

CHURCH MEMORIES OF HALIFAX

C. PRESCOTT McLENNAN

PROFESSIONAL politicians, alive or dead, have always been meat for the scalpel of the critic. Since letting myself mildly loose with that instrument in a previous number of the *DALHOUSIE REVIEW*, I have realized that there have been other "professionals" of note in Nova Scotia. There may in fact be some doubt as to whether politicians can be correctly placed in that category. They are not definitely in a list of the so-called "professions". True, nowadays there is much latitude in the use of words. But during the time of which I have written in these pages the "professions" were mainly three in number—Medicine, the Law and the Ministry (covering all religions).

That was in Nova Scotia. In England then (and still) there was a fourth, and also a fifth, the Army and the Navy. If a young Englishman of seemingly inadequate talents was unlikely to shine in the Fighting Services, there has always been the Church (Church of England, of course; the others, the Roman Catholic excepted, being merely "chapels", and their congregations merely "chapelites", frequently spelt with a small c. by very conservative upholders of the "Established Order", and sometimes spoken of without even a disguised note of condescension).

In the somewhat freer and less traditional and hidebound atmosphere of Eastern Canada such fine distinctions have been much less ostentatiously drawn. On the whole, the live-and-let-live principle, even when applied to the sphere of religion, flourishes rather more freely in a new country than in an old one. At the moment, that principle comes quite naturally into these lines for the very special reason that during the last decade or two of the 19th century the clergy in Halifax, as I remember them, were not tarred by the brush of unforgivable bigotry. Differences in the field of sacred things there will be while the world lasts—fundamental differences, though not necessarily either fierce or fatuous. For example, as I recall the position in that respect, there was quite a noticeable personal friendship between two men who might be said to have represented, in the eighties, the two great divisions—Roman Catholic and Protestant—which have been so strong an influence

throughout Nova Scotia for the betterment of all classes of people.

The two men were Archbishop O'Brien and the Rev. George M. Grant. In their ages not far apart, in their looks distinguished yet dissimilar, in obvious devotion to their opposing religious convictions alike, and yet tolerant, kindly and friendly! I would not go so far as to say that there was an attachment as profound as that between David and Jonathan. Yet "they were close friends" came to my ears on more than one occasion. An intellectual affinity, it would seem. To be well-read and talented, as they both were, would not necessarily make for friendship; sometimes the effect is very different. But there it was, and there I leave it.

G. M. GRANT

As the minister of St. Matthew's for several years, Dr. Grant gave that church a fame which was not confined to Halifax, or even to the Province. His books, as well, drew upon him, from Halifax to Vancouver, no small share of public attention. And what a *flair* for the platform, for chairmanship at public meetings, for the sounding of strong patriotic notes so as to cultivate as deeply as possible in the people—for he loved them all—a genuine affection for Canada and Canadians, one of the strongest passions of a long and useful life! In his own special field, in a pastorate and a principalship, his value must have been great. In the field of statesmanship would it have been greater? For Grant could never have been an ordinary, everyday garden variety of politician, had he chosen public life instead of the pulpit for a career. Caesar or nothing!

If in his day a few narrow-minded people regarded him as too liberal (not the political Liberal, for he was indeed a Conservative) in his general views, they should have read what Emerson wrote: "Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Newton, and Galileo, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh." In his daily walk and conversation this brilliant Bluenose carried into practice the principles of the school-tie of the English cricketer: Play the game, play for your side, and play with a straight bat. Also, he was fearless, experiencing no tremors when opposed, and having no superstitions that I ever heard of. If there were people who would not walk under ladders, nor look at the moon through glass, nor sit down 13 at table—well, he would smile, but not be one of them. And he wasn't!

With regard to oratory, had Dr. Grant's reputation rested exclusively on that, he might not exactly have soared away up into the stratosphere like, for instance, those political contemporaries of his, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The keystone of his arch, so to speak, was common sense. A fine lecturer, perhaps excelling on the platform even more than in the pulpit, which is saying much. Quick comments, made vivid by their pungency, came from him when he was suddenly aroused. A few may still remember the vibrant notes of a voice that must have shaken quite a few out of their self-complacency and self-righteousness, at some of the morning and evening services in old St. Matthew's. His Presbyterianism by training, conviction, and yet unobtrusive espousal when—after leaving Halifax—he became the Principal of Queen's University, did not rob him of a due sense of proportion in denominational matters. To other denominations he conceded the right to live, move and have their being no less freely and widely than his own. He had no sympathy whatsoever with the man who pompously declared "Orthodoxy is my doxy and Heterodoxy is everybody else's doxy".

It is possible that "Modernism" may have touched Grant in spots, though I neither heard nor saw any sign of it myself. True, I heard him preach a number of times, but not a word about a literal hellfire and those formerly well-publicised choking fumes of brimstone in the nether world. It is just possible that he believed in both, though I should require substantial and satisfying evidence of it before accepting a statement to that effect. Probably had he lived to 1942 he might have adopted the more generous and humane view that if in another world there is "punishment to fit the crime", it is something quite different from the scenes so graphically but gruesomely portrayed in Dante's *Inferno*. Moreover, Grant was a thinker—a man of original and constructive ideas. Yet not an impracticable idealist. It was Henry James who wrote: "Ideas are in truth forces. Infinite, too, is the power of personality. A union of the two always makes history". That this man, judged by the Henry James standard, made history, no one who knew him will question. Finally, Dr. Grant was not only a minister of the Gospel but an educationist and man of the world; not a common combination. And all to the good, seeing that the head of a modern university who wishes to succeed needs to be a business man as well as a scholar, though not necessarily a clergyman. For such a man the works of Adam

Smith and John Stuart Mill may come in handy as well as the two Testaments; political economy as well as zeal for the practically pious life.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN

I have coupled the name of Archbishop O'Brien with that of Dr. Grant, St. Mary's, the Glebe House and St. Matthew's being but a stone's throw apart. Whether that propinquity had a tendency to warm and enliven the relations between those contemporaries, deponent knoweth not. It is said by psychologists that social propinquity between men and women has often a determining and quickening tendency in affairs matrimonial. Was there a marriage of intellect in this particular instance? If so, it must have left out the entire subject of religion. For up to that time no stouter and more devout Roman Catholic had ever lived at Glebe House than Archbishop O'Brien, whilst a more thorough-going Protestant than Dr. Grant would have been as hard to find as a needle in a haystack.

If Grant at times lighted up his immediate environment with flames of passionate protest against things in which he disbelieved, Archbishop O'Brien, despite enjoying an exceptionally outward calm, was not destitute of fire, which on occasions (as I have reason to remember) he knew how to kindle suddenly, although it could not be said of him that he had inherited an excessively hot temper. It must not be overlooked that there is plenty of fire in the coldest flint. For the Archbishop believed that people must be either black or white; that the world has not much use for the greys. Warmth and spiritual idealism were blended with the sterner stuff of which he was made. No doubt self-denial and discipline had strengthened his character, as they have in many others holding high place in the Roman hierarchy. In a comparatively small area one to some extent is cabined, cribbed, confined. There are no unknown continents to be explored and charted. But such areas as Nova Scotia afforded in those days were, I remember, well studied and critically analysed by the occupant of the Glebe House.

Nothing fulsome or florid appeared in the Archbishop's rhetoric, which seemed to be guided by the motto, "Who knows most speaks least". On one occasion I called at Glebe House to canvass for *The Toronto Week* established, and then edited, by Dr. Goldwin Smith, who had previously been Regius Professor of History at Oxford. Had I thought twice about it, I would not have sought that interview. I was simply out to get as many

subscribers as I could for the Toronto publishers of the paper, the Blacket Robinson Company, as I was then myself an occasional contributor to its columns on such subjects as Imperial Federation—at that time Joseph Chamberlain's plan to solidify the Empire, and the Blacket Robinson people had asked me if I could swell their subscription list of the journal in Eastern Canada. The fact that the Editor of *The Week* was strongly anti-Catholic I had not in the least considered. Having been invited to take a seat, I handed a current copy of the paper to His Grace while he was seated at the desk of his study, venturing at the same time to suggest that it was a high-class weekly to which many professional men throughout the Dominion were subscribing. "But why do you think I should take a paper edited by such a fanatic and firebrand as Goldwin Smith?" The reason for that unexpected outburst flashed into my mind like an electric current of a thousand volts. I parried. "Well, quite apart from the opinions of Goldwin Smith, with which one may or may not agree, *The Week* has other contributors, and deals at large with world affairs as well as with those of Canada." On the spur of the moment, it was the best of which I was capable. But there was nothing doing. My "sample copy" was returned. I was decorously bowed out by the private secretary of His Grace.

When I came to think of it, the rebuff seemed natural, almost inevitable. I had asked for it. Innocently, it is true, though Archbishop O'Brien was not to know that. He may have said to himself, "The impudence of this fellow"! Dr. Grant might quite as firmly yet courteously have dismissed me had I asked him to subscribe for a strongly anti-Presbyterian paper. "Know your man", I concluded, is an excellent rule for canvassers, especially for religious organs or other publications edited by "fanatics and firebrands".

But, justice though the heavens fall. I met His Grace on other occasions, among them at New Year's receptions at the Glebe House, when the custom was at its height to "make the rounds" New Year's Day at high noon to Government House, to the residence on Spring Garden Road of the Commander of His Majesty's Forces stationed at Halifax, and to two or three other distinguished centres where "good cheer" was conspicuous on the sideboards, perhaps (if one could possibly imagine such a wicked thought) as a deterrent to the fulfilment of "good resolutions" made hastily the last day of the old year. And the more I saw of him, the more I was convinced that Nova Scotia

had not then produced an Archbishop upon whose head a Red Hat would have sat more suitably. And, once a Cardinal, there is always a chance to be called to the highest post. Indeed His Grace, to my mind, would have made a very good Pope. Presumably he either spoke Italian or could easily have become proficient in that language. As it was, however, I am sure he was perfectly satisfied with his position, and could well have said to himself "My lines have fallen in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage".

PRINCIPAL FOREST

The heads of universities, I think it will be generally agreed, are national figures more or less; in some cases international. Men who control Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Edinburgh, Glasgow, McGill, Toronto, Cornell and other great centres of "the higher education", may be responsible for the training of students from many countries. That, of course, is less so in war-time than in peace, since travel from one country to another is so much more difficult; it is then that life's exigencies take the place of some of life's amenities; the training and development of masculine bodies then take precedence over the improvement of minds and morals. For that reason universities are suffering, and suffer they will until the world settles down again to meet the best needs of youth.

At the time of which I write, the normal still prevailed. The nearest war to affect North America was behind—Abraham's Lincoln's war for the abolition of slavery. In the Northwest there was the Riel Rebellion in the eighties, but purely local, rising no higher than a teapot tempest, although it looked bigger than that at the time. The Boer War came on a little later, and the Great War not for a quarter of a century. When "The Rev. George M. Grant" was transmogrified into "Principal Grant", university life was thus undisturbed by the military violence of conflicting "ideologies", to use to-day's *diché*. This applied as well to the time when "the Rev. John Forest" became "Principal Forest", the two men being contemporaneous in their management of universities in Kingston and Halifax respectively. Certainly a feather in the cap of "good old Halifax" for two Principals to be chosen from its pulpits for positions affording much wider scope for their abilities.

These two men were not exactly distinctive of types. Both were Presbyterians, both were Conservatives, both were Canadians in the best sense, rather than revolving entirely in a

narrower provincial orbit; both were ambitious to increase the usefulness and prosperity of the institutions over which they presided; both had an aptitude for the business end of university control, and both were in love with their work and therefore sincerely devoted to its varied interests. Both, too, had complete faith that the young manhood of Canada could favourably compare with their brothers in any branch of the British Commonwealth. Consider those qualities, and one may not be surprised that I write them down, as the heads of Queen's and Dalhousie, square pegs in square holes.

I am under the impression that the Rev. John Forest spent quite a few years in the pastorate of St. John's Church, Brunswick Street. At times, however, he was heard in all the Protestant churches of the city. And heard with interest. No peaceful and pleasant dreams in pews on such occasions. A virile preacher as well as, in his later life, a virile champion of Dalhousie. In line with the requirements of every modern university, there was good business ability in Dr. Forest's head. To run a university with ever-expanding success is impossible without the sinews of war in a really big way. Could any one of the great universities I have mentioned in a previous paragraph have achieved outstanding prominence without financial support other than that coming across the counter? As a "good business proposition," no university has ever existed. Privately-given endowments, gifts or State aid—perhaps the whole three in some cases—are absolutely essential for expansion and continued and uninterrupted progress.

As a "go-getter" for Dalhousie's benefit, Dr. Forest stood supreme, and may do so as long as the university lasts. Not, of course, out of his own pocket. Clergymen do not amass riches from their profession. Had the financial world claimed him in youth, as it claimed his brother, Alex Forest—of *Farquhar and Forest*, for many years bankers and brokers on Hollis Street, opposite the Halifax Club—he would not have been the Rev. John Forest, nor Dr. Forest, nor Principal Forest. But he might possibly have become a millionaire. Men with less brains than he, in those same days, had filled their pockets to a conspicuous overflow. What Dr. Forest did for others was, however, more vital than what he did for himself.

At the risk of vulgarity, one might say that Principal Forest—which he had become at that time in his career—"tapped" the very considerable wealth of a Nova Scotian, George Munro, for the establishment of the "Chairs" without

which Dalhousie could not, then at any rate, have marched vigorously into the forefront of the universities in the Maritimes. Pietou-born, Munro went to New York when young and "made his pile" in the book-publishing business. He and Forest being brothers-in-law, it was no doubt the most natural thing in the world for them to have armchair discussions of such mutual interest as education in Nova Scotia. The outcome calls for no elaboration; it is common knowledge. The George Munro Chairs brought new professors on the scene, and the George Munro Exhibitions and Bursaries brought scores of students, who might not otherwise have been able to come, to profit under the new dispensation. How far the "learned professions" were reinforced by Dalhousie's graduates during Dr. Forest's flourishing régime, would indeed be an extremely interesting chapter in any history of Nova Scotia's contributions to the well-being of society

A HAPPY-MINDED SCOTSMAN

I have not the least intention of making this a sort of Presbyterian monologue. Yet another clergyman of that school comes into any true picture of the times when Principal Grant and Principal Forest were influential elements in Canadian life. For Dr. Burns, the greatly-beloved pastor of Fort Massey Church for some years, had personality to a degree possessed by not very many of his contemporaries. An extremely bulky man was Dr. Burns, in bodily girth if not in height. Living at the southern end of Hollis Street, it was not always an easy matter for a very stout man to climb up Tobin Street of a Sunday when that steep acclivity was covered with ice and snow. So the story was told that on one such morning the Doctor engaged a lad to haul him up on a sled so that he might be present at the service. But it does not follow necessarily that a small boy could pull a heavy man on a sled from Pleasant Street up a slippery slope to Fort Massey. Nor did it follow on that occasion, when near the top the rope gave way, and over two hundred-weight in the Presbyterian Ministry coasted backwards to the bottom of the hill.

But a biography of Dr. Burns, if done with justice and a sense of humour, might have as many happy anecdotes as that of any Haligonian of his time. Not being his biographer, I shall relate only one more incident. After returning from a visit to Scotland, the Doctor lectured in Fort Massey basement on his travels north of the Tweed. A table was provided, about

ten feet from the speaker—and therefore as conspicuous as the platform itself to every eye in the audience—for representatives of the Press. It so happened, however, that I was the only pressman seated there. Beaming at me over his glasses, in the course of an account of the Bobby Burns country, he could not, apparently, resist the temptation to give a quotation from Scotland's national poet: "But I must be careful what I say, for 'there's a chiel amang ye takin' notes and faith he'll preent them". A bit embarrassing for the "chie", though as apt an impromptu quotation as I ever heard, since the next morning the "notes"—to the satisfaction of their author, as he told me afterwards—duly appeared in "preent".

A thing I particularly liked about Dr. Burns was the unaffected and overflowing cheerfulness of a naturally radiant disposition. If I lived to be a centenarian a dozen times over, I would never quite forget his friendly smiles. "Only good of the dead". Dr. Burns went further—only good of the living. Had he ever an evil thought about anybody, it remained a thought, probably deeply hidden in the recesses of his mind. His credentials, I always thought, would have been impeccable for a post in a modern university as Professor of Optimism. Not only his creed but his practice could be briefly stated—Tolerance is a virtue which everybody could cultivate with advantage. There was no need to remove the proverbial pebble from his shoe. No such pebble was there so far as I, and many other friends, knew him. Nor anything whatever in the way of advanced "modernism" in matters of religion. I imagine that he must have thoroughly backed-up a French author's statement, "If there were no deity it would be necessary to invent one", provided he (Burns) could ever possibly have entertained for one solitary moment that particular supposition "if there were no deity". At any rate he would have agreed with the Rev. Philip Henry, of 18th century fame, who used to say sometimes, when in the midst of the comforts of this life, "All this, and Heaven too"!

THEN, NOW, AND THE FUTURE

It goes without saying that in a physical sense Halifax in the 'eighties was not the Halifax of 1942. From that time to now there has passed a period not very far short of the entire biblical span of life. Many a Haligonian in fact lived his whole hour upon the stage between those dates. Yet human nature, much less changeful than the chameleon's colours, is practically

what it was in "the glorious days of the buggy", when, too, the hob-tailed horse-car carried the traveller from the old Richmond Station on North Street to the Esplanade at the foot of Inglis Street, or *via* Spring Garden Road and South Park Street to "the aristocratic South End". Fashions in men's tailoring and in ladies' gowns may vary tremendously—especially in the case of the ladies—from one decade to another, although in a civilised community the people they caricature or adorn, as the case may be, in their hearts and heads are pretty much of the same mental, material and spiritual consistency. Yet "the good old days" may continue to haunt many a long-lived man as he draws near to the last of his seven stages.

It is therefore reasonable to suppose that other O'Briens and Grants, other Burnses and Forests, in times to come will arise to the credit of Halifax in particular and of Nova Scotia in general. "What we have been has made us what we are". That is the orthodox Englishman's view of his own country. It might well be a Nova Scotian's view. After all, it was not many decades after Halifax was conquered from its spruce and pine forests that the city became to the East of North America what Victoria became later to the West—the most English community in the New World. First the Indians and then the French gradually disappeared in their respective rôles as controlling factors in Old Acadia and Old Chebucto. Immigrants from England, Scotland and Ireland came across, and British warships—"the wooden walls of Old England" in those days—turned Halifax into a Naval Station of Empire-wide repute.

Probably from that change dates the reputation of Nova Scotia as the breeding-ground of men (and women) of parts. Whether the peak of that reputation has been reached, and passed, is not for anyone to say or even to conjecture. A greater future may be in store for the Province, and for the seat of its Government, than at any period in its past. When I was a lad, men smoked meerschaums with big brown bowls, wore grey linen-dusters in the dog-days, donned black silk skull caps lined with red silk if travelling on the I.C.R. even so short a journey as from Halifax to Truro, and argued about the Franco-Prussian War, Confederation, and the American War across the southern border. Yet the grey matter in the heads of the present generation is perhaps better developed, seeing that educational opportunities are steadily improving. From Nova Scotia's schools and colleges there should keep emerging a steady stream

of men and women to maintain the Province's century-old fame as bright as burnished brass.

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD AIR

In singling out a quartette of the citizens of Halifax as the basis for this article I have not forgotten that "there are others". Many others. Some of them I spoke of in a previous number of the DALHOUSIE REVIEW. The personalities of others may be dealt with should the opportunity offer. An enthusiastic orchardist in the Annapolis Valley once said to me: "There is something in the air of the Valley that makes its apples the finest on the American Continent". Is there something "in the air" that has produced, proportionately, more men of outstanding ability in Nova Scotia than in any other Province? If so, then Nova Scotians might well sing a *Te Deum* of gratitude for a condition favourable to the production of men as well as of apples.

When Josh Billings wrote, in his original style, "It is better to know nothing than to know what ain't so", he emphasized a fundamental and universal truth. In Nova Scotia it was the mainspring of that impetus to higher education which left such a marked impression on the era when the men I have been discussing were prominent in the Province. That "knowledge is power" was embedded in the minds of Principal Grant and Principal Forest as deeply as diamonds are buried in the sands of the Transvaal. While not directly engaged in educational work, there is no doubt that both Archbishop O'Brien and Dr. Burns were scarce less convinced of the practical value of education to a people so well situated for its reception—far from madding crowds, in the splendid quietude prevailing from the Bay of Fundy to the Bras d'Or Lakes.

A long jump from Josh Billings to a biblical proverb, yet I shall make it in the famous quotation, "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith". I can well imagine Dr. Burns and Archbishop O'Brien having, on some occasion, taken that as a text from which to preach in the pulpits of Fort Massey and St. Mary's. They wholeheartedly believed it, and to have preached it would have been in perfect harmony with their conscientious convictions as well as with their dignified bearing and scholarly attainments. Even more particularly, the whole quartette were inclined to assure their congregations that none of them could go to Heaven in a feather bed, possibly adding the parable about the rich man's difficulty in reaching that haven of perpetual peace being no easier than a camel's passage through the eye of a needle.

Principal Grant and Principal Forest had another quality which in those days was frequently "on the air", as we in our wireless days should say. They were "beggars" *par excellence*. At the end of the century both Queen's and Dalhousie needed "tons of money"; they still, no doubt, would accept it, and there is equally no doubt that they will always welcome it as a *sine qua non* to a full development of the ambitions which have lain—and seldom dormant—in the bosom of every principal of a university since degrees of scholarship were first invented. That their efforts were not futile, I have pointed out in the case of Dr. Forest at Dalhousie, while Dr. Grant's additions to Kingston's exchequer were, as I understood at the time, of really splendid proportions. Archbishop O'Brien's work for educational institutions generally was naturally associated mainly with his own Church, and must also have been very considerable. Of Dr. Burns I can say nothing in this connection, as I have no particular knowledge with regard to it. But this one can say, that all four men could well have worn the white flower of a blameless life. And clever men as well as honest. Finally, in general, the public is swayed by persons even more easily than by principles.

NOVA SCOTIAN BISHOPS

That Halifax in the last quarter of the century had such a complete complement of clergymen of the first class should I think be better known than it is. To deal with all who were most prominent would, however, be taxing the Editor's war-time space, perhaps the reader's war-time patience. Whatever its faults—and "the naughty 'nineties" told a tale—the Victorian era was noted for the church-going tendencies of all classes. A genuine interest, too; not in the least hypocritical: people looked forward to the Sunday services and similar events. Darwin's supposed theoretical blows at some of the foundation stones of Christianity had not weakened them at that time, whatever may have happened later. Was there really anything at all in the theory that instead of the quick omnipotent creation of human beings in the Garden of Eden, or elsewhere, it was actually a matter of millions of years, ranging by painfully slow processes all the way down the ages from protoplasm to preachers like, say, St. Paul? Many took a new interest in the churches with which they had been more or less associated. They wanted to discover, if they could, if all was still well with "the fundamentals". If a new broom sweeps clean, it was

important to know if Darwin was to be accepted, with all the many implications of his alleged discovery.

Looking back, I may say without prejudice that Halifax continued to be definitely orthodox. In England about that time it was said that "What Manchester thinks to-day, all England will think tomorrow". I believe that that was no less true of Halifax in its relation to the Province. In the early eighties I happened to be present at a debate on Evolution—then the new and somewhat iconoclastic theory—held in the Church of England Institute on Granville Street, opposite Clarke's auction rooms. From the tone of the discussion it was clear that there was plenty of sympathy for the idea that Darwin and Christianity need not be entirely irreconcilable. Whether that view was general among the Church of England clergymen of the city, I am not prepared to say. It was about that period in the city's history that Bishop Binney was succeeded by Bishop Courtney in the Bishopric of the Province. That Bishop Binney was not a full-fledged "evolutionist", is more than likely. A rather austere man was the Bishop, not easily moved by innovations, especially if they did not exactly harmonise with his own preconceptions of things both material and spiritual. At that time he was living in the large square stone house on Hollis Street opposite what was then called "the Keith Mansion", built by the founder of Keith's Brewery, then and for some years, before and after one of the city's money-spinners. As a young man I was impressed by three things—the Bishop's grey beard, his conscious dignity, and the overpowering solemnity of his sermons on occasions when I heard him—and no doubt at other times as well—at the Bishop's Chapel on Robie Street, facing the west end of Spring Garden Road. Kindhearted, however, according to his reputation. The sternness of his mien did poor justice to the natural warmth of his heart.

Bishop Binney's successor, who left Boston for the higher position offered him in Halifax, was quite different in appearance. First impressions may not always last. But at Rev. Dr. Courtney's installation into his high office, carried out in St. Luke's Church, I got the idea that the new Bishop could go beyond Bishop Binney in the matter of distinctly high-class dignity, highbrow austerity, and high-class self-possession and self-control. However, I gave him "a good send off" in the Boston paper from which I had received a commission to send full particulars of the proceedings at St. Luke's. What

Bishop Worrell followed in the footsteps of his predecessors, he appeared to me to fit somewhat more comfortably into the mosaic of the Church of England as it had long been established in one of the most English cities in the New World.

ORTHODOX NOVA SCOTIA

That Halifax has been a church-going community from its earliest days is a tribute to its self-respect, and to the correctness of its general attitude on things both spiritual and mundane, which may not be out of place in these notes. Its application to the Province may be still more pronounced; to look further—to the whole Dominion. One might even go still further by including all of North America, not merely the northern half of it. It still holds, particularly in comparison with the rest of the world. To be quite frank, the war of 1914-18 did not tend to strengthen those Christian beliefs and practices which up to that time had been accepted by hundreds of millions of people as both indispensable and desirable. In England—of which I may speak with some knowledge—there have been questionings which would not have arisen, in all probability, but for the horrors of those four years. But I should judge that in Nova Scotia the sound religious convictions of generations have been less modified than in the United Kingdom as a result of the Great War and, so far as it has gone, of the Greater War now going on.

Pulpits filled by men of the exceptional power which strong personality confers are undoubtedly needed as much now as in the latter part of the 19th century. It is a point which might with advantage be considered in all its bearings in the many communities of the British Commonwealth. Germany, at the dictation of its lord and master, has abandoned the Christianity which once made it highly important in the affairs of men. The effects of that changed outlook will, of course, be transitory. But during their continuation they are one of the most deplorable results of a great nation running headlong amok at the bidding of an Anti-Christ. Nor a case of singling out one religion. Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews—all suffer now wherever the writ of the tryant runs.

The German martyr, Pastor Niemöller, must often have thought—during his long imprisonment in a Nazi concentration camp for refusing to bow the knee to Baal—of one of Kipling's "ifs" in his famous poem:

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools.

"A trap for fools"! Nothing else than that has Germany become under the tutelage of the worst "knave" yet born in Europe. "Fools", for one thing, to have swallowed *holus bolus* Hitler's claim to be a German god! To overthrow peace-loving nations has not been sufficient to satisfy this impostor's appetite for absolute power; he must also overthrow Christianity as well as Judaism. But only in the Germany he has corrupted. Other countries have no intention of following that example. While under the despot's heel, they may be obliged to accept his overlordship. Yet no Gestapo will ever have the power to destroy the religions in which people believe.

It may be a poor consolation for all the tragedies of our time that the Anti-Christian cult will disappear as soon as the German danger to the world has been blotted out. And, likewise, the end of its imitators will come at the same time. The Quisling cult is an example of the terrible taint that has spread like mephitic vapours over Central Europe. For it is still true that evil communications corrupt good manners. Take Norway. Norwegians have always been a sturdy God-fearing people. Paganism in that country will be a plant of slow growth. It is the fact that Quisling seeks to be raised to the status of a Norwegian god, after the style of Hitler in Germany, that paints Nazism in its true colours. Suitable for the Stone Age, perhaps. But for a traitor of the Quisling type to set himself up as "a god" indicates the abyssmal depths to which Hitler is dragging down his neighbours.