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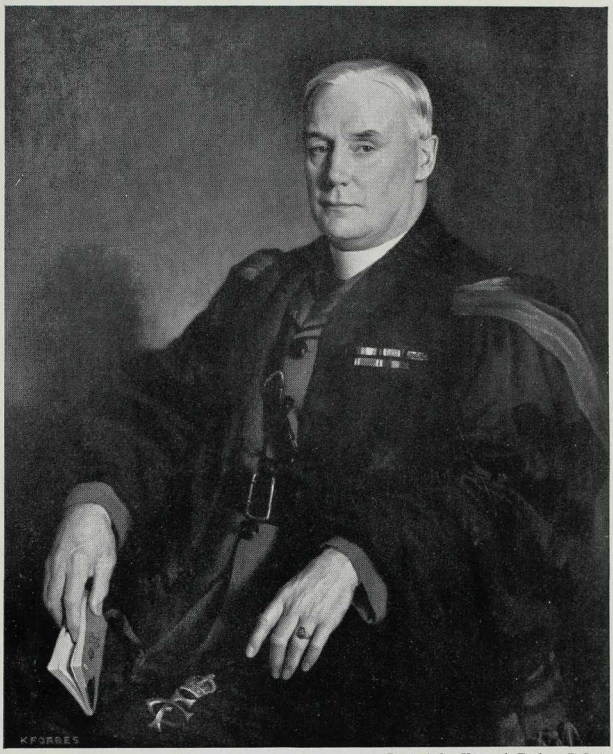

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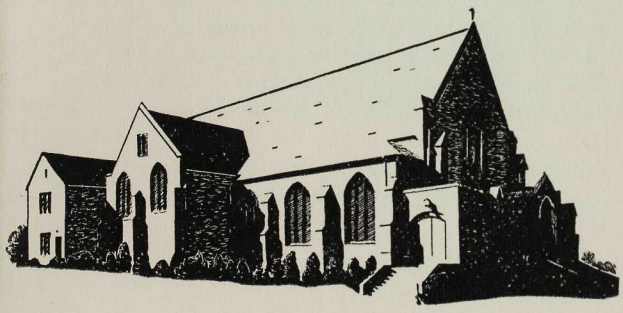
G. O. Vallée

A Padre's Pilgrimage

GEORGE O. FALLIS
C.B.E., E.D., D.D.
Chaplain of the Forces



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PREFATORY NOTE

LYING BEFORE ME is a letter from my husband to Dr. Lorne Pierce, dated May 5, 1949. It begins, "About a year and a half ago you wrote me, advocating that I write some short stories. Your suggestion complimented me, and I have taken up writing some memoirs and experiences with other folk. So I am sending along to you a little group asking if you would be kind enough to be my adviser."

As the weeks wore on my husband worked ahead slowly on his memoirs, sorted his articles and addresses, and did what he could to complete the record. He would have wished to tarry longer over his material, but this was denied him, and so we give his life and testament to his many friends as he left it. This book is more than a mere souvenir; it is the man himself speaking. The last lines in his book, *Thoughts of a Winged Padre*, comprise his "Hail and Farewell" to all those who remain and who remember him.

I wish to thank Dr. Lorne Pierce most sincerely for his valuable contribution to a very human and very intimate memoir.

MABEL L. FALLIS

INTRODUCTION

CANADIAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL had its beginning beside open graves in France and Belgium. It was born in the hearts of private soldiers who, guided by a disciplined sergeant, formed a working party to bury six of Canada's glorious dead. On a dark November night of 1915, in the depths of the Ypres Salient, with Very lights breaking luridly along a vast horizon, adding weirdness to the scene, a voice said: "Padre, after the war is over some chaplain should build a memorial in Canada in memory of fellows like these who have given their all." At our feet were six broken bodies, wrapped in their blankets, about to be laid away in soil far from home and native land. That night was sown the seed that eventually became Canadian Memorial Chapel. Never in the long winter of 1915-16, nor in the spring and summer of 1916 did I lay away our beloved dead without the idea of a memorial chapel stirring in my mind.

In 1918 the Allies almost lost World War I. The great March push on the part of the Germans drove the British, French, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders back and back until by August 1st it looked as if the channel ports would be taken and the war tragically ended for the Allies.

During this period there were ruthless attacks from the air. The bombing of hospitals was an illustration of the depths to which war may drag human beings. The air raids on Canadian hospitals in many areas took the lives not only of the officers and men, but of our nursing sisters. Doullens Hospital had a tragedy and the Canadian General Hospitals No. 1 and No. 7 at Etaples had a holocaust.

Etaples is at the mouth of the Conches River and was a favourite haunt of Rubens the great artist. The hospitals comprised possibly one hundred huts in all, with each hut having twenty beds. In close proximity were the quarters of doctors and nurses, sub-staff and orderlies.

On the 19th of May, 1918, without the slightest warning, the airplanes assaulted these two hospitals with bombs. Two thousand patients lay in a space of two acres. These poor souls had escaped the jaws of death in the line. Flash after flash of lightning intensified shot up to meet the sky as if volcanoes were bursting forth from the quiet sands of the Conches River. With every burst death reigned and the lives of those who had laboured in love were no more.

Two days later on May 21, 1918, at six o'clock in the evening, fifty-four victims of the air raid, including four nurses, were moved to a nearby cemetery. As far as nature was concerned, it was the end of a perfect day. The sunset over the mouth of the Conches River was glorious beyond description. Nurses, doctors, sub-staff and friends made a solemn procession. Eighteen small two-wheeled wagons were secured and three journeys were necessary to carry the fifty-four bodies to their last resting-place. It was as if fifty-four hearses were in one funeral procession. At eight o'clock, after nearly two hours had elapsed, all the neat black caskets lay side by side in a long trench grave, making a picture never to be forgotten.

The ritual of burial was solemnly carried out. As we left the cemetery to trudge back to the hospital I fell in with a group of nurses including the matron. We began to talk of memorials more lasting than the little wooden crosses "row on row." At that time I was Assistant Director of Chaplain Services and one of the nurses who had been in the war from the beginning said: "Padre, when the war is over you ought to build a memorial chapel, a sort of Valley Forge for Canada."

The moon was at its full. About eleven o'clock at night I walked back to the cemetery and stood beside the fifty-four newly made graves. I thought deeply of those I had laid away, not only in this cemetery, but in the Ypres Salient, Ploegstreet Wood, Hill 60, and the Somme. There came back to me the words of the nurse, "Padre, you should build a memorial chapel after the war." There alone, on the stroke of midnight, May 21, 1918, I made a solemn contract with the dead that if I were spared I would come back to Canada and build Canadian Memorial Chapel.

On my return to Canada I conferred with the Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. He advised me to go to Vancouver, choose a site in

beautiful Shaughnessy Heights, facing the eternal hills, and there erect the chapel of my dreams. I had visited many of the famous chapels of Italy, France, Belgium, England and Scotland, and become conscious of what was beautiful and symbolic in stone and glass. The chapels of many of the colleges of both Oxford and Cambridge also were inspiring guides.

While I was thinking when overseas of erecting this Memorial, Rev. W. Elson Dunham, minister of the Sixth Avenue Methodist Church in Vancouver, was also conceiving a memorial church. He had gone overseas with the Y.M.C.A. and knew the untold sorrow of war. Mr. Dunham died very tragically and suddenly from diphtheria. I was called to succeed him. His going was an incentive to his many friends on the Trustee Board to make his dream come true.

It became perfectly clear that this chapel must speak a great message of peace rather than of war. There were those who actually opposed the building of a church as a memorial because they said it would tend to idealize war. The completed chapel dissipated these fears as one will search in vain to find any symbol idealizing war. On the contrary the whole chapel preaches a great sermon on beating "swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks."

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Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

—Rupert Brooke

Chapter I

START IN THE MINISTRY

How would you like it if at the tender age of six months you were actually and literally laid on the altar of a quaint little church, by an eminent divine, and dedicated to the ministry? Well that's what happened to me. It was done without my consent or asking, although a family record says I did not cry out against it. It was done without evasion, equivocation or mental reservation. I was completely, wholly given to the Lord. On the altar I was laid, robed in a dress my father had worn when christened and worked by the deft fingers of a grandmother who first saw the light of day in a rectory in Northern Ireland. A modern psychologist would describe the whole scene as approaching the grotesque. But to folk of simple faith before the turn of the century it was a pious ritual pleasing to God.

My mother from that day trained me for the Christian ministry. I cannot recall any time in my development as a boy that I did not want to be a minister except for a short period when we lived in a railroad town. For nearly a year my dedication to God had a deadly rival. I wanted to be a railroad engineer, pull a throttle and drive an express train at sixty miles an hour.

My first memory of psychic phenomena is related to the death of my grandmother. My mother woke at three a.m. She had heard her mother calling her. She fell off to sleep but the voice persisted, "Mary, I need you." She woke my father and after a consultation, arose, dressed and took a five o'clock train to the small town where my grandmother lived. She began walking the mile from the railway station to the old farm. The house was situated on a hill with a charming rural

view and was called Mount Pleasant. Just leaving the village she met her brother who was hurrying to the station to wire her to come at once. She was picked up, and together they drove quickly to the old home. They entered the bedroom of my grandmother who was quite clear-minded but obviously dying. "Mary," she whispered, and held out her hand to my mother who was her eldest child. She smiled, closed her eyes, and within an hour was dead.

Freud, Jung or Adler would have some scientific explanation for this strange occult communication between a mother and daughter, but to our family it was awe-inspiring.

My first startling psychic experience came when I was fifteen. I was employed during the summer holidays as office boy in the great John McClary stove and steel-products plant in London, Ontario. I received the munificent sum of two dollars a week and worked from seven a.m. to six p.m. Strangely enough I was very happy.

At the end of each week I gave my two dollars to my mother for safe keeping. In eight weeks I had earned sixteen dollars and spent only twenty-five cents on candies. The balance of fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents was wisely invested by my mother in a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. I went back to high school with a feeling that I was well dressed.

During my eight weeks as office boy at the McClary works I was always running errands for the general manager. One of my chief duties was to go to bins built into the high walls to get samples of steel products. A ladder on a little track could be pushed along the wall so that it was possible to climb even to the highest bins.

One day I had scaled the ladder, thrown a leg over the corner of the bin, and was selecting the required gadgets. The floor was sixteen feet below. I lost my balance and was falling backward when I felt what appeared to be two hands on my shoulders, pushing me back into the bin. Thinking that a chum had followed me up the ladder I said, "Well I guess you saved my life that time." I looked around and was awe-struck and mystified. There was no one there. This experience may be explained otherwise by Freud, but to me it was God. From that day I was more than ever dedicated to the ministry.

My second startling psychic experience was two years later. The church paper that came regularly to our home devoted

much space and many editorials to the great spiritual needs of the growing West, meaning New Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Very searching appeals were made for young men to give their lives to the West. These appeals touched my conscience and I felt I *must* respond. My mother thought I was too young to face the so-called "wild and woolly West" and insisted I do my student work in Ontario, go to Victoria University where my father had gone and after graduation and ordination go West. My conscience felt an immediate call to the West, but my selfish nature agreed with my mother's viewpoint. It was finally decided that I should go to university in the fall.

Within a week we as a family were in our summer cottage at Geneva Park on Lake Couchiching. The day after our arrival, an expert swimmer and canoeist, Jack Sinclair, invited me to paddle across to Chief Island. Miss Katherine Hale, afterwards a well-known Canadian author, accompanied us. On our return journey a sudden squall sprang up. Couchiching means "Lake of Many Winds." It grew too rough for a canoe although we paddled desperately to make quiet waters. About three hundred yards from shore the canoe had shipped so much water she began to sink, and finally we were precipitated into the lake.

I sank several feet beneath the surface. I could see Sinclair bring Miss Hale to the surface, throw his right arm over the bow of the canoe, and hold her up with his left, treading water as he held her.

The psychic element now entered the picture. Suddenly came a vivid vision of vast wheat fields. It began with one shock or stook of wheat, then two, then three, and on and on, ever expanding, until it seemed as if I could see thousands of acres of garnered grain. A voice said, "There you must go or you will drown." I did not seem fearful but immediately made the great decision of my life. I said, "I'll go."

I came up and linked my hands over the bow of the canoe. Sinclair said, "I guess we're in for it this time." I replied with the faith of a prophet, "Don't worry, Jack, this was for me. We'll all be saved." By treading water and hanging to the canoe lightly we kept afloat. We were spotted from shore and in due course were rescued. Once again I expect the vision of the wheat could be explained to satisfy scientific minds, but to me it was the very voice of God calling me to the West.

Nothing could stop me now. I was like some modern Jonah rescued from the deep for a specific task. A wire went to Rev. Dr. James Woodsworth, Superintendent of Home Missions for Canada that I was available for service. A letter came to say I was to proceed at once to Emo in Rainy River.

Another incident caused me a great deal of anguish before I finally departed for the West. Father realized that I had no preaching experience. He visited the Indian village of Rama a few miles away and interviewed the missionary, the Rev. John Lawrence. Between them it was arranged that I should experiment on the Indians. Father, returning to our cottage at Geneva Park, reported that good Mr. Lawrence had offered me his pulpit for the following Sunday morning. He explained that preaching required a good deal of experience and that I would be wise to accept the invitation to preach at Rama.

I saw his point all too vividly. My experience was almost nil. In a couple of weeks I would be facing a congregation of my own. I was almost terrified at the prospect, but to preach at Rama on the following Sunday morning was more terrifying. It was only four miles away by water and I felt certain that all my companions would paddle over to the Indian village in a sadistic frame of mind to hear the budding parson. They would come to scoff and not to pray. Then too I had a feeling that it wasn't very sporting to take advantage of the Indians. The white man had stolen most of his happy hunting ground and now he was to be made a sort of spiritual clinic in which a hapless, inexperienced youth could practise preaching.

Father argued it was really an opportunity. He held up to me my inexperience in the pulpit. He again pressed home the agonizing thought that within a fortnight I would be preaching three times a Sunday. However I made father give me a solemn promise that he would not mention my preaching to a living soul, not even mother. With father's assistance I prepared a sermon from a text found in the book of Genesis, uttered by Noah—"Come thou and all thy house into the ark." It was an invitation for all to join the church, which was God's modern ark of safety. I spent hours polishing up my effort. I had an almost amazing verbal memory and learned it off by heart. I walked through the woods Saturday afternoon repeating it over and over. Late Saturday night I preached it to the waves breaking on the shore. I was fearful

but confident I could go through with this important sermonic effort. Early Sunday morning I was out in the woods preaching it to the birds and the squirrels. I was so worried I could not eat. As a final preparation I lay on my bed and recited it to the uninspiring ceiling and walls of my room.

Finally father came and told me it was time to go. We were to row to the Indian Reserve. When we reached the shore I was appalled. Practically every boat, canoe and launch owned by cottagers at Geneva Park was being loaded. Jack Sinclair was master of ceremonies. Arriving he said, "George, we are all going over to Rama to hear you preach." His voice sounded as if he was off on a great lark rather than to a place of worship. In a few moments possibly twenty little craft were steering in a long row for Rama. The water cavalcade looked pretty to father but to me it was an organized effort to embarrass me and I was not to be so treated.

I accused father of betraying my trust. I argued he was the only one in Geneva Park who knew I was to preach and that he must have told someone. He finally confessed that his paternal pride had got the best of him and he had told Mr. Crawford whom he had sworn to secrecy. But alas, it turned out Mr. Crawford had told his wife and she had told their neighbour's wife, and thus it spread throughout the whole camp.

I told father I simply could not go ahead with such an ordeal. I argued it was bad enough to preach to Indians, but to preach to a crowd of curious, fun-making young folk who were my daily pals was too much for me. I became as stubborn as a mule and steadfastly refused to go with him in the row-boat. He grew angry with me. In turn I became angry and accused him of breaking his solemn promise to secrecy, and told him I had no moral obligation to go ahead, as he had broken contract.

Father argued we would be late. I told him bluntly I would not go and turned back to the cottage. From the verandah I saw him climb into the boat with mother who had suddenly appeared. He would not let Mr. Lawrence down and had to go and preach himself. The congregation was so large the church could not accommodate it and the service had to be held under the trees in the churchyard. My tormentors were really beaten when my father stood up to preach. The Rev. Mr. Lawrence gallantly came to my side

when he called at our cottage the next day and banteringly said to father, "Serves you right for breaking a promise." However it was not all in vain. I had a sermon prepared for my first Sunday in the West.

At eighteen years of age I was six feet and half an inch, weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and was a graduate of high school. The great Canadian West was developing. Thousands were moving from Europe, the Maritimes and old Ontario to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. The church called overnight for two hundred young men to "give their lives" to the West, and so in the year 1903 I was "stationed" as a student missionary in the backwoods of Rainy River.

My centre of operations was a tiny village on the Canadian National Railway just half way between Winnipeg and Fort William. My home for a year was a tar-papered shack exactly twelve by twelve feet. It would drop to twenty below zero in my single room and at night ice would form on the blankets from my breathing. The village boasted two hundred and fifty souls. The streets were corduroy. The railway parallelled the main street. The houses were primitive, mostly erected by bees of workers, one neighbour helping another, as money was scarce. From this tiny village I carried on the work of a student missionary, walking ten and a half miles each Sabbath day and preaching three times. When winter came and the impassable roads froze up I imported a well-bred mare from Ontario and rode horseback through the wilderness country.

The pioneers called it the "expectant country" as one never knew what one would see. A turn in the road would reveal a mammoth bull moose with his huge antlers or a cow moose with her calf. Generally they would stroll off into the woods quite unafraid with an air of superiority. At another curve in the road two or three deer would dash off into the thicket with great alarm. Grouse were abundant and so tame I killed them with a piece of broomstick I carried, which I would throw at them as they stood gawking at me. Thus I had fresh meat. Bears would snort and amble into the bush, occasionally climbing a tree as if seeking an observation post. Wolves were my one alarm, especially in the early spring when they had a gaunt appearance after a long winter. They never seemed

afraid and would often look as if they were debating within themselves whether to make a meal of me or not.

My fear on arrival was that someone would find out I was only eighteen and would scoff at my youth. I felt sure no one knew my age in the Rainy River country. Mrs. X startled me one day when I called at her home by saying, "I know your age. You are twenty-two." My wits came to my aid and I replied, "Oh, who told you?" Then she went through the neighbourhood and told everyone that I was twenty-two *because I had told her so.* It was a great help to be considered at least of age and I was grateful to Mrs. X for giving me the dignified standing of a twenty-two year old when I was barely eighteen.

Mr. X was a superb shot. Unlike his wife he was quiet and reserved. She was gregarious, he was almost an introvert. His one ambition was to have the young parson shoot a deer. One Sunday evening after "church" in a log school house he urged me to come home with him and stay all night and go hunting next day. By the help of a lighted lantern we followed a winding trail through three miles of brush and finally arrived at his snug log house. Mrs. X talked incessantly all the way home. But cold venison, wholesome home-made bread, and pumpkin pie with whipped cream made one forgive and forget her endless chatter.

Next afternoon Mr. X had established me in an upper room of an old deserted house surrounded by four acres of clearing which was grown up into grass and clover where deer were wont to come and feed in the evening. Before long a buck and two does meandered out of the woods and began to nibble in the lush pastures. With great excitement I raised the rifle and began to fire. I emptied the barrel but the deer ran unscathed toward four bars across a trail into the bush. As each jumped the bars Mr. X fired a shot. The deer were gracefully hurdling the bars and as the third passed out of sight I looked at him and said, "What shots we are to let the three get away!"

He replied quietly, "Let's take a look beyond the bars." And there, lying almost on top of one another were three dead deer. He had picked them off one by one as they almost flew over the bars. He seemed not to have any note of triumph. His genuine disappointment was that the young parson hadn't bagged at least one. To him it was all in an average

day's hunting. I praised his great marksmanship in getting all three on the fly. His only reply was a modest smile.

Preaching in the backwoods had its advantages. There was a universal welcome into every home. The setting might be crude but the hospitality was very genuine. However, there were great disadvantages too. Often the pioneer home would be a big log cabin with only one room where everything was done. Cooking, washing dishes, sleeping, bathing in a big wooden tub on Saturday night, mending by an oil lamp, and an occasional bit of reading were all accomplished in what sometimes was pandemonium, especially where there were several children.

The sleeping accommodation was compact. It consisted of a tier of bunks in one corner of the cabin, the parents sleeping on the lowest, often with a babe beside them in a homemade crib.

One home that always gave me a royal welcome had six children, and all slept in the corner of the large log house. Two boys occupied the top tier and climbed up into their places with the agility of monkeys. It was my privilege to share their bunk on cold winter nights when blizzards were blowing without and it was dangerous to pass on to a less crowded home four miles away.

Preparing sermons was my perpetual nightmare. I wrote every word faithfully and then foolishly learned it all off by heart so that my homiletic effort on the Sabbath day was really a recitation. I never used notes and almost had nervous exhaustion worrying about whether I would forget my lines. The whole method was disastrous, as I was not learning to think on my feet, which is so essential in good public speaking and especially in debate.

With all the rashness of youth I chose the most difficult of subjects. I prepared a series on Heaven, Hell and Purgatory. I was in those days a fundamentalist and believed in a literal interpretation of the Bible. My chagrin knew no bounds at my Sunday afternoon appointment, when I was to deliver my sermon on hell, there were but two worshippers. They were both maiden ladies in their sixties who were genuine saints and who, I am sure, had never had an impure thought in their long lives. My text was, "These shall go away into everlasting torment," and the sermon was an impassioned appeal to "flee from the wrath to come." As we sang the opening hymn I was

in misery. I could not speak extemporaneously. My sermon was learned word for word, and suitable only for deep-dyed sinners.

Before me sat two faithful souls who had walked three miles in a blinding rain to be loyal to the young parson. But there was nothing else for it. I had only one sermon and so my two devout listeners heard me pour forth in lurid language on the eschatology of hell. They looked puzzled as I rampaged on. As we sang the last hymn, which strangely enough was "Jesus, lover of my soul," I was conjuring up some way of escape from the little log school house, but there was only one door. To my surprise they were kindness itself. They shook hands with all the affability of friends whose loyalty could stand any shock. When I mounted my horse to ride away they were greatly concerned that the rain had not abated and that I would likely catch a cold. Looking back when I was a hundred yards up the corduroy road, they waved vigorously. As a mature person, I am certain they got a good deal out of my sermon on hell in many and many a laugh in after years, and laughter is good for the soul.

I love horses. I was brought up in a town where everyone had a standard-bred that could at least strike a two-forty gait.

My father frowned on horse-racing, except at country fairs, he had the old-fashioned idea that racing beautiful steeds was somehow of the devil. By a strange quirk of mind he gave his enthusiastic blessing to contests at fall fairs. He argued such racing was a bonafide exhibition just as showing apples or potatoes was. Yet he only went to see the apple exhibits once, but saw the speed trials every afternoon.

While he would never dream of allowing any of us to go to what was known as horse-races, he had no moral scruples whatever in taking us to the grandstand of the local fair to see the *exhibits* of speed.

He had a fine mare of his own and nothing gave him more pleasure than to have a brush with the local Roman Catholic priest on the side roads of the back townships while doing pastoral visitations. I met the genial priest many years after and he recalled the hot races he had had with father and described photographic finishes.

I recall most vividly being taken to the fall fair with my revered father. Along with him was a well known divine of that day and two other local clergy. There were three horses

in one race—Texas Jack, Corncracker and Texas Junior. Strangely enough Texas Jack was the sire of the other two. The race was a "free for all." The owner of Texas Junior was a well known member of Parliament, Louis Wigle by name.

A strange situation developed. Texas Jack won the first two heats. Corncracker won the second two heats, and Texas Junior trailed in all four. A driver by the name of Ketcham was driving Texas Junior. Mr. Wigle felt he was not getting the best out of his young horse and took him off the sulky and placed his trainer, an old man by the name of Alex Reid in his place. There was a tradition that Reid was born in a racing stable. He looked for all the world like "Uncle Sam."

The fifth heat was called and to the wild cheering of the packed grandstand Texas Junior came under the wire first. The sixth heat was called and again Texas Junior nosed home the field. What a situation! Each had two firsts as the three gallant steeds faced the wire for the seventh heat.

It was the late afternoon of a beautiful day in early September. There was no wind. The track was fast. Excitement reigned in the grandstand and overflowed into the fair grounds where hundreds had gathered to peek through or over a white picket fence to get a glimpse of the final heat which was to make history.

The crowd was hushed as the three racers walked quietly out of the paddock gate to the track. Almost indifferently the drivers took a turn down the oval to warm up. Returning to the starting-point they swung around sharply and together came toward the wire. It was a perfect start as the judge called out through a big megaphone, "Go!"

The crowd held its breath. Texas Junior now had the pole and held it tenaciously a length and a half ahead. On the back stretch Corncracker challenged and forged ahead by a nose with the old sire of both a length behind. As they rounded the stretch of the half mile track the crowd all did a quarter turn left. A few stood up only to be shouted down. When they sped under the wire it was Texas Junior, Corncracker and Texas Jack.

At the first turn Junior seemed to weaken. Old Texas Jack, a campaigner of many a track, inched up until he was in the lead. Down the back stretch they flew. Corncracker again moved up into second place and Texas Junior was third. As he fell back the crowd audibly groaned. Every fan was pulling

for the green colt. At the turn for the wire they were racing it out like true standard-breds, the old sire leading with Corncracker crowding him just inches behind.

It looked as if the terrific ordeal of seven heats was too much for Texas Junior, but he hung on tenaciously, still the pole horse. Then someone cried, "He's gaining!" The crowd like one person rose up and shrieked, "Come on Junior! Come on Junior!" One would think he heard and decided in his great heart not to let the fans down, for suddenly he showed a miraculous burst of speed. He inched past Corncracker. At the hundred yard mark he was almost imperceptibly overtaking his noble old sire, Texas Jack. At twenty-five yards they were neck and neck.

It was then old Alex Reid did something that I expect almost broke his heart. He struck the young colt sharply with the whip. Texas Junior sprang forward as if wounded, but in that fraction of a second he had won. The crowd went into a pandemonium of delight as old Alex Reid presented Texas Junior to the judges and raised his whip signifying the winner. I heard father say to his clergy friend, "Doctor, that race was a means of grace."

With such a background it was natural that I should want a horse when late fall came and the roads froze as solid as a rock. A pioneer was going East to buy a carload and I commissioned father to buy me a well-bred mare and deliver her to the point where my friend was loading. Within a fortnight I was riding the corduroy roads and trails that I had been walking for months. The spring came early, the roads became impassable and I had to keep to trails along the banks of the river and take again to walking ten and a half miles each Sunday for services.

One spring day I took a trail along the river to visit a family at a point known as Three Forks. The river was in flood, several creeks were overflowing their banks. Bridges made of three hewn logs spanned these creeks; they were very narrow at best but when the water was high, horses would go cautiously over them. My mare was quite nervous as she negotiated these bridges. At last we came where the water was swirling through the logs. She hesitated but as I touched her sides with my heels she moved warily forward. Half way across she became frightened and then suddenly plunged into deep water just where the creek emptied into the river. I was

terrified for I could not swim a stroke. I seized the pommel of my Mexican saddle and hung on for life itself. To my surprise the mare kept us both afloat and with an unerring instinct steered herself where a little peninsula was jutting out from shore. She shook herself like a dog as she stood on solid ground. We had been carried over two hundred yards in swirling water and made a safe and what was for me, a happy landing. I had been fearful lest I should be drowned. From that day my sturdy mare and I were fast friends.

Ten dollars isn't much but it was all I had at the end of a year as a home missionary. I met another young chap in the same profession worse off than I, as he hadn't a cent, so I loaned him five dollars. Then the ecclesiastical authorities promptly moved me to a place I'd never even heard of, away out west in Saskatchewan. I was told it was a village of one hundred but with a vast, rapidly developing hinterland and that I would hold services in five schoolhouses and a farm house and would travel by bicycle, horseback, cart, buggy or cutter, fifty-five miles one Sunday and thirty-five the other.

The railway time-tables indicated it was a move of six hundred and thirteen miles. I was appalled. How could I ever travel that vast distance covering a large section of two provinces and all of a third, with only five dollars in my pocket!

One beautiful summer afternoon in late June, sitting in my cabin door pondering my problems, I saw coming down the corduroy street what seemed to be a motley crowd. There were young and old, middle-aged, children, young men and maidens. I had never seen so many people together in the little village—there were possibly two hundred. They were laughing and chatting and a gaiety possessed all as if they were out on some lark. North of my little shack was an abandoned open-air rink. The throng made a sharp left-turn and marched through the gate into the large open space lush with June grass, singing heartily, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

It was a surprise party, or rather picnic, to give a send-off to the youthful parson who was immediately to find his way to a far away point in Saskatchewan—provided a miracle happened to make his five dollars multiply. And why shouldn't one happen! Hadn't Jehovah fed His people with manna from heaven? Was there not the story of the widow's cruse of oil? Hadn't the good Lord fed five thousand with two barley loaves and three small fishes? Well, a miracle did happen.

That group, relatively speaking a throng, had come from my three preaching places. A dear old man by the name of Strachan, who had been a school-teacher in old Ontario, and had come West and taken up land, to give his large family a chance, came to my door. He invited me to join the folk in the old skating rink. He seated the people on the ground, then he made a little speech assuring me of the affection of the whole countryside and their gratitude for my year's service. On behalf of those assembled and others who could not come, his wife presented me with a purse. I gulped with emotion and was unable to make an adequate reply. Tears were in many honest eyes, which made the situation more difficult.

I have received my share of honours but none that contributed more to my life than the honour those good folk did me at what they called my "send-off" when I was barely nineteen. They believed in me and in what I had tried to do and their confidence encouraged me, as I began a new phase of home-mission life in Saskatchewan.

The women folk spread table-cloths on the ground and in an incredibly short space of time the hungry assembly were glad to fall on food which pioneer women know so well how to prepare—baked hams, cold beef, baked beans, escalloped potatoes and an infinite variety of pies and cakes. It was a grand occasion.

A sense of almost terrible loneliness possessed me as I said good-bye to the last of them. Some had come long distances and would not reach their homes until late into the night: some had transportation but others had walked miles owing to the conditions of the roads in June. Looking back I count the twelve months I spent in Rainy River, one of the best years of my life.

Chapter II

THREE YEARS PROBATION IN SASKATCHEWAN

My manna from heaven was twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. I counted it several times with a grateful heart. Would it get me to a far-away point in Saskatchewan? In the gathering dusk I walked the railway track to the station. I had only one question for the agent and I blurted it out immediately, "How much will it cost to carry a horse and rider to Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan?" Alas, the amount was more than twice as much as I possessed. My heart sank within me. Then a bright idea struck me. If the horse were in Winnipeg she might be sold. Quickly I asked, "How much to Winnipeg?" After studying rates the kind agent said, "Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents!"

It was ten o'clock at night. The agent told me a freight train would pass through about two a.m. and that there would not be another for some days. After receiving his advice on several points we decided I should catch that train. I gave him my twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, received my way bill and was about to go for the horse when suddenly I thought of my trunk that must be packed with my humble belongings. I had visions of my last five dollars going out for the pesky trunk. The agent with great kindness stretched a point and checked it to my new western home in Saskatchewan. I was rich again. I had a ticket for myself and horse to Winnipeg and five dollars in my pocket.

The trunk packed and with a hamper of food I was ready for the road about midnight. I had a great sense of relief that I would not have to say good-bye to anyone except the station agent. I went in the darkness to my neighbour's barn and borrowed harness which I put on my sturdy mare and hitched

her to a stoneboat. I think she thought I was neurotic as I placed her Mexican saddle and bridle on it. I led her to the door of the shack and added the trunk, a raincoat, an old umbrella and my rations for the journey.

I wrote a note to tell my neighbour he would find his harness and stoneboat back of the station. He and his wife were the truest of neighbours and I knew I was welcome to the equipment. I placed the short letter under his kitchen door and returned to the mare who whinnied at my approach.

I paused for a moment in the doorway of the little place I had called home for almost a year. Here I had cooked meals, washed dishes, entertained my pioneer friends, read my books, said my prayers and prepared my sermons. The appalling sense of being very much alone came to me again. Instinctively I moved into the tar-papered shack, and bowing my knee at a box that had served as a chair, I commended myself to God before undertaking my journey into a far country.

The stoneboat bumped noisily over the corduroy of the main street. Several times the trunk slid off carrying with it the saddle. It was very dark although the heavens were alive with myriads of twinkling stars. When I reached the station the raincoat was missing. I retraced my steps and in spite of the darkness found it about three hundred yards back. I unharnessed my faithful steed and placed the collar and harness on the stoneboat.

The station agent checked the trunk. He had the true pioneer spirit and fed me pancakes and maple syrup with coffee. We had a long serious talk about the vicissitudes of life. I had the untried faith of a nineteen year old and was full of zest. He was much older and wiser but was in no way cynical. He had worked out a stoical philosophy and took life as it came.

The long whistle of a locomotive echoed through the woods and aroused us to the fact that I was soon to be loaded on a box car with a fine mare, a saddle, a small bag of oats, a pail, a bit of baled hay, a raincoat, and oh yes, the old umbrella and my box of food.

The technique of loading was very simple. In a sense we, the horse and I, had a private car. We were travelling "freight de luxe." At the end of the platform where passengers alighted and entered the train, there was an incline to a higher level. Up this I led the mare and across three planks into our

temporary abode. The brakeman brought the baled hay, the oats and the pail from which the mare was to be watered en route. The engineer blew a blast of the whistle, there was a terrific jerk, and the long freight train was off for Winnipeg, two hundred and fifty miles away.

Winnipeg, the growing, hustling hub of the West held only fears for me when the train rolled over the Red River at St. Boniface. The mare seemed to sense my apprehensions as she acted nervously. She affectionately put her head over my shoulder and I rubbed her nose. The train suddenly halted in the Fort Rouge yards of the Canadian National Railway. The conductor came to the door of the car and told me as it was after eight o'clock I could not unload the horse until next morning, that during the night the car would be shunted and that I could take her off after seven a.m.

Spreading out my raincoat I lay down for the twentieth time to try and win sleep. I was almost toxic with fatigue. The saddle ceased to be a hard pillow. The weariness became an anaesthetic. I fell into a deep slumber only to be awakened eight hours later at six o'clock by a trainman calling, "You may take your horse off any time now. The car is spotted at the unloading platform."

I finally broke into my five dollar bill. The mare had to be housed even if I didn't. I led her off the box car, saddled her, tied my rain coat and umbrella behind me and rode off. A policeman directed me to a livery stable. I was greeted by a Scot. At first he was quite dour but when I told him I was a student missionary he was kindness itself. He told me his father was an elder in the Highlands of Scotland and his mother a godly woman and while he had slipped a bit from his early training he still respected the kirk. He was doubly friendly when I told him I had a grandmother from Inverness. He led my mare into an ample clean stall, giving her a generous feed of oats and hay, for which I gave him fifty cents. My five dollar bill was on its way out.

I immediately sought his advice about selling the mare. My heart sank within me when he told me horses were a drug on the market in Winnipeg and that I could scarcely give her away. The farmers required big work horses. He was so kind and fatherly I confided in him my dilemma. He advised me, "Go get some breakfast, stretch your legs, take a look around Winnipeg and come back."

A breakfast which consisted of two helpings of oatmeal porridge and milk, sprinkled with brown sugar, gave me a new animation. I had had a meal which cost me only twenty cents and it was most satisfying as, unlike some folk, I relished good old-fashioned porridge and could drink milk like an old toper his liquor.

Walking over the Fort Rouge Bridge I soon found myself at the corner of Portage and Main Street watching the great crowds of people. Suddenly my eyes nearly popped out of my head. There in the surging throng was a man I knew well. I pushed my way into the moving mass of humanity, quickened my pace and touched him on the shoulder. He was a dour man and his smile was not very uplifting to a young student missionary almost stony broke and with four hundred miles ahead of him. However a familiar face brought a sense of relief and I accepted his invitation to lunch—that at least would be a saving. We took a street car. I was relieved when he put two street-car tickets in the box. We soon found ourselves in a fine residence in a smart section of Winnipeg. I felt a bit out of place but his wife, a big-hearted soul, gave me a warm and I believe sincere welcome.

Here I was in the home of the man who had been chosen to hear my first sermon and to report on my success or failure. Looking back as a mature man I feel certain a less inspiring man could not have been chosen. He had driven me to a little country village eight miles from home to take the Sunday afternoon service. My total experience in speaking had been a little debating in High School and in an oratorical contest when I received no prize but got an honourable mention.

I began the service with fear and trembling. When I came to the prayers I was panicky. I simply couldn't face the ordeal of making what was called in those days "the long prayer." My adjudicator was a lay preacher. In my great nervousness I called on him to take the prayer. Unperturbed he came to the pulpit and led the congregation to "the throne of grace." His prayer was endless and I hoped he would never stop. Finally he held me up to the Almighty and said, "Oh God bless this young man. We know that thou canst take the meanest, the lowliest, the miriest clay and make a preacher out of it. We offer him to thee. Mould him as the potter moulds the shapeless clay." This made me a bit angry. My fears left me and when he finished his prayer I gave out the old gospel

hymn, "Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone." I sang it like a Daniel and when I began to preach I was quite calm and got through not too badly for a green beginner.

The members of the congregation were kind and shook hands heartily at the door. The school teacher, a very pretty woman possibly thirty-five, did me an untold service when smiling graciously she said, "I believe that some day you will be a fine preacher."

My judge never once spoke to me all the way home. His silence convinced me I had totally failed. He was not only painfully silent but looked menacing. As he dropped me at my father's door I summoned up my courage and asked how I had done. His answer was as cryptic as his eight mile silence. My heart sank within me as he said with almost cruel bluntness, "You had a good text."

I found out afterwards that his recommendation was negative. But fortunately the lovely school teacher had written a letter to the secretary of the Board to say I had done well and that she felt sure I would make a good minister. That letter swung the vote by a small margin. And now fifteen months later, by a strange trick of fate, I was in his home in Winnipeg where he had moved to join in the great real estate boom of the West.

After a delicious meal, the first I'd had since picknicing with my parishioners in the abandoned open air rink in the wilderness of Rainy River, we sat on the lawn and talked of other days. His wife excused herself. Suddenly I was possessed with a mischievous desire to try out the charity of this man who made such a sanctimonious profession of Christianity. I told him of the happy year I'd had. I described the country, extolled the goodness of the people, told him of my long walks and the bitter cold. I showed him a picture of my little tar-papered hut. I finally gave him a graphic description of my send-off and the very generous purse these struggling pioneers had given me. I then told him my dilemma and asked him for a small loan to get me to Grand Coulee, which I would return on selling the horse or as soon as I possibly could.

He squirmed a little but was true to the pattern I felt certain he would follow. He calmly refused. However I was not quite ready for his ingenious alibi. He told me he would like to help me and that nothing would give him more pleasure,

but he felt it would be wrong to rob me of the great opportunity of standing on my own feet. As I left his palatial home I was tempted to offer to pay for my lunch but felt that would be an affront to a kind-hearted woman who was forced to live with a modern Scrooge.

Walking down Portage Avenue near the corner of Main, I saw in the traffic a man driving a horse hitched to a buckboard. There was a trunk tied on behind, a bookcase and some small packages completed the load. A closer look revealed that the driver was the student missionary to whom I had loaned the five dollars. I whistled and turning he saw me and pulled into the curb. His was indeed a bright idea. Short of cash he had decided to drive to the new field the ecclesiastical powers had given him—a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. Fortunately for him there were roads between the two points that were passable. If he could drive one hundred and sixty miles why couldn't I ride four hundred? I bade him a hasty good-bye and in twenty minutes I was back at the livery stable chatting over the idea of riding to Grand Coulee, with the friendly Scotsman. He was a cannie Scot and pointed out the difficulties—sloughs like lakes, many miles that were just trails and above all the Assiniboine River on the rampage. However he did not completely discourage me and said it was worth a try.

We saddled Nancy and strapped the rain-coat securely. Full of gratitude I gave my umbrella as a parting gift to my new found friend. In turn he refused to take any money for the two good feeds he had given my mare. Shaking hands heartily he wished me all the luck in the world. I mounted my faithful steed and with four dollars and thirty cents began a four hundred mile journey across the prairies, which took thirteen days to complete.

My horseback ride from Winnipeg to Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan, was one of the toughest assignments of my life. It was June, 1904. Roads were nearly all trails that often were submerged in slough water from a few rods to a mile long. It was terrifying to me and my gallant mare. Every minute I expected to get off the trail hidden by the water. Of course these fears were imaginary as trails are only indentations on the bald prairie. I soon discovered that these great sloughs were comparatively shallow, rarely getting up to the mare's

belly. Occasionally I had to put my heels high up on the sides of the Mexican saddle to keep from getting my legs soaked.

It was most trying, especially for my beloved Nancy, who had to wade on and on out of one slough only to enter another. Occasionally the trail would emerge on high ground and there we could trot along. Sometimes we took to the main line of the C.P.R., which was a dangerous practice as there were so many little culverts to cross and if Nancy ever got her leg down between the ties it would have been impossible to extricate her.

The prairie from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie was low lying and the journey on horseback was just one long wade relieved by occasional bits of high land. The tiny villages of Bergen, Rosser, Meadows, Marquette, Raeburn, Poplar Point and High Bluff were resting places. At least one grain elevator stood out as a landmark. These little villages were drabber than any "Main Street" described so graphically in after years by Sinclair Lewis, but to me in my arduous journey they were like islands of the blest. For here Nancy and I would rest for half an hour before undertaking another water-cursed eight miles.

Often we thought the elevator in the next village was moving westward. Our gait was a crawl. We seemed not to be gaining on it. Cloud effects would sometimes obscure it and then our guide would be the telegraph poles of the C.P.R. on our left. When the clouds would clear after fifteen or twenty minutes my spirits would rise as the elevator would appear closer. I would urge Nancy on. She always seemed to sense that there was a reason for my digging my heels gently into her sides and with superb courage she would wade on. By eight o'clock we were twenty miles west of Winnipeg. We had averaged in and out of the water about four miles an hour. Near the village of Meadows we turned into a farmhouse for the night.

The farmer and his wife welcomed us. I soon discovered their home was a stopping-place. Already two guests had signified their intention to stay for the night. One was Mr. Edward S. Brown, at that time one of the merchant princes of Manitoba. His store in Portage la Prairie was outstanding. He was most interested in my adventure and being a lover of horseflesh admired Nancy. He was owner of a beautiful race horse known as Chestnut, famous for his many wins in harness races from Winnipeg to Calgary.

With his alert eye Mr. Brown noticed that Nancy was not eating her hay. It was what was known as prairie wool. Ontario horses, accustomed to timothy hay, had to cultivate a taste for it. Western horses relished it but would refuse timothy hay imported in bales from Ontario. Nancy wouldn't taste the prairie wool although I enticed her by holding some to her mouth. She looked at me as if I were trying to put something over. Mr. Brown told me horses must have hay and that when I reached Portage la Prairie to look him up and he would give her a feed of baled hay at his stables.

Weary and anxious I stretched out on a hard mattress in an attic room and from nine p.m. to six a.m. I never once awoke. The mare was fed her oats. Because she would eat no hay the farmer kindly fixed for her a bran mash which he said would serve temporarily in lieu of hay.

Breakfast over I saddled Nancy precisely at seven a.m. Turning to the farmer I bravely asked the amount of my bill. He was very kind. Because I was a young home missionary he would only charge me seventy-five cents, which he said was half price. I didn't tell him that my total worldly assets now amounted to three dollars and fifty-five cents.

Bed and board for a man and a horse for nearly two weeks seemed impossible on three dollars and fifty-five cents. But hadn't miracles happened? Didn't the kind folk of Rainy River give me twenty-two dollars and fifty cents! Maybe another miracle would happen—and it *did*.

At noon we, Nancy and I, had reached a tiny village called Poplar Point. By wading, trotting and cantering we had made twenty miles in five hours. A mile beyond we turned into a farmhouse to inquire whether food was available for man and beast.

We were greeted near the stable by a most genial man, middle-aged and already grey. His smile spoke a welcome. Even his collie dog wagged his tail as if to say, "I'm on the welcome committee too." "Where are you heading for?" he asked. "Oh, I'm a student missionary, heading for Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan," I replied. He was amazed. "Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan!" he ejaculated, "Why that's nearly four hundred miles west of here." Then he told me that he was a kind of home missionary himself, that a Sunday School met in the little schoolhouse a mile up the trail, that he was

the superintendent and that his wife, another farmer's wife and the school teacher were the teachers.

He invited me to lunch. When I told him the mare wouldn't eat prairie wool he said he had a bit of baled hay for emergencies, and soon Nancy was munching good old Ontario timothy hay. After a friendly chat he gave her an ample feed of oats, and we left her for the house.

His wife's welcome was as warm as if I were a kid brother come to visit. She told me her father's house had always been a home for the minister back east in New Brunswick and urged me to stay a day or two and maybe preach in the schoolhouse on Sunday. I explained to her that I was due to take services the second Sunday in July in Grand Coulee and therefore must press on.

By two o'clock I was ready to mount Nancy. I asked my host what my bill would be. He looked hurt, and protested that it would be incredible that he should take money from a home missionary. He gave me his blessings and Nancy and I were again on the way. The miracle had happened. My three dollars and fifty-five cents were intact.

Suddenly we were out of the slough country and on a graded road. We made much better progress with the nervous strain of endless sloughs to wade removed. We trotted along gaily and rode into Portage la Prairie at five-thirty and pulled up sharply at Brown Brothers departmental store.

Mr. Brown was just leaving for home. He spotted me before I could dismount. He was most genial and invited me to his home for dinner and the night, said he had told his wife of my adventure and that she had given him a proper scolding for not offering me hospitality. Nancy was cared for. She had a box stall next to the famous racehorse Chestnut, where she munched timothy hay. I had the luxury of a bath, a big T-bone steak, and finally found myself between clean cool sheets on a soft mattress so full of coils that I felt I was floating on air. It was the most comfortable night since I had left my home in Ontario nearly a year before.

At eight a.m. Nancy said goodbye to Chestnut while I said farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Brown and thanked them for such gracious hospitality. My kind host soon became the Hon. Edward S. Brown, Minister of Finance in the Manitoba Government. The miracle had happened again.

From Portage la Prairie west the prairie was much freer of sloughs. Once again on the trail my memory turned back to the little village of Emo, the send-off, and the pancakes and maple syrup of the station agent. It seemed that all this had transpired long ago. And yet it was only three days since I had begun this strange adventure into a part of Canada I had never seen before. I had a feeling of exhilaration which I think I inducted from Nancy who, having dined with an aristocrat like Mr. Brown's Chestnut, arched her neck and trotted like the true standard-bred she was. The visibility was perfect. At one high point on the trail I could count the elevators in eleven villages, some of them on branch lines of the railway. I suppose the eye could take in a hundred thousand acres.

Suddenly a solution to my economic problem appeared in the form of a conviction that I must go on believing in miracles. I must continue to believe that I was in a succession with the widow whose cruse of oil did not run out, and with those who got manna from heaven. Nancy seemed to catch my buoyant spirits and began to canter easily. Almost like a flash of lightning a plan opened clearly before me. There must be many laymen running Sunday Schools in little schoolhouses all across the prairie who would receive me and treat me as the good farmer and his wife did who gave me my noonday meal at Poplar Point. I would ride up innocently to their farmhouses, tell my story of riding away out west to Grand Coulee to be a home missionary, and expect results.

I urged Nancy into her comfortable canter. I felt veritably certain that the miracle of kindness would happen all along the way. Meeting an upstanding youth with his dog I asked, "Is there a Sunday School in these parts?" He pointed to a little schoolhouse scarcely discernible on the horizon and answered, "Yes, we have Sunday School there every two weeks."

Eagerly I asked, "Who is the Sunday School Superintendent?" He drew my attention to a windmill about a mile down the trail and said, "The farmer who lives near that mill is our superintendent." I thanked him, bade him good-day, touched Nancy with my heels and we were off. She broke into a brisk gallop and I had to bring her up sharply or she would have run past the farmer's gate. I dismounted and sprung the

pole, letting down the home-made gate. Nancy stepped nimbly in and I fastened the gate and led her to the barn.

A tall elderly gentleman came out from the house. I asked him if I might secure lunch and a feed for my horse. Before he could answer I was relating the experiences I had had since leaving Emo. He greeted me with quiet kindness, led my mare down to the trough at the windmill, gave her a drink and then put her in a stall. He fed her oats and hay and invited me to the house.

"Wife," he said, "here's a young home missionary going away out to Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan. He's come from two hundred and fifty miles east of Winnipeg. I'll bet he has a parson's appetite. What about something to eat?" She gave me a hearty handshake, introduced me to a washbasin and soap, handed me a clean towel, and said I was more than welcome. Dinner was ready—all she need do was add another plate.

With pride they told me of their little Sunday School. With gratitude I related my story of the kindly folk at Emo. Our conversation was a pleasant comparing of experiences in running a church in pioneer settlements.

We returned to the stable. Nancy had eaten all her oats but had scorned, as any standard-bred would, the hay known as prairie wool. The farmer mixed a pail of what he called "soft food" which Nancy half ate and half drank.

"How much do I owe you?" I timidly inquired. "My dear boy," he replied warmly, "it's a pleasure to have had you. You owe us nothing. Good-bye and God bless you." Then he called after me, "You had better buy that mare some timothy hay at a livery stable." The miracle of kindness had again worked. Nancy trotted off in sprightly fashion. She seemed to know instinctively that we had met a Christian gentleman and that she must show him that she was a bit of a high-stepper herself.

By walking, trotting, cantering and an occasional gallop, we reached Carberry on a Saturday night. Here I was to have a taste of real home life with a cousin I had not seen for five years. I rang the door-bell. In a moment she was taking me in with a critical eye. When she had last seen me I was a lad in short pants. Now I was over six feet. She had no idea who I was. Finally I said, "Minnie, it's George Fallis." In five seconds I was being hugged by the handsomest young matron

in Manitoba. What a weekend! Baths, meals fit for an epicure, a bed so comfortable that Morpheus held me in his grip for long hours, and above all a hospitality that was at once affectionate, interesting, witty, laugh-provoking—with many a reminiscing contest.

In the meantime Nancy munched good old Ontario timothy hay and acted as if she would like to make the big box stall her permanent home and my cousin's beautiful standard-bred a permanent companion.

Monday morning Nancy and I said goodbye to Carberry, I to my delightful cousin, she to Dolly across the passageway. We were on our great adventure once again, refreshed by the rest over the week-end. Nancy arched her neck and trotted briskly. I had to rein her in, knowing well she had a long day ahead.

Noon was upon us before we knew it. We were tempted to stop for lunch in the city of Brandon but that would cost money. We pushed on into the friendly country. A schoolhouse became the symbol of hospitality. Happy children played in the yard and as I dismounted; some ran with curiosity to greet me; others were shy and stand-offish. I knew several sleight-of-hand tricks and won their complete confidence when I "swallowed" a pocket-knife and found it in the pants' pocket of a small boy.

Soon I had the information that Sunday School assembled in the school on the Sabbath day. The next step was easy. To my inquiry as to where the superintendent lived, a dozen of the older kiddies pointed up the road to a farm home. Mounting Nancy I rode off with certainty that the miracle of kindness would again be performed.

I was greeted by a kindness that was overflowing. A young farmer even unfastened the home-made barbed-wire gate so familiar to all westerners. My home mission story was a sesame that immediately opened doors to kind hospitality. That young farmer had come from a fine Christian home in Ontario, homesteaded, wooed and won the pretty little schoolteacher who had come from a village in Nova Scotia. They tiptoed to a baby-carriage. Drawing back a tiny comforter the mother showed me a beautiful little cherub a year old. Their eyes glowed with parental pride. The father wished him to be wakened but the wise young mother touched her lips for quiet and led us to the dining-room where the orthodox

farm meal was served. The young man asked me to say Grace, which evolved into a little prayer that God would bless the baby.

"And now what is my bill?" I asked as I made ready to continue my journey. The two unitedly and vociferously protested that I was more than welcome to their humble fare which to me was a banquet of good food and pure fellowship. The miracle of kindness had again been performed. As I rode away I had a feeling that I had partaken of a holy communion. No wonder the Master had taken the breaking of bread as the symbol of Remembrance.

"The bridge is down." Thus said an old man who met me not a hundred yards from the Assiniboine River. It had been in flood the week before and swept away a bridge. He told me I'd have to go ten miles north, cross another bridge, then come directly south and take up the trail again. It simply meant I'd have to travel twenty miles to get not more than two hundred yards. I dismounted. With great solicitation for my well-being he turned and walked with me to the river.

The river had receded. To the left of where the bridge had been was a trail leading leisurely to the water. About two hundred yards down stream and on the other bank was a similar trail. The old gentleman told me that in other days it had been a place where Red River carts had made a portage at low water. I recalled the day in Emo when Nancy had with some hysteria jumped off the hewn logs into the swollen Rainy River and swum heroically to the little peninsula jutting out into the river. Dare I try the Assiniboine? It would save twenty miles. I suggested it to the old gentleman who replied that it was quite impossible and dangerous.

I studied the approaches as best I could on both banks. The river had receded a great deal but was running swiftly. I looked at Nancy. She was so strong and intelligent. She entirely trusted me and I knew she would be tractable. I mounted and turned her head down the trail. She slipped a bit in the mud. When we came to the water I petted her arched neck. Her wellbred ears were pointed forward; her eyes revealed a little nervousness. I gently touched her sides with my heels. Rearing a little she slipped into the Assiniboine.

I hurriedly put my feet up on the sides of the saddle and clinging with one hand to the pommel, with the other I guided her toward the trail on the opposite bank, possibly two hundred yards downstream. The big Mexican saddle helped keep us

afloat. Nancy seemed to have the situation well in hand, and with no alarming mishap we emerged and climbed up the bank. We paused for a rest. The old man stood where I had left him. Finally I turned Nancy's head north and reached the road. I waved at the stoical figure on the east bank. He waved listlessly back. He no doubt thought I was a bit daft.

We put up at a farmhouse east of Griswold for the night. The little schoolhouse had been located, the Sunday School superintendent had been found. And the miracle of kindness was once again enacted. My three dollars and fifty-five cents were still intact. But Nancy still refused prairie wool and showed no interest in substitutes. So I rode into Griswold, found a livery stable, bought some Ontario timothy baled hay and let her munch away for over an hour. I paid the man in charge thirty-five cents. I had reduced my money to three dollars and twenty cents. However I was actually four hundred and ten miles from Emo and it had cost me only one dollar and eighty cents of my five dollars. I was now two hundred and six miles from the prairie hamlet of Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan. Surely I would make it and still be solvent. Nancy and I pushed on. Day after day at noon and supper time we searched out the little schoolhouse. The miracle never failed.

Nancy simply would not eat prairie wool, so each day I stopped at a livery stable and bought her timothy hay which suited her appetite. It is a monument to the great kindness of Western pioneer farmers of Christian stock that I had to spend no money except on timothy hay for Nancy.

What a thrill I had, when I left the town of Kirkella in Manitoba, and could see on the horizon the elevators in the village of Fleming in Saskatchewan! I came to the border. There was an imaginary line and astride it was a sign. On one arm one could read the word "Manitoba" and on the other "Saskatchewan." My road was a fine prairie trail.

I pressed my heels gently on Nancy's sides, and she broke into a gallop. Rushing down a grade we flew past the sign. Behind and to the east was the whole province of Manitoba: before us was Saskatchewan, and only one hundred and forty-five miles to the west was the bustling, hustling village of Grand Coulee with its one hundred souls and great hinterland. I stood up in the saddle and cheered. Nancy arched her neck and snorted for the very joy of life. We were in Saskatchewan.

Nancy and I were both happy. We had done the difficult and what sometimes seemed the impossible.

At last I could see it on the horizon—Regina, the capital of the North West Territories. This was in June, 1904; the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were not carved out until 1905. The very name "Regina" was intriguing. I had heard the name from earliest boyhood. It had a queenly ring. People of less imagination had called it "Pile of Bones." Now it was Regina, named after Queen Victoria who ruled an Empire on which "the sun never set." It was a long jump from "Pile of Bones" to the throne of Great Britain, but westerners could take almost impossible hurdles in their stride. Then too Regina was the headquarters of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the red-coated mounties who I had been told "always got their man" stirred me with awe. I felt I must obey the law or I would be caught by these "Riders of the Plains." All in all I pictured Regina as a beautiful city fit to take the name of the great Queen.

The prairie east of Regina rises three hundred feet. Nancy and I could look down on the city for fifteen miles. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we first spied the Queen City. As we drew nearer it seemed suddenly to lose the magnificent proportions we had pictured in imagination. It looked so tiny on the vast prairie. Had we lost our way? Was this the capital of the North West Territories? At three miles it looked like a glorified village.

It began to rain and for the first time in thirteen days I had to unstrap my raincoat. In a few minutes Nancy was slipping and sliding. She nearly went down. I had heard of Regina mud but never dreamed this gumbo could be so retarding.

Nancy's dainty hooves were suddenly out of all proportion as the "terrible mud" clung to her shoes. Suddenly as we entered the city there was almost a cloudburst. I dismounted and led my heroic steed. There were no paved streets. It was Regina mud at its worst. Bedraggled and wet to the skin we arrived at the doors of Mollard's large livery and feed stables.

Mr. Mollard gave us a warm welcome and took us in out of the pelting rain and mud. The miracle continued. My father had been his minister in Ontario and he recalled me as a little boy visiting his father's home. When I told him of my recent adventures he turned immediately to Nancy, patted her nose and said, "She must be a wonderful piece of horse-

flesh." She was led away to a box stall by a stable man. Little did I think as I left the livery stable that George Mollard was to be one of my most helpful friends in the next three years of prairie life. Looking back and recalling all his kindnesses, and above all his sage advice, I call him my patron saint.

It was eight o'clock. Only four blocks away was the parsonage of my ecclesiastical superior, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton Wigle, poet, preacher and man of affairs. His wife was the daughter of a newspaper publisher in a town in Ontario. She had all the alertness of newspaper people. She would have caught the eye of the writer of the Song of Solomon, for she was queenly in looks and demeanour. The Wigles had four children, all named after precious stones—Pearl, Ruby, Opal and Garnet.

In spite of the late hour I was received with the utmost kindness. I was advised to have a hot bath and get into dry clothes. I was given a complete outfit of Dr. Wigle's which fitted as if tailored for me. In half an hour, almost famished, I sat down to hot soup, bacon and eggs, and strawberry shortcake. The family ranged around the table listened to my weird experiences until after ten o'clock. From that day I was a hero of the four Wigle children. I had ridden horseback from Winnipeg to Regina, and forded the Assiniboine River! I think they thought I was a kind of Robinson Crusoe or Sinbad the Sailor. Their kindness and interest were a fitting climax to a long trek across part of three Canadian provinces—a kindness and interest which followed me for over thirty years and was only broken by death.

The next day I had to face the stern reality of living the life to which I was dedicated. In my pocket I had fifty-five cents. In George Mollard's livery stable was my Nancy. A man from Saskatoon wanted a driving mare. He had heard of Nancy's great achievements in carrying me from Winnipeg to Regina in thirteen days. He liked her broad-set keen eyes, her fine nostrils and arched neck. When he heard the story of her swimming the Assiniboine River he made up his mind that she was going back with him to Saskatoon. Mr. Mollard phoned me to come over to his livery stable. He introduced me to the man from Saskatoon who promptly offered me one hundred and sixty dollars for my Nancy.

I had found out that I could buy a bicycle for thirty-five dollars and ride to my duties. I had only fifty-five cents

between me and starvation as farmers of the Regina plains would have no money until they sold their wheat in the fall. I looked at Nancy and she was so trusting. She had whinnied when I entered the stable. I simply could not bargain with my would-be purchaser when she kept rubbing her nose against my shoulder so we adjourned to the office.

In despair I phoned Rev. Mr. Wigle who came over at once. I told him my dilemma. He was a very practical man, and after talking over every angle of the situation he told me dire necessity insisted that I part with my boon companion of the boundless prairies.

I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes were misty as I counted the one hundred and sixty dollars. I returned to Nancy's stall to say good-bye. I didn't tell her what I had done. However I think she knew as she laid back her ears when her new owner endeavoured to pet her nose. I took a little pair of scissors from my pocket and clipped a piece of her forelock, which I had in my possession for many years. I gave her a cube of sugar, rubbed her nose, gave her neck an affectionate pat, then turned quickly away and left the stable, never to see my beloved Nancy again. That night she was on a train for Saskatoon where I am told she lived an honourable life, giving a good account of herself in the gentlemen's driving club of the city.

Years after I met her owner who had learned to love her along with every member of his large family. If there be a heaven for horses I am sure Nancy will have green pastures, sparkling water, a dry stall with elysian oats and hay that suits her refined taste better than prairie wool.

I bought a bicycle and for two months rode fifty-five miles one Sunday and thirty-five the next to my preaching points. The summer was glorious and I had no trouble pedalling over prairie trails getting acquainted with my pioneer parishioners whom I quickly learned to respect deeply, and who were so kindly disposed toward their young parson that I was eager to do anything and everything I could in return. They created an atmosphere to bring the best out of me.

The first big fall rain ended my bicycle days. It was impossible to pedal a hundred yards, let alone fifty-five miles in what was called "Regina mud." I sold the bicycle and wired my father to buy and ship me a registered standard-bred mare, and that I would pay him when the farmers sold their

wheat and I received my salary. I subsequently sent him three hundred and ten dollars. How much he added I never knew, but I was told she was sold to cover a chattel mortgage on a grand piano.

It was a great day when "March the Twenty-eighth" arrived at Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan. She was a beautiful chestnut mare, eleven years old, and the most intelligent horse I had ever driven. She was once behind a bob-sleigh in Regina when a child fell off. She immediately dropped on her knees to save the child.

She was very cranky, as well-bred horses often are. She disliked strangers and would lay back her ears, paw with one foot, and sometimes bite the manger if a stranger attempted to go into her stall. And yet one day I entered the stable to find a little three-year-old child tickling her heels. I was almost paralyzed with fear until I saw her ears pricked forward, looking at the child almost affectionately. I picked the child up, thankful that she had not been kicked to death.

One day an Englishman came to borrow her. He was quite a worker in the church and I did not wish to offend him by refusing his request. I told him I was busy but that he could harness her himself, knowing full well she would look at him so menacingly that he would be afraid to enter the stall. Next day I asked him quite casually how he enjoyed his drive. He fairly snorted, exclaiming, "Drive! I didn't drive her at all. She isn't a horse. She's a man-eater!"

March the Twenty-eighth was bred and raced by a Doctor Dowley of Lansing, Michigan. I wrote him and he replied that March had just one fault—she not only wanted to win but to out-distance the whole field. He told me she got her name in a peculiar way. It was a rule of the American Standard-Bred Association that a breeder could not submit a name for a colt to be registered if it was so similar to that of a horse already registered that there might be confusion. He sent in several names and all were rejected. Finally his wife suggested she be called after her birthday, and so she was registered "March the Twenty-eighth."

My relationship with Nancy was one of affection. My relationship with March was one of pride. She was sixteen and a half hands high. She could go a mile in two minutes and twelve seconds. Mr. Mollard once hitched her to a racing sulky and drove her a half mile in one minute and six seconds.

She was as much a hunter as a pointer dog. I would drive her through the vast wheat fields on the Regina plains. She would walk with an alertness that showed she expected any minute to see prairie chickens. She would suddenly stop, point her ears, and invariably as I dismounted from my buckboard with a shotgun I would see perched on a stook a group of prairie chickens. She was not gun-shy and when I would pick up my quarry she would move off through the stooks looking for other birds.

Schoolhouses were used for divine services when new districts were opened up, but with first crops from the virgin soil the farmer of the Western plains wanted his church. Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan, was no exception. I was urged by the good folk of the countryside to erect a church. The hamlet of Grand Coulee consisted of two stores, a blacksmith shop, four grain elevators and a Canadian Pacific Railway station which was a box-car nestled in beside a small platform.

A bumper crop of 1904 brought the pioneers ready cash. Implements were paid for, houses painted, windmills erected and barns improved. The little schoolhouse where service was held every second Sunday was packed out. The countryside was God-fearing. A church became a must.

The Canadian Pacific Railway gave an ample lot in the village. Meetings were held to discuss the new church. A trustee board was legally constituted and the enthusiastic parson started out to raise six thousand dollars for the proposed house of worship. No minister ever met more enthusiastic response. A feeling grew that there should be no mortgage on the new place of worship. John Wannamaker, farming a section of land, said, "We give notes for our ploughs, binders and windmills. Why not notes for a church which the banks would gladly discount?" It is a monument to the reputation of Grand Coulee pioneers that when I took a sheaf of notes to Mr. Patton, manager of the Union Bank at Regina, he readily discounted every note without question.

A contractor of Regina, a devout Roman Catholic by the name of Goodwin received the contract for cement block and brick work, while a local contractor by the name of McDonagh received the contract for the carpenter and finishing work. A tragedy overtook the endeavour. The brick work was completed. The gable ends were as yet not reinforced by the roof.

The Sunday School picnic was drawing to a close. It had been a day of unalloyed gladness. The whole countryside had gathered four miles south of the village for the annual fête. The evening meal was being enjoyed by hungry children and adults. Suddenly a fierce wind sprang up which whipped itself into a veritable gale. It passed as suddenly as it had come. As the women folk packed the dishes, a horseman rode up to report that the wind storm had blown down the north gable of the new church; that the bricks had crashed into the joists of the floor and smashed them to kindling wood. It was a sad ending to a joyous day.

I drove to the scene of the destruction and my heart was almost broken. The gable wall was not only down, and the joists smashed, but two ominous cracks ran down the whole north wall to the cement blocks that formed the basement. It was obvious that the entire wall would have to be rebuilt and the joists for the main floor of the sanctuary replaced, not to mention carting out hundreds of bricks suddenly precipitated into the basement. It was a sorry mess.

I called the two contractors together at the home of Mr. McDonagh on Monday night to discuss what was to be done. To my utter dismay they flew at each other with bad feeling. Mr. Goodwin, the brick contractor, said his work had been done and that the roof should have been on to reinforce the brick gable. Mr. McDonagh argued that the brick work had just been finished the night previous and that the wall had been protected only by two long spindly two by four scantling, running from the apex to the side walls. Each of the two men was old enough to be my father. They were adamant in their positions, each blaming the other. In vain did I try to reconcile them or lead them to some constructive idea.

About midnight I suddenly asked the two men to bow with me in prayer. The idea was so precipitate that before we knew all three were bowing before God, with three kitchen chairs as altars. I poured out our problem in agonizing prayer, asking God to give us the spirit of Jesus and to lead us to a solution.

When we rose to our feet both men were changed. The Roman Catholic spoke first, and made me grateful to him by suggesting a solution. He agreed to clear up all the debris and rebuild the wall and gable if Mr. McDonagh would replace the broken joists. It was a generous offer which Mr. McDonagh immediately accepted. Looking back over

life's bitter disagreements I wonder if our old world would not almost immediately become a new lovely world if all men and all nations would pledge themselves to do what they know to be God's will.

Rev. Doctor Joseph Sparling, principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg, preached the sermon of Dedication. His nickname was "Sunshine." His opening remark caused a hearty laugh. He looked at me, then turning to the congregation said, "About ten years ago when I was as old as Fallis is now, I built a church." He was sixty-five or maybe seventy, and wore sideburns.

The opening was a great success. The church was crowded morning and evening. The "fowl" supper on Monday night for fifty cents was the same kind that one pays five dollars for at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.

The harvest of 1905 was another bumper crop. The virgin soil seemed to have all the enthusiasm of youth. Every note was paid by these loyal pioneers at the Union Bank in Regina, and so it may be said, "The Grand Coulee church never had a mortgage."

In the community was a farmer who was at variance with all his neighbours. His name was Bill Parkins. He was, however, a hard-working farmer and his crops were as good as any in the area, and much larger than many. He had a very sweet aged mother. He himself was an old bachelor.

One beautiful afternoon I called on the dear old mother. She was sitting in a rocking-chair on a little platform at the front door. The sun was glowingly warm but not hot. Away across the prairie a mirage gave the illusion of a shimmering lake. Flower gardens were rare in those days but someone with faith in the soil and love of flowers had planted seeds. All around the doorway and skirting a path to the front gate were blooms giving the appearance of a motley colour pattern. The dear old lady must have sat many days in the summer sun as she had a tan which seemed to accentuate her deep wrinkles. She was one of those persons at once eighty years old and eighty years young. I had often called on her and profited greatly by her wisdom. She was very agile and sprang to her feet to give me a warm welcome.

We talked mostly about the new church that was nearing completion. It could be seen standing out boldly on the sky line a mile to the south. Suddenly she said, "Have you asked

my son William for a subscription?" I had to confess I hadn't. I had a genuine fear of this same William. I had purposely avoided him as his pet aversion was church people and I was told he had a bad tongue. The dear old mother pointed north and said, "There he is ploughing. I think he ought to help you. Go down and see him."

With considerable apprehension I bade her good-day and drove a half-mile down the road, planning to meet him when he would be turning around his two team plough. I stood on the roadside as he came up. He gave me a surly look, turned the horses about and would have left me standing without even a good-day. Timidly I called after him as he started up his horses. He stopped abruptly and, turning around from his seat on the plough, fairly blurted out, "Well, what's your business? Make it short. I've got work to do."

I was greatly embarrassed but ventured, "My name is Fallis." He immediately mellowed and with growing respect said, "Oh you are the young minister who has visited my aged mother." I saw at once that he appreciated my pastoral calls and that he loved his mother. He shook hands and insisted on my sitting on the plough seat while he sat on one of the wheels.

He immediately launched forth into a tirade against my church people. An expression which he brought into his speech almost rhythmically was, "All your church people are hypocrites." I pointed out that Jesus kept the arch-hypocrite Judas Iscariot to the very end, evidently believing he was better in than out of His charmed circle. I told him Peter cursed and swore and denied his Lord, and yet when He rose from the dead the only disciple He mentioned to the women in the garden was this erring one. He said, "Go tell my disciples and Peter." I finally argued that if all were hypocrites he should join the church and change his neighbours.

I was walking away when he called after me, "Say, aren't you building a new church?" I replied that I was. To my surprise he asked me if I didn't want a subscription from him. I replied that I would be more than pleased to have his help. With a mischievous look in his eyes he asked me for my subscription list. Adjusting his glasses he looked down the long list of names. Finally he asked me if I had a Union Bank cheque. I handed him the yellow piece of paper. He asked for my pen,

and smiling like a naughty boy, wrote a cheque for five hundred dollars. It was one hundred dollars more than the highest subscription on the list. I was amazed. I thanked him warmly. As I left he said, "Thanks for visiting my mother. Come often. She's a good woman."

That night the Trustee Board met. I told the Board I had that day received the largest subscription of the drive for the new church, and challenged them to guess. They guessed everyone in the neighbourhood except the donor. Finally I told them it was "Bill" Parkins.

There was utter amazement among these fine men. They couldn't believe it. I produced the cheque. One even went so far as to say I'd better be on the doorstep of the bank when it opened next morning and cash the cheque before he changed his mind. Another said, "I'll bet it's a joke. You will find it's N.S.F." I assured them it was given in all sincerity and that I felt Mr. Parkins misunderstood his neighbours and they misunderstood him. There was a vacancy on the Trustee Board and I advocated he be elected. The idea caught the imagination of all present.

Next morning I called on Mr. Parkins and reported his election. He was as amazed as the members of the Trustee Board were when I reported his generous subscription. He accepted and became possibly the hardest working trustee on the Board. He won the respect of all the other members, so much so that he was entrusted with important business matters, including the insurance of the new church. He actually took a day off and went to Regina to see that the house of God was protected against fire.

Surely ill will has nothing to contribute to life. The story of Bill Parkins being transformed from a modern Ishmael to an integrated member of the church illustrates the creativeness of good will.

The Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., LL.D., was one of Canada's great orators. He was a student in Victoria University with my father and because of that connection he graciously proffered me one of the rich friendships of my life.

Dr. Chown's power to sway vast audiences was amazing. During my summer vacation at Grand Coulee I was at a great international gathering in Denver, Colorado. The auditorium was the Coliseum. In those days there were no loud-speakers. Over five thousand people were assembled from all over

Canada and the United States. The morning session began at nine a.m. with welcome addresses from the Governor of Colorado and the Mayor of Denver. Three other speakers followed.

At eleven-thirty most people were a bit weary and the air a bit thick. The audience was restless and there was considerable clatter and talking. Dr. Chown was introduced. He had a marvellous presence, being six feet four. He had a face and head that Michaelangelo would have desired to chisel in marble. He possessed the erectness of a soldier, having been Sergeant Chown in the Northwest rebellion. His voice was resonant and powerful. It could be heard to the farthest corner of the Coliseum.

Within sixty seconds the vast audience was hushed, and for three-quarters of an hour he poured forth on International Relations. His invective was sometimes terrific as he scorned stupid nationalism. He held high the ideal of a unified world, advocating a World Court and a League of Nations. When he finished, an American seated beside me exclaimed, "Talk about a man taking the cake but that there Canadian has run off with the whole bakeshop."

The growth of the West in population and prosperity was miraculous. I was two years on what was called the Grand Coulee Circuit. During that short period the religious work so developed that my six preaching places were made into two circuits, and instead of one inexperienced parson called a probationer, under twenty years of age, two ordained ministers took on the job.

Earnest laymen were responsible for this great expansion. For over forty years Grand Coulee has been one of the most generous supporters of missions. I doubt if any country appointment in Canada has done as well per member. Indeed, many so-called great churches in Toronto and Montreal have not done as well per capita. Their ideal for years was to support their home minister and give enough missionary money to support one abroad. In the Scriptures we read, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"—a tiny insignificant village. One might feel the same about the little hamlet of Grand Coulee, Saskatchewan, and yet it has given the church William T. Mooney, one of the finest laymen in the whole United Church, and its minister has been honoured by being elected President of the Saskatchewan Conference.

At the little village of Craven there was a merchant by the name of Asa Beach. I preached a sermon on tithing. He was so conscience-stricken that he felt he had been robbing the Lord for years. He brought me five hundred dollars to make up for the past and became a regular tither.

North of Craven there were many little hamlets all along a new branch line of railway. There were two places, Earl Grey and Cupar, about twenty-five miles north, where a home missionary arrived to open up church services in two little schools. I suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Beach that we might use their gift of five hundred dollars to buy two organs to help in the services. They were really enthused at the idea. Mr. Beach met me in Regina and we bought two reed organs. He secured a team of dapple grey horses and a bob sleigh, as it was the dead of winter. With a competent driver we set out on a fifty-five mile trek to Earl Grey and Cupar. We stopped all night at his home in Craven and next day completed our journey, personally delivering the two organs. It was a neighbourly thing for Mr. and Mrs. Beach to do and greatly helped the home missionary in establishing Divine Services in two little hamlets when the homesteaders really needed a hand. When churches were built later these two organs were moved, and for aught I know are to this day helping the people of Earl Grey and Cupar "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

The time came when I was to enter college. I had to part with my noble mare, now thirteen years of age. I had learned to love her as I had Nancy. My sorrow in parting with her was alleviated in that she was bought by Mr. Mollard, who kept her until she died at the age of twenty-five. I sold her for five hundred dollars. In a sense she put me through college in that she gave me two colts which netted eight hundred dollars and liquidated herself for an extra five hundred, making in all thirteen hundred dollars.

My three years under the guidance of Rev. Dr. Hamilton Wigle and Rev. Dr. Charles W. Brown were most inspiring. They were really big men and I shall never forget the debt I owe them in directing me wisely how to walk in the ministry. Their wives were as good to me as if they were my elder sisters. Thirty-five years after, Dr. Wigle lay dying in Sault Ste. Marie. His wife asked him if he had any wish. He smiling said, "Have George Fallis bury me." And so it was I laid him away in a cemetery within three miles of where he was born at the tiny

village of Ruthven in Essex County in old Ontario. Dr. Wigle was above all a man of affairs. He could have been a statesman had he entered politics. He gave me a lasting interest in matters of good citizenship and public welfare.

A memory of Rev. Dr. Charles Brown can never be effaced. He was a scholar, being medallist in both Arts and Divinity at Victoria University, Toronto. He was as saintly as he was intellectually brilliant. In his second year in Regina he had some serious difficulties in his congregation. He was greatly troubled. I had the run of his home. One afternoon I went to his study, he was not at his desk. His bedroom was off his study.

Looking through the door I saw a vision of spiritual beauty on a man's face such as I have never seen before or since. Dr. Brown was on his knees praying to God over his problem. His eyes were closed but his noble head was raised as if he were trying to penetrate through the gloom with spiritual eyes to his heavenly Father's face.

I am sure God answered his prayer for from that day he preached with great power and when four years were completed and he was called to another church, the whole city of Regina rose up to give him a sendoff and to thank him for his great ministry.

Chapter III

COLLEGE, ORDINATION AND FIRST PASTORATE

During my four years of probationary service, so willingly prolonged on the prairie frontier, I followed the usual course of theological studies outlined for Probationers. It emphasized first of all an analytical study of Jesus' attitudes in all sorts of circumstances by reading the four Gospels. Secondly it emphasized biography and autobiography, then good poetry. History, especially connected with great social changes, stood high on the list. Other more formal studies were suggested. Looking back over the years I am certain that the attitudes of Jesus, biography and autobiography, poetry and history, have been the stimuli to my own life, as well as theology.

M. La Tarde, a French psychologist, was an ardent exponent of what he called "The Law of Imitation." His argument was: "Nothing affects character like character." That has been my experience in life. I am certain nothing affects us more than the experience and actions of others.

I recall a crisis in a church where dancing had traditionally been frowned upon, as it was in nearly all Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and Baptist churches forty years ago. The young people in the church where I was assistant minister were up in rebellion against the elders of the kirk because they were opposed to dancing. Finally I was asked to preach on the hot question. The elders thought I would back them up loyally. In fact I thought I would myself until I began to study the attitudes of Jesus revealed in the New Testament.

I read the story of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, where when the refreshments ran out Jesus performed His first

miracle by changing the water into wine. This gave me an idea. What was a Jewish wedding like in those faraway days? I read up Jewish historians and found that the social side after the marriage ceremony was very jolly and sometimes bordering on the hilarious. In the midst of it all was Jesus in Cana of Galilee. He was not standing back frowning at the folk expressing their social life. Indeed he was so interested that he wished the wedding to succeed, for when his mother suggested they confer with Him, He actually performed a miracle that happiness might prevail.

The point is that Jesus did not frown on social customs but was one with the people as they expressed their natural instincts to be gregarious. This made me wonder if Jesus would frown on the social dancing of young folk or would He frown, as He often did in His own day, on the self-righteous elders who saw evil in the normal expressions of life. I concluded He wouldn't. I felt He would be in the midst, genial and kindly, bestowing His smiles on the young folk as they chatted with Him. However I also felt the consciousness of His presence would keep it wholesome and clean. The main thing I must teach the young people in this divided church was to be sure and have Jesus in the midst. I recalled a bit of advice my mother once gave me: "You may do anything you like while looking at Jesus."

I read also the parable of the Prodigal Son, told so delicately and with such exquisite insight by Jesus. When the prodigal son came home the forgiving father had a party to celebrate his return to decent, wholesome living. Quite naturally Jesus tells us there was music and dancing and it was quite lively as the elder son could hear it some distance from the house. Jesus in the telling of this story commends social life. Evidently Jesus thought the father did the right thing to make merry with his friends because his son had again become a decent person. The point I must again bring to my young people was that social life must always have a worthy motive.

Finally my thinking about Jesus and social life crystallized and I was ready to give my sermon which I knew would startle all. I invited not only all the young people but all the elders and officials whom I felt needed the Jesus viewpoint. I told them of my studies in the New Testament, of the wedding at Cana of Galilee with Jesus in the midst, of the party for the prodigal son, with music, dancing and merriment. Finally I

argued that Jesus could not have been austere, as little children climbed all over Him, so much so that the disciples thought them an annoyance to Him, and when these stern disciples bade the mothers of Salem carry their children off, Jesus said, "Nay. Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Children swarming around the feet of Jesus reveal the winsomeness of His social personality. I closed my sermon by modernizing Paul's words: "Whether I eat, whether I drink, or whatsoever I do," including dancing, skating, playing baseball or lawn tennis, I shall do with a character that glorifies God and His Son Jesus Christ.

The sermon created a unified church on the point of amusements. The young people danced and the older people were sure that Christian wholesomeness could be carried over completely into the social expressions of life, including dancing. Indeed one delightful elder rose to say he had been completely converted and moved that the manuscript of my sermon be sent to the church paper, *The Christian Guardian*, for publication, and in due course it appeared.

This analytical study of the attitudes of Jesus led me to certain very positive decisions for my life. One should go about doing good. No matter how mysterious life might be, one could at least do that. Faith without works was dead. Profession without a life to correspond would be hideous, especially if the profession were loud and the living was contemptible.

In September, 1907, I registered at Columbian College, New Westminster, for the Divinity Course in affiliation with Victoria College. Dr. W. J. Sipprell, an Honour Graduate from Victoria College, was the Principal. He possessed a vital, inspiring personality, and all the gifts of oratorical persuasion. He was ably assisted by Professors A. E. Hetherington and E. M. Burwash on the staff in Theology. Preparation of sermons and extemporaneous speaking received much attention, and students were assigned preaching engagements regularly.

Among fellow theologues and arts students there sprang up abiding friendships with fine young preachers and brilliant laymen which have lasted throughout life.

If a minister is supposed to be in touch with life he must be interested in sport. When fifty million people listen to a world series ball game surely sport is a vital factor in the life of this continent. It was easy for me to be interested in games as my

father and mother both loved play. Baseball, lawn tennis and field sports became a passion, and later in life golf found a big place.

As a young parson I owed much to baseball in getting near young people. The year I was to go to college and was summer supply at Kelowna, I played first base on their team in the lovely Okanagan Valley in British Columbia. My baseball and tennis filled the local church to the doors. All the young folk liked a "sporting parson."

However I almost lost my standing by pulling a terrible boner in a crucial ball game. I missed the easiest of double plays. There was a runner on first. I gathered a fast ball hit straight at me, touched first base, but had a complete mental lapse and forgot there was a runner going to second. It was an easy double play but I was asleep at the switch. Cat-calls from the grandstand painted a deep red on my face. The situation for the "little minister" was not helped when the next batter hit a two bagger and the man on second base scored. In the last half of the ninth, with two out and two on, and Kelowna one down against Summerland, I hit a three bagger, scoring two and winning the game.

The crowd instantly forgot my boner. Pandemonium reigned. It was a Saturday afternoon. Sunday night the church was packed. Chairs had to be carried in. It certainly was not the preaching. Even the local hotel-keeper occupied one of the extra chairs. The church managers were happy and smiling. The collection would be big.

There was a very pleasing sequel to my summer at beautiful Kelowna. My last Sunday night saw a record for the Okanagan city. The church would not hold the congregation. People were actually turned away. Baseball and tennis had done it. After the service I was called by the church treasurer to meet the Board in the vestry. A charming man, one Dr. Gaddes, made a little speech saying many pleasant things about my summer work. The treasurer then rose and said, "The loose collections are twice as large as ordinarily so we think it only fair that we give you the surplus." It was a most gracious act as I was in college and the extra cash would be very useful. Baseball had doubled my summer's honorarium.

My first church after graduation in the B.D. Course and ordination, was in one of the beauty spots of the wide world—in the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia. The Okanagan

Lake is ninety miles long and uniformly four miles wide. At the northern end is Vernon, and at the southern, Penticton. It was at Penticton, a hamlet of a thousand people, where I began the life of an ordained minister. At Emo and Grand Coulee, my other home mission fields, I was allowed to bury the dead. Now, having been ordained "by the laying on of hands," I could marry and baptize.

The Okanagan Lake is skirted by mountains and is so placid at times that reflections are almost perfect images. A photograph could be turned upside down and one could not detect the difference between the mountains and their reflections. The *Penticton Herald* held a competition for the best descriptive poem on the little town nestled between the Okanagan Lake and Lake Skaha. The winning poem pictures the Elysian spot:

How calm thou liest at eventide,
The lakelet laving by thy side;
Thy darksome hills rise grand and high
Like huge cathedrals in the sky;
Along the shore the lovers meet
In rowing boat or shy retreat.
Once on a time thy land was dry,
The cactus grew both sharp and high;
Now through the flume the water flows;
The desert blossoms as the rose.

The last two lines are literally true. The Okanagan Valley is now the richest fruit belt in the British Empire. At blossom time it is a glorious blending of white, pink and rose. To sail from Vernon to Penticton in the spring is to navigate a strip of water belted by a perpetual rainbow. It was in this beauty spot that I spent four happy years "far from the madding crowd."

The people were folk of courage and of excellent character and in forty years have turned a brown sage-brush country into a veritable garden of Eden. Most of them had pioneered in other places. The prairie, the Yukon, and the British Isles gave worthy citizens to develop the benches, build homes, erect dams, flume the water, plant the many varieties of fruit trees, and then wait with infinite patience at least five years for a yield. It required considerable capital which most seemed to have. They were ambitious for good schools and were eager

to erect places of worship and establish a sound municipal government. They might be described as a community that wished to do things "decently and in order." The police force consisted of one lone policeman and his insignia of office was not a uniform but a cap.

There was no high school, so as a home missionary's duty, I taught six brilliant young folk their matriculation studies and they acquitted themselves with great distinction at examination time. One came back after graduation from the university to teach in the newly established high school and eventually married the principal.

The bane of the country in the early days was rattlesnakes. Most people were terrified by them. I shared their terror until I secured a book on this type of reptile, from the zoo of New York City. I became an authority on rattlesnakes and educated the people to be fearless of them and always to kill them whenever possible. This book from the keeper of reptiles at the New York zoo destroyed many myths about rattlers. Most people thought they could move like lightning and give chase. On the contrary, they were very sluggish in motion and were dangerous only when coiled. Then they could strike like lightning but could only throw themselves about their own length. As most of them were scarcely two feet long they could be dispatched easily with a stick or a rock.

I was once riding "Old Jim" from Naramata to Penticton. He was the laziest horse I've ever ridden but was sagacious in fording streams or climbing precipitate mountain sides. He was as sure-footed as a Mexican mule. He was instinctively terrified by rattlesnakes. Loping lazily along a dusty road whose curb was made by a scraper he saw a rattler coiled ready to strike. As if shot out of a catapult he sprang at an angle of forty-five degrees. I am sure his jump was twenty feet. I just escaped being thrown by seizing the horn of the Mexican saddle with both hands. The snake actually struck and as I dismounted and tied Jim to a tree he was coiled in the middle of the road, his eyes full of fire, his head swaying from side to side and his rattlers sounding ominously as his tail beat the air. It did not take long to dispatch him with the aid of a sturdy pole picked up on the roadside.

There was an unfortunate sequel to this incident. I mounted Old Jim and turned his head toward Penticton. Rounding a curve in the road I met Mr. L. W. Shatford, the

manager of the Penticton Land Company, driving a democrat with a load of people. Flushed from my recent victory over the rattler, the king of snakes, I naturally burst forth in a description of all that had happened. It never dawned on me that his friends were prospective settlers in Penticton and that he was out showing them parcels of land that were for sale. He told me a week later that, try as he would, he could not interest them in Penticton fruit lots after I had told the story of killing the rattler. The glorious Okanagan had somehow lost its charm. A rattler is now unknown in the Penticton area. The scientists say they were exterminated by their own poison. In many years not one has been found below the main irrigation ditch.

Naramata needed a church. It was a hamlet and hinterland with possibly five hundred souls. I doubt if any small group in Canada was so divided religiously. There were Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Church of England, Baptist and Roman Catholics. These were the orthodox groups. But there were also Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, Universalists and a pair of Confucianists. On the surface there was unity but underneath there were deep divisions. Some of them disliked each other for the love of God. The only time these denominational differences were wiped out was in the face of some tragedy. Flu struck the community very seriously and soon love had its way. But when the flu passed and spring came the suggestion of building a new church was frowned upon and by others said to be quite impossible. Some actually were hostile.

In the community however, there was a brilliant man who was developing Naramata. He had been a newspaper man in Brandon, Manitoba. He was the most naive spiritualist I have ever met. He brought a medium to live in the little place and rumour was abroad that he never took any definite step in business without consulting the oracle—the medium.

J. M. Robinson had a kindly heart and a very keen mind. He gave me a royal welcome on my first Sunday. He took me to the company hotel and gave me a key to a room which he said was "the prophet's chamber." He then took me to a very bright dining-room overlooking the Okanagan Lake and said, "There is always a meal for you there." He greatly encouraged me in every way, and was one of the big influences in my life. He was generous and kind and above all loyal to one in his

first year in the ministry. He never missed a service on Sunday morning. He brought to Naramata as his personal guests great men—some world famous writers and others, great scientists. Invariably he brought these folk to church, introduced them to me and spoke glowingly of my sermonic effort. I would blush but the encouragement Mr. Robinson gave me was very vital in stirring me to my best efforts. Few men, if any, so stimulated me to work on my sermons as he did. The fact that I had before me his fine intellectual face every Sunday morning made me get down to my sermon early in the week. Then too his illustrious guests, that one might expect any time, made me ashamed of shoddy preparation.

J. M. Robinson said there must be a church and that meant a good deal. He gave me clear title to a most desirable lot. But opposition developed and the scheme was stalled. The main note sounded was: "It couldn't be done. The money could never be raised."

Mr. Robinson was an astute business man. One day he drew me into his inner office and taking down a series of maps he pointed to names written with a blue pencil on orchard plots. These names represented folk mostly of Calgary and Winnipeg who had bought expecting to retire in the sunny Okanagan. Many were very substantial citizens. Mr. Robinson suggested I go to Calgary and Winnipeg and interview these good people, soliciting subscriptions for the new church which would serve them when they came to live permanently in Naramata. It was a novel idea and I decided to undertake the journey.

Living at Penticton was one "Andy" McCullagh, chief engineer of the Kettle Valley Railway under construction from Nelson to Vancouver. Mr. McCullagh was a distinguished engineer. He had done all the surveys for the famous Connaught Tunnel on the main line of the C.P.R. This spiral tunnel was begun from both ends and when the workers met, the mathematics of Andy McCullogh were so perfect that the holes were dead on, although the tunnel is miles long. Mr. McCullogh was a regular attendant at my evening service at Penticton. One Sunday night I made the announcement that I was going to Winnipeg. My friend, after church, asked me with a twinkle in his eye, if I could postpone my going for a week. I told him it was quite possible. With a cryptic smile he said, "Well then, do it." Next Saturday he brought me a

pass. He had wired Winnipeg explaining my mission and transportation came which in reality was a subscription of over one hundred dollars as my ticket would not have to be taken from the money raised. Winnipeg and Calgary fruit-lot holders readily subscribed and my pilgrimage was a great success financially.

I felt certain that the Naramata folk would now gladly do their part. There was still almost total indifference. I was greatly discouraged and felt that the Naramatans were ungrateful. I decided to give them an example of enthusiasm. I said nothing to anyone but a local contractor by the name of King. I had him draw up the plans for the church and having had Mr. Robinson pass on them, I had the grounds staked out. I hired a good Scotsman by the name of Robertson at Penticton to work with me in digging the hole for the basement. He had a snappy team of light horses. We threw a scraper into a democrat and drove gaily to Naramata behind his spanking pair of bays. The soil was lovely silt. We hitched the team to the scraper and began to work. I held the scraper while Robertson drove his fiery steeds.

By noon we had made quite a dint in the friendly ground. There was not even a pebble in the soil, the scraper cut it like cheese. The news had spread far and wide that the young parson meant business. To make the situation more realistic I wore a clerical collar. The skeptical walked over to see for themselves. The effect was electric. In the afternoon a man arrived who had almost been nasty in his opposition. I dramatically showed him the blisters on my hands. He surprised me by insisting on taking a turn at the scraper. Others came and each insisted on doing a shift. Robertson and I felt a bit like Tom Sawyers as we watched the genuine enthusiasm of our helpers.

At four o'clock two ladies came with tea and sandwiches. The endeavour became a picnic, and the pioneer spirit spilled over, while good will reigned. The whole scheme snowballed when the most bitter opponent wrote a cheque for one hundred dollars. Everyone wanted to do his bit although there was little money among them all. A miracle had taken place, for one after another came forward offering subscriptions or labour to help erect a place of worship. Thus the Naramata Church was built because a good Scotsman with a team of

smart bays pulled a scraper for a minister who forgot for once the dignity of the cloth—except the wearing of a clerical collar.

The church was erected and only three hundred and eight dollars remained to be raised. Our trustees felt that a very special appeal at the opening and dedication would bring this amount. I felt embarrassed in that I was designated to ask these folk who had done so well for more money. A choir was organized. Indeed there was a good deal of talent in the little community. Mrs. A. B. Allen was a veritable dynamo, and lined up a well-balanced choir of over twenty voices. Mrs. Languedoc played the organ and the choir sang Faber's "Hark, hark my soul," and Mrs. Williams sang a contralto solo. The music was really fine and pleased everyone.

Alas for my financial appeal! The poor people had given sacrificially and to this day I feel that the reason they didn't respond was simply because they hadn't any more money to spare. However a miracle happened. Two elect ladies, daughters of Sir John Colby, who was a minister in Sir John A. Macdonald's Confederation Cabinet, were visiting their nephew, Mr. Carroll Aikins. They were generous persons and showed great interest in putting a cheque for one hundred dollars on the collection plate. The rank and file gave another hundred dollars, so we were one hundred and eight dollars short of the required amount to dedicate the church with no debt. I was very disappointed and somewhat depressed.

I was invited to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. John Niblock. Mr. Niblock had been a most colourful superintendent of the C.P.R. at Calgary. They had generously subscribed to the building fund. Mrs. Niblock was a grand person, daughter of an English colonel and a devout Anglican, and she was broad-minded and very interested in the new church. I expressed my bitter disappointment that we had not opened our new place of worship without debt, but said I could blame no one, as all had been so co-operative and many sacrificial in their giving. In her quiet way she asked me how much we were short and I told her one hundred and eight dollars.

When we sat down to lunch, after Grace, I took my serviette from a sterling silver ring and as I unfolded it, five twenty dollar bills, one five and three ones fell on my plate. Mrs. Niblock insisted that a fairy had heard of my disappointment and had contributed the one hundred and eight dollars,

but I knew that the good fairy was my hostess. Thus it was the Naramata church was opened free of debt.

It will seem strange reading but a gentleman who had become a drunkard made it possible for me to undertake the building of a manse that was to welcome my bride. Mr. Henry Huycke was from an excellent family in Ontario but drink had so gotten him that he was a dipsomaniac. His wife was a fine woman. She was broken-hearted and at her wits' end, when to the surprise of all his neighbours he suddenly began coming to church with her. This gave me an opportunity to cultivate a friendship that became vital and was ended only by his death. Mr. Huycke was a perfect gentleman. He looked the part. Indeed if he put his coat on inside out, wore his hat sideways and his shoes on the wrong feet he would still look like a gentleman. His very walk revealed breeding. But drink had him in as deadly a grip as John Barleycorn ever had anybody.

He would come to church, listen intently, bow reverently in prayer, make firm resolves and then get up early Monday morning and be waiting at the bar-room door at opening time. At night he would have to be helped home and his wife assist him to bed. Sunday after Sunday he came to church with fresh determination only to give way to his awful thirst on Monday.

One Sunday evening after church he came to the little parsonage where I batched. A new determination was in his eye. I believe no one could have been more anxious to reform than he. He had a novel proposition. His wife wanted to go to Winnipeg to visit her fine sons. Would I come and live with him two months? He knew of a big French Canadian chef he could get to cook for us and keep house. He felt sure if I would keep a close watch on him, give him companionship, and pray daily for God to strengthen his will, that he could be redeemed from what he called "the demon drink."

Little did I dream of what I was up against as I agreed. The whole scheme would have failed but for a new sense of God that came to him, linked to the practical assistance of the big French Canadian cook who was a devout Roman Catholic, a teetotaller, six foot three, and two hundred and fifty pounds.

I packed up my belongings and returned with Mr. Huycke to his home where I was given a warm welcome by Mrs. Huycke. He phoned the big Frenchman who agreed to come

over at once. Mrs. Huycke did her packing and at midnight we put her on the steamer *Okanagan* for Vernon, Sicamous and Winnipeg. Within four hours of leaving the church, three men were housed together and launched on a great endeavour—to break the power of drink in one man's life.

At seven a.m. Monday morning I heard someone moving about. I at once sensed that Mr. Huycke's thirst was upon him. I quietly slipped on my clothes, making no noise. I did not want him to think I mistrusted him at the very threshold of our crusade. In a few moments I heard someone descending the stairs as if in his sock-feet. Then there was a sudden silence. I had a grave suspicion that someone was sitting at the bottom of the staircase putting on his shoes. Then I heard the front door open. I turned to my window and saw my good friend hustling out the gate. He surveyed the house suspiciously over his right shoulder as he walked briskly toward town. I had no doubt that he intended to be at the hotel bar at opening time. I was deeply disappointed but my disappointment was surpassed by a deeper sympathy for this fine gentleman who was a victim of alcohol.

I decided to outflank him and pretend I was out for a morning stroll. I walked, or rather ran, several blocks and planted myself on a side street where I could pop out and say "Good-morning" as he went by within a block of the hotel. I don't think any man was ever more surprised than Mr. Huycke as I joined him. His eyes expressed amazement but he in no way revealed the feeling of being caught and I on my part gave no indication that I had caught him. We fell into step and walked along briskly as if it had all been planned. I told him I liked an early morning walk and with equal enthusiasm he told me he did too. We passed the hotel, walked down to the wharf, swung up the bench, and making a circle arrived back at his residence about nine o'clock. We had walked possibly four miles and both were ready for a hearty breakfast of good old oatmeal and bacon and eggs. Above all we had had a delightful fellowship in the crisp morning air and each was chuckling within himself that he had completely fooled the other.

I confided in the French Canadian cook as to what had happened. With a smile he said: "I'll make the coffee strong."

Mr. Huycke had two fine horses. After breakfast he went to the stable to feed them. Then it was that my French friend

and I had a long talk on our strategy. We felt that if we could somehow get alcohol out of his system he might go on the water wagon. We decided that by hook or by crook we would make it impossible for him to have access to liquor for a month. This was to be done by either one of us being guard over him every minute of the day. He was never to be out of sight of at least one of us. We would feed him well, give him lots of coffee and tea and good companionship. After each meal we said a prayer, ending in the Lord's Prayer in which we all joined. Often he would have tears in his eyes after our devotions, and the good wholesome French cook always solemnly crossed himself.

What a month! Every device to escape us that an imagination stimulated by an awful thirst could evolve was tried by Mr. Huycke. He was such a gentleman he never once came into open conflict with us, but he did try to slip us daily. He once climbed the fence behind the stables into open country but the Frenchman was watching from an upstairs window and when our thirsty friend circled back to a street he was quite innocently met. He tried going for a walk with us and then doing all possible to give us the slip. He once did succeed in escaping my watchful eye. We were making some purchases in a hardware store. I turned around to chat with a friend for a few moments and he was gone.

I took a short cut to the B.C. Hotel and headed him off as he was making a bee line for the bar. He made a wry face. Then a bright idea struck him. He told me of a new family that had come to town and said I should go and see them at once. I insisted that he come and introduce me. He baulked at first, but always a gentleman, he finally consented. Poor man, he was restless by day and by night. A week passed and he never successfully eluded us. Then he took sick and we called the doctor who insisted there was nothing wrong except the effects of our rigid discipline, and as we had kept him off liquor a week we must by no means weaken, the crisis time would soon be passed and he would be more likely to cooperate. While he remained in bed for a day or two we never left him unguarded.

One day the good Frenchman heard him up. He came to an open window on the stairs and called to a well-known bootlegger who entered a side gate and standing on the lawn

caught a ten dollar bill Mr. Huycke threw him with instructions to bring him a bottle of whisky at once. Frenchy, as we called him, hid himself in the parlour, where he had a clear view of the front gate. The bootlegger was quite diminutive and was a Lilliputian beside the huge Frenchman. Mr. Huycke kept vigil from the window at the head of the stairs. Finally there was a very subdued tap on the door. Mr. Huycke stole lightly down the stairs but before he could reach the door Frenchy was on the verandah. Seizing the bottle he threw it on the concrete walk and then seizing the bootlegger he must have thrown him fifteen feet out on the lawn where he made a couple of somersaults, gathered himself together and ran like a deer. Mr. Huycke grinned and said, "I guess I might as well give it up."

From that day we had less and less adroitness to contend with. His appetite for food returned. He ate heartily. He took a new interest in his fine horses and insisted on driving me to make my pastoral calls up on the benches. At the end of a month he was a new man and a new person. While he declared he had lost all desire for alcohol we took no chances. Either Frenchy or I constantly watched his movements. Two months went by, Mrs. Huycke returned to find her drunken husband had not only put on fifteen pounds but was evidently a redeemed man. Frenchy and I moved out with fears and apprehensions. But they were totally unfounded. Never again did Henry Huycke take to drink.

When we came to build the parsonage, Mr. Huycke appeared at the meeting of the Trustee Board. He surprised all, when greatly stirred, he told the story of his emancipation from drink. Finally he said: "Gentlemen, next to my house is as fine a half acre lot as there is in Penticton. I've come to donate it as I want Mr. Fallis to live right next door to me so that if I ever break out again he will be there to get me on my feet." The lot was received, the parsonage built upon it, and no one ever had finer neighbours than were Mr. and Mrs. Huycke. Many years after I was called to see a dying man, visiting his son in Vancouver. It was my dear old friend Henry Huycke. Twenty-five years had gone by, he never broke his pledge. I preached his funeral sermon, and I could sincerely say he was one of God's good gentlemen.

One early September day I was sailing down the Okanagan Lake with my bride, whom I had gone all the way to the

beautiful Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia to marry. We were chuckling like school kids. We were arriving two days ahead of schedule and thought we would sneak into town without anyone being the wiser. But the Penticton folk were altogether too smart for the newlyweds.

By democratic vote Captain Estabrook had been chosen the most popular man in the Okanagan Valley. He was the skipper of our boat, and the good neighbour of the whole Okanagan Valley.

This same captain was now carrying my bride and me to Penticton. We told him we were slipping in two days ahead so we would avoid all the razzing generally heaped on newlyweds. Little did we dream that he was in cahoots with our friends and had agreed to blow his whistle every five minutes the last ten miles into Penticton the day we were arriving. Those were pioneer days, thus it was the whole population was down to make us run the gauntlet of rice, confetti, and the shy remarks of young and old, as they were introduced to my wife. Early next morning our first callers arrived, bringing a wonderful box of the choicest Penticton peaches.

That trip from Halifax to the Okanagan was a very fine preparation for the busy days ahead.

Time passed away very quickly and all too soon we were packing up to move to our next appointment at Kamloops. In four years through the cooperation of the people I was able to enlarge the church and build the parsonage at Penticton, and build the church at Naramata, my outside appointment ten miles north of Penticton.

Chapter IV

KAMLOOPS, 1913-1915

Suddenly the ecclesiastical powers picked me up and placed me in the little city of Kamloops on the main line of the C.P.R. where the North and South Thompson Rivers meet to flow into the mighty Fraser. To the east was Craigellachie where the last spike of the C.P.R. was driven by Lord Strathcona, giving Canada a transcontinental railway.

Kamloops was a railway city. Small railway cities are noted for their family spirit and Kamloops was no exception. The folk were like a big family. The mayor and the aldermen and the school trustees were nearly all earnest and sincere railwaymen. They proved their citizenship in that many a man left the throttle of a great locomotive to hurry to public meetings. Mr. Matthew Crawford, mayor in my time, later ran for parliament.

I was called to the church at Kamloops, not because of any special ability as a preacher, but because of my success in financing my building projects in Penticton. Kamloops was in a frightful dilemma in that they had erected a new church which cost sixty-four thousand dollars when it was supposed to cost thirty-two. Those were the days of eight per cent interest and the congregation every Sunday had to place fifty dollars on the plate for interest charges before any other work was financed. The congregation was very discouraged as they had shown a great deal of heroism and ambition in the erection of their new church.

The Rev. Charles Ladner, who had been minister in Kamloops before his superannuation, was greatly beloved by the whole city. Mr. Ladner was one of those strange personalities, where deep spiritual qualities and practical insight were

exquisitely mingled. He suggested that he and I meet every morning at eleven o'clock and pray and meditate until noon for two weeks, waiting for the voice of the Lord to speak.

Some people would have said that we were two mooning preachers living a life of unreality but I believe those two weeks of prayer solved our problem for it went into all the homes in the city that we were praying every morning from eleven till twelve at the manse. The newspaper got hold of it and made quite a story. People who were deeply religious thought we were doing the right thing to seek the guidance of God first and foremost. Quite unconsciously our two weeks' cycle of prayer tilled the soil from which Mr. Ladner and I were to go out and garner in a financial harvest that would solve the serious problem by reducing the debt from thirty-two thousand to twelve.

When we began our canvass Mr. Ladner, then seventy-five years of age, but still keen as a boy, startled everyone by announcing to the congregation that he had found five hundred dollars more to help the building fund of the church. This was an enormous sum for an old superannuated minister, and I have no doubt that many a man and woman said, "If that dear old saint can give five hundred dollars more, surely I can do the same."

From the first of July to Thanksgiving Sunday, Mr. Ladner and I went here and there to saints and to sinners, putting the cause of the Lord before them with great earnestness. On Thanksgiving Sunday the offerings were brought in and our rejoicing knew no bounds. We had gone over the top by thirty-two dollars.

This left a mortgage of twelve thousand dollars which could be paid off at any time. Strange as it may seem, on the Thanksgiving Sunday when we were making our great appeal there was in the congregation a delightful and wealthy gentleman visiting from England. He was greatly inspired by our achievement. He offered to lend us twelve thousand dollars at four per cent, which he thought was a just interest for a church trying to do the work of God in the heart of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. Thus it was that the heroic people of Kamloops found themselves paying only four hundred and eighty dollars a year interest instead of twenty-five hundred and sixty.

Kamloops had a provincial jail. It had no chaplain. This most beloved local superannuated minister, Rev. Charles Ladner, was voluntary chaplain. He was one of the most guileless of persons. He was almost an idol with young and old alike and his popularity was not limited by prison walls.

The jail had a capacity for eighty-five prisoners but it became overcrowded and finally one hundred and fifteen were incarcerated. Mr. Ladner was so popular that almost all prisoners wished to attend his services which began with a singsong. The increasing number of prisoners gave an increasing congregation.

Mr. Ladner was often absent-minded. Rising to face a congregation that packed the hall, some sitting adoringly on the concrete floor at his feet, he said, "I'm glad to see so many present this afternoon. We shall open our service by singing hymn number 125 in the Canadian Hymnal, 'I've reached the land of corn and wine.'" The prisoners must all have had a sense of humour as they roared with laughter. The pianist started the hymn and over one hundred prisoners began to sing as if they were confirmed saints. Indeed I've seldom, if ever, heard such hearty singing as I heard on many occasions in Kamloops provincial jail. We were just breaking into the chorus when Mr. Ladner suddenly saw the point of the uproarious laughter.

Kamloops was half way between Calgary and Vancouver, and the only city between these points. It was therefore a jumping-off place for all tramps riding the rods after a long, precarious journey from Vancouver or Calgary. The station was at the bottom of Fourth Avenue. From the station one could see the tower of my church.

It was a great tribute to the much-criticized church that in the course of a year many so-called "bums," seeing that tower, hustled up the street, hoping the parsonage would be close by and that a friendly door would be opened by the "Vicar of Kamloops" and a meal be proffered by the good wife of the parson. In depression years literally dozens came seeking aid. It became a financial burden that no minister could carry on his limited stipend. The city relief finally issued meal tickets to be given to the indigent.

Those tickets I am sure were often given to honourable men moving from the coast to the prairies or from the prairies to the coast seeking work. However some were hardened

members of Cox's army and scorned a meal ticket when money was not available, and refused work if it could be provided.

I well remember sitting and reading on my verandah when a chap came up seeking aid. He was as smooth as glass and his approach was unique. He came to me, so he said, because I was a professional man and so was he. He didn't want to go to the city relief as it would be beneath the dignity of a professional engineer. He told me he had a job up the North Thompson and that three dollars would tide him over as he had a pass up to his destination.

I had bought a load of wood. I suggested that he split wood at a dollar an hour. He jumped at the chance. I introduced him to a good axe and he began to work. I had to leave for an appointment and told him our maid would give him his money when he was finished. I turned to go into the house when it struck me that it was small on my part to send a "professional" man to ask our humble maid for his money. I turned and apologized, gave him the three dollars and told him he might go after working three hours. I entered the house and brought him a meal ticket for his lunch. He was most grateful, declared I was indeed kind, and said when he returned through Kamloops after his job up north was finished, he would call and reimburse me for my genuine brotherliness. He laid it on so thick I felt sure he was grateful and well-intentioned.

Five minutes later I came out my back door to say a "Goodbye and good luck." To my amazement he was gone, having cut just two blocks of wood. I felt terribly let down. The more I reviewed his deceit the higher my indignation rose. Rushing into the house I phoned and cancelled my appointment and started out after my new found "professional" friend. I felt thoroughly tricked and sold. Burning within me was a raging desire to bring this ungrateful wretch to eat humble pie. I hurried down Fourth Avenue like a bloodhound pursuing a fugitive from justice. I swung into Victoria Avenue, the main business street.

Hurrying one block west, I stopped before the leading hotel to survey the four corners. Across the way was the Bank of Hamilton. A large knot of men were listening to someone who seemed to be the centre of gravity. I took a second look and there was my "professional" friend. He was gesticulating and

grinning. Suddenly his listening group roared with laughter. I had no doubt that the laugh was the last chapter in a story that told of a gullible parson who was the perfect "sucker."

Just then our fine Chief of Police swung around the corner. I didn't stop to explain but asked him to keep his eye on me for five minutes. I hurried across the street and touching my "professional" friend on the shoulder accused him of his deceit. He looked menacing and completely repudiated me, declaring he had never seen me before. As I kept my hand on his shoulder he became ugly and ordered me to unhand him. I think his friends were awed by my clerical collar for they made no effort to take sides.

Keeping my right hand firmly on his shoulder I pointed across the street with my left, saying, "That's the Chief of Police. You will come back to my home and cut wood three hours as contracted or I'll have you arrested for getting money under false pretences." As the Chief was looking straight at us, the chap completely wilted and almost abruptly said, "I'll go back."

Triumphantly I walked him back a block. Then I winced. What if this man were a bad actor! What might he do to me when we reached our sheltered back yard? Was he armed? That minute my next door neighbour came out of a store, he was a big husky railroad engineer, over six feet tall and as athletic-looking as an Olympic discus thrower. I asked him to join us and immediately made him aware of my errand. I think he, too, sensed danger as he swung in beside my "professional" friend. He winked at me knowingly yet seriously as we walked up Fourth Avenue with our victim between us. He turned in with me to my home. The man sullenly picked up the axe and began to chop wood.

It was a glorious spring day. My neighbour sprang over his fence and taking a shovel began spring gardening. I asked our maid to hand me a book from my library table. And so while my neighbour gardened and my "professional" friend chopped wood I sat on a kitchen chair and read Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. For an hour I was inwardly exulting over my triumph. Suddenly I noticed the chap, who had taken off his coat, was sweating. My parson heart began to soften. I asked the maid to make a pitcher of lemonade with ice, which she produced with herusual dispatch.

I invited my good neighbour, who too was sweating, to join us in a lemonade. He vaulted the fence like a gymnast. When I asked my "professional" friend he hesitated a moment, but the clink of the ice in the glasses was too much for him. Slowly and sheepishly he joined us. My neighbour was an Irishman. He saw the ludicrous if not funny side of the situation and, touching my glass, he said, "Let's drink the health of our unknown 'professional' friend!" We all laughed, and laughter somehow unites human spirits and destroys ill will. My neighbour went back to his gardening. The "professional" man swung his axe and I, content that I had come out on top, slipped down to the butcher shop for a steak, believing the man would not run away. Our good maid cooked the steak along with some vegetables.

At twelve o'clock I looked out a window to see the stranger wiping his brow with one hand and pulling out his watch with the other. I had no doubt he was hungry, as he had worked faithfully two hours and a half, and possibly had had little breakfast. I opened the door and asked him if he would like a steak. "You are not going to feed the likes of me are you?" was his answer. I replied, "Dinner is ready. Come and wash up and we will have a bite together."

When I said Grace, to my amazement he crossed himself. During the meal I asked him why he didn't work. He replied he was too smart to work when he could get along on his wits. When I asked him what would happen if everyone lived as he did, he replied, "But everyone doesn't live like I do, therefore I get along." "And aren't you with all your good manners a 'professional' man?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "a professional tramp."

That night one of the worst tragedies in Kamloops history was enacted. A prowler was reported to the police. He was in the West End near the brewery. Two fine young men were dispatched to investigate. They saw a fugitive move stealthily into an empty house. One of the gallant police raised a window. He focussed a flashlight in a bedroom. There on an old bed they saw a man. Without a word he fired at the open window and the officer with the light collapsed dead at the side of his friend. While the companion tried to give first aid the bandit disappeared out a back door or window.

Just then a heavy freight train was pulling out of the Kamloops yards of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was held up

at Walhachin, thirty-two miles west. The police searched the train and actually found forty riders of the rods. There were wholesale arrests. But the criminal was never detected.

That is many years ago but I have never ceased to wonder if that murderer was the man who said, "I am too smart to work when I can get along on my wits." I have also often wondered if I was wise in marching him with fiendish delight up Victoria Avenue and Fourth Avenue to make him chop wood as contracted.

Kamloops was a tidy little city. It was in that part of the country where water makes the desert blossom as the rose. Thereby hangs a tale.

One day about ten o'clock my door-bell rang and there stood a most dejected-looking mortal. He was immediately a study. Somehow he didn't look like the proverbial tramp who stopped at my door so often. His clothes hung on him as if they had been made for a bigger man. He needed a haircut badly, although his locks were black and glossy. His eyes, deep-set and kindly, were almost black. His eyebrows were heavy, almost shaggy. He had a square jaw and high forehead. To my utter amazement, his old shoes were polished brightly. They seemed to contradict his whole get-up, except his clean-shaven face that revealed a pale skin. He did not ask for money or food like the ordinary knight of the road. He said simply, "Sir, I'm looking for work." At that time Western Canada was in the terrible economic slump that followed the great boom. Work was at a premium. To get a man a job was next to a miracle. Yet here stood a man who was different. His shiny shoes almost hypnotized me.

My lawn needed cutting badly. So I suggested that he might cut the grass. His face brightened and with unfeigned enthusiasm he asked, "Where is your mower?" His coat was off and before I could give him any instructions he was at work. At noon when I went to invite him in to lunch he looked ready to drop with fatigue. Sweat was coursing down his pale cheeks. He wiped it away on his shirt sleeve. After a wash we sat down to lunch and he ate like one half-starved, although his table manners were those of a gentleman.

After lunch I invited him to rest a bit and we chatted for half an hour as we lounged on the veranda. Finally I said, "You look pale. Are you feeling up to the mark?" I was

shocked at his reply. "Sir," he said, "the food I had at your table today was the first I've had since yesterday morning. I'm really half starved." I chided him for not asking for food before he began mowing the lawn. His reply was instant, "I've never begged or stolen yet and I felt if I mowed the lawn first I'd eat my food with self-respect, having earned it." He spoke with such frankness that I felt sure he was sincere. Slowly he unfolded the tale of an obviously well-bred Englishman who had become a victim of the depression. He had had a good job with the engineering department of the city of Vancouver. His time had been cut to three days a week, then to two, and finally he was let out altogether. As he searched here and there for a job he used up his savings until he was now down to his last penny. His story greatly moved me and when he resumed mowing the lawn, I decided to visit the city engineer and see if by any chance there was a job.

Now the citizens of Kamloops were very proud of their green boulevards but the price of this greenness was constant watering. An inch sprinkler pipe was run down the middle of these strips block after block. The engineering department was responsible for the watering which meant turning taps on and off all day in the residential section of the city. The position had just been vacated. It was a full time job for someone with at least elementary engineering training and this my "tramp" had and a good deal more.

The chief engineer of Kamloops was a devout Christian. We talked the whole matter over and finally he decided that in the spirit of "I was a stranger and ye took me in" he should give the job to one whom I shall call "The Unknown Guest." And so all through July and August of 1914 "the desert streets in Kamloops blossomed as the rose."

The "Unknown Guest" became a frequent visitor to our home. He had few friends and we adopted him. Sunday night after church he would come into the parsonage for a sing-song and a snack. Still, he remained to a great extent an enigma. He was a refined, sociable Englishman who had an amazing modesty and the English way of understatement in all matters pertaining to himself. Who he was and what was his background remained wrapped in mystery. This made him more intriguing. Sometimes he was really annoying. He would begin to relate an experience when suddenly he would

switch his narration to make it impersonal and while the story might be interesting, one had the feeling of being somehow left up in the air. He never ceased to express his gratitude for my getting him his position and he showed it by bringing flowers or chocolates for my wife and some toy for our young daughter.

On August 4, 1914, World War I broke out. Within a week our "Unknown Guest" appeared in uniform. He then gave me his first confidence concerning his past. He had been in the South African war as a youth of twenty-one. Within a month I saw him off to the war at the Kamloops station. Already he was wearing sergeant's stripes. He was all aglow as he waved and waved good-bye as far as we could see him.

Just a year later I too was in France. Walking down a muddy road not far from Ypres I came to a small camouflaged marquee. On it was a sign, "Holy Communion." Soldiers of all ranks were treading a "duck walk," pulling back the tent flaps and entering. I joined the group. The beloved Canon Scott was the padre celebrant. He bade all feel at home regardless of their denominational affiliations. As I kneeled at the crude front-line altar made by the engineers someone nudged me with his elbow. And there kneeling beside me was my "Unknown Guest" of Kamloops.

The communion service over, we met outside the marquee. To my delight he had been promoted. He was now a very smart-looking young lieutenant. We wandered down the cobblestone road to a Y.M.C.A. hut. There we chatted of other days.

Strangely enough we never saw each other again until a a year had slipped by. We were both on horseback and trotted past one another, when suddenly each brought his horse to heel and swung about. We shook hands without dismounting. He looked every inch a soldier. He was now a captain wearing a wounded gold stripe and a Military Cross. We were simply thrilled to meet again and as it was near dinner hour he invited me to his mess. His colonel gave me a most glowing account of his gallantry and efficiency.

Another year went by. This time I was in a car. We overtook an officer riding smartly. Glancing back I saw it was my "Unknown Guest." Our reunion was like the meeting of long-separated brothers. Now he was a major and beside his Military Cross was a Distinguished Service Order. He was

getting on. I met him once more at the close of the war and to my delight he was a Lieut.-Colonel commanding his own unit. This time we met in London. We went to shows and famous restaurants together. What a time we had! As we separated he said something to me that was most rewarding: "Padre, I've done pretty well soldiering. However, it could never have been if you had not thoroughly believed in me, a total stranger, down and out. The sprinkler job in Kamloops, and the kindness of you and of your wife, was the turning point in my life."

I was privileged to see him once again. Nearly twenty years after, I went to preach as summer supply in one of our large Canadian cities. To my delight he was now one of its first citizens, lending his prestige to the Red Cross and Boy Scouts. He was a loyal official of an Anglican church so could not come to hear me preach on Sunday mornings. But every Sunday night he and his charming wife sat beaming at me from the second front pew. After service they would take me to their home for supper. It was a long way from the Kamloops boulevard sprinklers to their luxurious home surrounded by every comfort but it was richly deserved.

A marriage of pioneer days stirs memories that take me from the sage brush hill country miles back of Kamloops to the sound of Bow bells in old London.

Kamloops is in the dry belt. In July and August it can become as hot as Arizona or New Mexico and some days are as hot as the Sahara. On one of these hottest of days a young chap rapped on the door of my vestry. He wished to be married early in August at the home of his future father-in-law back in the hills. Of course I had to consent as it was part of my parish and therefore my duty. However I had no desire to ride a buck-board over burning sands for three hours to the home in the hills.

The day of the wedding broke without a cloud in the sky. It was August at its hottest. There was not a breath of air blowing as I began the long, long climb south of Kamloops. The road was very often a switch-back. Higher and higher the horse plodded.

To the north at times there was a glorious view as the North Thompson wound its way southward to join the South Thompson, and both flowed on westward to the mighty Fraser.

The panorama was most rewarding. The wedding was at high noon and at eleven-thirty I heard dogs barking, and coming over a hill I saw an unforgettable sight.

There were at least a hundred vehicles. Horses were tethered or tied to trees. Some were eating off the ground, others had feed bags over their heads. Children seemed to be running in all directions. Dogs of every description ran about, dodging the children or growling at each other. Men stood about in groups in their shirt sleeves and wearing big straw hats.

On a knoll their wives and daughters were busy putting the final touches on three long rows of tables heavily laden with every food known to the women folk of the ranching country.

Hundreds of poplars had been cut. The trunks were used for uprights and cross pieces. Over the top the branches had been placed so that the wedding breakfast could be eaten in comparative shade, although bits of sunlight broke through, giving a scintillating shimmer on the white tablecloths, the dishes and silverware.

The bride's mother almost rushed out to greet me. She was a pretty, bright-eyed little brunette as plump as a partridge, and simply overflowing with good will. Her husband was hard behind her. He led my tired horse away, and the kindly little mother took me at once to their modest ranch home where I had a hurried rehearsal with the bridal party.

A platform had been erected at a right angle to the three long tables. The piano had been pulled from the house to the veranda. A master of ceremonies who must have been a sergeant-major shouted an order for all to be seated at the tables. This quickly accomplished, I took my place on the platform with the groom and best man. The piano played, "Here comes the bride." All stood with great dignity while a sweet, almost beautiful young lady appeared, on her father's arm, and preceded by her bridesmaid. The young ladies were so beautifully gowned that one would think they were being married in St. Margaret's in London. Theirs really were London imported gowns. Indeed the miracle of the wedding was its personnel. Almost every adult present was born within sound of Bow bells—seven thousand miles away.

The wedding ceremony over, the wedding-feast began. One could believe he was in London. Cockney was the vernacular. "Ham" became "'am"; "h's" were dropped so

that "hot" became "'ot", and "day" became "die." It was a bit of old London transferred to the ranch country twenty miles from Kamloops. It was as happy a group as I have ever had the joy of meeting. As I climbed my buckboard to start back to Kamloops I was genuinely ashamed of myself that I had considered this wedding in the hills would be a bore. I really had had one of the best days of my life.

The following week I met the pretty little Cockney mother on the main street of Kamloops. She rushed up to me, none of her enthusiasm abated, and exclaimed, "Wasn't the wedding wonderful! Everything came off without a 'itch. Everyone was up to the scratch!"

Chapter V

THE WORLD WAR
1914-1919

When I enlisted in Canada I was without doubt the greenest chaplain in His Majesty's forces. I joined up at Kamloops. A local tailor called on me to say his father had been tailor to King Edward VII and that he would be proud to make my uniform. I was greatly delighted at his interest. I had only a week to arrange my affairs and so the uniform had to be rushed. I was so green that when it was delivered I didn't even notice its irregularities. However, after hundreds of friends waved good-bye to my wife and me with our child, as we stood at the end of the train, I turned to go to our reservation.

The observation car was filled with officers. I suddenly noticed two things. I became aware that all eyes were glancing at me with a look of incredulity. I also became aware of the fact that my uniform was not like the other officers' in either colour or style. I think my good humour won the friendship of all as they were very kind to me and to my wife and child all the way to Montreal, where I said good-bye to my family as they went on to Grand Pré, Nova Scotia. In London I was given two weeks' special leave to get a new outfit.

A baseball game at Camp E deep in the Ypres Salient in Belgium had a far-reaching effect on my whole career as a chaplain in World War I.

I had learned a great deal in two months but was still green and quite unknown outside of my own battalion when I

stepped up to the plate to bat in a crucial game against the famous Princess Pats. We raw recruits had moved up to the second C.M.R.'s and some few of us were asked to play in the game just arranged.

It was the last half of the ninth innings. The score was eleven to eight in favour of "The Pats." If they won they had the pennant. If we won we were tied for the divisional championship and there would be a play-off. There were three men on bases and two men out when I faced the pitcher. What a chance for a padre to make himself famous! A home run would win the game. But I had never hit more than a three bagger in my life. As I stood up to the plate, the Germans, only four and a half miles east of us, threw over a salvo of "Eighteen Pounders." They went about two hundred yards over the crowd and exploded. There was a momentary pause, then several thousand voices cried as one man, "Play Ball!"

The Germans ceased fire, the pitcher moved up and delivered a swift straight ball. I caught it square and was off. As I rounded first base I saw it had gone over the right fielder's head, hit the hard clay on the parade ground, but was being speedily pursued. The coach signalled me to hold up at third.

I had done a hundred yards officially at college in ten and three-fifths seconds, so was a fast runner. My mind was working like lightning. If I obeyed the coach and stayed at third the game was only tied at eleven all. If I could make home the game was over and there would be a playoff. But if I were cut off at home plate my name would be mud. I glanced over my left shoulder between second and third to note the fielder was just retrieving the ball. He had a fine throwing arm. Could I beat the throw? Tossing all discretion to the winds and ignoring the coach's signals to hold third, I put everything I had into it and actually made home plate standing up.

It was a thrilling finish as the ball crashed the catcher's glove a fraction of a second later. I was stampeded. My team-mates tossed me in the air. My General offered me two weeks' special leave in "Blighty" which I wisely refused. I told him I ought to be court-martialed for disobeying the coach at third. It was only a ball game, but an unknown padre had arrived. Indeed I am almost certain that my career

in the army really began that minute when I hit a home run, with two out and three men on, with the score eleven to eight against us. I was immediately made brigade sports officer.

Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General of the British army, was a unique student of human nature. He had visited the Canadian forces, upon my invitation as a Senior Chaplain, and had made a very favourable impression on the troops. Months after, I met him on Albemarle Street in London and he whole-heartedly insisted that I spend the night at his residence in Northwood, a suburb of London. After dinner he settled us both in big leather chairs and then asked me if I had any problems as a chaplain.

I immediately came to the point of my difficulty. The finest men I served in my Brigade seemed to be least religious. They dodged every religious service except Holy Communion, which they eagerly sought before battle, but promptly forgot when out in rest billets miles behind the lines. Contrariwise, some of the most unlovely men seemed to be overflowing with religion. One chap particularly greatly annoyed me by telling me that if I would only let him preach all the Brigade would be converted.

Among the grand fellows who worried me by his lack of religious interest save in communion before battle was our Brigade Major. A very prince among men, he was a graduate of Oxford, a barrister and a chartered accountant and the son of a Scottish knight, who had come to London as a boy. For some unknown reason he took a chummy interest in me as his Padre. He would ask the billeting officer to billet me with him. Many and many a night we would roll ourselves in our blankets and before a dingy fireplace talk into the wee small hours. Invariably our topic would be religion. He would ask me all the endless questions the intellectual agnostic asks a clergyman, and would generally end our long discussions by saying, "Oh that's all right for a Padre but I can't see it." He was kind of word, never censorious, and always respectfully attentive.

With these two in mind I asked Bishop Taylor Smith how he could account for the fact that all the lovable, splendid, gentlemanly fellows in the Brigade seemed to have no vital interest in religion while the unlovable ones were most voluminous in the protestations of their faith.

The dear old Bishop looked at me with almost an air of scorn at my apparent ignorance of life and men. He exclaimed that he was amazed at my lack of insight. His reply made me study men with a new measuring rod.

"*These splendid fellows are drinking of a fountain they don't acknowledge.* Make inquiry and you will find that in almost every case there are five to ten generations of Christian training and tradition behind them. Your unlovely boastful man is a first generation Christian with no such culture or tradition behind him. He likely was converted, God bless him, in a slum mission or under the influence of some street corner evangelist. Go back to your Brigade and I'd wager ten to one I'm right. Ask your Brigade Major about his background, ask the chap who wants to take over the preaching from you, and see if I'm not right."

I arrived back from leave and the Brigade Major had a special log found by a faithful batman burning in the fireplace. After dinner we retired to chat over my leave. I told about the plays I'd seen and the fun I'd had, then there was a spell of quiet. No candle was burning but a glow that only a fireside can create gave an atmosphere for "man to man" talk. I broke the silence by casually asking, "Were your parents Christian folk? Did they go to church? What about your uncles? Were they charming pagans like you?"

He fell headlong into my trap, set for him by Bishop Taylor Smith, and went off the deep end. For well over an hour he raved over his Christian ancestry on both sides of the house. His father was an elder in the kirk for forty years. His mother was a leader in women's activities in the local church and throughout the nation. His paternal grandfather was a professor of Christian Ethics in Edinburgh and his maternal grandfather was one of the outstanding laymen of London. On and on he rambled until one would think he would burst with pride at his background.

There was a long pause when I told him my experience with Bishop Taylor Smith ending with his words, "Your splendid Brigade Major is drinking of a fountain he doesn't acknowledge." He was a very thoughtful person and finally said, "Padre, I wonder if I have started a stream in the other direction. Will my descendants be crooks and scalawags? I'm very proud of my background and yet I feel that I have

completely gone back on it." Then, as if musing he mumbled, "Drinking of a fountain they don't acknowledge."

The next day I met my man who always complained about my preaching and wanted to take over the job. I asked him if his parents were religious people like he was. He launched into a vivid description of his past. His mother was a bad one, she could swear with the men and liked her beer. His father was a drunkard. He himself had been converted in a mission where he had gone for a cup of free coffee. He ended by exclaiming, "I am what I am by the grace of God as I sure had no background."

Shortly after, the Brigade Major went on leave to visit his wife and four children resident in London. On his return we again were rolled in our blankets before a friendly fire. For fully half an hour no word was spoken. Then in a quiet gentle way he said, "Padre, I told my wife what Bishop Taylor Smith said about drinking of a fountain that is not acknowledged. She agreed we were careless about the very things that mattered most in individual and national life."

He continued, "The upshot of it all is that we had a long talk with the parson in our parish and decided to start all over again. We went to Holy Communion Sunday morning and we put the four children in Sunday School. My wife and I concluded we didn't want to start a movement that would likely make our descendants come out at the small end of the horn. Padre, I believe that what is mostly wrong with our world today is that so many people are going back on the proven verities for human beings. In the words of Bishop Taylor Smith, 'They are drinking of a fountain they don't acknowledge.' "

EXTRACTS FROM A CHAPLAIN'S DIARY

SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1915, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Conditions now keep changing. We are in an old-fashioned village, which reminds me more of Holland than France. It is raining hard and water is running over cobble stones. Among other things I have been enjoying hard tack and bully beef for twenty-four hours. Since last Sunday I've had my clothes off twice. The home I'm in now is a billet requisitioned for me. The people are French Roman Catholics, but pure, simple and homelike. A candle is my sole light and I am so sleepy, and it is awkward writing in bed, so I am going to blow it out and finish my letter tomorrow.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 26—1.30 P.M.

I had a great sleep last night, from 8.30 until 5.45 this a.m. The whole country was wrapped in night and fog at six o'clock, but now the sun is shining brightly and everyone is gay. The service this morning, held in a large billet, was well attended at 9.30. Attendance was entirely voluntary as no parade service was possible, but the men responded splendidly. Padre Wilkins and I are now leaving to go out to hold four or five billet services from 3-5.30, and then another at 6.30 tonight. The men in their billets number as high as 100 or 150. So we go out to them and have a sing and a little heart-to-heart talk and hope to get better acquainted and do a little good.

I wish I could describe many things that surround us, but censorship forbids. Our men take things calmly and bravely and await life or death with a firm determination. I admire their abandonment. General Alderson, our commander of Canadians, says, "My experience in war—and I am now in my sixth campaign—is that it always makes the men engaged in it think more than ever of God." I believe this is true. In private conversation the majority of the men seem at heart very serious minded.

MONDAY, SEPT. 27—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, AT 6.10 P.M.

The brigadier, Col. Sissons, rode to the front of his troops and we were off on a cobble road, for where we knew not. The men all wore the Webb equipment which holds everything a "Tommy" needs in a campaign, from soup tin to blankets. The whole equipment and accoutrement weighs from fifty-eight to sixty-three pounds. It is a cruel weight on a long march for the less rugged ones. However, the men swung along cheerfully, and there was no complaint save a popular dislike for the rough "pavey." Captain Wilkins, the Anglican chaplain, and I walked with the men, as they appreciate the sense of brotherhood that can only come through sharing the fatigue. After an hour's steady march we had the orthodox rest of ten minutes. Everyone stretched out on the pavey, using their Webb packs for a sort of pillow.

Then on again and after a steady tramp of another hour and a half we came to a town of five thousand population, and again rested ten minutes. After leaving this town we turned away from the paved road and immediately we were ankle deep in mud. For three miles we struggled and plunged, panted and puffed, until finally a halt was called. We were at our destination, and at midnight the billeting of a battalion began. Regiment by regiment, squadron by squadron, troop by troop, bombers, machine-gun sections, transport men, marched forward to their billets. Men slept everywhere—in old barns, cellars, sheds, stables; some under wagons, some under trees, and some out under the stars of heaven. After the men were all

placed, the officers gathered together and were allotted their places by the brigade major. At one o'clock Capt. Wilkins and I found ourselves, muddy, weary and chilly, in a tiny room in the Chateau of —— farm. There were, of course, no furnishings. The one window had every pane of glass smashed by shell-fire splinters. Here we threw ourselves down in our great-coats, and in our fatigue sleep soon claimed us.

I must here write down my first impressions of the battle going on all around us. The night was a murky dark. A wind blew from the northwest, and with it a slight rain. We were marching southeast. It was the full of the moon, but heavy clouds hid "the queen of night." After the first hour we found we were marching straight into a salient. On our right and left flank the whole sky was a blaze of lights meeting apparently straight ahead. To the eye it looked like a great electric storm gathering; to the ear it sounded like the roll of thunder. The star shells going up in hundreds produced the electrical effect, and the ever ceaseless booming of the guns resounded like thunder. Such a direct assault on eye and ear must fill one with awe. As we marched deeper and deeper into the salient, talking and jesting grew less and less, until finally the only sound from our lines was the regular tramp, tramp of a whole battalion, as if some lone mighty giant were striding through the land. Everyone seemed to sense the approach of an issue where life and death were in the balance. On we marched, and ever the sky grew brighter and brighter, and the guns nearer and nearer; and all the while the steady tread of the battalion, every man in step. At last we had reached our billet, where the star shells were bursting so near that the whole apex of the salient was lighted up for moments like day. Our boys for the first time saw war raging in all its reality. I do not know whether night was upon General Sheridan when he said, "War is hell," but I felt it that night as I looked at the sky flaming in every direction.

As we laid ourselves down to sleep in our billets we felt that we were safe, for between us and the German lines was a ring of British steel, carried by men with "hearts of oak" who would die rather than surrender their ideals.

September 28th—Somewhere in France.

Morning broke with clear sunshine, and we saw that we were in a place that had suffered much from shell-fire. The building was three-storied, its rooms large and lofty, and over three hundred troops slept there that night. Just a half-mile away was our reserve line of trenches, and in a wood just back of the house were concealed our batteries whence every minute tremendous shells belched forth. The shriek of those shells was very weird to the uninitiated.

Overhead our aeroplanes and those of the enemy were particularly active, while the batteries below fired hundreds of shots, but apparently without effect. Finally one shot found its mark and passed through the petrol tank of the German flyer. Soon his engine stopped, and he had to volplane down into the fields behind our lines. Here a regiment was marching behind a wood, hidden from the enemy, and the aeroplane landed in their midst. Immediately they prepared to make him prisoner, but that was not to be. Suddenly the German swung around the machine gun on his plane and opened fire. Instantly rifles were directed upon him and when he was picked up a minute later seventeen bullet holes were counted. He might have surrendered and saved his life by merely becoming our prisoner, but he chose rather to sell his life dearly in his country's warfare. He was buried with respect as a brave soldier should be. But he had killed by his machine gun four of our men and wounded others.

Here we were told we should take up the defences for three months. By noon fresh orders came, and at two o'clock we were off on the march again, through unspeakable mud, despite the sunshine, but everyone was cheerful. On we marched, taking the regular ten-minute rest every hour, passing through historic grounds and places that are quite familiar to all who read newspapers at home.

After what seemed an interminable march we came to our new camping ground. The centre of the camp was a dirty old farmhouse, two hundred huts surrounding it, in the green fields nearby. They are painted scientifically on top, so from an airship they look like the plain earth below. Each has one door and no windows, as at night a light could be seen and attention drawn, and then shelling would follow. The weather turned raw and we suffered from the cold. The rain came down in torrents and we all had to change our position in the hut to escape the leaks in the roof. In the morning we found the place a veritable sty, not fit for the crudest human habitation were it peace time, while all around us, hidden in bushes and trees, were our batteries, breathing forth their retribution upon the Germans, and making those of us just novices shudder and jump.

September 29th.

All day the rain continued—a driving rain with a west wind behind it. For myself I spent practically the whole day visiting the boys in their huts, endeavouring to know them, that I might better do my work with them.

At eight o'clock we were all in our blankets. We had noticed before retiring that the whole eastern sky was one blaze of light from the flares. About nine o'clock a great fight began. I had never heard anything on earth like it. In one moment big guns, little guns,

bombs, rifle-grenades, trench mortars, machine guns and rifles opened fire. We all rose and going to the east end of the hut, looked down on what seemed like hell let loose. The sky was one mass of flaming light to its zenith, the shell stars like balloons of fire. The trees and houses stood in livid outline that rainy night, which otherwise would have been inky black. For two hours the cannonading never ceased a moment, and it was so hot and fierce we thought at times that the Germans must be breaking through. However it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Next day we heard that our forces had been forewarned of a German attack to come off at nine o'clock. So, just the moment the Germans ventured out of the trenches, every rifle, machine-gun and cannon of that front met them with a breath of death, and not one German ever reached our first line trenches.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.

A memorable date. All day squadron after squadron was told off to be guided up the communication trench to the front line to be schooled by seasoned troops in trench warfare for the first time. Our men were keen, although there was an undercurrent of seriousness which was not hard to detect. It will suffice to describe the starting out of one of the many squadrons.

At 3.30 B Squadron of the 2nd Regiment was lined up to move off. Major Allan of Vernon, B.C., was in command. He addressed his men, and I cannot praise his speech too highly. It was a strong appeal to show bravery and self-control. "Canada expects every man of you to do his duty," was the pith of his words. I stood by his side as he spoke, and although the rain was coming down in torrents and the men were standing in six inches of Belgian mud, I do not think a word was missed. Then he asked the men to make an informal circle around us, and said, "Men, we are going into the trenches for the first time; let us listen to the words of our chaplain." Every face was fixed at attention as I spoke for five minutes from the text, "The eternal God is thy refuge." Then we bowed our heads in prayer for ourselves, our cause, our dear ones, and the native land, and like the voice of one strong man came the general "Amen." The benediction was pronounced, and the march up the muddy communication trench began. I silently prayed that the Infinite might come as close to each man, as he did to me praying for all.

OCTOBER 1ST.

Men kept coming out of the trenches and others went up to take their places. My little hut was besieged with young men who had known me in other days, and it was a rare treat to meet them. Later some of us strolled over to a ruined village nearby and saw the havoc siege guns can make. Dwelling-houses, public buildings,

churches, stores, convents and schools were one mass of ruins, but dejected looking people were still dwelling in single rooms and cellars. We turned down a side street out into the country, and had just cleared the limits when the German batteries opened fire and we saw great high explosive shells bursting over the ruins where, five minutes before, we were sight-seeing. I spent the evening looking after the needs of the men.

October 2nd.

I rose early and went to a near-by town to visit a cemetery to find the grave of a Kamloops youth, Joe Ellison. However, the name I found was Joe Alison. Imagine my surprise, on turning from my thoughts over this grave to see standing before me the very Joe Ellison whom I sought. We spent the hour together in renewed companionship, and were only driven away from our position by unfriendly shells, one of which killed a woman and a girl of seventeen. It was a sad sight, and everyone was depressed at these innocent Belgians meeting such an end. One wonders why they still cling to the war zone when any day may bring their death. Yet thousands of Belgians are in the danger zone, endeavouring to carry on the pursuits of peace.

At lunch I heard that several of our men were wounded and rode away west to find one of the most famous field ambulances on the Canadian front, for it had actually handled 5,200 cases in six days of recent awful fighting. Passing along a very muddy road I had my first "close shave" at the front. Suddenly I could hear a shell coming, and unconsciously "ducked." It went right overhead and dropped, exploding just over the hedge: had it fallen a few yards short there would have been little left of "the padre." I found my hospital or field ambulance and, after attending to the wounded, returned to headquarters at sundown.

Sunday, Oct. 3rd.

Morning broke sunny and bright. Capt. Wilkins and I had arranged seven services for the day. We picked out spots guarded by trees towards the enemy's side, so that unobserved we could hold our services in peace. But such plans were soon changed. Orders came that we were to move at once. As it was a gorgeous day we were very disappointed, all the more so as we merely "stood fast," ready to move at a moment's notice, until 5.30 in the afternoon. At last we were off, destination unknown. "We did not know where we were going but we were on the way" to a position which could not be taken up in daylight, because of its being in full view of the enemy.

On we marched, northward and eastward. We swung around a hill and off the main road into a byway where the trees met overhead and the mud was many inches deep underfoot. It was like passing through a tunnel with no light. We staggered on, puffing, panting, resting and blaming the commanding officer (who was on a horse) for going so fast. The signal-men with their bicycles were exhausted, and some would have dropped out entirely but for the fear of losing one's way and having no guide so near the front lines. One poor lad did lie down in the mud quite exhausted, but we helped him along, and I used up my surplus strength by hanging his bicycle around my neck as I plunged ahead in the inky darkness. About every hundred yards we rested. However, once the guide got too far ahead, and we had to stand in that unspeakable mud and mire for an hour, waiting, waiting, we knew not why.

At 10.30 p.m. after five hours' tramp, we came to the end—a narrow ravine in a wooded place. Both sides of this ravine, which was about forty yards wide and two hundred long, were lined with a species of cave, called technically "dug-out." Here we were to stay the night, and take up our position through the communication trench next day. At midnight I found a "spare bed" in one of the dugouts occupied by the medical corps of the 4th Field Ambulance, and here I slept soundly until 5 a.m., when I was awakened by the night's wounded casualties being carried in on stretchers. They were all cheerful, and Capt. Bell, M.O. (medical officer) from Winnipeg, soon had them as well looked after as is possible in an advanced dressing station.

MON. OCT. 4TH.

With the dawn, rain greeted us by leaking through the dugout, while outside the mud of Flanders was most tenacious. At 2 p.m. we were amazed to receive the order to prepare to march out. Just as our whole brigade was massed ready to move, suddenly a German aeroplane rose on the horizon. All our anti-aircraft guns roared, but he flew around serenely. Then he circled over our brigade, hovering directly over us, while with breathless expectation we waited for bombs to drop. Evidently his plans were larger, for he photographed us, and with shells bursting all around him flew away back and descended behind his own lines. Our officer commanding waited until he was well down, and then full of apprehension, we marched off. We were just out in the nick of time, for as we skirted the base of the hill and gained the far side, from the front the German artillery opened fire, and for over an hour poured high explosives and shrapnel into that little valley. It would have been a veritable valley of death had our brigade been there.

When we finally reached our trenches, the second regiment went in, tired out, but brave and full of grit, while the other regiments

took up their positions of "support" and "reserve" in the trenches and dugouts. Capt. Wilkins, Lieut. Wells and I had to shift for ourselves, so we hunted up a horse blanket, pulled sacks around our feet, arranged our rain capes under us and fell almost immediately off to sleep in a corner of a dugout where there happened to be no water. We slept until 7 a.m. Then we had bully beef and hard tack for breakfast with the signallers. The day was one of the worst Northern France can produce and comfort was nowhere to be found. At eleven o'clock a sergeant came to our dugout to tell us our headquarters were up front about five hundred yards and to report at once. We went, one at a time, along a war-swept road, and after passing two or three ruined, shelled farms, reached our trench and, jumping in, were soon shown to our dugout by the staff captain.

Here we lived like rats in holes during our first stay in the trenches as a brigade. Only a hundred yards away, in a dugout, was our advanced dressing station, where our wounded were brought in and attended by our three medical officers and their assistants. I visited all the wounded as they were brought back from the front. Some of our boys were again in England, wounded with a "blighty" before they had been in France ten days. Sometimes it hardly seemed possible that we were right at the front, but all one need do was note the trembling earth as trench mortars exploded, listen to artillery fire and shells rattling like an express train overhead, and the sharp rifle fire just five hundred yards beyond, though sounding as if at one's very dugout door. Capt. Balfour, brigade machine-gun officer, was my companion in my dugout, and one night as we ran arm in arm, hurrying over to the dressing station, a bullet whistled between our heads.

Oct. 6th.

At daylight I was wakened by a signalman handing me a telegram. One of our men had been killed in the night, and I was called up to the very front to bury him. I dressed hurriedly and went over to the orderly dugout, and asked the sentry for a sergeant, but he had just come on duty and had no information. So I followed the trench and suddenly walked into a company of our men and in a most matter-of-fact way I said, "Can you tell me if I am in the right trench to get to the front line?" A roar of laughter went up, while Major Bardolph came over and said, "Padre, you are at the very front line! Come and look through my periscope. The German is just forty-five yards away!" I stepped up beside him, and in a moment I was looking over at the German trenches. Then again I had a long look through a peephole at the trenches of our terrible foe. I was given a guide by Major Bardolph, and with a "Keep your head down!" we were on our way to Major Bapty's dugout, as it was one of his gallant fellows who had fallen. A small party went out with

me, and we succeeded in finding a place where the wood was thick, and there the grave was dug and our hero laid away. A great tree stood as sentry, and when the ceremony was over I took a hatchet and, cutting deep into the tree, hewed out a cross that will remain for years.

Another event of this quiet working party period I must write about. On a certain day Major Beattie, senior chaplain of the 2nd Division of which we are a part held a conference of all the chaplains of the division. Major Beattie is a great man in body, mind and heart. He has gone through the biggest fights in the campaign of 1915, and deserves signal honour, so say all the chaplains. Who shall forget that gathering at ——?

We were Roman Catholic, High Church, Low Church, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. It was held in a Roman Catholic convent, and was to discuss how best we might promote the work of God in France. I could not help thinking of the unity that the war had brought about. Was ever such a gathering in Canada? We arranged for a special evangelical movement among all our troops of the 2nd Division. A committee was appointed to draw up a letter that would cover an appeal to all ranks in the Canadian troops and all religious faiths. This was signed by all the Chaplains of the 2nd Division, quite forgetting there might be any differences. But while we were conversing about the Kingdom of Christ the very windows rattled and the building shook as the guns roared all around us. When Major Owen of Christ Church, Vancouver, uttered the closing prayer, our hearts were strangely moved.

"These Poured Out the Rich Red Wine of Youth."

Denominationalism is one of the greatest sins of the Church. It has been so militant that it has raised great artificial barriers between human souls and great groups. The front line dressing station in the World Wars exemplified how common were the fundamental needs of the human soul.

One evening a charming boy, with olive skin, dark eyes and long lashes, was carried in on a stretcher to what was colourfully known as "Hell Fire Corner Dressing Station," in the Ypres Salient, where I was attached as Chaplain. The lad was frightfully wounded. Looking up, he made a sign to have his tunic opened, and then his shirt. Around his neck hung a gold chain and on the chain was a small gold figure of the Christ, on a pearl background. The lad made another gesture and I held the crucifix before his dying eyes. Suddenly I concluded that he might think I was a Roman Catholic Priest, and so said, "Lad, I am not a Priest. I am a Protestant

Minister." He opened his eyes and said, "Thank you, Captain Fallis. I knew you were and I knew you would not deceive me. You are rendering a rare service to my soul."

I have ever since been a persistent advocate of the reunion of Christendom and never do I sing:

> "Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
> Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,"

without mists coming into my eyes as I see a picture etched on memory's wall of a handsome lad "Going West," in Hell Fire Corner Dressing Station in the Ypres Salient.

Somewhere in France

The days of June 2nd to June 14, 1916, were dark, yet glorious, for the Dominion of Canada and her brave sons at the front. No one who had anything to do with that struggle can ever forget the fortitude and endurance of our brave officers and men. From the "Tommy" to the general all did nobly and well. And yet the bravery, the courage, the nobility and self-sacrificing spirit were not all at the front. Several intervening weeks have slipped quickly away. It has been the duty of the chaplain to write letters to those whose loved ones bravely lived and died. I can tell what the world now knows, that our 8th Brigade, with its four battalions, was in the very thickest of the fight. I therefore had many letters to write, and to most of them I've received answers during the last weeks. Each letter expresses the highest spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice in the hearts of those whose sons have fallen on the battlefields of Europe. It is not within my province now to write of the actual battles of June 2nd to 14th. I leave all that for the tacticians and strategists, but some stories and experiences reveal the spirit of our soldiers.

The chaplains were wherever there were wounded, side by side with the doctors. Most dressing stations were in ruins, and the only shelter was that of old cellars, where bursting shells made life sickening with so many wounded and helpless lying around. However, one would think an angel of God guarded these spots, as it sometimes seemed that for a radius of fifty yards around the dressing station the enemy could not put a shell; yet there were other places very near, where not a brick remained on a brick, the demolition had been so complete.

The splendid organization and work of our Canadian Army Medical Corps and all its members had a fine symbol in a little Scotch chap, a stretcher-bearer in the Tenth Field Ambulance. "Lockie" was a quiet unassuming fellow, with a merry twinkle in his eyes that told of suppressed humour. He went through the whole battle of June 2nd to 6th, and seemed to have untold energy. Finally the medical man who was his commanding officer, ordered him back behind for a rest. Lockie saluted, said "All right, sir!" but was still intent on rescuing wounded, so out he went, and, taking his stretcher with another bearer, started up the communication trench. Soon he was back. The doctor was quite shocked to see Lockie again, and it also meant he had broken an order. The doctor said, "Lockie, did I not order you back for rest?" Lockie replied, "Yes, sir; but there are so many wounded to get out I simply had to return." The doctor chided him and again ordered him back. Lockie saluted, went out, took the end of a stretcher, and went up the communication trench, and again helped carry in a wounded man. The doctor was quite incensed, and warned Lockie to go back to rest camp, adding that if he didn't do so at once he would put him under arrest. Again Lockie went out, took up a stretcher, went up the communication trench and brought in his wounded. The doctor stood in amazement with mingled feelings of anger and admiration—that this boy should so flagrantly violate all discipline by such open disobedience, and yet for so great a cause. However, Lockie was put under an armed escort and sent to a rest camp, and it is superfluous to say he never heard any more about his violation of military authority.

That battle began on the morning of June 2nd at half-past seven, and it was not until June 14th the Canadians held their original front-line trenches. Thoughtful men wondered what would happen. Would the Hun get through and make a break for Calais and the sea, or would the Canadians prove too much for the terrible foe? There were many discouraging happenings. Our divisional general was slain; our brigade general killed or made prisoner, we knew not; my own associate chaplain, Capt. Wilkins, was missing and believed killed, for a weary length of time; then he remained a prisoner of war for the duration. So many noble officers had fallen, and the ranks were horribly depleted. The very darkest hour

came, and brought with it a feeling of heart-sickness—Kitchener was dead.

At that moment when things looked blackest, a doctor with whom I had worked closely and whom His Majesty the King has since seen fit to honour, invited me to a near-by room. Then when we were alone, he said, "Now, padre, you pray!" I must confess I was surprised, though why I do not know. But the man of science and the messenger of the gospel of comfort knelt down together by an old broken chair and poured out our hearts' desire to the infinite God. As we rose from our knees the medical officer said, "I feel better now!" Then back to the wounded and needy with a feeling that all was well and God had given us fresh courage.

Later in the spring I was sent to England to buy all kinds of sporting goods. I was put in charge of a huge marquee given by the Boy Scouts of Canada to Baden Powell, who gave it to the Canadian Chaplain Services. I had it sent to France and in it was set up a canteen which was the nearest to the firing line on the whole Canadian front.

Within a year I was Senior Chaplain of Whitley Camp in England, then Senior Chaplain of a Division in which the divisional commander made me sports officer.

Within two years I was A.D.C.S. (Assistant Director of Chaplain Services) for Canada and my field was England and Scotland. Later in 1917, General Turner requested me to go to Canada and raise sixty thousand dollars for the chaplains to use in their work. I started my campaign speaking in various churches, and interviewing heads of denominations, but the good men in responsibility at home felt that was too great a task, and appointed a central committee in Toronto. They guaranteed the necessary money and let me continue on my lecture course on "The Morale of the Canadian Forces" from Halifax to Victoria. I was sailing back to England in just forty-one days. During my brief visit to Berwick, N.S., I had the privilege of seeing our son George for the first time and being present at his long delayed christening. Harold Hockin had lost an eye, and was home discharged for wounds. Fred Hockin had made the supreme sacrifice. I was grateful I could at least tell the family I had found his isolated grave, and put a Cross there.

Returning to England I was notified that I was appointed again to France as Assistant Director of Chaplain Services and

would be attached with the Canadian Section to General Haig's Headquarters.

One of my thrilling memories is of being invited to have tea at the home of the great Canadian, Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. There was a small intimate group. Friendliness radiated from Sir William and Lady Osler. Sincerity and simplicity seemed as natural as breathing. Sir William watched his guests with the eye of a true host, and the second cup of tea or more sandwiches and cake were passed as if he wished to be the servant of all. He inquired after the Canadian troops, and spoke affectionately of his parents who served as home missionaries in pioneer Ontario days. Long after I was told the following story, which bit of biography has made a profound impression on my own life.

Some six months before World War I had come to a close, the chief medical officer of the British army invited Sir William Osler, possibly the greatest man of medicine of all times, to come to see him at the War Office. He explained that there were thousands of soldiers who, the ordinary but faithful medical man concluded, would be invalids for life. He told Dr. Osler that he felt sure that if he would visit these many patients and carefully study their cases, he would save many of their lives by his great skill and medical erudition.

Dr. Osler sprang at the task although he was over seventy years of age. He travelled by every form of locomotion to hospitals in France, Belgium, England and Scotland. For six months he worked with an indefatigable spirit. Hundreds of soldiers got a new lease on life because of his advice. He returned to his home worn out and within a few days took to his bed. For several days before his death, which followed shortly after his return, he was so weak he could scarcely speak. The day he died, a great English scientist was sitting at his bedside. Dr. Osler looked at him wistfully and his friend moved closer to him to hear what his last wish might be. Looking up with almost yearning in his eyes, he was heard to say;

"Assure me that I have been a friend to humanity."

Not a word was said about his own future; not the slightest note of fear in his passing. His only desire was to be assured that he had been of service, not to a small group nor even to a nation but to the whole wide world.

I was at one of Sir Robert and Lady Perkes' famous dinners at a time when the creation of an Allied Command was the foremost topic in England. Sir Robert Perkes was almost a fanatical supporter of Mr. Asquith and he almost hated Lloyd George. I think Sir Robert sincerely believed that Lloyd George had jockeyed Mr. Asquith out of the premiership and for this he could not be forgiven. He called him "the little charlatan from Wales." Seated before the fireplace in the great library at Kensington Palace Gardens a dozen guests violently denounced Lloyd George. In vain did I tell what a mighty inspiration he was to Canadian soldiers. To make a long story short I became a most unpopular guest. I was one against ten ardent Asquithians who considered Lloyd George "the little charlatan from Wales." I left the home of my friend Sir Robert feeling that I should have held my tongue. His "Goodnight" was crisp and his handshake formal. I felt I had been ill-mannered to hosts who had heaped endless kindnesses on me over a long period of the war.

Next day my phone rang at Canadian Headquarters in London. It was Sir Robert. I heard his soft voice, "I was amazed at your attitude last night toward Mr. Lloyd George. He is to speak in Parliament next week on the Allied Command. Mr. Asquith will reply and move a vote of non-confidence. I want you to witness the downfall of the Lloyd George Government. I am sending you two tickets for the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery."

I invited my greatest buddy, Lt.-Col. J. A. MacDonald, C.B.E., to go along. What a setting for a great speech by a great orator! Diplomats sent to the Court of St. James from all allied countries were there. Distinguished people from India, China, the United States, France and many other countries of the earth were there. Beautiful young women in smartly tailored clothes; grand dames who had played great roles in other days sat with great dignity, some actually sweeping the house and galleries with opera glasses. Scholars of world renown, newspapermen, magazine writers, great editors, artists, stage and screen celebrities, the army, navy, and airforce were there.

Finally this brilliant son of Wales rose to speak. He led the House captive with the candour of his confession that he had deliberately made a disagreeable speech in Paris to arouse public opinion at home and abroad. He said the Paris speech

was no sudden improvisation as his critics declared. A copy had previously been dispatched to London for consideration by the Cabinet and even for correction if they so desired. Not a line was changed. He declared, "I may know nothing about military strategy but I do know something about political strategy. To get public opinion interested and aroused is an essential point of political strategy. That is why I made the Paris speech, and it has done it." The House of Commons was electrified.

Lloyd George turned afresh to make the newly-created Supreme War Council at Versailles an effective instrument to implement strategic unity in the disposition of the allied forces in the field. He so succeeded that early in 1918 it was officially announced that the governments of the allied nations had unanimously agreed to endow the Supreme War Council with executive powers. It could henceforth execute its own decisions. When Lloyd George finished his history-making "Back to the wall speech" on the Allied Command, the members of Parliament, irrespective of party, practically rose as one man and cheered. Even Mr. Asquith gave his support in a short speech.

Next morning I could not refrain from calling Sir Robert on the phone. When I asked him what he thought of the great debate he replied almost bitterly, "Mr. Asquith pleased no one, least of all himself."

The press of England overnight turned a complete somersault. *The Times* headed its leading editorial, "The wizard of Wales waves his wand again." E. T. Raymond in his volume *Mr. Lloyd George* says: "It will probably be the verdict of history that Mr. Lloyd George's part in placing the allied armies under the control of an allied command and eventually under one man, that great military genius Foch, constitutes the highest claim on the gratitude of the British people and an indefeasible title to the respect and the regard of the French."

To meet the inimitable Nancy Astor and to be her guest was an experience of a lifetime. She was the essence of informality, as original as an inventor, as kindhearted as a Pollyanna, and as daring as a V.C.

Cliveden, the home of Lord and Lady Astor, was once the palace of a great prince. It is larger than the Parliament Buildings at Westminster and more spacious than Windsor Castle. Situated on the banks of the Thames, it commands a

sweeping view over the river and the rolling downs of Southern England. Invited there as one of a party of twenty-two for Christmas 1917, I was filled with awe as I was admitted to a mansion so splendid that it was breath-taking.

The spirit of Christ really prevailed. Every servant of the vast place was let go home for the day. One guest foolishly asked the famous Nancy why she let all her servants go to their homes. Like a flash she replied, "Is there any place in the world you would rather be on Christmas Day than at home?" And so everyone helped get the great Christmas dinner served at one o'clock. Lady Astor led the way by literally rolling up her sleeves and becoming chief chef. Christmas cheer radiated from her until every guest caught her good will. After dinner, the dishes being washed by a veritable bee of workers, we gathered around a piano and sang carols.

At four o'clock our Nancy begged to be excused a couple of hours as she wished to visit one of her oldest tenants. With a hamper over her arm she tripped down the steps of Cliveden like a sixteen-year-old and sprang into her little runabout.

When she returned she was bubbling with delight. Passing Maidenhead station, or was it Taplow, she saw a train arriving from London. As a Canadian hospital was on the estate she thought some sick or wounded soldier might be getting off the train, so she pulled up. A lone soldier came to the back of the station. There was no taxi so she hailed him. He was very shy and diffident. She tried to tuck a rug around him several times but he insisted on wriggling away from her. At last she gave up and let him sit almost hugging the door.

On arrival at the hospital she asked him if he were wounded and he said bluntly "No." Then she asked him what was the matter. He blushed, looked embarrassed and exclaimed, "I'd rather not say." But Lady Astor said, "I insisted, told him I was the mother of the hospital and he could confide in me." Then, dropping his eyes he said, "I've got the itch."

Between Christmas and New Year's, King George V and Queen Mary came down to Cliveden to visit the hospital. Everyone was on tiptoe. The hospital was spic and span. Lady Astor visited every bed patient and promised that the King and Queen would visit them—surely. The officer commanding, with his adjutant, Captain R. N. Burns the chaplain,

and the matron and myself were a conducting party for their gracious Majesties.

In the first ward, directly inside the door and to the right was the worst wounded soldier in the Canadian Army. Everything had been done that could be done by shell fire except kill him outright. There were endless weights, ropes and trapezes strung around his bed. Many times he had been given up but now he was convalescing splendidly. The King was most interested and approached his bed with the matron and O.C., while the Queen and her party stood in the middle of the ward. The King forgot that he had to visit several hundred bedsides. Everyone grew uneasy. The Queen seemed agitated. Suddenly Lady Astor did what probably no other woman in the British Empire would have done. She went over to the wounded soldier's bed, took the King rather firmly by the arm and pulled him back exclaiming "Come along King, you have been there long enough!" The Queen looked aghast but the party moved on and every soldier in Taplow Hospital was made happy. They all saw their King.

In 1936 after the unveiling of the Vimy Memorial, my wife and I were graciously invited for tea with Lord and Lady Astor in a group of some fifty Canadians. When I reminded her of the above incident she exclaimed, "That soldier got completely better and has a successful business ten miles away!" She rushed to the phone and called him. He joined us at the tea hour.

Lady Astor visited Toronto as the guest of one of Canada's great surgeons, Dr. Herbert Bruce, and Mrs. Bruce, at Government House when Dr. Bruce was Lieutenant-Governor. It was characteristic that Lady Astor should ask for her old friends and so we had a reunion of about forty of those who had served at Taplow Hospital. The evening was completely informal. It was the kind of "talk fest" or "nose rub" that old soldiers love. The days of Cliveden were again lived over. When my turn came to tell a tale of those far away days I naturally told the story of Lady Astor seizing the arm of King George V and exclaiming, "Come along King, you have been there long enough." To which she added that having had some experience of His Majesty, she realized that unless they were firm they wouldn't be able to get him round the hospital.

When Sir Julian Byng was Commander of the Canadian Corps he issued an order, "No officer should pick up other

ranks." When I read this order I felt that it should not apply to a chaplain, as troops carrying fifty-six pound packs would not look with favour on a chaplain passing them up with a big Cadillac car. The next morning at 5 a.m. I left for the front, parking the car at the west gates of Arras. I spent the day visiting troops in the front line. About 4 p.m. I was back at the car and with my driver turned west. It began to rain, then it poured. Suddenly we came upon five Tommies slogging along in the mud with their heavy packs. What should I do, pass them up and obey orders? Out of my subconscious self there came the recollection of a lecture given in the very earliest days of the war by General Alderson, the first Commander of the Canadians, to his chaplains. He ended a very sage address by saying, "Ninety-nine per cent of the time a chaplain can be a good soldier. But once in awhile a situation arises where you cannot be a good soldier and a good chaplain at the same time. When that time arises my advice is to forget soldiering and be a good chaplain." I decided there was only one thing to do if I were to be a good chaplain and that was to pick up those Tommies. I ordered my driver to stop and we picked them up much to their relief and joy. The downpour was just a shower and in fifteen minutes the sun was shining.

Looking to the west we saw someone coming over a hill-top half a mile away on horseback with two horsemen riding behind. It looked for all the world like General Byng with his two A.D.C.'s. My courage almost failed me. My first impulse was to turn around and run away. I concluded that would be acting the part of neither a good soldier nor a good chaplain. There was nothing for it but to face the music. My heart sank to my boots as the three horsemen drew near. It was General Byng!

When one practically loves a man, one feels a bit of a rotter to hurt him. I had, as all other Canadians, a tremendous admiration for General Byng. To disappoint him as I knew I surely would, made me feel almost panicky.

At last we drew abreast. I asked the driver to stop the car. I stepped out and saluted. I could see he was greatly disturbed and possibly angry. He looked down from his horse and said,

"Fallis did you read my order yesterday?"

"Yes sir, I did."

After an appallingly awkward silence he continued:

"Fallis I'm bitterly disappointed in you. I thought you were a soldier. What have you to say for yourself?"

It was then I played my trump card relying on his insight and sense of fitness. I looked up into his fine face and answered:

"Sir, I'm a rotten soldier but I'm a good padre."

A droll smile broke over his stern face. My heart bounded with relief when he replied, "You are perfectly right. Those lads would think you were a H—— of a padre had you passed them up in that cloudburst. I'll have the order amended not to include padres."

In 1918 I had an appointment with General Sir Arthur Currie, our Corps Commander. It was for two o'clock just after lunch. When I arrived at his headquarters there stood on the steps a young captain covered with decorations. He clicked his heels and gave me the most punctilious of salutes. We had a saying in the Canadian army that a good sergeant-major was often spoiled when he was given a commission. He could never completely throw off his rigid discipline of himself and take on the ease of a so-called "gentleman officer." I passed up the steps and Willis O'Connor, the A.D.C. to General Currie, ushered me into the presence of the Corps Commander. He was exceptionally genial and I took the liberty of asking him who the young officer was who had saluted so punctiliously. I told him he had spoiled a good sergeant-major when he gave him a commission.

General Currie rose and opening the door looked curiously down the corridor, then laughingly exclaimed, "You damn fool, Padre, that's the Prince of Wales!"

Sir Arthur Currie, like many generals, developed a deep religious consciousness as his responsibilities grew more grave. General Currie inspired all his chaplains by coming out boldly and asking for confirmation. At a never-to-be-forgotten service before his officers and men he received confirmation at the hands of Bishop de Pencier. It was a fine, even brave, thing to do as he was a man well over fifty.

I once left Canadian Corps Headquarters with my little Holy Communion field set over my shoulder. General Byng was chatting with General Farmer. Suddenly he called after me, "Padre, when you pray for your men don't forget your general."

A rare reward of my life was born of an accident that might have proved fatal to one of our greatest British generals in

World War I. Sir Henry Wilson was flying to Paris. I was motoring to visit our Canadian hospital at St. Cloud. The plane made a forced landing not two hundred yards from the main road from Montreuil to Beauvais and Paris. He was out of the plane like a shot and without a moment's delay hailed my car. He asked me if I were going to Paris. When I told him I was, he, in a gracious humorous manner said he would be most grateful if I would take him on as a little "extra baggage." I say "humorously" advisedly. He was fully six feet three and in his greatcoat looked like a giant stalking through the land.

He was most sociable and had a rare gift of conversation. As we approached St. Denis gate into Paris he said: "Padre, you have been very kind to me when I really needed a friend. I will give you a great confidence. I am going immediately to an Armistice Conference of the allies here in Paris. I expect you are the first padre in France who knows the war will be over in a few days." I had just left headquarters and am certain the rank and file of officers and men there hadn't the slightest notion that the war would be over and the Germans surrendering before another week.

I believe five hundred years from now the muse of history will place the name of Woodrow Wilson above all names of the twentieth century. He will be credited with sowing the seed that eventually brought about world order.

Alas, even the great are targets for public fickleness! Woodrow Wilson was no exception to the rule. When he made his first arrival in Paris I was there. He was greeted by over a million people. He was accepted by the vast throng as the veritable saviour of France. Along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, past the Arc de Triomphe, down the Champs Elysées, carriage after carriage rolled along. The President of France was in the first carriage with President Wilson. Mrs. Wilson, with the first lady of France, rode second in the procession. The French army, navy and airforce, formed guards of honour: a dozen bands played: the day was glorious. The tricolour of France and the Stars and Stripes were affectionately floating side by side on every public building. Red, white and blue wrapped a thousand standards. The throng was simply wild in its enthusiastic welcome to the President of the United States. I was guest of a French countess and from the second floor balcony could look down the wide beautiful

Champs Elysées on a million French. It was awe-inspiring and heart-warming and seemed to speak of a new day and an assurance that the League of Nations would be a fact in world order.

Then came the tragic days familiar to all students of modern history. The shrewdness of Clemenceau, the adroitness of Lloyd George, the pettiness of the Italian premier, and above all the political crucifixion going on in the United States of the great President by leaders of a senate with Republican control of foreign policy.

When Mr. Wilson left for home, by sheer coincidence I was in Paris. I was taking a train at the same station from which his special train was leaving. The throng of a million that had welcomed him a few months before had melted away. There were no flags. There was no cheering. There was a bodyguard but only eighteen people saw him off for the United States. It has been said, "Woodrow Wilson died of a broken heart." I imagine if the time could be determined it would be found that the great President's heart broke that day on a train between Paris and Cherbourg.

November the eleventh dawned cloudy and cold. Most November days go to the bone in France. As one walked up the cobbled streets of an old-fashioned town, he saw the Maire posting on a sign-board just before the Hotel de Ville these words: "L'Allemagne a signé l'armistice" (Germany signs the Armistice).

The simple French folk read this strange intelligence and stared at each other in wonderment. The news seemed incredible—too good to be true. This old town, so quaint, so quiet, so staid, so ancient, could not realize that the war was over. There was not the usual French gesticulation. For fully half an hour the crowd read and re-read the bulletin as if dead. They were like the Scotch folk, there was not the slightest trace of emotion. Suddenly, as if springing from some mysterious source, a group of blue-coated French soldiers swung into the little square. As the crowd gazed, "La Marseillaise" floated out strong on the morning air.

In a moment the whole scene changed. The crowd cheered wildly for Foch and Haig. The little band played British, American, Italian and Belgian national airs. These were punctuated by uproarious cheers for each of the Allies. Every one smiled; the French custom of handshaking everywhere

prevailed. The crowd grew; knots of people filled all corners on the square. Tongues were loosened, hands and arms waved in fervent gesticulation. Flags came out in hundreds. Tanks, automobiles, lorries, carriages, buggies, carts, bicycles, baby carriages, go-carts, pedestrians—all were heavy with flags. Bells, whistles, horns, sirens, gas-alarms, vied with each other in their joy. It was the breaking loose of the spirit of a noble people—a spirit that had been pent up for nearly five years. The war was over!

Bells pealed out the glorious news from the church near the square. There stood the English guard, but a change had come over him. A familiarity never dreamed of during active warfare had already asserted itself. The punctilious click of the heels and slope arms had disappeared. He even grinned as he said, "Good morning." The news had made him feel like a human soul; the old experience of being merely a cog in a vast machine had passed away forever, officers had lost their rigidity, Tommies had lost their restraint. Generals were shaking hands with orderlies, sergeants and corporals were chatting with their superiors as if rank had never been. Even the barber, who had carried on his duties in a tiny corner of the inner court, congratulated generals on the part they had played in bringing about the victory.

By four o'clock of the afternoon of November eleventh, 1918, every village and town in France and Belgium was ecstatically happy and a joy akin to frenzy possessed Paris and Brussels.

The war was over. All hearts were bursting with thanksgiving. The Canadians might go back to home and native land.

Chapter VI

RETURN AND REHABILITATION

"Impossible be damned!" What a motto for a Canadian military unit! One of the most beloved generals in World War I was Leo Embury, C.B., D.S.O., of Regina, Saskatchewan. He took the original 28th Battalion overseas, later commanded a Brigade, and when the Canadian Section was organized at General Headquarters (Haig's Headquarters) General Embury was chosen by the Canadian Government to be General Officer Commanding. After the war he became a most colourful judge in Saskatchewan.

General Embury asked one of his younger officers—an officer at least fifteen years his junior to go over a section of the front and gather some information. It was a very hot spot. The younger officer did not lack courage, indeed he had been wounded earlier and won a Military Cross. He might have remained in Blighty but immediately returned to his unit so his courage was unquestioned. However after several hours he returned to report to General Embury. With his quick staccato voice General Embury exclaimed, "Herbert, did you get the information I need?" Herbert dejectedly replied, "General, it was impossible." "Impossible be damned!" the General exclaimed, and seizing his Sam Browne belt, had it on in a flash and was gone. Four hours later he returned with a full reconnaissance. Ever after "Impossible be damned" was the watchword of many an officer when he had an assignment difficult and dangerous. Years after I met a Canadian who had given a wonderful account of himself in the two decades following the war. I congratulated him on his great success. He had become a really outstanding Canadian and among many achievements was Chancellor of McGill University. He

had a shy smile always in front line days. It was still there as he said, "Padre, it all started the day General Embury said, 'Herbert, impossible be damned'!" I am a padre and padres are not supposed to use bad language but many a time when a demon whispered to me, "It is impossible," General Embury's staccato voice would boom out, "Impossible be damned!" and gathering my resources together the task was done. Now that I think of it, Padre or not, "Impossible be damned" is a very good slogan for any young person beginning life's journey provided the goals are worthy.

After Armistice General Embury and others in responsible positions met a new set of circumstances. The men of the forces were all eager to return home and many had been away so long it seemed the only object left in life, but the transport ships were insufficient and often tardy. So the Canadian Embarkation Camp was organized, and The Battle of Demobilization or Rehabilitation was begun.

General Embury sent for me one morning and said, "Fallis, I believe this is your job. You and your chaplains get some good speeches ready, organize sports and entertainments, and mix with those impatient homesick heroes and prevent rowdyism. We don't want any rioting now over who's going home first." So the days passed busily from Armistice, November 11, 1918, until the last Canadian left the Embarkation Camp.

A bright Sunday in May, 1919, saw the last of the Canadian Corps in France. It was a long way from far off Canada to the Rhine, but the Canadians had come and gone. There had been a steady stream through Havre since New Year's Day. Five divisions of artillery and four of infantry, four battalions of machine gunners, four brigades of engineers, fifteen battalions each of forestry and railway troops, hospitals and casualty clearing stations—all were gone, and the great work of the Canadian embarkation camp was completed.

Nature was kind. Spring, long delayed, had come and sun, sky and sea combined to make a glorious day. In the waiting hours, knots of men chatted of the days that were gone. In the huts and by the roadsides, men who had fought at Passchendaele, Vimy Ridge, Cambrai and in a dozen other battles, spoke of home as a coming paradise.

With boundless parental pride a dozen photos of family groups were shown. One had thought to cap the home tales

by producing a photograph of a son over three years of age whom he had never seen. Not to be outdone another lad, with an expression of humour, showed a photo of two babies he had never seen. They were twins.

An Irish comedian with a beaming countenance slapped his pal on the back, exclaiming, "Where are you going?" The answer came quickly, "Canada." "Say it again!" said the Irishman. "Canada!" "And again!" "Canada." "And yet once again!" "Canada!" He was then asked why he wished to hear it so many times. "Ah," he said, "it sounds good!" And the crowd shrieked approval.

In the officers' mess, comrades of the long struggle took a final cup of cheer together. Senior officers gravely discussed repatriation and soldiers' civil re-establishment. Then came the last meal. The men with their mess tins skipped along like lambs for their evening ration. Officers seemed filled with a great joy, and all were imbued with a delightful comradeship.

An enterprising padre had arranged a farewell service for six o'clock. Never had soldiers sung with such spirit, never were gladness and thanksgiving so apparent on all faces. The padre spoke his final message and announced a hymn:—

> Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
> With one accord our parting hymn of praise.

As the last note of the last verse died away, the bugle sounded, "fall in," and the last service was over, and the last parade called. Two thousand men stood at attention. N.C.O.'s voices rang out their orders. Officers took their respective posts and the last roll was called. There was a sharp command of "form fours," "right turn," "quick march," and in columns of four the last fighting Canadian units moved off for the quay, the boat and their native land.

At ten came the final scene. The cables were cast off, a shrill whistle was heard, then a clanging of bells. The screws began to churn the Seine, and as twilight faded into night, the "ship" put out to sea and was soon lost to view.

Standing on the quay, I felt a thousand memories of our four years surge through my mind—Givenchy, Festubert, the Second Battle of Ypres, Sanctuary Wood, Maple Copse, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Hill 70, Passchendaele, Amiens, Drocourt-Queant Line, Canal du Nord, Bourlon Wood,

Cambrai, Valenciennes and finally Mons. The great fighting machine built up by General Alderson, Sir Julian Byng and Sir Arthur Currie was no more.

Turning, I saw a Frenchman. For a moment he stood in silence, then his lips moved and he was heard to say: "Canadiens! Bon soldats!"

With the final scene at the quay that Sunday evening, there came to the officers remaining a long anticipated opportunity to plan their own trips home. General Ross and I attended to the closing duties of our respective commands as Chief M.O. and A.D.C.S. and then took a three weeks "Leave," visiting Ireland and Italy. The currency was so favourable to us that we had little expense, and a very fine opportunity to observe the conditions of post-war life in the places where we stopped.

An Investiture took place at Buckingham Palace, and I was honoured by King George V hanging the beautiful C.B.E. medallion about my neck, and congratulating me that I had been mentioned three times in Dispatches.

July 19th had been proclaimed a holiday and public celebration for the returned personnel of Canada. I landed in Halifax, was met by my brother-in-law, Harold Hockin, and proceeded immediately to Berwick in the Annapolis Valley.

It was an important day for Berwick because of the success of the Red Cross work of the war years. After Armistice the women had decided to get a worthy cause and continue working as a Unit. Several local doctors became interested and suggested the founding of the West King's Memorial Hospital. The project was accepted, and I had the honour of speaking at a mass Peace gathering on their beautiful Camp Grounds that afternoon, when the public announcement of the new Hospital for West King's County was made and the first tags and subscriptions started. It has proven a very worthy cause and has kept enthusiastic support over the years.

I had written my Conference and asked to be left without a church for the remainder of the year—but in demobilizing, the Army sent every man back where he had signed up, so I went to Toronto and back to Kamloops and demobilized. I was offered Dr. Sam Fallis' cottage in Muskoka for September, and my wife and two children joined me for a delightful holiday at Bala. We visited our relatives as opportunity arose during the autumn days, and I lectured all over Essex County.

After Christmas we went to Chicago where I registered as a Post-Graduate at the Divinity School. We found an apartment near the University and the University Nursery School, and the children as well as their parents really enjoyed that winter term when we were reunited and all going to school, at least part time.

As a student in the University of Chicago I was sent out to make a survey of Hull House, the centre of Jane Addam's great work. Miss Addams told me the secret of her success was that she believed in the potentialities for good in most human souls. A newspaper reporter interviewed her and his leading question was, "What is your working hypothesis here in Hull House?", to which she replied, "I believe in the innate fineness of most people, especially children." The reporter cynically smiled at her faith. The telephone rang and a message came into Hull House telling of little children in a certain section of Chicago who were hungry and needed shoes and stockings to meet a sudden cold spell in late October. She challenged the reporter to come with her and to make a survey. He agreed.

Visiting a store she bought two dozen American Beauty roses. Visiting a bake shop she bought two dozen buns. Proceeding, they eventually reached the needy children. With every confidence she placed on one side of the sidewalk a basket holding two dozen buns, and on the other, a basket containing two dozen roses. She then told the children that they might pass between the two baskets and take either a bun or a rose. Her face glowed with pride as she said, "The children did not let me down. Believe me, every last rose was taken before a single bun was touched." This experience with a truly great woman made a profound impression on my own outlook on humanity.

I took time to be interested in Art, and read Edney's *Aesthetics* in which he teaches the ideal of the artist is not his until he expresses it, and the more vitally he expresses it the more vividly it is his own. I came to believe the ideals of a Christian are not his in reality until expressed in action. So many people saw human need, felt human need, and then did nothing about it. I came to see that I could not be a vital Christian until I acted what I intellectually saw and emotionally felt was Christlike.

I was sometimes thrilled at reports of Christians in action. I heard a world famous missionary speak in Chicago. He told

of a young medical missionary who had given his life to Arabia. He was highly trained, being graduated from one of the leading medical schools of the United States.

One day there was brought into his medical tent a little girl who had been frightfully scalded between the shoulder blades. In vain did the young doctor try to explain to these bedouins of the desert that someone must expose his body and give skin for a skin-graft. In their ignorance they could not understand. Not despairing, finally baring his own body, he took from between his thigh and his knee, with his own lance, the skin required for the delicate operation.

Some weeks after, another missionary was preaching to a group of Arabians. He was telling how Jesus went about healing people and how finally He had died for them. After the service a rugged tribesman approached the missionary and said, "That man you have been telling us about is not dead. I saw him healing a little child frightfully burned about three weeks ago."

Upon investigation it was found the tribesman was speaking of the medical missionary who had performed the skin-graft at such painful sacrifice to himself. It was quite plain that all his knowledge and skill gained at a great medical school and all his sympathy for the burned child would have been of no avail had he not had the disciplined will to apply his knowledge and give outlet for his sympathy.

This story told dramatically by a great orator profoundly affected me. I concluded Christianity to be vital must move out of the field of theory into the field of practice.

A very impressive story appeared in the *Christian Century*. It, too, concerned a medical missionary married to a young woman. This young couple went to China and here their two children were born. After seven years their furlough had arrived. With the greatest anticipation they thought of the homeland they had not seen for seven years. Arriving at the coast port from which they were to sail, they were met by their bishop and requested to postpone their furlough and go to a mission field on an island in the Pacific where a plague was destroying the people by hundreds. The young medical missionary asked for a day to think about it and confer with his wife.

The next day he returned to his bishop to say they would go. He served for fifteen months and completely eradicated the cause of the disease that was mowing down the native inhabitants. However, his wife's health was undermined and he had buried one of their little children who had been a victim of the dread disease.

The missionary and his wife returned on furlough to the eastern part of the United States. He was offered a high post in a medical college. This he refused and prepared to return to China. He spent most of his year at home doing post-graduate work. His medical friends intervened and pleaded with him to give up his work and take up the lucrative proffered post. In vain did they argue that he had already made great sacrifices and done his share. They reminded him of the child he had lost. But he was immovable. Finally in distraction one of a group chatting with him asked boldly why he was so adamant on going back to the insanitary conditions and difficulties of the work in China.

For a moment there was silence. Then with great humility he replied, "I'm going back because I have Jesus Christ in my heart."

I was more than ever convinced that Christianity must be lived—acted, to be real.

As Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, faced a group of post-graduate students, of which I was one, for the last time, he gave them a few words of good wishes and with a benign smile left his class-room, only to return in a moment. On his return he said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to tell you of a strange experience I had some six months ago. I was called to a city, on the Pacific Coast, as hilly as Naples. I went to give special lectures in a university for two weeks. Upon my arrival, I was met by a professor who told me that I was to stay with one of the millionaires of the city, who had known me when I was a boy playing on the Boston Commons."

He continued: "I was ushered into a great automobile and the liveried chauffeur drove me to a mansion, situated on a high point, giving one of the most glorious views that I had ever seen. At the dinner hour, my host arrived at his home and I discovered he was a decidedly one talent man. After

dinner, he told me the story of his life on the Pacific Coast. He had come to the western city with a team of horses and a scraper at the time when hundreds of streets were being constructed. He told me how his team became one thousand teams and finally ended his story by saying: 'I made my millions by pulling down the hills of this city with scrapers.' "

Continuing his story, the Dean said further: "I went to bed that night angry at life. The largest salary I had ever had was totally inadequate. For thirty years I had been dean in a great university and all that it could give me was my daily bread.

"During my two weeks' stay in that home the spirit of rebellion possessed me. I was certain life had treated me very shabbily. When I left to come home to my duties in this university, I was glad to leave the scene of my distractions. However, within fifty miles of home I had a vision of my own life. I remembered that I had written twenty-two books. I recalled having visited Oxford and the Sorbonne and great German universities, to see some of my books translated and on the shelves of great libraries. I remembered that thousands of students had passed through my hands and that my good wife had kept a file and that recently she had told me there were five thousand letters in that file, from the very ends of the earth, from graduates thanking me for the services I had rendered in giving them direction for life. Fact after fact of my own life came before my mind. Finally I found myself back here on the university campus and as I entered the door of my own office, inwardly I thanked God that I had not made millions 'pulling down hills with scrapers.' "

Again the dean passed from the room and again he returned and, standing in the doorway, he raised his hand as if in benediction and said: "Gentlemen, I may never see you again but, whatever you do, don't let the street lamps blot out the stars."

By June, 1920, we had attended Conference in Vancouver and were settled in the Parsonage of the Sixth Avenue Methodist Church. The Board had an option on a lot which the young people were using as a tennis court. Meanwhile the Board searched for a better site and after careful study secured the property where Canadian Memorial Church now stands.

In September I joined Rotary and, in turn, was Director and Vice-President of Vancouver Rotary Club. I was a speaker at District Conferences at Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland, Victoria and at the World Convention at St. Louis.

In 1920, I was Chairman, Settlement Committee of the B.C. Conference.

In 1921, March 28th, Frederick Brewister Fallis was born in Vancouver.

In 1922, Canadian Memorial Hall was built and opened February 18, 1923.

The old church was sold in 1923 just two weeks previously and services were held two Sunday evenings in Lord Tennyson School.

The Parsonage, at 1825 16th Avenue West, was bought in the spring of 1925 and occupied by the family that September.

On June 10, 1925, The United Church of Canada was legally constituted by the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches in Canada.

Chapter VII

CANADIAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL

The Canadian Memorial planned for Vancouver called for two related projects. For these two competitions were held. All plans were sent to Professor C. H. C. Wright, Head of the Department of Architecture in the University of Toronto, who kindly acted as assessor.

The first project was for a memorial hall, or parish house, where Sunday School and social activities could be carried on. Professor Wright made his award in favour of McCarter & Nairn. In February, 1923, the first unit in the form of a splendid community memorial hall was opened. The spacious gymnasium in the Memorial Hall was transformed into a Church each week-end for Sunday Services. On my return from my lecture tour on "The Problem of Peace," September 8, 1925, the plans for the erection of The Memorial Chapel were formulated.

After five years of working and waiting and planning, the second competition was held for the Memorial Chapel, and the award was given to Messrs. Twizell & Twizell, by the decision of Professor Wright. Fourteen architects competed.

In the plans and specifications governing the architects competing, it was laid down that there should be ten windows, one for each Province, and the Yukon Territory; also a chancel window symbolizing sacrifice; and an All-Canada window depicting the history and life of Canada.

The architect had designated a religious motif in each window, underneath this motif the provincial coat-of-arms, and on either side of the coat-of-arms an historical incident of the Province.

What the religious motifs of these windows should be was a problem. I decided to read the Bible searching for stories. Day after day I went out to the ocean at the extreme tip of Point Grey, below where the University of British Columbia now stands, and read the Sacred Word. Whenever I found a story that emphasized world brotherhood or the soldier as he was, I made note of it. When I had finished my research I had seventy illustrations.

One beautiful afternoon I read them all, carefully eliminating this one and that one. When they were collected, there were exactly ten. Studying them carefully I found that there was a genetic idea running through them. I arranged them and was so impressed that I hurried back to Canadian Memorial Hall and called Mr. R. P. Twizell, the architect. Meantime I wrote on a blackboard the sequence of stories to go in these windows. Mr. Twizell arrived and I showed him the result of my studies. He was profoundly moved.

The four original Provinces of Confederation—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were put in the transepts.

Prince Edward Island (the far East); British Columbia (the far West); Yukon (the far North), on the east side of the nave: with Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta (the prairie Provinces) on the west side. The sequence runs as follows:

Ontario: "The Nativity"—symbolizing, A Call to Peace.

Quebec: "The Call of the Disciples"—symbolizing, Enlistment.

Prince Edward Island: "David and his Valiant Soldiers"—symbolizing, The Sacrifices the Soldiers Made.

British Columbia: "The Story of the Centurion"—symbolizing, The Faith of the Soldier.

Yukon: "Jonathan and David"—symbolizing, The Love the Soldiers bore each other.

Manitoba: "Jacob Mourning for Joseph"—symbolizing, The Mourning of the Home Folk for Their Lost Loved Ones.

Saskatchewan: "Peter's Vision"—symbolizing, Universal Brotherhood.

Alberta: "The Vision of Democracy"—symbolizing, A Warless World.

New Brunswick: "The Sermon on the Mount"—symbolizing, Blessed are the Peacemakers.

Nova Scotia: "The Empty Tomb of the Risen Lord"—symbolizing, The Immortality of those who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

A competition was also held for the execution of the memorial windows. Leading stained glass window manufacturers of Canada, the United States and Great Britain, competed. The assessor made the award to a Canadian firm—the Robert McCausland Company of Toronto.

I had the honour of conducting Lord Willingdon, when he was Governor-General of Canada, through Canadian Memorial Chapel. After I explained to him the strange sequence running from window to window he looked at me and said: "It is not strange to me. I think you were led by the Holy Spirit of God."

The raising of the money for these windows was one of the most unique experiences of my life. My guide, philosopher and friend at this time was Mr. Chris Spencer, C.B.E., head of the great department stores of British Columbia, David Spencer Ltd. He advised me, in order that there might be national significance to the chapel, to go across Canada and interview lieutenant-governors, premiers, statesmen and leaders of each Province, asking them to underwrite the windows. He suggested that I begin at Victoria, the capital of our own Province of British Columbia. However, I shall never forget the inspiration given me by Mr. Spencer when he said: "Any good man will want to help you in this beautiful movement. Others you need not worry about."

The British Columbia Window

With fear and trembling I made my first visit on this enterprise to Victoria. Lieut.-Governor, the Hon. Walter C. Nichol was out of the capital for a few days. The Premier was the Hon. John Oliver, who unreservedly commended the movement. He said: "I am a poor man but I should like to subscribe the first hundred dollars towards the British Columbia window." I interviewed several men in public life in Victoria and had a most cordial reception.

When the Hon. Walter Nichol returned I required twelve hundred dollars more to underwrite the window. He invited me to meet him at his club, and was full of enthusiasm for what I wished to do. After lunch he said: "You are going to be a very busy person visiting all the Provinces. I will underwrite the balance for the British Columbia window." He added, "Now that you have finished B.C., I should advise you to go to Prince Edward Island, and if you get the support of the far

West and the far East I am sure the Provinces in between will respond."

It is sad to relate that subsequently Mr. Nichol became ill and eventually died. I received a letter from one of the trust companies in Victoria asking me what the balance on the B.C. window was, as Mr. Nichol had left instructions that it was to be paid out of his estate. To me this was one of the finest touches in the building of the Chapel. I feel Chaucer's line "A verray, parfit, gentil knyght" describes the Honourable, Walter Nichol.

The Prince Edward Island Window

In the dead of winter, 1928, I left Vancouver for Charlottetown. No one even knew I was coming to "The Island." However, the late Judge Shaw of Vancouver gave me a letter of introduction to his brother-in-law, Captain McLeod, who was the skipper on board the ice-breaker between the mainland and Prince Edward Island. Captain McLeod really did something to me crossing from Cape Tormentine to Borden. His kind hospitality on the ship led me to believe that the Prince Edward Islanders would understand my mission. It seems incredible, but I landed in Prince Edward Island on a Saturday, preached to a vast congregation in the First United Church on Sunday, spoke on Sunday night over the radio, and Monday contacted Lt.-Col. Dan MacKinnon of fox farm fame and a friend of war days, who saw that I was received by the Lieut.-Governor, the Hon. Frank R. Heartz. The latter kindly called together at Government House a group of leading citizens as a general committee.

On Wednesday I was on the boat going back to the mainland with a very happy heart. Prince Edward Islanders were really thrilled with the idea of Canadian Memorial Chapel and were eager to be the second Province to subscribe for their window.

The Nova Scotia Window

On my arrival at Halifax I was greeted by a very great friend, Rev. Dr. Hamilton Wigle. The Lieut.-Governor, the Hon. James Tory, referred me to the Premier, the Hon. Edgar M. Rhodes, who gave me his blessing and submitted a list of citizens to be interviewed. Col. Oxley arranged the introduc-

tions. I visited Yarmouth, Kentville and Truro, and in all places was met with cordiality. In Yarmouth Mr. Eric H. Spinney, a grandson of one of the Fathers of Confederation, said he called it one of the privileges of his life to help erect the Nova Scotia window.

The New Brunswick Window

In New Brunswick I was travelling from Saint John to Fredericton to interview the Lieut.-Governor and the Premier. A gentleman, tall, handsome and distinguished-looking, walked down the aisle smiling and said, "As there are only two of us we'd better get acquainted." I told him of my mission to the Maritimes and of the success I had had so far. He gave me a letter of introduction to the Lieut.-Governor. "I must get off at the next station," he said, "I'd like to be a subscriber to the New Brunswick window in the Canadian Memorial Chapel." After he got off the train I unfolded the bit of blue paper and it was a cheque for five hundred dollars.

As Mr. McLean left the train it suddenly dawned on him that I had been the chaplain who had buried the son of a Mr. O'Leary of Richibucto. He was so certain that he called him by long distance to ask if the chaplain who had buried his son was named Fallis. He replied in the affirmative. Mr. McLean then told him that I would be speaking in Saint John at the Admiral Beattie Hotel the following Thursday.

One realizes the depth of feeling in the heart of parents when they will travel hundreds of miles to meet the person who laid their loved one away. Mr. O'Leary travelled all the way from Richibucto to Saint John, and showed me a letter I had written in the fall of 1915 from Ploegstreet Wood where I had laid his son away in a cemetery called Le Rossignol. Trooper O'Leary was a Catholic. I could not find a Roman Catholic priest to bury him, and of course under such circumstances a Protestant chaplain must do his duty. So I tried all the harder to compose a letter of insight and comfort to a father and mother of another faith.

Mr. O'Leary then told me he had two brothers in the Roman Catholic Church, one the Archbishop of Prince Edward Island, and the other the Archbishop of Edmonton. As we parted he drew from his pocket a letter which he asked me to read at my convenience. It was just a short note to say

that Mr. McLean had told him about Canadian Memorial Chapel, and that he felt I was building a memorial not only for the Protestants but also for the Catholics of Canada and that he would be grateful if I would accept the attached cheque as a subscription.

Years after, on a sunny day which made the Chapel seem all alive with beauty, I saw two distinguished-looking gentlemen standing before the New Brunswick window. As they turned I noticed that both were wearing the purple of an archbishop. I greeted them and they revealed that they were the brothers of Mr. O'Leary of Richibucto, New Brunswick, and that they were viewing the window that their brother had written about and told them to see.

Another interesting prophecy of the Ecumenical Church was that two of the leading Roman Catholics of Vancouver, His Honour Mr. Justice Denis Murphy and Mr. James D. McCormack, received dispensations from their bishop to attend the opening service of Canadian Memorial Chapel. At the close, in shaking hands with my good friend Judge Murphy he smilingly said, "I am a good Catholic this morning as I am here with the blessing of my bishop."

Fredericton, Saint John and Moncton all responded to my appeal. Mr. Howard P. Robinson gave me great assistance. I was about to leave Saint John when I received a telegram asking me if I would go to Halifax again and address a dinner meeting of the service clubs, adding up to six hundred men. The Duncan report on The Maritimes was then in preparation, and they asked me to speak on "What's Wrong with the Maritimes?" I cannot recall what I said in my address but I prized very much an editorial that appeared the next day in the Halifax *Chronicle*. It began with these words: "We are thankful that there is at least one man west of Montreal who understands the Maritimer."

The Quebec Window

On my arrival in Montreal I interviewed an old friend, Col. Herbert Molson, Chancellor of McGill University. Col. Molson and I had been in the same mess at Canadian Section, General Headquarters of the British Army, at Montreuil. He had gone overseas with the 42nd Highlanders of Montreal, had been wounded and won the Military Cross. He showed

boundless enthusiasm for my dream of Canadian Memorial Chapel, and invited leading Quebec citizens to dinner to hear my story. I spoke for about half an hour on all I wished to see worked into Canadian Memorial Chapel. My address was received with real enthusiasm. Col. Molson produced a pad of counter-cheques, passed them around the table and said: "Gentlemen, I am ready to support the Padre. I invited you here because I believed you would like to share with me the privilege of erecting the Quebec window. If you wish to subscribe, use the counter-cheque." He then sat down and wrote his own cheque. The cheques were collected, and Col. Molson placed them in a long envelope. When I arrived back at the Windsor Hotel I opened the envelope and was amazed to find that the Quebec window was oversubscribed by thirty-seven hundred dollars. I phoned Col. Molson next day and he said, "Oh, put it in the building fund. You'll be needing it."

Mr. J. W. McConnell was one of the great leaders for social betterment in Montreal. I had been told that above all people I should see him. My cousin, W. Shepherd Fallis, was president of Sherwin Williams Paint Company. He kindly wrote a note to Mr. McConnell asking him to see me and to name an appointed time. Mr. McConnell phoned to say he would see me the next day at eleven o'clock. At that very time he was heading up a vast movement to raise seven million dollars for the hospitals of Montreal. When I arrived at his office a very genial secretary greeted me and said Mr. McConnell was expecting me, and to sit down. She disappeared through a door, returning in a moment to say that Mr. McConnell was having a meeting of the key men of Montreal on his hospital drive and would I mind waiting for half an hour.

I instantly sensed that it was almost presumptuous to worry him when he had such heavy responsibility. I returned to my cousin's office and wrote him a letter asking him for a hundred dollars towards the Quebec window. He sent his answering letter to my cousin. It was short and crisp and read: "I am enclosing my cheque for two hundred dollars. I was asked for one hundred. One hundred is for the Quebec window, and the other hundred is out of my regard for the common sense of your ministerial cousin in not worrying me when I was so involved with the hospital drive."

The Ontario Window

Arriving in Ontario I interviewed one of the patrons, the Hon. Newton Rowell, P.C., and one of my greatest friends of the war, Captain R. N. Burns, a distinguished chaplain. Mr. Rowell drew up a list of those I should interview in Toronto and Captain Burns arranged the interviews. Sir Edward Kemp, K.C., M.G., who was Overseas Minister for Canada during the greater part of the war, wrote me a cheque for one thousand dollars. He made one stipulation, however, and that was that I would send him a set of pictures of the Chapel when it was completed. The pictures in due course were sent to him at a time when his own church, Sherbourne Street, was about to be reconstructed. He was so impressed with the pictures that he had a set of slides made and showed them to the congregation. He told me later that the loveliness of these pictures was a determining factor in bringing new beauty into an old church of Romanesque style of architecture.

I left feeling that my native Province had stood by me nobly in that they had more than underwritten the Ontario window. I must bear tribute to the kindness of Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University and Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D. LL.D.

The Manitoba Window

Possibly nowhere in Canada was I met with more enthusiasm for Canadian Memorial Chapel than in Winnipeg, for here I had the good fortune of enlisting the leadership of Captain Archibald Brown, D.S.O., M.C., son of the Hon. Edward S. Brown. Archie Brown was one of the most courageous men physically and morally that I had met in the war. I called him my ideal soldier. He, as much as anyone I ever knew, took the war as a great moral crusade. He was wounded and returned to England. After a convalescent leave he was made a staff captain—what might be called "a cushy job." Soon there was a most urgent call for seasoned officers to come back to France. There had been frightful casualties and many a gallant officer had been killed or wounded. Captain Brown gave up his ten dollar a day job, reverted to lieutenant and returned to France, only to have a bullet go right through his body as he led his men in a charge. Miracle of miracles, the bullet missed the heart and both lungs.

Indeed it was some minutes before he knew he had been hit, but loss of blood weakened him and his pals discovered blood staining his tunic, back and front. I kept his picture on my study table in a sterling silver frame for many years as an inspiration for daily living. Captain Brown got together all my old buddies in Winnipeg at a dinner, much as Colonel Molson did in Montreal. They took the whole business off my hands and told me to go visit my sister. After a few days I was invited to a tea at the home of Creasor Crawford, one of my intimates in World War I. There, once again, I met many old friends and their wives. It was an hour of glorious reunion that only returned men can experience. My good friend, Captain Archie Brown, made a neat little speech and told me that I could go on my way as the Manitoba window had been underwritten.

The Saskatchewan Window

Proceeding to Saskatchewan, I was again on home territory as I had lived in Regina as a student missionary from 1904 to 1907. However I went first to Saskatoon to interview His Honour the Lieut.-Governor, H. E. Munroe, who had been Lieut.-Colonel in the Canadian Army Medical Corps overseas, and was an army friend. Above all, he was a lover of the soldiers whom I was endeavouring to immortalize in Canadian Memorial Chapel. He was graciousness itself and gave me a good deal of his precious time. He sent me to interview President Murray of the University of Saskatchewan, and no man could have been more deeply interested in the project. He felt that Scotland had produced more great men for its population than possibly any other part of the world because memorials all over the land told each rising Scottish generation of the greatness of their past. I was touched when he told me that he would like to subscribe to the Saskatchewan window not only in his own name but in the name of his late great friend, Judge McLorg, who had done so much for northern Saskatchewan.

Another good friend who had been in my old battalion of 1915 made it very pleasant during my stay in Saskatoon. He was Col. Robert Wallace Caswell. He made arrangements for me to speak to the Canadian Club of which he was president.

Friends in Regina were Mr. T. D. Brown, K.C., Col. J. A. Cross, D.S.O., and Mr. David Balfour, who were especially loyal in their help. In Moose Jaw, I had the unstinted support of Rev. Capt. Edward Church who had been a most successful chaplain in France. He took me into his home and made appointments for me to meet a group of good citizens.

The Alberta Window

With a glad heart I went to Edmonton. Judge William Legh Walsh greeted me most cordially. His son had been a lieutenant in my old battalion of 1915. He sent me to the Premier, Mr. Brownlee, with his blessing. When I told him of my great success across Canada he smiled and said: "Well, it certainly is up to Alberta to do her part." He drew up a list of those that he thought should be interviewed, and commended me to a very outstanding medical man, Dr. Edgar Allin. His interest knew no bounds. He was the first subscriber to the Alberta window after the Premier. I told him I thought if he gave one hundred dollars it would be his share, and he said, "Oh no, I should give at least two hundred."

Dr. Allin telephoned one of the leading merchants of Edmonton, Mr. W. T. Henry, and said to him that he must see me. I saw as I entered his office that he was a bit annoyed and considered my visit something of an intrusion. He asked me to be brief, but as I unfolded to him the conception of Canadian Memorial Chapel I could see his interest growing, and I asked him to subscribe at least one hundred dollars to the Alberta window. He opened his desk and wrote a cheque for two hundred. He insisted that I come with him to lunch and as I left him, with a twinkle in his eye he said, "You're the only man who ever pried two hundred dollars out of me and made me feel actually good."

Mr. Brownlee told me that he did not wish to submit Calgary names to be interviewed as he thought Mr. Patrick Burns, the elder business man of Alberta, could much better give me the names of outstanding Southern Albertans. I accepted his advice. On my arrival in Calgary it suddenly dawned on me that Mr. Patrick Burns was a very devout Roman Catholic and had just recently been given an outstanding honour by the Pope. It seemed presumptuous to go

to him at all. However I conferred with the Hon. R. B. Bennett and he told me that Mr. Burns had long since outgrown parochial-mindedness and that he counted some of his greatest friends among Protestants.

An appointment was made and I told my story to the cattle king of Western Canada. He was greatly impressed and said he would be very glad to think about the matter and if I would return the next day he would give me a list of those whom he thought should be asked to underwrite Calgary's share of the Alberta window. I returned the following day at the appointed hour of eleven o'clock. Mr. Burns told me that he had thought a great deal about the whole matter and felt that the names he should give me would be those of men who had made the greatest contribution in the development of Calgary and Southern Alberta.

"I have drawn up a list," he said with a quiet smile, "but alas they are all dead, so I have written a cheque for seven hundred dollars, which will be one hundred dollars for each of them." Imagine my joy at meeting such a broad-minded man for as I read the list it was headed by two Methodist ministers, the McDougals, who had been pioneer missionaries. The third name was a Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Father Lacombe, after whom Lacombe, Alberta, was named. Another was Major-General P. B. Strange who was commander of the Northwest Mounted Police in Southern Alberta.

My last visit was to Lethbridge. Here I was greeted by one of my warmest friends of the war, Brigadier-General J. S. Stewart. He had made arrangements for me to speak to the Canadian Club. He and Senator W. A. Buchanan soon saw that Lethbridge played her part.

The Yukon Window

It seemed impractical to go to White Horse or Dawson City away in the far North. I had known Major George Black, M.P., in France. His machine-gunners were a brave formation from the Sourdough country made famous by the Gold Rush and the poems of Robert Service. A two hundred word night letter was sent to Major Black outlining the memorial ideas to be incorporated in Canadian Memorial Chapel and asking for advice as to how to raise the money for the window for the Yukon Territory. I expected a sympathetic reply but

was not prepared for the answer received within forty-eight hours. A short, crisp telegram read, "Order the window. Yukoners will underwrite it." And they did.

The night of the dedication of the window was one of the most colourful as Sourdoughs came from San Francisco, Portland and Seattle to join with British Columbia's ex-Yukoners in seeing Sheriff Charles MacDonald, a typical son of the North, unveil the window and to hear the well-loved Rev. (Capt.) George Pringle, B.A., D.D., of Yukon fame, preach the dedication sermon. It was a reunion never to be forgotten, for Sourdoughs met that Sunday evening, who had not been together since the stirring days of the gold rush. Mrs. George Smith (nee Beatrice Lorne), the Klondike Nightingale, sang Knapp's "Open the Gates of the Temple."

The great task was finished. I had interviewed one hundred and sixty-one leading men all across Canada, and practically every man thought of Canadian Memorial Chapel as a beautiful dream that should be made a reality.

The Chancel Window

Shortly after my return to Vancouver I was invited by the Hon. John Oliver, Premier of British Columbia, to take prayers at the opening of Parliament in Victoria. The opening of the Legislative Assembly in British Columbia is very colourful. The day was beautiful and all Victoria citizens who could secure tickets were in the hall, along with folk from many points in the Province. After the speech from the throne was read by the Lieutenant-Governor the house adjourned. Practically everyone proceeded to the Empress Hotel for tea.

Suddenly I became aware that one of my old friends, a leading business man from Vancouver, was pushing his way through the crowd. I had been his Padre in 1915. He was a handsome man, possibly six foot one, with a noble head, and one of the most immaculately dressed of men—but he was very drunk.

Finally he seized my arm and in a jocular drunken way said, "Padre, I have been out at the races and they've got me drunk." Then like a colonel commanding a battalion, he shouted: "Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce you to my beloved Padre, Colonel Fallis!" There was a hush for a moment, then everyone went on with their chatter. This

didn't suit my friend and again he called them up and made a most embarrassing speech full of personalities.

I whispered to him, calling him by his first name, "Haven't you got a little drink for me up in your bedroom?" I was a teetotaller but thought that this might give me an opportunity to get him and myself out of a very awkward situation. "Sure!" he exclaimed, and taking my arm he almost dragged me through the throng to the elevator. Up in his room I gave him quite a talking to and insisted on him going to bed and sleeping off his intoxicated condition. After awhile he fell into a deep sleep and I left him for my room.

You may wonder what all this has to do with the building of Canadian Memorial Chapel. This incident had a sequence of the very greatest importance. My bedroom phone rang and I was asked to have dinner with a Mrs. C. W. Rogers. The gentleman speaking said his aunt had observed the way I treated the drunken man in the lobby and that she would like to make my acquaintance. At seven o'clock I found myself greeted by a dear little lady in a black satin dress, just brimming over with kindness. We proceeded to the dining-room, I not knowing anything about my hostess except that she was Mrs. Rogers, living at the Empress Hotel. Soon I discovered she was the wife of the late Mr. Rogers, who had made himself well-known in the manufacture of chocolates from a secret recipe. Mr. Rogers was kindness itself and sent thousands of pounds of his choice candy to the B.C. soldiers overseas.

During the meal, as a matter of conversation, I told Mrs. Rogers of my dream about Canadian Memorial Chapel. She was a staunch continuing Presbyterian and it never dawned on me that I should ask her for a subscription for the Chapel. The next evening, while at dinner with my family, the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Rogers in Victoria asking me if I could meet the plane at the airport in the morning if she flew over, as she would like to see what progress had already been made in the erecting of the Chapel. I met her at the plane and she came to our home for breakfast.

The Chapel by this time was taking shape and its pure Gothic lines were very attractive. Rather abruptly Mrs. Rogers said: "My husband was so deeply interested in soldiers. I feel I should like to do something to help you."

Up to this time no provision had been made for the erection of the chancel window which was to be the supreme motif of

the Chapel, depicting the sacrifices made by those who had laid down their lives in the war. Furthermore, the pulpit, which was to be hand carved oak, had not been underwritten as had been the altar, the lectern, the reredos, and other furnishings. I suggested that she might become responsible for the erection of the pulpit.

She answered: "I think I would rather donate the chancel window."

I am not a Calvinist in my theology, but the fact remains that if my friend of my old battalion had not got drunk in Victoria I should likely never have met Mrs. Rogers, and she would not have installed the beautiful window. Possibly God has a way, as the Scriptures say, of making "the ravings of men to praise Him."

The All Canada Window

The great north window depicting the services rendered by all men and women of Canada throughout the war was made possible through the generosity of leading statesmen and other men and women in the public life of Canada.

My Building Committee thought it was wise for me to go to Ottawa as Parliament was in session, and there interview the leaders of Canadian life.

My first endeavour was to interview several cabinet ministers, but to make contact with these exceptionally busy men was no easy task. However, through the great kindness of the Hon. H. H. Stevens, P.C., and the Hon. Layton Ralston, I was able to interview Prime Minister Mackenzie King and three cabinet ministers in one afternoon. It was quite a nervous strain for a humble padre to interview these great men of the Dominion, especially when they were so busy, but they were most gracious and responsive.

Very weary and nervously tired I returned to the Chateau Laurier about six o'clock. In the lobby I met Mr. Wendell Farris, K.C., then a prominent Vancouver lawyer, who often took cases to the Privy Council, and afterwards became Chief Justice in British Columbia. He knew me well and invited me to his room to dinner. As we dined he asked what I had been doing during the day, and I replied that I had interviewed the Prime Minister and three cabinet ministers. He fairly gasped and told me that he had been trying for over a week to make contac twith one minister. "How did you do it?" he exclaimed.

I, smiling, said, "Oh, it's the clerical collar." With flashing eyes he replied, 'Then for goodness' sake lend me the collar and your clerical vest'."

In a few days the story of Canadian Memorial Chapel was quite a topic of conversation among parliamentarians who ate in the Parliamentary Club. The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen thought the idea one worthy of the support of all Canadians. I was greeted in the hall one day by the Hon. Robert Manion, who had been a friend in the war days. He invited me to lunch with him. Imagine my great surprise and delight when I unfolded my napkin to find a cheque for one hundred dollars for Canadian Memorial Chapel. This gift was another illustration of the broad-mindedness of my Roman Caholic friends in that Dr. Manion was a devout Catholic.

While we were still at lunch, General A. D. McRae, C.B., came up behind, put his arms around my neck and said: "Padre, I must do my bit for Canadian Memorial Chapel," and he handed me a cheque for one thousand dollars. It is worthy of note that nearly twenty years afterwards Senator General McRae was buried from Canadian Memorial Chapel.

One other story regarding my visit to Ottawa to interest leaders in the All Canada window must be told.

The Hon. R. B. Bennett, afterwards Viscount Bennett, was Leader of the Opposition. I had met him in connection with The League of Nations work. My cousin, Rev. Dr. Samuel Fallis was his minister in Central Church, Calgary, and he once told me he considered R. B. Bennett the finest layman he had ever met in the church for loyalty, imagination and action. When Central Church was burned in the middle of World War I there went up in smoke one of the finest clubs for soldiers, which was located in the basement of the church. There was almost universal opinion that the church could not be rebuilt until after the war. Dr. Fallis told me that a meeting of the board was called and that Mr. Bennett made a most challenging address, with the result that by a standing vote they decided to rebuild the church immediately and to reestablish the club that had become a focal point for the troops in Calgary.

Mr. Bennett said he would see me on the day that Parliament was idle. I went to his suite and I never forgot his first words: "If you are related to Dr. Sam Fallis you are welcome

here." (I might here interject that when Dr. Fallis died Mr. Bennett was Prime Minister and he left the affairs of state in Ottawa and proceeded to Toronto to attend the funeral of his old pastor of Central Church, Calgary. Dr. Fallis at the time of his death was General Manager of The Ryerson Press for The United Church Publishing House.)

Mr. Bennett touched a button and his secretary appeared in the door. He said abruptly, "Don't let anyone in here for a couple of hours." To my utter amazement he stretched out on a couch with his hands behind his head and said, "I want to ask you a good many questions as a clergyman, for just now I need the viewpoint of a clergyman," and he asked me many questions. I am afraid I answered them very poorly. However, after ordering a cup of tea he asked me what was on my mind and I told him the story of Canadian Memorial Chapel and asked him to subscribe to the All-Canada window. Mr. Bennett was a great Canadian and a great patriot. He was delighted with the idea of Canadian Memorial Chapel and immediately wrote me a very ample cheque. Years afterwards he visited Vancouver. One day my phone rang and he asked me if I had time to show him the Chapel with his sister Mildred. He thought the Chapel "the most beautiful in Canada."

The Reredos

As the reredos was to contain the niche to enclose the *Book of Remembrance*, the architect, Mr. R. P. Twizell, put a great deal of time and thought on the design. Finally the symbolism was worked out in drawings and I was in a position to interview someone who would consider it a great honour to erect a memorial reredos to contain the *Book of Remembrance* upon the pages of which would be inscribed the names of the seventy thousand who lost their lives with the Canadian forces through World War I.

I decided to interview the Honourable S. L. Howe, one of the great public-spirited pioneers of British Columbia. He came to the Chapel and with the drawings in hand we stood in the chancel before the place where the reredos or high altar was to be erected. It was a very serious and profound moment for us both. He revealed the greatness of his manhood when he said: "Do you think I am worthy to do this?" He had lost his own son in the war, who no doubt symbolized for him the

magnificent manhood of Canada. Finally he said: "I shall be honoured to do as you request, but I make one stipulation, that it shall be beautiful, and worthily done."

The Memorial Organ

One of the most inspiring stories to be told about Canadian Memorial Chapel is related to the Organ. There had been no thought of the organ being a special memorial. It was being constructed by the outstanding firm of Casavant Frères of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec.

I was invited to address several Rotary Clubs in Oregon, where Senator the Hon. R. A. Booth was district governor. I was entertained in his delightful Christian home and met his charming wife and members of his family. Around the open fireplace I told them the story of Canadian Memorial Chapel which was to be dedicated on the eleventh of November—Remembrance Day, 1928.

The next morning at breakfast Senator Booth told me that he and his wife were amazed to hear that fifteen hundred Americans had been killed while serving with the Canadian army. He then suggested, in the interest of international good will, that he should start a movement to have the organ erected in memory of those citizens of the United States of America who had crossed the border, joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force and given their lives. He went on to say that if this appealed to my trustees he would start the fund by subscribing five thousand dollars. The organ was costing thirty thousand. This most generous offer was accepted by the Trustees of Canadian Memorial Chapel.

Senator Booth worked faithfully, as did many of his intimate friends of Portland, Seattle, Eugene, Tacoma, and other Pacific Coast cities. The Rev. Capt. R. J. Edmison of South Orange, N.J., interested citizens of the United States on the Atlantic Coast and gave most loyal support. He had been a beloved Padre overseas and was minister of First Presbyterian Church.

Each Sunday morning a dear old member of my church, Mrs. William Alcorn, would pause at the church door to say she was praying daily to God that I would be given the physical strength to carry on my heavy task.

One Sunday she handed me a letter in which she wrote that while she was saying her daily prayer for me, God revealed to her that I was to write John D. Rockefeller Jr., and ask him for a subscription toward the memorial organ. She was over eighty and I accepted the letter as just the notion of a very old lady. However, Sunday after Sunday, she would ask me if I had written Mr. Rockefeller. One day she handed me a second letter. It was a rebuke at my lack of faith. She said every time she prayed for me God would reveal to her that I should write.

To please the dear old saint of God I wrote, never dreaming that I would get a reply. Imagine my feelings when Mr. Rockefeller sent twenty-five hundred dollars.

Possibly the sweetest story in connection with the building should be told here.

From the very beginning those promoting Canadian Memorial Chapel, including the patrons and trustees, felt that it would be in very bad taste to have a mortgage on a memorial to men who had made the supreme sacrifice. This ideal however was becoming exceedingly difficult to make real, when suddenly three came to our help one of the greatest singers of our time.

We generally think of famous artists as apart from ordinary humanity. In fact their common touch has really made them great. Liszt so loved humanity that in his first triumphant season in Berlin he actually gave more concerts for charity than he did for fees. Jenny Lind gave a fortune to her hospitals. Not otherwise, Madame Schumann-Heink was truly "Great Heart." She came to be called "The Mother of the United States." Fate put her sons on both sides in the titanic struggle of 1914-1918. Her heart torn asunder, she told me, "All I could do was commend them to God."

She sang in practically every American camp and never accepted a penny. She devoted her deep, organ-like contralto voice to the Red Cross without remuneration. After the war she gave hundreds of concerts for charitable purposes. She was in great demand all over the United States at peace demonstrations when the war closed. Finally at sixty years of age she made her farewell tour, drawing "sold out" houses from New York to San Francisco. Vast audiences cheered

her as well as her music. It was the United States' way of saying "Thank you" for a life of giving.

At the time of this farewell tour we were just completing the Canadian Memorial Chapel. Funds were running low. Almost every source had been tapped. One evening there appeared in the Vancouver press the story of Madame Schumann-Heink's service to the United States and the success of her farewell tour, including the information that she was to sing in Seattle the following evening.

It was eleven o'clock. The finance committee of Canadian Memorial Chapel had wrestled for hours trying to work out ways and means to raise more funds. I told the story of Madame Schumann-Heink and her great interest in soldier memorials. Like a flash Mr. Norman Cull, the treasurer, exclaimed: "You're going to Seattle on the midnight train to enlist her services in a great memorial concert here. I move we adjourn. Go and pack your bag." Within an hour I was in a lower berth on "The Owl," which left at midnight for Seattle.

Madame Schumann-Heink was at a well-known hotel. The manager was a personal friend and a Rotary brother. I felt that he would be the intermediary through whom I would meet Madame Schumann-Heink with the least lines of resistance. I was really thrilled when he met me in the lobby and boomed out, "Hello George!"

But when I told him my mission his face looked grave. Madame Schumann-Heink had given instructions that she was to see no one until after the concert in the Metropolitan Opera House that night. He told me that a very prominent Seattle society lady had called earlier to see the great singer, and because of her important position in the city's life he had taken her up to Madame Schumann-Heink's suite. After the local celebrity had departed Madame descended to the lobby all dressed for the street and requested her bill. The manager was in consternation and asked what was the trouble. With perfect calm she replied: "I made a reasonable request when I arrived, that I should not be disturbed until after my concert tonight. I owe the public the best I have in me and I cannot give it if I am not left alone in quiet during the day. And so I am seeking another hotel where my requests will be respected." My Rotary friend was a gallant personality. He was one of those chaps who looked honest through and through. I expect

Madame Schumann-Heink saw how sincere he was as he humbly apologized, because she relented and with her secretary returned to her suite. "Now George," he said, "in the light of that experience how can I dare announce you! And to make matters worse her secretary has gone to play golf, so we can't contact her."

We sat down and talked Madame Schumann-Heink, half an hour. Finally he said: "Just write her a short note. Tell her you are a padre who had four years overseas and that you would like to see her, and I think because you served with the soldiers she will give you a warm welcome." I wrote the letter and he placed it in her box to await the return of her secretary.

I sat for hours waiting and watching for the return of that secretary. She must have played thirty-six holes of golf as she didn't come back until five o'clock. She stopped at the desk long enough to pick up mail, and I knew my letter was at least on its way to the great woman's suite. Suddenly I was possessed with the fear that she would not look at mail until after the concert. I reflected that most people like to get mail and my fears subsided. In less than half an hour the secretary descended and handed the clerk a letter. From where I sat I felt sure it had gone in my box. As she disappeared into the elevator I almost bounded to the desk. The clerk handed me a letter addressed in a big but perfectly artistic hand. It was from Madame Schumann-Heink herself. She wrote: "I love soldiers. Come and sit with me backstage during my concert tonight. I have a violin soloist assisting in the programme and we can chat while he plays."

At eight-thirty I presented myself to the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. He too was a Rotarian and was most kind. I showed him my letter and he became my usher to her room. By this time I was filled with fears. Her manager had advised me not to go backstage. She said, "Madame Schumann-Heink is like a lioness when she is rendering a programme. But if you have the courage, go and beard the lioness in her den." I gently tapped on her door. With a decided accent she said firmly, "Come in." To my utter surprise she rose, held out her arms, gave me a big hug and a kiss and exclaimed, "I love soldiers!" She instantly put me at ease and as opportunity presented itself I unfolded to her the story of Canadian Memorial Chapel, and ended by asking her to come to Vancouver and give a concert in aid of the

memorial fund. She rose, again embraced me and said, "I'll come as soon as I finish my tour, and you shan't pay a single penny."

Madame Schumann-Heink's coming to Vancouver was really an event. The papers vied with each other in lauding her great generosity in coming to Canada from San Diego to give a concert for a Canadian memorial, without any expense, especially as she had been receiving sixteen hundred dollars a night all over the United States.

She came three days before the concert and arrived on a Sunday morning. The Mayor, Mr. W. H. Malkin, Major-General Victor Odlum, C.B., D.S.O., (recent Canadian Ambassador to Turkey) and Mr. W. G. Murrin, President of the Canadian Club, kindly acted as a reception committee. On a beautiful June morning the famous virtuoso arrived on a Great Northern train, accompanied by a charming granddaughter. Her accompanist was to come later from Minneapolis.

She was a large woman but as light of foot as a school-girl. She tripped down the car steps and took us all by storm with her charm. A police guard of honour led us to the Vancouver Hotel. She made the request that she be left to her own devices, as she wanted to rest and prepare herself for what she designated "a great concert." I gave her my telephone number and told her I was ready to be her servant at any time during her stay. We had installed a grand piano in her suite for her convenience in rehearsals, which pleased her very much.

Mr. R. Jamieson, music critic of the *Vancouver Province*, called to see her on Monday. He told her his dear wife was very ill in St. Paul's Hospital with an incurable disease, and had expressed great disappointment in that she would not hear Madame Schumann-Heink sing some of her cradle songs. Scarcely had Mr. Jamieson left her suite that she called by telephone asking me to come at once with my car. On my arrival at the Vancouver Hotel she was already standing in the portico. Almost fiercely she exclaimed, "Drive me to St. Paul's Hospital!" As we drove along she uttered never a word and made no explanation of her mission. At the hospital she requested me to come back in an hour. Turning abruptly she almost ran up the steep steps. On her return I could see she had been crying. Indeed tears splashed down her cheeks as I drove her back to the hotel. Whatever had happened stirred

her too deeply for any words. At the hotel entrance she made no explanation as she left me, but, with eyes beaming with gratitude through tears, she thanked me simply and hurried into the hotel. I was puzzled.

Returning to my home I was asked to call St. Paul's Hospital, then I learned that the great soul had gone to sing to the fatally ill Mrs. Jamieson. Without piano or accompanist she sang many songs the patient loved and thought she would never hear again. Her presence electrified the whole hospital. Within two hours doctors, nurses and orderlies were wanting tickets for the concert. A whole block was allocated to St. Paul's Hospital staff. Madame Schumann-Heink had become a visiting angel to the great institution of healing.

The concert night was one never to be forgotten. Five thousand two hundred people crowded into Patrick Brothers' huge Arena, since destroyed by fire. The great virtuoso was at her best. All about the platform from which she sang were one hundred per cent disability veterans. There were many stretcher cases brought from the hospital in David Spencer's delivery wagons. Men who had not been out of Shaughnessy Military Hospital for years were carefully carried to the wagons that took the place of ambulances. Twenty-two stretcher cases lying on their backs, attended by nurses, looked up adoringly at the prima donna. Between renditions bouquets were presented by half the patriotic organizations of Vancouver. The great diva graciously accepted them, then, moving quickly down the steps, literally tore them in parts and placed them at the feet of the veterans on the stretchers. When a blinded soldier presented her with roses from the Canadian Institute for the Blind, she bowed reverently for a pause so long that it brought an absolute hush over the vast audience. Then taking the sightless soldier by the arm she led him gently to his seat. As she came back to the dais there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. She was greeted with double and triple encores. She did everything right. There was not a gesture or a smile that did not find its way into everyone's heart. When a tiny child arrived with a bouquet, she laid the flowers on a table, picked up the child and kissed her. When the concert ended the vast throng stood and cheered and cheered. Madame Schumann-Heink held up her hand. A great silence fell over all. Then with a distinct German accent she said, "I thank you. This night is the crown of my life."

There were two sequels to the concert. The first had to do with finances. Madame Schumann-Heink had said in Seattle that she would not take a penny. Our committee did not interpret this to mean that we would not have to pay her expenses. But when we came to settle with her she would not accept even expense money. Protesting vociferously she exclaimed, "Madame Schumann-Heink does not do it that way." However we were not prepared for her superb generosity. We had done all possible to be good hosts to her. But when we went to the hotel the day after she left we found she had paid every bill. I wrote her expostulating and insisting we pay her local expenses. She answered refusing any remuneration, once again saying, "Madame Schumann-Heink does not do it that way."

The second sequel concerned the customs officers. On her arrival in Vancouver I had explained to the Canadian customs officer who the traveller was and what her mission was to Canada. He had been reading the press and knew all about the great lady. He scorned any suggestion of opening her trunks, and briskly calling a truck began loading her baggage as if he were having the honour of his life.

But, when she was leaving Canada, a young United States customs officer was on duty at the station. He had all the airs and mannerisms of a late adolescent. I explained to him who Madame Schumann-Heink was but he shrugged his shoulders and demanded her keys. I had to leave the customs office and explain to this lady whom I had learned to love that the customs officer insisted on opening her trunks. She immediately exclaimed, "My own countryman too!" She insisted on going to the customs office. Her attitude was one of supreme calm. Smiling graciously she assured the young customs officer she had absolutely nothing to declare. But his ego asserted itself and almost insolently he exclaimed, "I am an American customs officer and I'm going to examine your trunks."

Vancouver citizens down to see her off protested angrily but the young man was adamant. Madame Schumann-Heink's poise was amazing. The young man went through one large opera trunk. I cannot recall having deeper feelings of indignation as he ran his hands into her personal effects. He even unlocked little boxes as if he were bound to find something. I protested vehemently when he unlocked the second

trunk but to no avail. He repeated his ritual but found nothing. He began unlocking the small compartments. Finally he opened a little box which Madame Schumann-Heink said was her medicine chest. He took out smelling salts, a bottle of aspirin and several other home remedies. Then he drew a tiny little flask marked "Brandy." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I thought I'd find something! Madame, do you know you are not allowed to take liquor into the United States?" With unruffled calm she replied, "That's just medicine which I've carried for years in case of a heart attack." The young customs officer was adamant, it was illegal!

My wife's indignation knew no bounds. "You can't be as silly and narrow as that!" she exclaimed. All to no avail! The marvel of the whole ludicrous situation was the superb dignity of Madame Schumann-Heink. The young officer was about to confiscate the brandy when the Grand Lady reached over quickly, and taking it, unscrewed the top, handed it to her accompanist and said, "I never drink. You take it." And raising the tiny flask he drank it before the amazed eyes of the young customs officer.

Then Madame Schumann-Heink placed a hand on either shoulder of the young officer and uttered these words: "Young man, everyone loves Madame Schumann-Heink, and Madame Schumann-Heink loves everyone. But as for you I hope you'll be damned."

Canadian Memorial Chapel was opened with no debt and Madame Schumann-Heink's concert was a considerable factor.

Turning of the First Sod

The first sod of Canadian Memorial Chapel was turned by Sir George Foster, K.C., M.G., President of the League of Nations Society in Canada, on Dominion Day, Sunday, 1927. As the Chapel was to be a memorial to those who died dreaming of a warless world it was quite fitting that the first sod should be turned by a leader for world peace.

The corner-stone was laid by the Hon. Walter C. Nichol, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, on Saturday September 17, 1927, at 2.30 p.m.

The address on this occasion was given by Major-General W. W. Foster, C.B., D.S.O.

Messages fitting to the august occasion came from many, including the Governor-General, Lord Willingdon; the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden; Sir George Foster who had turned the first sod; Lieutenant-General Sir Julian Byng, First Canadian Corps Commander; the Honourable Layton Ralston, Minister of National Defence; the Honourable R. B. Bennett, Leader of the Opposition; Lieutenant-Governors and Premiers of the Provinces; Chief Justices and Ecclesiastical Dignitaries throughout Canada.

Dedication Services

The Chapel was dedicated Friday, November 9, 1928, at 8 p.m. The keys of the Chapel were presented on behalf of the Trustees by Mr. Christopher Spencer, representing Mrs. David Spencer, Senior, of Victoria. The Dedication Ceremony was conducted by Rev. (Major) Charles Williams, D.D., assisted by Rev. F. E. Runnalls, B.A., B.D., Chairman and Secretary of Vancouver Presbytery.

The dedication was followed by Holy Communion, conducted by Rev. W. G. Wilson, M.A., D.D., President of the British Columbia Conference of The United Church of Canada.

The opening services were held on Sunday, November 11, 1928, just ten years from the day of the closing of World War I. As the first hymn was being sung the chief usher handed me a cable. It was a message of congratulations from His Majesty King George V.

Rev. W. H. Smith, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., preached in the morning on "The Coming Golden Age," and Rev. Principal J. G. Brown, M.A., D.D., of Union College, in the evening on "The Invincible Hope."

The three following Sundays, opening services continued. November 18th was designated International Sunday. The Rev. H. L. Bowman, D.D., of First Presbyterian Church, Portland, Oregon, was the preacher. He took as his morning subject, "Building the Temple of a Peaceful World."

In the afternoon at 3.30 the Memorial Organ was dedicated by Senator the Hon. R. A. Booth, of Eugene, Oregon, followed by an organ recital by Mrs. Montgomery Lynch of the Music Faculty of the University of Washington in Seattle. Her

programme was from composers of nine nations, symbolizing the international character of this organ.

On Sunday, November 25th, at eleven a.m., there was a service for Patriotic and War Service Organizations. The sermon, "The Supremacy of Sacrifice," was preached by Rev. (Major) George Hamilton, M.A. In the evening the service emphasized Christian Unity as exemplified by soldiers overseas. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. J. Ross, M.A., D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Vancouver, B.C.

On Sunday, December 2nd, the founder and pastor of Canadian Memorial Church, Rev. (Lieut.-Col.) G. O. Fallis, C.B.E., D.D., preached morning and evening. His morning subject was, "The Harvests of Sacrifice."

At the evening service the Ontario window was dedicated by Major-General Victor Odlum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; the Quebec window by Mr. Stewart Cameron; the New Brunswick window by His Honour Judge J. N. Ellis; the Nova Scotia window by Miss Grace Burris, M.A.; the All Canada window by the Hon. H. H. Stevens, P.C., LL.D.

Closing Message

From "Building the Temple of a Peaceful World," a sermon preached by the Rev. H. L. Bowman, D.D., of First Presbyterian Church, Portland, in Canadian Memorial Chapel, on Sunday, November 18, 1928, in connection with the Dedication Services.

This beautiful sanctuary was once but a child of fancy in one man's mind—just a fleeting dream, evanescent and ethereal. Slowly that dream began to assume form and definiteness. At first, it had more of feeling and of sentiment than of tangible detail. Finally that dream took fire and kindled other minds, who came to be sharers of its spirited imagery—till at last a whole company of people, thrilled by this dream of glory, determined to set out upon the quest of realization. There were those who said that the dream was beautiful but impossible; that the quest was hopeless. It is thus that some men speak always of dreamers. There were delays and difficulties, followed by hours of suffering toil, when hands became weary and nerves taut. But enthusiasm grew, as slowly the walls of this dream arose. In these days of sacred memory we glory in that dream's realization. Dare men say that dreams do not come true? That hopes are dupes and

ideals but false lights which guide men astray into the mire of futility? This Gothic structure stands triumphantly as the denial of all such reasoning; a testimonial in tracery, a substantiation in stone of the creative possibility of man's dream. Man's dream?—and God's!

No one workman built this sanctuary, but many worked, each doing his own small part. The faithful toil of some of them is buried underground; upon the contribution of some of them we walk. The work of many, all about, is hidden from our view; but could we get along without them? No small touch but has its part, no blow of the hammer or motion of the trowel but has contributed to this temple of the soul. So it is with the great structure of world peace, a dream of God toward the realization of which we are slowly moving—a movement in which we pray that Canada and the United States may have leading parts, as Christian principles of truth, righteousness and love rule our hearts. May this Canadian Memorial Chapel, so noble in its lines, so faultless in its loveliness, so satisfying in its appointments, so worshipful in its atmosphere, become a symbol of that ultimate structure—a world at peace, a world "bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Dedication of the Book of Remembrance

The Hon. Douglas Abbott, Minister of National Defence, on a visit to Vancouver on November 1, 1946, presented the *Book of Remembrance* to the Patrons and Trustees at a service held in mid-afternoon of a sunny day which revealed the splendour of the windows and made the sacred place beautiful beyond words.

The Hon. Mr. Abbott in his address said:

> All Canada is indebted to those who conceived, dreamed and executed this beautiful place, now a national shrine.

He went on to say that the *Book of Remembrance* was such a sacred document, that the Dominion Cabinet thought it should be delivered in person by one of its members, and that he was proud to be the one to present it to the Trustees for safe-keeping for all time.

Mr. E. R. McTaggart and Mr. Matthew Sutton received the treasured volume on behalf of the Board of Trustees, and

the minister, Rev. G. Harrison Villett, B.A., D.D., placed it on the High Altar. I was invited to respond:

Rev. Dr. Villett, Hon. Mr. Abbott, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is one of the great moments of my life. Years ago, toward the end of World War I, this Canadian Memorial Chapel was conceived. After the war illustrious citizens of Canada became patrons, including the then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, and Sir Arthur Currie, Commander of the Canadian Corps.

This dream of a Memorial Chapel immediately took on a national significance. Members of the War Cabinet of the Union Government erected the All Canada Window in the north of the Chapel. Each Province erected a window with a religious motif, its coat-of-arms, and two outstanding historic events. The Window of Sacrifice and the lace-like reredos you see here have been perfected by today's gift from Ottawa because the crowning adornment of this Shrine was to be this *Book of Remembrance*, a replica of the one deposited in the Victory Tower at Ottawa.

It would appear that this Chapel is a fitting place for such a replica, for it has taken on during the years not only a national but an international significance. In the narthex is the visitors' book that may be signed by worshippers here each Sabbath Day and tourists throughout the week. This book reveals pilgrims have come here from the farthest tip of Prince Edward Island to the West Coast of British Columbia, and includes not only those that come from great cities but from the smaller towns, villages and hamlets of this whole Dominion. In the year 1938, just before World War II, pilgrims came from every province in the Dominion, from practically every state in the Union, and from forty-two nations of the wide world to register their names in the visitors' book of this Sanctuary.

Poets have come here to muse and go away and write about it. Journalists from many parts of the Empire and the United States have written illuminating articles about it, architects have come to trace its lines, and churchmen of many denominations have come to study its spiritual effects. Above all, thousands who lost their loved ones during the first World War have found comfort and healing here.

Because of this national and international interest it seems fitting that there should now be placed in Canadian Memorial Chapel a replica of the Book of Remembrance. Indeed this shrine had its very inception in such an Honour Roll. The Memorial Tablet in which this Sacrificial Record is placed was given by the late Hon. S. L. Howe.

Senator Howe has joined the immortals, but in the placing of the Book of Remembrance here today I feel his wish has been fulfilled. It took four hundred years to put the capstone on the cathedral of Cologne. We move fast in these days. It has taken twenty-nine years to place what might be called the capstone on Canadian Memorial Chapel—the Book of Remembrance.

Hon. Mr. Abbott, will you please accept the thanks of the minister, the patrons and officers of Canadian Memorial Chapel, for attending here today and presenting this Book of Remembrance, thus consummating their desire of the years.

The Five Memorial Windows in the Narthex

A full description of all the memorial windows, the special gifts from far and near incorporated into the structure of the Chapel, the souvenirs, fittings, portraits and archives with which the Chapel is enriched, together with the names of donors, patrons and other benefactors, would make an impressive book. The Canadian Memorial Chapel is a shrine as well as a treasure house, a memorial and also a place of pilgrimage. A closing word should be said about the five beautiful windows in the narthex.

The Transfigured Soldier, a beautiful window erected by the Widows, Wives and Mothers of Great Britain's Heroes Association. It depicts a soldier dying on the battlefield with Jesus ministering to him. Dedicated by Mrs. J. C. Kemp.

The other four windows in the Narthex depict The Nurse, The Soldier, The Sailor and The Airman.

The Nurse Window: The spiritual expression on the face of the nurse typifies sacrificial service. It is inscribed—"Erected by Nursing Sisters." Dedicated by Capt. the Rev. E. D. McLaren, M.A., D.D.

The Soldier Window was erected by the Amputation Association of Canada, now called War Amputations of Canada. Soldiers who lost arms, legs and eyes, eager to make further sacrifices to immortalize their dead comrades, reveal the grandeur of their own spirit. This is the only memorial in Canada to the War Amputations veterans. It is interesting to note that each successive year since its organization in 1920 Lieut.-Colonel (the Rev.) Sidney Lambert, O.B.E., has been

elected President. It is inscribed—"Erected by the Amputation Association of Canada." Dedicated by Brig.-Gen. Harold McDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE SAILOR WINDOW depicts an ordinary seaman. Sincerity, strength and courage stand out in his strong face.

THE AIRMAN WINDOW, reproduced from a painting by Sir William Orpen, R.A., depicts the extreme youthfulness of those who served in the Royal Air Force in World War I. There was no Canadian Air Force in World War I.

The windows depicting the Sailor and the Airman were installed by Mr. Wm. Poulton, who for many years, with his lovely Christian wife, had taken a great interest in Canadian Memorial Chapel. Unveiled, with Airman Window by Mrs. N. B. Gale, sister of the late Mrs. Wm. Poulton, and dedicated by Rev. Arthur Bischlager, Naval Chaplain, Esquimalt.

OUR DEBT OF GRATITUDE

For all time the people of Canada will be indebted to those loyal workers who acted as Patrons and Trustees in the erection of Canadian Memorial Chapel and Hall.

A special debt of gratitude is owed to Mr. Norman G. Cull, who was not only chairman of the Building Committee but also treasurer of the Memorial Fund. He was a master of detail and brought his genius for getting things done to the problems that arose daily. Mr. E. S. Learn, secretary of the Building Committee, brought a sympathetic insight into the endeavour to raise a worthy memorial. Captain Howard Green, M.P., was the loyal secretary of the Trustee Board and legal adviser.

Mr. J. A. Murdoch, chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. F. B. Thomson, secretary of the Finance Committee, and Messrs. D. D. Murdoch, E. R. McTaggart, A. B. Balderston, Alderman R. J. Paul, Matthew Sutton, Fred Henderson, and Dr. James A. Gillespie, were men who gave most inspiring leadership, and at all times encouraged the minister by their ardour and enthusiasm.

Mr. E. M. Craig through the years watched over the Chapel with the keen eye of an architect and kept it beautiful without and within.

Rev. S. S. Osterhout, Ph.D., D.D.; Rev. E. A. Davis, B.A., B.D.; Rev. A. M. Sanford, B.A., B.D., D.D.; and the Rev. J. Williams Ogden, D.D., F.R.G.S., as members of the congregation were wise advisers. Mr. J. E. Welton, organist and choirmaster, enriched the four Sundays of opening by providing very grand music.

Prof. C. H. C. Wright, head of the Department of Architecture in the University of Toronto, who kindly acted as assessor, was always a source from which advice might be drawn. Prof. Wright, in making the award in favour of Mr. R. P. S. Twizell, A.R.I.B.A., M.R.A.I.C., said, "Of course I do not know who the architect is to whom I have made the award as his plan is in under a pseudonym, but I must say that he has submitted an excellent memorial design that should not be modified without his consent." Mr. Frederick Davis as contractor gave perfect satisfaction and the men who worked under him seemed to be conscious that they were building a memorial to Canada's glorious dead. McCarter and Nairn, architects for Canadian Memorial Hall, and Grant Smith and MacDonald, the contractors, did fine work also.

Miss M. Cookman, as secretary to the minister, was indispensable in all the construction days. Miss Cookman was a trained deaconess and had an excellent business education. She fitted into the intricate task of being a veritable factotum during the years of planning. She was able to take from the shoulders of the minister many responsibilities, not only because of her excellent training but because of her whole-hearted support of the memorial ideas to be incorporated in Canadian Memorial Chapel. Many parts of this volume would have been impossible had it not been for the amazing scrapbook that Miss Cookman compiled with the stenographic assistance of Miss Jessie Mortimer. She received a noteworthy gift of newspaper clippings in connection with the erection of Canadian Memorial Hall, which had been carefully preserved by Mrs. E. A. Davis and presented by her daughter, Mrs. Georgina Detwiller.

Miss Myrtle Young, who preceded Miss Cookman, was also most resourceful. Miss Katie Eastman gave valuable assistance at this time of writing, 1951.

Mr. G. F. Laing, manager of the Bank of Montreal in Vancouver, was the wisest possible adviser in financial matters and was never exacting in the very letter of the law.

The Trustee Board consisted of the following:

E. S. Learn	Dr. Jas. W. Thomson
A. B. Balderston	Dr. W. H. Gaddes
Ald. R. J. Paul	Rev. S. S. Osterhout,
W. G. Humphrey	Fred Henderson
G. R. Carson	Walter D. Frith
Dr. James A. Gillespie	E. R. McTaggart
J. A. Murdoch	E. W. Patterson
Matthew Sutton	Norman G. Cull, Treasurer
A. S. McAlister	Capt. H. C. Green, Secretary

G. O. FALLIS, Minister

Our Patrons

If Canadian Memorial Chapel was to be a national shrine, it became necessary to find national backing for the movement. The idea of such a memorial almost instantly appealed to leaders of Canada and the following agreed to be patrons:

Sir Robert Borden, P.C., G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Canada
Sir Edward Kemp, K.C.M.G.
Hon. Newton Rowell, P.C.
Hon. W. C. Nichol, Lieut.-Governor of B.C.
Leon J. Ladner, B.A., LL.B., M.P., K.C.
Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
Major-Gen. J. Stewart, C.B., C.M.G.
Major-Gen. V. W. Odlum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Brig.-Gen. R. P. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C.
Brig.-Gen. Duff Stuart
Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., LL.D.
Chris. Spencer, Esq., C.B.E., LL.D.

Canadian Memorial Hall

The memory of the fallen, conserved in Social Fellowship, is provided for and is finding effective expression in Canadian Memorial Hall, the first completed unit of Canadian Memorial Church.

Opened on February 18, 1923, this "Community Centre" is daily making its contribution to the social and athletic development of its citizens. The site at the corner of Sixteenth Avenue and Burrard Street is ideal.

Canadian Memorial Hall provides admirably for a highly graded Sunday School and all social activities of the Church. Its fine gymnasium, splendid swimming pool and excellently arranged club rooms make provision for the physical and social life of the people from early childhood to ripe old age.

The spirit operating in Canadian Memorial Hall is the self-same spirit of fellowship that existed in the trenches in France among Canadian soldiers—that is to say, all men were brothers, irrespective of creed or colour. Canadian Memorial Hall invites to its classes the whole community, and on its gymnasium floor and in its swimming pool Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, have been seen enjoying a common fellowship.

The club rooms make ample provision for group gatherings, such as Canadian Girls in Training, Girl Guides, Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests for Boys, Boy Scouts, Young People's Societies, Men's Clubs, Women's Associations, and other citizen training groups.

The corner-stone of Canadian Memorial Hall was laid by Mrs. Christopher Spencer, and the address on that occasion was given by Corporal J. A. Paton, M.L.A.

The Parsonage

To complete the equipment the ladies of Canadian Memorial Church undertook the securing of a parsonage.

Fortunately a fine residence next to the Memorial Hall became available. With great courage the ladies, with the complete sanction of the Trustee Board, bought the home known as 1825 Sixteenth Avenue West.

For over twenty-five years it has been the pride of the Woman's Association to carry all responsibility concerning the upkeep and the furnishing of this parsonage which is the home of the minister whose duty it is to be spiritual leader of Canadian Memorial Chapel.

The mortgage was burned by Mrs. A. G. Montcrieff on the occasion of the annual meeting of the church, January, 1937. Mrs. Montcrieff was President of the Women's Association for nine years, and was happy to vacate the chair with this objective accomplished.

Impressions by Rev. J. K. Unsworth, D.D.

A memorial of sacrifice! A symbol of national unity! A pledge of international fellowship! Here is a house of worship in which all Canada has a share and a place!

The building, it will be seen, is rich in symbolism of the Great War, of Canadian history, and of the Christian faith.

Throughout the whole plan there runs the one outstanding theme—that eternal peace should reign as the result of the efforts and sacrifices of Canadian soldiers.

It was singularly fitting that the opening of this historical edifice took place on Armistice Day, November 11, 1928, and at the exact hour of the cessation of hostilities. And so thought Canadians and British throughout the Empire, for of the many hundreds of messages of congratulations received by the Padre, from King George and

Imperial statesmen to ordinary citizens, the one note was struck—peace, peace, eternal, lasting peace. Nor were these messages confined to British citizens, for many others were received from our neighbours across the border to the south.

Fitting, too, was the closing item to that historic ceremony. The crowded church stood breathless while the beautiful chimes of the organ rendered, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and it is safe to state, that, of every creed, there was not one but breathed a fervent prayer that henceforth the world indeed might be nearer to God and to His eternal peace.

The Ministers

Canadian Memorial Chapel has had five ministers:

Lieut.-Colonel The Rev. George O. Fallis,
C.B.E., E.D., B.D., D.D. 1920-1933
The Rev. Bruce Hunter, B.A., B.D., D.D., LL.D. . . 1934-1935
The Rev. G. Harrison Villett, B.A., D.D. 1935-1947
The Rev. Gerald B. Switzer, M.A., Ph.D. 1947-1950
The Rev. James G. Gorwill, B.A., B.D., S.T.M. . . . 1950-

Chapter VIII

CHAUTAUQUA IN THE U.S. AND THE PEACE RIVER

The Ellison-White Lyceum and Chautauqua Association

In 1925 I visited 164 cities in the United States on the circuit of the Ellison-White Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, speaking on "The Problem of World Peace."

To me this was the opportunity to carry a crusade for world peace into the U.S.A., building up public opinion on the futility of future wars through the Press and Chautauqua platforms. I also addressed high schools and colleges, Rotary and other service clubs and church gatherings.

This Association, from 1921 (before the advance of radio into the field of Better Citizenship crusading) was pledged:

(1) To *Join* with the Home, School and Church in fostering wholesome forms of human life.
(2) To *Challenge* the Press of America to work with us in this vital endeavour.
(3) To *Demand* of all in public or private station that they unswervingly conform to Law in precept and practice.
(4) To *Work* for the elimination of the Defective and the Delinquent.
(5) To *Labour* for the most speedy and salutary administration of justice in our courts.
(6) To *Give* our Citizenship the same ceaseless and intelligent interest which we seek to apply to our personal affairs.

The Vancouver Press "worked for me" in my vital endeavour to talk Peace Problems in 164 cities in six months. I quote:

Lieut.-Col. George O. Fallis, C.B.E., B.D., minister of Canadian Memorial Church, will leave Vancouver in March for a six months'

lecture tour in the United States, the subject of his address being "The Problem of World Peace."

Col. Fallis has lectured a great deal in Oregon and Washington as well as in British Columbia, on International questions during the past three or four years. He has been a speaker at three district conventions of Rotary International and, a year ago, at the World Rotary in St. Louis, Mo., he addressed 8,000 Rotarians on "The Problems of World Peace and International Comity." He is President of the Vancouver Branch of the League of Nations Society. During his six months' absence Col. Fallis will speak every night from March 28th, in Louisiana, until September 5th, in Butte, Montana. He will be in a different town or city every night, and his tour will include 164 cities and towns west of the Mississippi River. A six months' leave of absence was granted to the pastor last night by the Board members of Canadian Memorial Church.

The American Press was wonderfully co-operative, and I gathered a very satisfactory sheaf of clippings after each lecture and public appearance.

Outlines Way to Achieving World Peace.
Colonel G. O. Fallis, Educator, Minister and War Veteran Pleads for Better International Understanding.

In the cause of enduring world peace, Colonel G. O. Fallis of Vancouver, British Columbia, educator, minister and veteran of overseas service in the world war, delivered from the Chautauqua platform here Monday evening, a vigorous attack upon international ignorance and sounded a stirring appeal for broader tolerance and appreciation of other nations and peoples. Disclaiming intention to speak for the League of Nations although he is himself president of the Vancouver Branch of the League of Nations Society, Colonel Fallis declared that "the most perfect governmental machine that might be devised for prevention of war would not work at the present time because the proper spirit does not yet exist among the nations."

He urged his audience to take an active part in creation of a spiritual environment that would allow such a machine to work, and declared that it is necessary, first, to correct international ignorance; second, to see to it that the whole truth is told by writers of histories and especially of text books; third, to guard against erroneous conceptions of traits of other nationals; and fourth, to see that the soul of the nation is pure, and its ideals compatible with the world's safety. Fighting must be supplanted by negotiation!

Luther Burbank

During this tour I was booked to lecture at Santa Rosa, California, the home of the plant wizard, Luther Burbank—the man who had developed a shasta daisy from the common daisy of the hillsides and the fields and had created new varieties of vegetables and fruits that startled the horticultural and agricultural world. His name was known around the globe and five hundred letters a day percolated in from many nations, to the little California town of Santa Rosa where Burbank had his farm, or should I say fair acres of gardens.

I was about to register at the local hotel when the manager stepped up and said, "Are you Mr. Fallis?" I answered in the affirmative and he forthwith handed me a letter. It was a note from Luther Burbank inviting me to be his guest as he was most interested in my lecture topic, "The Problem of World Peace." Nothing could have given me more pleasure for from my earliest boyhood I had read of Luther Burbank, the wizard who played with plant life like some horticultural Houdini.

He was beautiful in appearance. I use the word advisedly. Strange how highly endowed people very often have a most distinctive appearance. Lord Lister was as handsome a man as ever practised medicine, unless it be Sir William Osler. Lloyd George could be picked out in a million on Piccadilly Street, as one would spot Paderewski on Fifth Avenue, New York, or Poincare on the Avenue du Bois de Bologne in Paris.

Luther Burbank was most distinctive. He had been called agnostic, atheist, unbeliever and what not, because he believed in creative evolution. I was amazed at the spiritual beauty of his face. He looked like a saint. Indeed as I shook his hand at his open friendly door my instant reaction was, "My, isn't he like Jesus!" I write this reverently. Why shouldn't a man carry the personality of Jesus? Didn't He say over and over again in so many words, "Be like Me." How cruel are the tongues and pens of men and women too who live by what I would call consecrated ignorance. I had expected to meet a hard-faced unbeliever from all I had read and heard. Standing in a doorway I saw one who instantly reminded me of Jesus.

I was shown to my room and immediately set myself the task of memorizing a series of questions that I must ask this great man. I shall write of two.

"Mr. Burbank," I began, "a great trial is on in Tennessee wherein a school teacher is practically impeached for teaching evolution in his Science classes. Mr. William Jennings Bryan is the arch prosecutor. What is your opinion of Mr. Bryan?"

He smiled serenely and gave this reply: "The greatest argument I know for evolution is Mr. Bryan himself. I have known him for over forty years and in all that time he has continued to chatter and not to my knowledge has he ever stopped once to reflect."

My last question out of a dozen or more was this: "Mr. Burbank, who has influenced your life most?" Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Jesus Christ." After a pause he continued, "Of course I don't take Jesus as some of my fundamendalist friends do, but through the teachings of a mother who loved Him I've come to put Him first among those who have influenced my life."

As I left his home he handed me an autographed photograph which I greatly appreciated. I looked at it and I got the same reaction as I did at his door in Santa Rosa, California: "He reminded me of Jesus."

The opening of Canadian Memorial Chapel having been achieved on November 11, 1928, and all costs underwritten, world problems again claimed attention.

In 1929 the Canadian Chautauqua asked me to lecture in company with Dr. Henry Wise Wood on The Peace River Circuit. "The father of farmers' movements in Alberta" lectured on his philosophy of the social and economic structure of life as we live it today. "The Pulse of Peace" was the title of my lecture on this tour.

Our Chautauqua party included some twenty-seven lecturers, musical artists and actors. Before we had gone one hundred miles a real friendliness had sprung up around this group endeavouring to take inspiration, education and cheer into the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

We left Edmonton at 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon and at 4.27 the next morning we detrained at High Prairie, 250 miles northwest of Edmonton.

It was early morning, but not too early to be welcomed into that new country of surprises and hospitality by men who had served in France.

The Canadian Legion had met the night before and delegated members of their executive to greet me on the arrival of the train. A letter was read to me, the import of which was that at the meeting of the Canadian Legion held the night before, it was moved and seconded that a letter should be presented to me on the arrival of the train giving me a warm welcome on behalf of the returned men in the Peace River country. It was signed by the president and secretary of the Canadian Legion at High Prairie on the eastern border of the Peace River country in Alberta.

When I was ready to return to Vancouver a veteran friend arranged for me to go down the river by boat. To my surprise the following story appeared later in Toronto.

Colonel Fallis
Always Ready To Carry Out Good Works

By Andrew Lott

Col. George O. Fallis, now pastor of Trinity United Church, Toronto, was having dinner in the hotel at High Prairie recently. He was just finishing his apple pie and cheese when a young fellow came into the living-room and sat down opposite him. Fallis looked at the young man, ate a piece of cheese, and looked again. "Joe," he said, as he got up and went around the table to shake hands, "what on earth are you doing here?"

Everywhere he goes it is like that—Tom, Dick, Harry, Mary, Elsie—he meets them on trains, station platforms and in restaurants. All of Canada seems home to Col. Fallis because he meets his friends in every nook and corner.

He was coming down the Peace from Fort St. John in the *Weenusk*. The *Weenusk* is a little gas boat that plies up and down the river five or six hundred miles between Hudson's Hope and Fort Vermilion.

About 50 miles down the river from Fort St. John the *Weenusk* pulled up at a few planks tacked to some rickety pilings on the bank. The planks were doing duty as a wharf for two or three homesteads up above.

Fallis got out to stretch his legs and admire the wild beauty of the canyon-like valley and shake hands with the farmer on the wharf.

"My name's Fallis," he said.

"Fallis? Are you any relation to the Fallis I read about in the Vancouver papers?"

"Maybe," said Fallis, "I'm the preacher at Canadian Memorial Chapel in Vancouver, if that would help to place me."

The man was thoughtful for a moment. He looked at Fallis and then up the trail that zig-zagged out of the wooded bank of the Peace.

"Colonel Fallis," he said, "I wonder if I might ask you to do me a favour? My wife and daughter live up there in our shack. We've been up there three years now farming a bit of land and waiting for the railroad to come through. It's pretty hard for us to get out and they haven't seen anybody but breeds and Indians for half a year. If . . ."

"Do I follow that trail?" said Fallis.

"Yes, but it's about a mile up and two across, and . . ."

Fallis turned to the engineer of the *Weenusk*.

"Lots of time," said the engineer; "I got some tinkering to do."

In 1930 I conducted a party of twenty-seven to Europe, including Mrs. Fallis and personal friends, under the auspices of The Student Travel Club of New York. We visited England, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Wales and Scotland. We saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau and were much impressed.

The following spring I was a Fraternal Delegate of the Congregational and Christian Churches' national gathering at Seattle, and chairman of the Vancouver Presbytery.

Then I accompanied a party of eighty to Europe for the Students' Travel Club. I attended the International Summer School at Oxford, and went to Geneva, Switzerland, where I was briefed by Dr. Mack Eastman on The League of Nations. Dr. Eastman was Chief of Section, International Labour Office.

In June, 1932, I was president, B.C. Conference and attended General Council at Hamilton in that capacity. I acted as chairman of The International Goodwill Committee of the Churches for eighteen years.

A happy personal incident was connected with my election when Dr. A. M. Sanford called me to the platform and then invited Mrs. Fallis to stand with me and formally presented us to the Conference in Queen's Avenue United Church, New Westminster. It was the very church where I had been ordained, and where Mrs. Fallis had worshipped with the young lady students when she was Lady Principal at Columbian College. Dr. Sanford was also from Nova Scotia and a graduate of Mount Allison University.

He came to Sandon, B.C., in 1897, and was married there five months later to his Nova Scotia bride when he had prepared the way for her. He had pastorates in Courtenay and Princess Church, Vancouver, and was always an ardent worker for Church Extension. He was elected President of the B.C. Conference of the Methodist Church in 1924, and in 1925 was elected First President of the B.C. Conference of The United Church of Canada.

He became Principal of Columbian College, and in 1929, resigned and was appointed to the chair in New Testament at Union College. He and Mrs. Sanford and Mr. Aubrey Sanford joined Canadian Memorial Church July 1, 1929, and dined with the Fallis family in the Parsonage. He retired in 1940, but remained at Union College as Librarian until 1943. He has been a source of great strength to the local church of his choice, and has left a valuable gift to the whole church in his recordings of fifty years of service, and church extension in B.C.

In July, 1932, I supplied Wesley Church, Calgary, and took the family on vacation to Banff, Yoho and Kootenay Parks. We saw the famed Calgary Stampede at that time.

Before leaving the West Coast in 1933, a very kind expression of appreciation was written by Mr. E. R. McTaggart, Secretary of the Official Board of Canadian Memorial Church, and presented to me by the congregation. When I read it I felt very humble indeed, and realized all too fully that I did not merit such praise from so excellent a churchman as Mr. McTaggart. Yet I know that I became a better pastor because of his words.

In the transfer from Vancouver to Toronto of the Rev. G. O. Fallis, the city must suffer an unquestionable loss.

Those who have been closest to him through the years have had opportunity to study the dynamic magnanimity of the man and to experience, in some measure, his boundless enthusiasm and constructive optimism. And it would seem that, no matter how ugly the dread circumstances to be met, no matter into what squalor and poverty he might be called, no matter how agonizing the sick bed to be attended, or what problem to be untangled, he was able to carry thither his unquenchable brightness and helpful cheer.

If John Wesley regarded the world as his parish, I am sure this man, in no smaller degree, regarded the whole city as his personal care, and stood ready at any hour of night or day to lend a hand to one in need.

Many a home, once threatened with domestic schism, has literally been rebuilt and renewed by the spirit of Christ, through this "Brother of Men." Many a lad, fallen in weakness, has unburdened himself with frankness through prison bars to this sympathetic ear. Many an out-of-work, dejected and broken, has been placed in employment and shown a light that has turned a dark, drab, despairing life into one of purpose and strength.

Mr. Fallis will be missed by the man outside the church, who had come to know something of the genuine purpose of his busy life, but his powerful personality can best be measured by those who worked with him.

Truly, an untiring worker for the greater good of the community; the possessor of a mind that scorned petty selfishness; a man who sought out the needy; a most sympathetic and understanding pastor, who whole-heartedly made it his business daily to go about doing good.

The city of Toronto may well be proud to welcome to its citizenry one who has proven, among us, the practicability of the Christian religion.

E. R. McTaggart.

Chapter IX

TORONTO, AND THE VIMY PILGRIMAGE

I WAS CALLED to Trinity Church, Toronto, in 1933. Probably I accepted that call because both my wife and I were cradled in the itineracy, and the climax of our labour should be to surrender the cause we loved, unreservedly to the whole congregation. Also Toronto did offer better educational advantages at that time for our family. In the first two years $22,000 was raised by the Board, under the leadership of Mr. H. P. Kennedy, for beautifying the church and modernizing the parsonage.

During the first year I devoted my attention primarily to getting to know the membership. I preached during the summer of 1934 at First Church, Portland, and in July, 1935, at Westminster Church, Minneapolis.

In July, 1936, I was one of the three chaplains sent from Canada to the unveiling of the Canadian Memorial on Vimy Ridge, Artois, and Mrs. Fallis accompanied me.

There was published a book, *The Epic of Vimy*, by *The Legionary*, Official National Magazine of The Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, Ottawa, compiled and edited by W. W. Murray. I recommend this publication most enthusiastically to any reader interested in "the magnificent memorial which crowns Vimy Ridge—that great rampart which since April 9, 1917, has been inseparably connected with the name of Canada, and is designed to commemorate not only the taking of the Ridge and other engagements generally described as the Battles of Arras, but also the whole achievement of Canadian troops during the Great War."

The Memorial, which was conceived, planned and executed under the personal supervision of that great Canadian

sculptor, Mr. W. S. Allward, faces north-east towards Lens, and is situated on Hill 145, near "The Pimple," in a Memorial Park comprising 248 acres. The ground has been ceded to Canada in perpetuity by the French Nation. The programme is published in *The Epic of Vimy*, and all addresses recorded and filed at Ottawa.

The morning following the ceremony my wife and I arose early and took a train from Arras for we wished to visit the grave of her brother, Lieut. Fred Hockin, now in the official cemetery in Loos. He had been killed on that very day, July 27th, nineteen years before. This brought to us very poignantly the personal sacrifice he had given, and our deep indebtedness to him, and to all Canadians lying in the numerous cemeteries of the battle fields of Europe.

The loss of billions of dollars is serious, but the loss of millions of men is far more serious. An Oxford writer tells us the war killed on all fronts, ten million young men, and in addition caused three million to be reported as missing. He says civilian losses due directly to war diseases, massacres, bombardments, raids, malnutrition and starvation would equal another thirteen million. He gives the total of the war dead as twenty-six millions.

What an awful army! Oh, for the pen of a Victor Hugo! Imagine twenty-six million men on the march! It would take them twenty-five years to pass a given point marching eight hours between daylight and dark in single file at the rate of one passing every ten seconds. It means the annihilation of a population equal to that of three Canadas or equal to that of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Scotland and Ireland combined.

But these numbers do not by any means cover all there is to be said on the subject of human losses. There were nine million war orphans. There were five million war widows. There were twenty million wounded men either partially or wholly incapacitated for the business of life in the years to come. The war spent three hundred and thirty-seven billion dollars, killed twenty-six million people, and wrecked the world into the bargain in these four short years from 1914-1918.

Field Marshal Haig at his last great public appearance appealed to all to join in a crusade against war. As we revere his memory and the memory of the sixty thousand Canadians who died in the World War, let us join this crusade.

My address, given at the unveiling of the Vimy Memorial may serve as a conclusion to our recollections of "Those Days" of war.

Today, standing in the shadow of this noble memorial, wrought by genius and inspired by love, we link ourselves to the universal heart that has always noted the passing of its heroes. Long years ago the writer of the Book of Hebrews inspired his day by rehearsing the heroic accomplishments of his people. He makes faith the source of their power. No other word more truly gives explanation of Canadian History.

By faith goodly men and women crossed the seas, arrived in Canada, hewed down the forest, built their homes and educated their children in wisdom, manners, religion and morals. By faith they carved out of the wilderness a goodly nation, pursuing peace, loving industry, jealous of none and respecting all.

Into this atmosphere of peace a storm broke. There burst upon the world the most startling challenge in human history. Leaders held high ideals of service for King, Empire and Humanity, and called forth the noblest in youth. Everywhere a cry went up, "A War to end War."

Into the souls of these Young Canadians dawned the compulsion of a vision that at once disturbed and lured them. To follow its light became an imperial duty.

By faith they faced the vision and from Cape Race to Nootka Sound answered the call. By faith battalion after battalion and brigade after brigade in vast ships passed out of sight. By faith they reached the Mother Land, trained in English camps; by faith they received the blessing of a noble Sovereign, King George the Fifth; by faith they went to France and Belgium. By faith they died at Givenchy, Festubert, Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Hill 70, Passchendaele, Amiens, Arras, Drocourt-Queant line, Canal du Nord, Bourlon Wood, Cambrai, Valenciennes, and Mons.

And what shall I more say, for time would fail to tell of those who through faith wrought victories, obtained successes and stopped the oncoming of enemies. They were shot, bayoneted, gassed, blinded, slain with artillery, shrapnel and machine guns, bombed from the skies. They wandered about in gas masks, living in dug-outs and ditches, being tormented with vermin. They were thirsty. They were hungry. They were cold and frost-bitten. They were imprisoned. They were separated from their loved ones.

And these all having given a good report, through faith died believing new liberties would spring from their graves. But without us their vision fades. Today on these slopes of Vimy a deathless army urges us on. Surely their consecrated blood of yesterday will yield spiritual harvests tomorrow. This monument is a fresh pledge that

we shall not break faith. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

On our return to London, we went to Cambridge to the International Summer School, attending the last week of the Tudor England course. A very outstanding programme was an evening of Tudor music given by the Boys' Choir in King's College Chapel, Cambridge University.

We arrived back in Toronto on August 31st, our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The congregation was so kind as to have arranged a very delightful social evening in our honour. On Monday, September 14th, I gave my first lecture on The Vimy Memorial illustrated by sixty lantern slides, showing the King in the Unveiling act, the aeroplanes in salute, the great Cenotaph Service in Whitehall conducted by the Bishop of London; the great public welcome in Westminster Hall by Premier Stanley Baldwin; and the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, etc. Rev. (Lieut.-Col.) Sidney Lambert, O.B.E., acted as chairman.

That autumn I was elected President of the Canadian Branch of the World Alliance of Churches, and next summer attended the Oxford Ecumenical Conference. The frightful problem of Anti-Semitism had been carefully studied beforehand, and reports were ready to present to that vast group of churchmen. There were nine hundred representatives of all the major Christian churches throughout the world. Over one hundred denominations were represented, the great Roman Catholic Church being practically the only exception. The President was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Professor Walter Horton's presentation of this acid test of the church's loyalty to the New Testament is, that "In Christ there is neither Aryan nor Semite." It was unanimously declared:

> There is therefore laid upon every delegate at this World's Conference the duty of leading the Christian Church in all lands to foster a spirit of solidarity and co-operation so that all divisions which now disrupt the family of mankind may be healed. Every national church, every local congregation, every individual Christian must work for this. The spirit which has found expression here at Oxford must become an integral part of the life of the world.

Later I went as Delegate to the World Conference of the World Alliance at Hayward's Heath, Sussex, England.

Trinity United Church, Toronto, celebrated its fifty years of organized effort, 1887-1937, with a Golden Jubilee Programme extending over five Sundays. The preachers were:

May 23, *Home-Coming Sunday*, two former pastors, Rev. W. H. Hincks, D.D., LL.B., and Rev. Solomon Cleaver, M.A., D.D.

May 30, *Anniversary of Church Union*, Right Rev. Peter Bryce, B.A., D.D., Moderator of The United Church of Canada, and Very Rev. George Pidgeon, B.A., D.D., First Moderator of The United Church of Canada.

June 6, *World Fellowship Sunday*, Rev. A. J. Brace, F.R.G.S., D.D., West China, and Rev. Ralph Hindman, B.A., D.D., First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N.Y.

June 13, *Golden Anniversary Day*, Rev. Hugh Kerr, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., at both services.

June 20, Fiftieth Anniversary Communion Service and Reception of New Members, Rev. G. O. Fallis, C.B.E., B.D., and Rev. A. I. Terryberry, B.A., Assistant to the Minister.

Some special inspirational feature for Sunday School, Choir, Greetings, Church Union, Young People, Church Picnic, was arranged during each week.

In 1938 I was chairman, Social Service Committee, Toronto Centre Presbytery—two years; Chairman of the Missionary and Maintenance Committee, Toronto Centre Presbytery; Member of the National Finance Committee, 1934-1939; Member of the National Missionary and Maintenance Committee, 1932-1939.

Chapter X

THE SECOND WORLD WAR, 1939-1945

In the first week of the Second World War, proclaimed on Sunday, September 3, 1939, Major-General R. O. Alexander, Command Officer in M.D. 2, Toronto, called me to his office. "Fallis," he said, "you are the Senior Reserve Chaplain in this district. Get yourself a uniform and report for voluntary duty until Ottawa appoints. Already the help of the chaplains is needed." Thus began my second period of active military duty as a Chaplain and five more years of mutual devotion with men of The King's Forces.

Activities and engagements made the years seem all too short. Seventy-five years of successful operation in Toronto were reviewed by members of all departments in Central Y.M.C.A., October 17, 1939, when they gathered to celebrate jointly Founder's Day and the passing of the three-quarter century mark.

The Press story follows:

Honoured guests of the evening were the members of the Quarter Century Club, men who have been active in the Y.M.C.A. for 25 years or more, and there were many in the "or more" class. The Quarter Century Club has 55 members, and of these 31 were present.

Rev. George O. Fallis, C.B.E., B.D., spoke of the Y.M.C.A. as "an inspiring force." Mr. Fallis told how the "Y" develops young men in body, mind and spirit—the Y.M.C.A. triangle.

"The Y.M.C.A. has faith in each young man who enters its organization," Mr. Fallis declared. "There is none of the feeling that the young people of today are rapidly going to the dogs, as so many people are wont to believe.

"The 'Y' believes and works on the principle that every boy has before him the opportunity to become a respectable and successful citizen in his community. Good leaders develop the character in the boy and guide him to what is right."

Mr. Fallis also reviewed the work of the Y.M.C.A. during the Great War and told of the delegation sent to Ottawa at the outbreak of the present war, offering the services of the organization in a similar capacity.

Rev. Mr. Fallis was introduced by Leonard Houser, 11, of the boys' department.

Co-operating in Y.M.C.A. service to soldiers were J. A. Northey, Brigadier R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., Brigadier W. W. Foster, D.S.O., Oscar Pearson, Associate General Secretary of the Toronto Y.M.C.A.

Rt. Rev. George A. Wells of Kamloops, Anglican bishop of Cariboo, was appointed chaplain-general of the Canadian (Protestant) chaplain service and left for Ottawa before October 25th to assume his new duties. On November 16th I was gazetted as Senior Chaplain M.D. 2, Toronto.

On November 30th I was granted the D.D. Degree, *Honoris Causa*, Union College of University of British Columbia. A (*Vancouver Sun*) newspaper item on that occasion ran as follows:

Col. Rev. George O. Fallis, minister of Trinity United Church, has been named Senior Chaplain of Military District No. 2, with headquarters in Toronto.

Col. Fallis served overseas in the Great War and was acting Senior Chaplain with the Canadian forces in France when the Armistice was signed. For 13 years prior to 1933, Col. Fallis was minister of Canadian Memorial Church here. Of the 30 years he spent in the ministry in western Canada, 26 were in British Columbia. Col. Fallis left Toronto Sunday night for Vancouver, where he will receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at a special convocation of the Union Theological College, Thursday. He will speak in Canadian Memorial Chapel next Sunday.

As additions to the work at Trinity Church, Rev. Trevor Davies, D.D., Pastor Emeritus of The Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, was engaged as The Special Sunday Morning Preacher, and as Pastoral Assistant, Rev. Jas. Cranston, D.D. with Rev. A. I. Terryberry.

That I was gazetted as Senior Chaplain M.D. 2 was the signal for a multiplicity of press comments. R. E. Knowles led off by saying:

Among the best known, and certainly among the best loved, of military officers is Lieut.-Col. G. O. Fallis, veteran of The Great War and now all booted and spurred for the duties of chaplainship in the present war.

"Colonel Fallis," Mr. Knowles began, "Rev. Trevor Davies tells a story of the last war to this effect: that a 'Tommy' belauded his padre with this assurance: 'We had the best padre of the lot. Just made himself one of us—no religion about him. I tell you just a good sport all the time.' How does this strike you as a tribute?"

"My view," he replied, "is just the opposite. Padres don't get their supremacy that way. I believe this—that more padres have failed through trying to make good fellows of themselves than for any other reason. And yet, of course, to become a 'prig' is the most fatal thing of all."

"Then the chaplain's chief job," I suggested, "is not to entertain?" "His chief job," was the fine reply, "is to carry on, in every activity, in the light, and in the strength, of the eternal."

"Then you consider yourself, Colonel, to be still a pastor, even in far off battle fields?" "Absolutely so. I'm getting along in years—but I'd like to bear this testimony, that my best 'go' at the 'pastoring' business came when I was overseas in the last war. It's a chance in terms of influence and of usefulness that seraphim and cherubim might well envy, and I believe my colleagues, noble fellows like Colonel Lambert, will probably bear the same testimony."

The Padre's Corner

The Hero in Thy Soul

John Gossip, one of the great Padres of Scotland, has written a book which he has called, *The Hero in Thy Soul.* His argument is that ultimately life depends on letting the hero in every soul have its full development. "The Coward in Thy Soul," if it has its way, assures us of failure and ultimate defeat. A number of summers ago I supplied a pulpit of a Presbyterian church in Minneapolis, the city of Hiawatha fame. Minneapolis is a city of beautiful parks. At a very prominent point in Loring Park there is a monument to Ole Bull, a man who let the hero in his soul speak. One night in Paris, Ole Bull was playing before a vast audience on his beloved violin when suddenly a string broke. He immediately transposed the composition and finished on three strings amidst the cheering thousands. Ole Bull's story is a parable of human life, especially the life of a soldier. Most of us make music in spite of snapped strings. The gloriously successful life is just the life that turns apparent defeat into victory—the life that makes even tragedy an opportunity for building something stately in the soul.

Our spiritual muscles are strengthened by carrying burdens heroically. The history of great souls is simply the story of those who overcame difficulties with cheer. You see, some songs of the human heart are like the Nightingales, they are heard best in the night. Hopefulness is the underlying principle by which folk make the very best out of the difficulties of each day.

May I quote Professor James, the great psychologist of Harvard—"People who have handled pain, irritations, and limitations, creatively, always reveal a positive, hopeful attitude toward life. Hope and cheer are the very essence of victorious living."

The point of my message to you this week, is that we must face life, not dodge life; and to face life hopefully and cheerfully is far better than to face it in the spirit of despair. There is a great deal in the simple remark: "Let us keep our chins up," but if you do this then you must let "the hero in thy soul" have full sway.

G. O. Fallis (Lt.-Colonel)
District Chaplain (P), M.D. No. 2

This shall not pass from the earth.

The greatest inspiration that can come to one in this war is to remember the things for which we struggle. War itself, terrible as it is, becomes something glorious if we realize that we are struggling for things that will make a difference to people who will be born a thousand years from now. Free men always hate despotism; only those of the slave spirit will bow to tyrants with docility. Every liberty for which our fathers bled and died for a thousand years is now at stake. During this long period of time tyrants over and over again said to them, "Thou shalt not think. If you think you shall die." Our fathers said, "It would be better to die than to live and not to think."

Make no mistake about it—liberty of thought, of speech, of worship, of fireside—all are at stake. If the forces that oppose us are victorious in this war, then it must be conceded that the ideals of brute force will rule this world for a long period to come. Our children will be forced to bow the neck. Our children's children will have the heel of a tyrant on their

necks if they dare assert this precious possession called free personality.

My advice to every officer and man is to daily keep in mind the great freedom for which we struggle. If we think only of our discomforts and privations we shall be poor soldiers, but if we are fired by great and far-reaching ideals, we shall be unconquerable and unbeatable. Let us therefore remember daily the things that must not pass from the earth.

G. O. Fallis (Lt.-Colonel)
District Chaplain (P), M.D. No. 2

Announcement from District H.Q. re Chaplaincy Work

Lieut.-Col. Bishop G. A. Wells, C.M.G., principal chaplain for Canada, will pay an official visit to Military District No. 2 on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

On Sunday morning at 9.30 the principal chaplain will review the church parade service of all units in Stanley Barracks, and at 10.15 will dedicate the new chapel at the barracks. Dedication service will be directed by Lieut.-Col. G. O. Fallis, senior chaplain of Military District No. 2, assisted by Captain C. G. Eakins and Captain J. T. Robins. Major-Gen. R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., district officer commanding, and other headquarters officers, are to attend this ceremony.

At 11 o'clock Bishop Wells will conduct divine service at Toronto Military Hospital, and at 7.30 in the evening is to preach at a huge open-air service in Camp Borden. On Monday he will have a conference with all Protestant chaplains in Camp Borden, inspect chapels and social agencies, and will visit many of the units.

On Tuesday he is to visit the Hamilton area in the morning, and Niagara Camp during the afternoon. Lieut.-Col. Fallis and Mrs. Fallis on Tuesday evening will entertain all of the district chaplains and their wives in honour of the principal chaplain, who is to return to Ottawa that night.

Another Press Story

Lieut.-Col. G. O. Fallis, senior Protestant chaplain in M.D. No. 2 proved recently that he lives up to the best precepts of his faith and that he has not read the parable of the Good Samaritan in vain.

Col. Fallis was at the Union Station seeing some soldiers and airmen on their way to other points. One of the airmen, who was

travelling to a station in Alberta, lost track of time and space saying his farewells to the favourite young lady. The train pulled out—and the airman was still in the farewell stage.

When he finally "came to," the airman rushed about the station like a madman and then caught sight of Col. Fallis. "This is awful," he gasped. "What'll I do?"

"Where were you bound for?" asked the chaplain. The airman told him.

"I think we might make the train at the St. Clair station if we hurry," Col. Fallis said. "Come on, we'll get in my car." The chaplain rushed to one of the station officials, pleaded with him to have the train slowed up on the way to the St. Clair station and off they went. The roads were in the condition that the City Council has been arguing about and it was a rough journey. They made the station just as the train came puffing in.

"I don't know how to thank you," the airman told Col. Fallis, "but I'll never forget the chaplain service."

Did we mention that the girl came along, too? Anyway, the airman nearly missed the train again.

A new Protestant chapel, seating fifty, was dedicated by His Grace Derwyn T. Owen, Anglican Archibishop of Toronto, in Exhibition Park camp yesterday afternoon as "a meeting place for men with God."

Assisting Archibishop Owen in the simple but impressive ceremonies were: Lieut.-Col. G. A. Wells, principal chaplain of the C.A.S.F., and Lieut.-Col. George O. Fallis, senior chaplain of Military District No. 2. Others taking part in the service were: Major Clarke Wallace, chaplain of the Infantry Training Centre, who read the psalm; Captain D. B. Mackay, chaplain of the Black Watch Regiment, who was organist; and Captain R. M. Field, chaplain of the Royal Regiment of Canada, who was the Archbishop's chaplain for this occasion.

Attending the dedication were Brigadier R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., G.O.C., M.D. No. 2, and a group of staff officers from headquarters. Officers commanding all units in the camp also were present, each with one of his non-commissioned officers.

On Sunday morning, February 2, 1941, the Frederick Wilkins Memorial Organ, presented to Trinity United Church by Miss Caroline M. Wilkins and Major Albert A. S. Wilkins in memory of their brother, was dedicated at the Sunday morning service of Trinity United Church, Bloor and Robert Streets, Toronto. Major Wilkins formally presented the organ

to Trinity Church and Miss Wilkins unveiled the Memorial Tablet.

A dedicatory service was conducted by myself, assisted by Rev. Trevor H. Davies, D.D.; Rev. John W. Graham, M.A., LL.D.; Rev. J. A. Cranston, M.A., D.D.; and Rev. A. I. Terryberry, B.A.

Sir Ernest MacMillan, the eminent Canadian composer-conductor, gave the first recital on the new Frederick Wilkins Memorial Organ at Trinity United Church, assisted by Madame Jeanne Pengelly, soprano soloist, and raised well over $1,000 for the British War Victims Fund.

Tuesday, March 4, 1941, the great Canadian scientist, Sir Frederick Banting who died tragically on a wartime mission to Britain was honoured in death by army and nation. Thousands of mourning citizens attended service in Convocation Hall, which was led by the Rev. H. J. Cody, President of the University of Toronto. I accompanied him, as senior Protestant chaplain of M.D. 2, and pronounced the benediction.

In January, 1942, I attended National Conference of Senior Chaplains at Ottawa.

In the spring of 1941 our older son, George, joined the Canadian Navy and our younger son, Fred, the R.C.A.F. George married Catherine Agnes, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Thomas Bryans of Toronto on Saturday, October 31, 1942, at 3 o'clock in Bloor Street United Church, Toronto. Dr. Geo. Pidgeon officiated and I assisted.

THE FOUNDER'S PORTRAIT

In the East Transept of Canadian Memoral Chapel, between the Ontario and Quebec windows, may be seen the portrait of the Rev. (Lieut.-Colonel) G. O. Fallis, C.B.E., E.D., B.D., D.D., the founder.

This portrait by Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A., was unveiled by his daughter, Miss Mary M. Fallis, November 16, 1942. Captain Howard Green, M.P., gave the address, and a congregational reception was held afterwards.

On November 28th, 1942, I was gazetted Senior Chaplain of M.D.11, Vancouver. When reorganization followed shortly in 1943, I was appointed Pacific Command Chaplain.

From May 13 to 14, 1943, I attended the National Conference of Senior Chaplains, Army and Navy, from Labrador to the Pacific at Trinity College, Toronto.

In July 1943, at a Pacific Command Conference of Chaplains with Bishop Wells at Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver, Chaplains of Army and Navy combined. A garden party was generously arranged at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Taylor. Then Principal Chaplain Wells and I proceeded over the Pacific Command, ending at Prince George.

In 1944, March 11th, I was gazetted Senior Chaplain M.D. 3, Kingston, Ont. On March 20th, I arrived at Kingston, was met by Major Dykes, and reported to Brigadier Logie Armstrong, C.B.E.

In 1944—May 1st to 3rd—I represented Principal Chaplain Wells at a gathering in Toronto for the Archbishop of York. From June 6th to 8th I attended a conference of all the Principal Chaplains of Ontario at Trinity College, Toronto.

Sunday, September 17th. Parade Service at Kingston Military College honouring new Command Officer, Brigadier Agnew. Preached at Sydenham United Church so Rev. Major Clark could attend C.O.T.C. Camp and conduct services. Took train to Toronto to visit Dr. Newell an M.O. in Chorley Park Hospital dangerously ill and my kinsman George Saunders also seriously ill. Had a heart attack later in bed, and was taken myself to Chorley Park next morning.

Then followed days in an oxygen tent and careful medical attentions, until I was allowed out for dinner on Christmas Day, and conditionally discharged in January. In March, 1945, my wife and I ventured to return to the mild climate of Vancouver.

I here insert a happy cause for congratulating Fred. On Saturday, December 27, 1946, the marriage of Fred B. Fallis and Lois Irene Bouck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bouck of Toronto, took place in Trinity United Church, Rev. Arthur Organ officiating. It was followed by a reception at 182 Lowther Avenue, now the I.O.D.E. National Headquarters.

Although separated by almost three thousand miles from the scene of our son's wedding, Mr. Bouck and Fred arranged, through the co-operation of the Bell Telephone Company, that long distance connections were promptly established. Mrs. Fallis was first to speak from west to east, followed by Miss Nettie Fallis, Miss Alice Hockin, Mr. Tom Collins, and Mrs. Collins, and I concluded the conversation from here.

Then the return message came through from Toronto, from the bride and her parents, from our son George and his wife, and from Mary, who had gone east for the wedding and had received with the bride's mother. Last to speak was the groom, who reported all had come through perfectly and every word had been clearly heard by the assembly of guests.

Chapter XI

THE RIPENING EXPERIENCES OF LIFE

I HAVE BEEN forced to face the tragedy of almost complete inactivity for nineteen months now. Only three or four times have I struck rock bottom—times when I felt I just couldn't go on twiddling my fingers. However, memory has always come to my rescue. No wonder Shakespeare wrote—"memory the friend of grief." I only have to start reminiscing to suddenly perk up and feel grateful for life and all it has brought of sheer delight. Indeed sometimes I am chastized by the consciousness of the loving kindness of God. True I never thought to sheathe my sword so soon. I once marched with the best of them and trod a swifter measure than I can ever hope to tread again. Good fortune came to meet me and greet me open-handed all down the years. Bygone days brought me rich treasures of friendship and love. Memory brings back forgotten voices that charm away my blues. Little children now grown tall, return with unalloyed delights to refresh the weariness of just doing nothing. Reflective hours are freighted with inspiring messages from former days. Memories are as a tower to keep away the demons that breed despair. So even if the flame that burned brightly flickers low, and even if the life that knew but gladness now must know hours that exact patience, and are sometimes sad, nevertheless my faith in life as a glorious privilege shall remain unchanged and unshaken in spite of unsought rest and inactivity and loneliness. It really is not fair that I should ask time to spare my youthful strength forever. And so I'll take my meagre measure, not as if it were

forced on me but with gratitude for the rich, rich plenitude of other days. I shall not cease to long for the good old lusty times, but I'll still try to snatch a song of cheer. Even as I write the frogs are croaking for me at midnight and I know full well when I wake at dawn the birds of spring will be singing.

SHIELDS AGAINST DESPAIR

A Sermon by George O. Fallis

Every newspaper is full of the great invasion about to break. Thousands of people will bear a heavy cross, perhaps tomorrow. Is it possible to look ahead undismayed to what may be life's last outpost for a dear relative or friend?

Folk despair as long as they look at despairing factors only. They look at the mirage, forgetting there could be no mirage but for the glorious sunshine. They only see it is winter, forgetting there will be spring. The war with all its horrors and the post-war world with its problems face us starkly but there is much also to save us from despair.

A few weeks ago in a Seattle store I picked up a book and, glancing at the first line of a poem, came upon the words: "I will make beauty a shield against despair." Two hours later I was riding back to Vancouver. It was a glorious day. On our left there was the great expanse of water with the sunshine playing upon it. Over the water eighty miles away the Olympics rose like huge cathedrals. On our right were the giants of the Coast Range with the over-towering Cascades, snow-capped and sun-lit, beyond. Suddenly, the high clouds cleared and there appeared Mount Baker—golden from base to top in the rays of the setting sun. Over and over again during that one hundred and fifty mile ride the words kept reiterating in my mind: "I will make beauty a shield against despair."

My friends, if you are despairing, go out and take a breath of beauty. It will heal your mind and bless your soul. It draws our thoughts away from the discordant and ugly. Beauty demands a rational cause. Early some morning watch the sun as it strikes the hillside, flushes the trembling dew-drop and makes the blossoming bush to burn with the presence of the divine; you will find how wise the poet was who wrote, "I will make beauty a shield against despair."

However you may say: "Beauty does not make a great appeal to me. I am not aesthetic. I am a very practical person and haven't

time to look at sunsets and evening stars." Let us turn then to humanity and see if we cannot find there many "shields against despair."

* * *

I will hold the trust of little children as a shield against despair.

We have many disappointments with our adult friends—yes, many. Let us thank God for the loyalty of a little child which is unimpeachable. If you are near despair, go out and play with little children. Enjoy their honesty, frankness and above all their hero worship; and a new winsome hope for the future will dissipate your despair. Jesus knew what He was doing when He let little children climb all over Him. He knew what He was saying when He taught, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Personally I wish to pay great tribute to the influence of little children upon a despairing spirit. I am refreshed every little while from letters which I receive from a darling child seven years of age. She has been taught to spell phonetically. She cannot spell "Colonel" according to the dictionary, but she does warm the cockles of my heart when she begins her letters "DEAR KERNEL." "A child more than any other gift that heaven can give to earth brings with it forward looking thoughts." I will hold little children as a shield against despair.

* * *

I will hold the courage in a mother's eyes as a shield against despair. One of my tasks as District Chaplain is to do all I possibly can to bring comfort to those homes where the great sacrifice has been made by a loved one serving in our Canadian Army. Over and over again I have felt that I was dealing with something holy when I observed the amazing courage of mothers.

Recently the dean of the cathedral in Victoria, British Columbia, told of a woman in his congregation who had four sons in the services—two were overseas in Europe, two were still in Canada. By good fortune one was allowed a deserved leave from overseas and the two still in Canada arrived with him for Christmas. On Christmas Eve they were planning an old-fashioned celebration. The door bell rang. The mother hurried to the door only to receive a telegram which bore the fatal news that her son overseas had been "killed in action." She stood for a few minutes in the vestibule, stunned, then strengthening her will she crumpled the telegram and hid it in her bosom. She never even mentioned the fatal news to her husband until the day after Christmas for fear that the joy of the day for the other three boys would be ruined. What vicarious suffering!

After the Dieppe raid a mother who had lost a son came to see me. He was an outstanding graduate of the University of Toronto. He had married a brilliant girl, and they had a little child that the father had never seen, born after he had departed for England. The mother told me of her great loss and all that her son had meant to her from his babyhood; of how proud she had been of his university career, and then clasping my hand she said, "Padre, I am going out of your office to spend the rest of my life trying to be half as brave a woman, as my son was a man."

On New Year's Eve last year the telegraph company asked me to deliver a telegram to a young woman whose husband, a lieutenant, had been killed in Italy. There was a boy twelve years of age who cuddled himself into his mother's side as they both sensed bad news. In the best way I could I told of his great and complete sacrifice. The mother stood erect, hugged her boy closer to her and said, "Laddie, we must be brave, like daddy was!"

I will hold the courage in a mother's eyes as a shield against despair.

* * *

I will hold the gallantry of our maimed heroes as a shield against despair.

There is no greater inspiration than to study the lives of some of our heroes of the last war. One of the most revered men of Canada today is Lieut.-Col. "Eddy" Baker, O.B.E., head of the National Institute for the Blind. He was an honour student in Queen's University and a leader of young life. Recently I visited a church in Kingston, Ontario, and was intrigued by a framed picture of possibly thirty youths hanging on its wall—youths of the vintage of 1914. In the middle of the front row, as president of the group, was one designated "Edward Baker." That same Edward lost both his eyes in the last war. What a temptation such a tragedy might be to despair—but not for Baker. The Canadian National Institute for the Blind with all its helpfulness to the sightless of Canada is the creation of his fine mind and keen imagination. Thousands rise up to bless his name for the rich service he has rendered to his native land which he has not been able to see with physical eyes for over a quarter of a century.

Working by his side all these years has been Captain Robbie Robinson, M.C., who also lost the sight of both eyes. Robbie has been Western Manager of the National Institute for the Blind. He is an excellent speaker. The respect he has won in Vancouver where he lives was dramatically illustrated when four hundred Rotarians rose to cheer with thunderous applause when he was installed as President of their Club. Nor is this ancient history. The mantles of

Edward Baker and Robbie Robinson have fallen upon the heroes of this war.

Just last week I was instructed to break the news to a fine young woman that her husband had lost both his eyes overseas. For some unknown reason he had requested that his wife be not informed of the seriousness of his wound "until after the 8th of May." No one knew just why, but his request was so earnest, that he was reported seriously wounded with no details. The young wife was improving her time during her husband's absence by attending a Canadian University. Her final exams were at the end of April and the beginning of May and he felt that if the news of his blindness reached her before the last examination was written it might affect her standing. What thoughtfulness! With sightless eyes burning with pain his first thought was to protect the feelings of his young wife who was finishing a university course.

An American writer says, "The grandest thing I have ever seen was an airman with a broken back who will never walk again grinning at a perfect athlete's lovely body." The spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson is still abroad.

I will hold the gallantry of our maimed heroes as a shield against despair.

* * *

I will hold brave loneliness as a shield against despair.

Most of us have seen at least a print of Watt's great painting called "Hope." He pictures a woman sitting on the top of the globe, with all strings upon her harp broken except one, but still endeavouring to make music. I have thought many times that this picture should be called, "Brave Loneliness," as I have met those who have brought so much music into life when their own lives have been a vast loneliness.

I think of a woman whom I know well in one of our Canadian cities. She was engaged to a talented young man whose future was full of promise. He was killed in the last war. No one else could ever take his place. She threw herself, heart and soul, into the nursing profession. She has stood by the side of a great surgeon of Canada helping him in his field of humanitarian service. Thirty years have not healed her sorrow and yet few know of it except her most intimate friends. I think of her as a lady who has learned to know "What a thing it is, to suffer and be strong."

I recall a young widow in another city who was married to one of the finest young Canadians I have ever known. For two short years they had enjoyed an ideal marriage relationship. This war has taken him. For a few weeks she was almost stunned. She suddenly saw that the only life to live was one of service in spite of an

irrevocable loss. Now, she is carrying a major position and rendering a rare contribution in the public service of Canada.

I will hold brave loneliness as a shield against despair.

* * *

Last of all I will hold the cross of Christ as a shield against despair.

St. Paul seeking to discover the victorious strength of early Christians tells us in Second Corinthians, the fourth chapter: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Here St. Paul reveals the secret power that sustained the early Christians. Their daily vision of the heroic dying of Jesus manifested heroic living in themselves, so much so, that in spite of being troubled on every side they were never in despair. The heroic dying of their Master was a living inspiration not only once a week, but daily and hourly. As a panacea for every despair, may I advise you to follow Jesus from the upper room to Gethsemane, from Gethsemane to the judgment hall, from the judgment hall to Calvary. Catch His spiritual poise, His magnificent courage, and no matter what may face you in life you will be saying with Him, "Rise, let us be going."

* * *

PRAYER

O God when our hearts are ready to faint help us to recall the shields that are all about us against despair. Let the sense of Thy love, the beauty of Thy world, the love of little children, the courage of brave men and women, and above all the heroic dying of the Lord Jesus, give us strong shields against despair.

THE TRIBUTE OF UNION COLLEGE

Copy of Memorial Minute for the Rev. G. O. Fallis—March 21, 1952.

This Board of Governors of Union College of British Columbia desires to place on record its regret at the passing on February 15, 1952, of one of its Governors—Rev. (Lt.-Col.) George Oliver Fallis, C.B.E., B.D., E.D., D.D., and to express appreciation for his long and valued service to the College, the Church and to Canada.

Born in a Methodist parsonage, the son of Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Fallis, he early revealed evidence of fitness for the Christian Ministry and at the age of eighteen became a probationer of the Methodist

Church, which church he served with distinction till Union, and on the consummation of Union continued to render the same high quality of service in The United Church of Canada.

Coming from a Minister's home, an interest in the colleges of the Church was natural to him. This interest was intensified following his marriage on August 31, 1911, to Miss Mabel Hockin, a former Lady Principal of Columbian College, New Westminster, on the Board of which Col. Fallis rendered signal service as on that of Victoria (Toronto) and Union College of B.C.

When forced to retire from the ministry on account of ill-health, he cheerfully accepted an appointment to the Board of Union College and from a sick-bed gave practical and inspirational leadership to a financial campaign for the College which is well on its way to success.

As a Chaplain in two World Wars, his outstanding qualities of leadership gained for him recognition in the award of the C.B.E. distinction. As an organizer, Canadian Memorial Chapel stands as a lasting memorial and the fulfillment of a great dream. As a pastor, East and West acclaim him as among the most faithful.

This College is deeply conscious of its sense of loss in such a governor, and expresses its gratitude to Almighty God for all this servant of the Lord has done to further the interests of Union College, the Church and the Kingdom of God.

We desire also to express to Mrs. Fallis and family our sympathy for them in their sorrow and to assure them of our affection and prayers.

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THOUGHTS OF A WINGED PADRE

Memories bring strength against loneliness. They save one from the experience of a deepening lassitude, boredom, weariness and despair.

There is sometimes a fight between desire for death with its emancipation and the will to live and suffer. The will to live always wins.

Memory being the friend of grief seems to have made innumerable records of lovely experiences that surpass the golden voice of Caruso. Daily I play them, some over and over.

The past days are unchangeable. All the long months and years of sickness can't keep one from enjoying memories.

Memories make the hard bitter present seem as naught.

Memories are so precious their messages should not be clouded with tears.

Sick people should so co-operate with doctors and nurses that it becomes a mutual enterprise.

A tip-top nurse generally has a smile in her eyes and a kind word on her lips.

Always at the end of deep reflection distractions disappear or at least are smoothed away.

Because one sees and sometimes experiences much to make one sad that does not mean it is one's duty to be unhappy. Continued sadness is bad taste. Indeed it is unkind to be sad when others are in dire need of cheer.

When a man suffers he sees more clearly and less arrogantly what are the real values of life.

A stout soul will cover up his anguish, no matter how deep, so completely, that his pretence will become reality to his friends.

The extraordinary thing about the human spirit is its resistance in crisis. Man really is a crisis meeting creature.

Crises do not make us, they reveal us.

The greatest of all tragedies is to be so situated that one cannot serve his fellows.

Religion stands secure against any frightening experience.

No circumstance can rob a man of the opportunity of being courageous.

The invincible fear nothing, victory is born of the spirit.

There will never be peace anywhere until there is peace everywhere.

Patience can handle any disappointment or frustration.

The best kind of unity is where every man is an individualist. Unity in diversity is the law of a stable society.

Deep hope is a passionate prayer.

Time is so precious there is none to spare for repining.

Imagination may lift us above every immediate trouble.

Strange but there is a vital nearness to friends when one is isolated and lonely.

We should share. Life should never be thought of as something to be hoarded.

In continued baffling crises one seeks anew God's good counsel possibly forsaken.

The pathway of total inactivity would be unspeakably lonely were it not for the daily visits of those who are far away.

My one great regret is that I cannot lend the ministering hand I would.

There is so much more to peace than holding indignation meetings against war.

A man has really arrived when he believes in something so far superior to himself that he has left no part of his mind for selfishness.

Anything outside of one's own experience often seems unreal, unconvincing and even fantastic. It takes a rare insight to stand in the other fellow's shoes.

Most people underestimate the depth of feeling in others.

We need a world fit for heroes to live in but also a world in which ordinary folk may be heroic.

Our national life should be kept clean. It has been washed by many tears.

Help me bear the wronged in my heart—the Negro, the Jew, the Pole, and the slave of man's greed everywhere.

God always inspires hope at the darkest part of the road.

A long sickness teaches us how we should have lived.

Long night hours are shortened by memories.

Condemned to live in bed I visit with the great in biography—Carlyle, Ruskin, Irving, Macaulay, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Rousseau, Rubens and Reading—and the great musicians—have all visited my room days on end.

When I am gone let me live on deep in the bosoms of my friends.

Love proves the subjectivity of time and space.

Why leave love deep in one's heart when so many persons need it?

To have enough is to be rich.

My idea of wealth is wealth of friends and my idea of poverty is poverty of friends.

The laughter of little children is gloriously contagious and irresistible.

Low tide in our spirits is an invitation to the great ocean of memories to flow in and flush out all depression.

There is something in prayer beyond all analysis. Longings and reverence brought to the God of Jesus bring calm and peace.

How valuable are human fellowships! How they sweeten each day! How swift the hours fly when persons are in a happy social atmosphere. How dull is isolation!

May I feel a challenge at each recurring dawn.

The pulpit must never keep silent concerning human tragedies brought about by orthodox materialism. There is nothing wrong with materialism until humans refuse to spiritualize it.

Christianity is not a respectable habit of restraint but a loud clamourous adventure demanding heroism.

I wish to testify that I have experienced and practised the Presence of Christ in an oxygen tent.

God bless All I Love, even the Whole Wide World.

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