points scored. Representatives of the staff and students then gave a musical programme and readings.

### SOCCER.

Under the guidance of Capt. P. V. Smith we entered a team in the inter-faculty league and were beaten by a score of 1-0, in our first game with Meds. The fact that we lost two of our best men in the first quarter was largely responsible for the point scored against us. Owing to our defeat we were thrown out of the running in the league, but we have played a number of practice games, and still remain optimistic for the coming year.

### RUGBY.

The war came and our rugby team went. But with the increased attendance this year and the return from overseas of some of our old players, an effort was made to re-organize a team with encouraging results. Mr. Swan was elected Cap-

tain and succeeded in getting a team together which he entered in the Mulock Cup series. F.O.E. and Knox defaulted, leaving Wycliffe and Trinity to play off. Trinity beat us in both games by a good round score. But it was generally conceded that with consistent practice and a co-operative interest in the team we would make a good showing. It is sincerely hoped that such will be the case next Fall.

#### TENNIS.

Owing to the large number of entries and bad weather, the finals of our annual singles tournament have not yet been played off. But we promise you further news in our next issue.

#### CROSS COUNTRY.

This event was held on Friday afternoon, November 28th. A new and longer course was chosen for this year, the distance being about five and one-half miles. Fourteen men took part in the race, all of whom finished. The winner was G. F. Leigh, who ran the distance in 34 minutes, 32 seconds. Eakins and Marsh sprinted for second place, Eakins winning by about a foot. Then came T. S. Glover, followed closely by Morgan for fifth place.

Mr. J. D. Trees gave a silver shield to the winner, who likewise received for the second year the O'Meara Trophy Cup, presented by the Principal. The Rev. J. J. Callan donated a silver medal to the man taking second place. Bronze medals were also given for third, fourth and fifth places.

Then followed the usual line up of consolation prizes, in the form of cakes donated by Mrs. O'Meara, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Rogers and Dean Mowll.

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“But what is strength without a double share of wisdom?  
Not made to rule  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.”

—Milton.

# The Annual Meeting of the Students' Mission Society

*By One Who Was There.*

**I**T was raining heavily as I wended my way to Wycliffe College on Thursday, October 30th. It seemed as though the elements had just waited for the hour of half past seven, and I felt sorry for the students who had prepared for the meeting and had been looking forward to a large gathering. When I arrived the doors were wide open. The building was bright and warm, and the ushers with even brighter countenances, were gathered around the doors to welcome their audience.

I had time to look around, here I could see a pretty girl—a freshman's sweetheart no doubt—there a loving parent; here a young wife, there an elder sister, while a further glance revealed some of the professors, availing themselves of the back seats where they could be talked at instead of talking.

The students in their college gowns filed into the hall, the hymn was announced, "Fling out the Banner." It was splendidly played on the piano. We all arose and sang as though we had decided to fling that banner further than it had ever been flung before.

Herein lies a lesson for all prospective leaders—no matter how dark the night or heavy the rain outside, you must and can make the meeting inside bright and inspiring, for one heart made happy will brighten a household, and the inspiration of one man or one woman may turn the world upside down.

The chairman was dignified and collected. He had a programme, and decided to run it on time. He used a buzzer, effectively, to make sure that the speakers did not "buzz" too long.

There were eight speakers in all and each one was different in style, size, voice and matter, so that you did not become tired nor weary. I think, however, that some of the

speakers should have spoken a little louder, as from my experience in years past as Warden of a City Church, I believe that many people are hard of hearing, perchance hearing varies quite as much as sight.

I was very much impressed with four things. 1st. The extent of the students' work from east to west, from north to south of our great Dominion.

2nd. The tremendous population of foreigners which must be assimilated and Christianized if they are not to become a menace to the future of our country.

3. The need of church services and the appreciation of the same as expressed by the British settlers throughout the prairies.

4th. The bearing of students as I saw them on that evening. They were clean of face and stalwart in figure, creditable to any organization. This refers not only to those who spoke but to all whom I saw on that evening. Inspired by a great love for the highest service they must be, for how else can you understand their choice of a life work.

I was sorry that more of our church members, particularly, the young people, were not present on that occasion, as all must have gone away with a wider vision and a greater hope.

#### WORK DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

October 1, 1918, to April 20, 1919.

Services, in whole or in part . . . . .	183
Sermons . . . . .	148
Addresses . . . . .	52
S. S. or Bible Classes . . . . .	212
Pastoral Visits . . . . .	30
Students employed . . . . .	26

#### WORK DURING SUMMER VACATION.

May 1 to Sept. 30, 1919.

Services in whole or in part . . . . .	927
S. S. or Bible Classes . . . . .	491



Service. It is not a social organization, but a body of consecrated men whose main aim is, like St. Andrew, to bring their brother to Jesus.

The Church of England in Canada looks to its largest Theological College for leadership. Now that our men have returned from the front, the Wycliffe Brotherhood has re-organized itself on a "Forward" basis. Four departments of outside work have been undertaken this year. 1. Personal Work. 2. A weekly open air service. 3. Sunday School work at the Children's Hospital. 4. Evangelistic work in a city Parish.

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#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A mission study group has been organized with Dean Mowll as chairman and Mr. A. H. Holmes, B.A., as secretary. The group meets in the Common Room every Thursday evening, and have outlined for themselves the following program:

What is required of a missionary?

Organization and work of M.S.C.C.

The need and how can it be filled in China, Japan and India.

The Mission Society held a special meeting on Tuesday evening, October 14th, at which Mr. C. M. Lack, of the China Inland Mission, gave an interesting talk on the methods and possibilities of the work in China.

A special Convocation was held in the Sheraton Memorial Hall on Thursday evening, October 2nd, when the Degree of Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa, was conferred on the following:—The Metropolitan Bishop of Tiruvalla, South India, The Right Reverend Abraham Mar Thomas, M.A., B.D.; The Right Reverend Bishop Shen, Tsai-Chen, Assistant Bishop of Che Kiang, China; The Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Toronto; Venerable Archdeacon Armitage, M.A., Ph.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S.



## Graduate News

THE annual meetings of the Alumni Association were held at the College on September 23, 24, 25, of this year. Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, M.A., conducted the Quiet Hour each morning. Rev. J. R. Renison, D.D., of Hamilton, spoke at the luncheon on the 23rd, and Ven Archdeacon Armitage, Ph.D., at the luncheon on the 25th. On Wednesday, the 24th, a joint session of the Alumni Associations of Wycliffe, Victoria and Trinity Colleges was held in Burwash Hall, at which Hon. H. J. Cody, D.D., was the speaker.

The following are the officers of the Alumni Association for the coming year: President, Rev. C. W. Holdsworth, B.A.; Vice-President, Rev. R. M. Millman, M.A.; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. W. McDonald; Recording Secretary, Rev. J. H. Colclough, B.A., B.D., Statistical Secretary, Rev. W. F. Wallace, M.A., B.D.; Treasurer, Rev. S. K. Stiles.

The graduates and friends of the college will deeply sympathize with the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson in the great loss he has sustained by the death of his wife, which occurred at Toronto, on November 11th, 1919. The name of the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson stands at the head of a long list of Wycliffe graduates who have proclaimed the Gospel among non-Christian people. With it we shall ever associate the memory of a faithful and devoted wife who went out with her husband. They were pioneers of the Anglican Church in Canada in the great work of Foreign Missions. The same spirit of self-sacrifice of the noble mother is seen in her children, for her two daughters have already spent some time in missionary work in foreign lands, and her son, Cuthbert Robinson, who is a member of our present graduating class, has consecrated his life to the work of the foreign field.

Rev. Edward Gillman ('19) is in charge of the Church of the Resurrection, Toronto, and is doing most excellent work there. He finds time for an occasional visit to the College, and has contributed an article to this issue of the magazine.

Rev. E. P. Wright ('19) was ordained on Trinity Sunday in St. Alban's Cathedral by the Bishop of Toronto. Since ordination he has been working in St. Luke's Parish, St. John, N.B., as assistant to the Rev. R. P. McKim.

Wright went to the East, Gillman stayed in Toronto, Jones, the third member of last year's graduating class, went to the West—another evidence of the Dominion-wide field waiting for Wycliffe men. "Tommy," as we used to call him, is now the Rev. T. W. Jones, Incumbent of Morse, Sask., where he succeeded the Rev. A. D. Wrenshall ('10) who has gone to Caron.

Rev. A. Simpson, B.A. ('18), resigned his position at St. Peter's, Toronto, to become assistant to the Rev. R. Macnamara, at St. John's, West Toronto. His particular charge is the Church of the Advent, the mission opened by the late Rev. F. J. Lynch.

Rev. R. F. Widdows ('18), owing to nerve trouble, has been compelled to resign his work at Sioux Lookout in the Diocese of Keewatin. "Bob" has gone to England for a rest. He is to return soon and we trust that he will be completely restored to health. On April 26th, 1919, he was married to Miss Constance Ogilvie. The ceremony was performed by Principal O'Meara in the College Chapel.

The College Chapel was the scene of a very interesting event on Saturday, April 19th, 1919, when Miss Olive Hicks-Lyne, of Toronto, became the bride of Rev. A. C. McCollum, ('17), Rector of Mono Mills. The ceremony was performed by the Principal.

Another member of '17 became convinced that "it is not good for man to be alone" and on July 23, 1919, Miss Hilda Lacorie Barnum became the bride of Rev. T.D. Pamting, M.A. '17, of Deloraine, Manitoba.

Rev. J. B. Bunting, ('17), sometime Editor-in-Chief of this publication, and at present incumbent of Forest Hall, Sask., is batching during the absence of Mrs. Bunting on a visit to England. In spite of his added household duties he

finds time to contribute an occasional letter to the Canadian Churchman.

Double weddings have occurred before, but we think it is a unique experience for a father and mother to witness the marriage of two of their daughters to two Church of England clergymen at the same ceremony. Such was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Porter, of Regina, when at St. Peter's Church in that city, on September 3, 1919, Miss Marie Porter became the bride of Rev. F. M. R. Gibney ('17), Rector of Sunkist, Sask., and Miss Marjorie Porter became the bride of Rev. R. P. Graham ('15), Rector of Stoughton, Saskatchewan.

Rev. G. N. Smith, B.A., ('16), one of our M.S.C.C. missionaries to China, has returned to Canada after working among the Chinese troops in France. He is enjoying a short furlough before returning to China early in 1920.

Rev. R. Lemon, ('15), has returned from England and has gravitated once more to the diocese of Keewatin. Before going to England he was at Rivers in Rupertsland. He is now in charge of Sioux Lookout on the Transcontinental Railway. Previous to his work in Rupertsland he was at Pinewood diocese of Keewatin. We can assure Sioux Lookout that "Bob" is no "Lemon."

Rev. A. Marchant ('17), has returned from England after a three months' holiday there. He is still pleasingly plump. He will resume his work at Iroquois Falls, New Ontario.

Rev. W. R. R. Armitage, M.A., M.C., ('16), and his chum, Rev. J. S. Harrington, ('16), arrived in Toronto from Hong-Kong on November 26th. The journey from Canada to Germany and back did not satisfy "Army's" wander-lust, so he took a trip to the Orient. We understand that the wanderings of William Ramsay are over for the present and that he is to settle down to parish work at the Church of the Messiah, Toronto.

Rev. J. H. Barnes ('16), who has been the incumbent of

Christ Church, Campbellton, for the past few years, is the newly appointed Rector of Trinity Church, Quebec.

Rev. T. H. Stewart, M.A., M.C., ('14), in the change from war to peace, has settled down to the quieter, if at times more arduous, duties as rector of Orangeville.

Rev. G.F. Saywell, M.A. ('13), after laying aside the khaki for a garb of darker hue, has been appointed Chaplain of Christ's College, Cambridge.

After a comparatively short stay at Collingwood as Rector of All Saints' Church there, Rev. C. S. McGaffin has gone back to Vancouver, the scene of his former labors, to become the Rector of St. Mary's Church in that city.

Lieut. the Rev. A. H. Walker, B.A., ('14), was a recent visitor at the college. "Fuzzy" wanted to see more of the old world before returning to Canada. He has been, since the armistice, on active service with the minesweepers in the Mediterranean.

Rev. A. D. Greene, B.A., ('13), returned from overseas early in the year. He lost no time in getting out to the coast to take up work with the Columbia Coast Mission, delaying only long enough to secure a partner, not for the journey to the coast alone, but for life's journey. His marriage to Miss Gertrude Finlayson took place at Toronto early in May.

Rev. W. T. Townsend, M.A., B.D. ('13), returned to Canada in the early summer, after serving overseas under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Shortly after his return he was placed in charge of the newly formed parish of St. James and St. John, Halifax, N.S. He has brought to the work there the same unlimited store of enthusiasm and energy that characterized his college life.

Rev. C. S. Ferguson, B.A., ('12), returned in June to his work at Mortlach, Sask., after a very successful winter's work in England in the interests of the C. & C.C.S.

Rev. Leonard A. Dixon, M.A., O.B.E., ('12), on being released from military service, has returned to his work with the Y.M.C.A. in India.

Rev. W. A. Earp, B.A. ('12), was prevented from returning to India owing to the ill health of his wife. He has been appointed Rector of Clarksburg, in the diocese of Huron.

On October 22, 1919, at St. Paul's Church, Newburg, New York, Miss May Marguerite Jacobson became the bride of Rev. J. Lyman Cotton, B.A., ('12), Rector of the Church. The ceremony was performed by the groom's brother, Rev. T. H. Cotton, M.A., D.D., Rector of St. Aidan's, Toronto.

Rev. F. Ellis, ('14), succeeded Rev. S. H. Prince as assistant curate of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S.

Rev. E. Morris, ('12), of Stellarton, N.S., has been appointed Associate Rector of Trinity Church, Halifax, N. S., He enters on his new duties the first of the New Year, and will, during the Rector's absence, be in charge of the work there.

Rev. S. H. Prince, M.A., ('09), while pursuing a course of post graduate study at Columbia, New York, is the assistant curate of St. Stephen's Church in the Great Metropolis.

Rev. H. D. Raymond, N.A., ('07), resigned his position as Vicar of Trinity church, Barrie, and has been appointed Rector of St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown, P.E.I. He entered upon his new duties in June.

Rev. H. D. Raymond, M.A., ('07), resigned his position as Rector of Trinity Church, Quebec, to become Vicar of Trinity Church, Barrie. He entered on his work at Barrie Sunday, November 9th.

Rev. W. E. Taylor, M.A., Ph.D., ('03), who is the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Anglican Forward Movement, has been elected chairman of the newly formed Canadian Student Volunteer Committee.

Rev. L.J. Donaldson, M.A. ('96), has been granted leave of absence by the congregation of Trinity Church, Halifax, and expects to leave about the middle of December for a well earned holiday in Sunny California.

## Work in the Nechako Valley, B.C.

REV. E. GILLMAN.

**T**HE Nechako Valley is about 150 miles long by 65 miles wide, and contains the largest available area of agricultural land in Central B.C. The name Nechako in the Indian language means "*much water*" and the river of that name flows almost the full length of the valley emptying into the mighty Fraser River at Fort George.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway now runs right through the valley—and it was here that East met West in the form of the "steel" which had been building west through "the Rockies" and east from Prince Rupert. A missing link necessary to complete the second transcontinental railway of Canada was found here—and plans were laid and advertised for H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught to personally drive the golden spike connecting the steel from coast to coast. This was arranged for August, 1914, but the war came and I presume that the spike mentioned was sent to France along with some of the rails to carry big guns to fight Germans.

While the completion of the railway was an important factor in the settlement of the valley, it was by no means the beginning. As near as I have been able to ascertain the first white settlement of the Nechako Valley—apart from the activities of the Hudson Bay Co.—was the result of a "backwash" from the great gold rush to the Klondyke in '98. The famous overland trail of '98 so graphically described in Robt. Service's book, "The Trail of '98," runs across the Nechako Valley. There is now a telegraph trail there over which is built the government telegraph line to Dawson City. It seems that a number of men, failing to get through the trail to the Yukon, retracing their steps to civilization, and passing through the Nechako Valley, camped beside some stream they fancied, staked a claim, settled down and some are there today. The next wave of settlement set in about 1905 onwards,

when it became known that the G.T.P. Railway would pass through this valley.

Over the Black Water trail via Ashcroft came a stream of people in search of new fortune in new lands. The story of the journeys of these people—on foot or horseback—or with waggons—all their goods piled on—the pile topped off with a crate of hens or a pig or two, and possibly a cow led behind—is one that should be told. These journeys often took three months or more, across muskegs, through forests and unbridged rivers, and were full of perils, romance and heroic deeds. Often with sad and serious losses, yet ever keeping on and finally winning through by sheer grit and doggedness, these settlers became the backbone of the country.

In the days previous to the railway all supplies had to be brought in from Ashcroft over this same trail, and I have met men who carried a 50 lb. sack of flour and other sundries, such as a rifle, etc., on their backs.

I was fortunate myself not to have to enter the valley in this manner. By various ways and means I managed to get as far west as Fort George. No ticket could be purchased from there west, but I managed to steal into a box-car one dark night—after hearing that it was to go west with a gravel train. Even the railway officials insisted that there was no track upon which to run trains beyond a few miles west of Fort George—and I afterwards found out that there was more truth in this statement than I thought. I have a vivid recollection of eight days and nights spent in and around that and other box-cars. If I could write a book entitled "Eight Nights on a Box-Car Floor," I am sure it would sell once by its title alone. A few thousand pounds of dynamite and a few tons of coils of copper wire may not sound a bad decoration for a bed-room, but when the coils of wire charge around in the night and the box-car leaves the track every few miles to say the least, it is disturbing to sound sleep.

I can recommend a thirty-mile drive in a lumber waggon over a bush trail for a torpid liver—if you survive your liver is cured forever.

For variety, fifteen miles on a hand-car is also good exer-

cise before breakfast, concluding with a trip across a lake in a gasoline boat, so-called, in which the engine stalls in mid lake just as a squall descends upon you, and threatens to swamp the boat before you can restart that engine. Finally,



CHURCH AND CONGREGATION, CHILCO, B.C.

you arrive at your destination in a rowboat. Your luggage is strewn over what seems half a continent, and you never expect to see it again.

These are just a few recollections that occur to me when



INTERIOR OF CHURCH, CHILCO, B.C.

I think about my journey to the Nechako Valley. From a pullman to a box-car; from the Fort Garry to a nameless



hotel; from the college dining hall to "making out a meal" in a railway construction camp—all this filled me with a wonder as to what was coming next. But I will not enter into our early experiences of building a house and settling down after sundry wanderings in search of a location.

Church work in the Nechako Valley was then and still remains a missionary work. The native Indian of the Siwash Tribe mostly lives on government reservations, and with government aid still earns his living by hunting, trapping and fishing. This country is still very rich in fur-bearing animals, some of which are exceedingly valuable, such as the silver fox. The Roman Catholics, however, have a complete monopoly of the Indian work; they have had missionaries living there for more than thirty-five years. Some very interesting churches and burial grounds are amongst the sights of the valley.

The white population is a very mixed one. Representatives of most European countries will be found there, consequently you have members of a great many denominations and sects to minister to—and a great many of them do not want religion of any kind.

In 1914 absolutely no regard was paid to the Sabbath—people worked away on that day the same as on any other. The condition of the children was very sad, educationally, religiously and in every other way. Profanity was as common amongst most of them as amongst their elders.

Improved transportation has improved the situation educationally, but it will take a long time for the church to redeem the years that have been lost.

In the early years the most primitive forms of agriculture were the only ones available, sowing the seed by hand and reaping with a scythe and hand-rake for the most part.

It is proven that the valley is very fertile; the timber to be cleaned off is light but plentiful. The problem of making a living during the years of clearing the first few acres is a serious one to the man with no other capital than his family.

Settlement is still very scattered, and one must travel long distances over poor trails to get to the people. I had a station where I held services twice monthly, which meant a ride

of twenty-eight miles each way, during which I did not pass more than half a dozen settlers.

Th climate is extremely healthy, dry and temperate with occasional extremes—long winters with lots of snow and brief spells of very cold weather, as low as 68 degrees below zero.

I once drove sixteen miles to marry a couple when the thermometer registered 58 degrees below zero. I found the groom in bed with a pair of badly frozen feet. He was married sitting in a rocking chair, with the bride standing beside him. This is the one genuine case I know where the groom had "cold feet" on the day of his wedding.



PARSONAGE, CHILCO, B.C.

When I first went to the Valley there was no minister of any denomination to the white people, and no services were being held. After a three months' survey of the Valley I decided to establish myself in a place known as Chilco, which afterwards became the best settled township in the Valley. Eventually we rose to the dignity of a post office, a school and then a church.

Christ Church, Chilco, was the first church of any denomination built in the Valley, with the exception of the R. C. Indian churches.

This church (see picture) was built by the people of our valley. They raised funds and with the aid of \$200, a gift from a lady in England, the church was erected and handed

over to the Synod entirely free of debt. One of the largest gatherings ever seen up to that time met from all parts of the valley, the day Bishop Du Vernet opened the church.

A Parsonage was erected by the Diocese, also a stable for horses. The first stable was destroyed by fire, resulting in a heavy loss of tools, harness and feed, but the Woman's Auxiliary came to our aid and replaced part of our loss.

The early efforts to establish the church in the Nechako Valley were fraught with many difficulties that can only be faintly imagined by people now going in there. There can be no doubt that the valley will eventually become a very populous place. The outbreak of the war soon after work was commenced there checked the development of the Valley in every phase of its life, and increased the difficulties of church work a hundred fold. The day cannot be far off when the Nechako Valley will be famous for its produce, and the church has every chance of growing up with the people, of moulding public opinion and doing her great work amongst these people on one of the frontiers of our land.

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## Men Re-made in France

REV. H. W. K. MOWLL, M.A.

**W**HILE serving as a Chaplain in France I was privileged to see so many out and out conversions to God, that I have been asked to bear testimony to what I believe was the main cause of them. It was the preaching of the Gospel on what are called old fashioned lines.

Before going overseas, like many another, I had read as much of the literature bearing on the religion of the soldier as I could, and was somewhat confused by it. I knew the difficulties of a message winning its way through a personality naturally reserved, and without those popular gifts which enabled so many Chaplains naturally to gather men

around them, first for sing songs and the like, and then for services. I was put in a certain area which my senior Chaplain told me was a particularly difficult one from the spiritual standpoint, and he was kind enough to give me a free hand if the men could only be won. In this area there was a Soldiers' Christian Association hut and a large Y. M. C. A. hut. The S. C. A. hut was naturally the most attractive to the keen Christians and also to the more thoughtful men who liked a quiet room undisturbed by the noise of the canteen. The canteen, therefore, was the rendezvous of that large class of men amongst others, who had never darkened a Church door for years, and had given every evidence of being ignorant of, or indifferent to, the claims of Christ. Making this hut my headquarters, it seemed to me that here was a good place to test whether the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation, if proclaimed simply and plainly even when the personality of the preacher could not help the message.

Wondering what the response would be, I took as my first subject, "Ye must be born again," not trying to preach a sermon, but endeavoring to explain the meaning of the text clearly and simply, with the help of all possible illustrations. The result of this kind of address far surpassed my expectations. Not only were there the most attentive audiences one could wish for; not only, as the days passed by, did the numbers grow until the large concert room seating 400 got packed; not only did I often have to hold two services a night, and finally as many as eleven on Sundays in different parts of the area, but old fashioned conversions in a regular stream began to be seen. I do not mean by this that there was a widespread revival of true religion, for many remained apparently indifferent and untouched, but I do mean there was a regular succession of clearly changed lives such as Harold Begbie describes he has seen in other places. I do not mean either that the only token of conversion was an outward sign at some meeting, but I do mean that by various ways some men got so changed that they became ardent soul winners themselves. Often after the service some would be waiting,—recently converted themselves,—bringing with them the man who slept

next them in their hut, and saying, "I think he is ready to decide, if you will have a word with him." Letters show that these same men have been showing the reality of their conversion on their return home by seeking to evangelize their relatives.

This all came about not by seeking men through some talk or sing song, which one might have thought would attract them, but by preaching the fundamental truths of the way of salvation in the most direct way of which one could think, by distributing tracts which put the way of salvation clearly, by appealing for decision, by basing all one's authority on the Bible as the Word of God, and by getting men to understand what the Bible teaches, and by daily prayer-meetings in the dinner-hour, when the newly converted met to pray for their comrades, often in most unexpected phrases.

My impression was, that while some men might be converted in a moment, the birth of most souls was preceded by days or weeks of careful consideration, when for half an hour one day, and for half an hour another day, we carefully went over what the Bible taught. After each service there were always some wanting to enquire more closely about spiritual things, and on Sundays, at the Bible Class, as we studied the outstanding truths in the Epistle to the Romans, or about our Lord's Coming, I found men willing to walk in long distances, saying, "I never knew before what an interesting book the Bible is." In the end men were seeking me out for personal interviews on spiritual things whenever the hut was open, instead of my having to seek them out.

Therefore, while I can only speak for my own particular district, yet, because of the results produced so obviously without the human personality being an asset, but by simply letting the Gospel come into its own, I venture upon this personal testimony, hoping it may be the means of letting some others share the joy of experiencing in their own ministry, that the Gospel can be proved to be by all of us, however feeble, the power of God unto salvation,—that Gospel which is all of grace, unmerited and undeserved, "not of works, lest any man should boast."

## THE VARSITY MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT.

**T**HE compilation work preparatory to the publication of the fifth and final edition of The Varsity Magazine Supplement is now well under way. The book should appear about September of this year, following the publication of the Roll of Service.

The first edition, published in July, 1915, was unpretentious, but the Editorial Board decided to publish the second, which appeared in 1916—in which all the important features were repeated. This was on a larger plan, and the heavy casualties had added many to the photographic Honor Roll. The Active Service Photographic Roll containing 1900 photographs briefly told how the men and women of Varsity were gladly responding to the call of King and Empire.

The third edition published in 1917 was more complete in every way, repeating the entire Honour Roll, making additions to the General Roll and having added features. The literary articles, which were beautifully illustrated, gave in resumé the story of the affiliated Colleges and the War with articles by leading Canadian, British and American writers.

The fourth edition, which is edited by Rev. Sidney Childs, with Mr. Collier C. Grant as Business Manager, is now in circulation. It surpasses the previous editions in being more complete in every way. It contains the lengthy photographic Honour Roll of the sons of this University who have made the sacrifice. As one looks into the faces of those men who have gone, the realization of what our country has lost in manhood is brought gravely home. The List of Honours, together with the illustrated articles by well known writers, tells the story of Canada's contribution in the hour of the Empire's need. The magazine is beautifully illustrated. The outer and inner cover designs being the work of Mr. Beaupré, Toronto.

Copies may be secured from the General Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Administrative Council, Hart House, at the following rates:—1916 edition, fifty cents; 1917 edition, seventy-five cents; 1918 edition, seventy-five cents.

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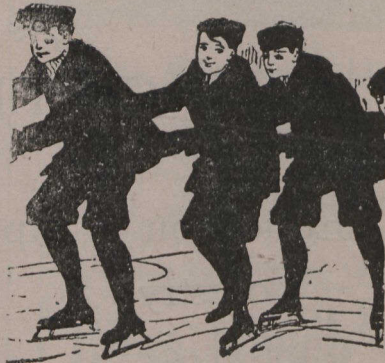
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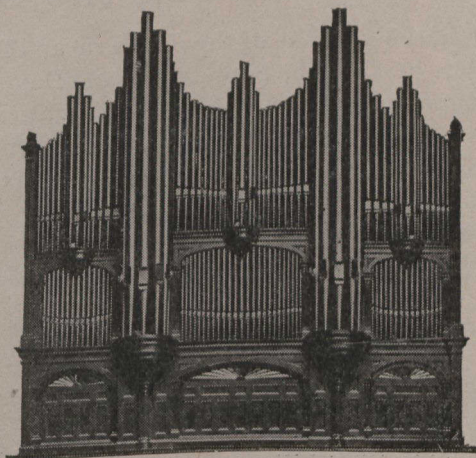
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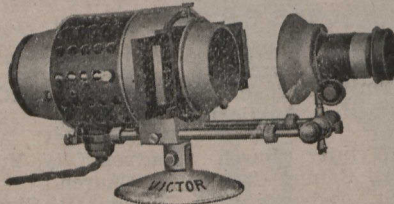
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