WITH GLOWING HEARTS

True Stories of Canadians in the Making

PETER SHEPHERD

WITH GLOWING HEARTS — Shepherd

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To.

My Dear Grandchild.

Frances Marjorie Shaver

this little volume is affectionately inscribed with the hearty good wishes and benediction of the author.

Grandad Shaver,

(Peter Shepherd)

Your 10th birthday.

With Glowing Hearts

True Stories of
Canadians in the Making

BY

PETER SHEPHERD

"With Glowing Hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free."

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA
THE COMMITTEE ON MISSIONARY EDUCATION
Kenneth J. Beaton, Secretary
514 WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO 2 B, ONT.

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DEDICATION

To MRS. JIM, *whose door was always open to saint and sinner, learned and unlearned, of all races, classes and creeds, and who sensitively shared with* UNCLE JIM *every burden and disappointment as well as every victory and joy of their busy life, this book is dedicated.*

Foreword

I asked Uncle Jim if I might publish his stories as a contribution to the literature on the making of Canada, and this is his reply:

"Dear Peter:

If you think the stories will tell something of the great character stuff that came to Canada in her latest immigrant tide, and of the process that went into the shaping of that material for its place in the structure of this great new nation, you may go ahead with your idea. I warn you, however, they are not a history, or a scientific study, but just guide posts to the understanding of what I really think is a modern miracle in nation building. There is much more to be said, but if my stories will help even a little, Peter, they are yours.

Yours very affectionately,
UNCLE JIM."

So here they are. I hope you will get as much pleasure out of reading them as I have from hearing them told.

PETER SHEPHERD.

January 1st, 1946.

Introduction

Thirty-five years ago "Uncle Jim" roomed with me at the convention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Rochester, N.Y. During all the intervening years there has never been a break in our fellowship. If I had to describe him briefly it would be in the words attributed to Abou Ben Adhem:

"I pray thee then
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."

Like the compassion of his Master, his love was early manifested on behalf of "the last, the least and the lost," those of whom Jesus said "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them . . . ye have done it unto me." This soon led him from down-and-outs to New Canadians, then pouring into our land like a flood. Again like his Master, "He had compassion on the multitude because they were as sheep scattered abroad," and he felt called to be their "shepherd." He began by being their friend and the record of that creative friendship is writ large in the history of The United Church of Canada. Only a few samples are found in the stories which follow. The rest is hidden deep in a thousand hearts and lives. These few examples should be widely read.

J. H. ARNUP.

January 15th, 1946.

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WITH GLOWING HEARTS

CHAPTER I

THE IMMIGRANT TRAIN

Uncle Jim is a grey-eyed, white-haired home missionary, who looked fresh and fit for some years more of service, but whose nervous system was beginning to give under the strain of bearing the burdens of others. When his physician ordered a complete rest, and I found myself with an M.A. diploma in my hands and convalescing from a rather severe illness, I was delighted at his invitation to spend a month with him in his little cabin in the woods beside the Assiniboine. His library out there was small but well-chosen. They seemed to be the books which were his favourite friends. Kant, Hegel, Watson, Dyde, Blewett, some Modern Psychology, the standard poets, Missionary biography, a number of good devotional volumes, ancient and modern, and for lighter reading some well-worn historical novels.

The American Winston Churchill seemed to be his favourite. One day, after he seemed to be getting into his regular stride of nine hours sleep instead of six, and became more relaxed, I ventured to fish for some personal reminiscences of which I had previously had a nibble or two.

"How did you happen to take up this job of yours, as you call it, among the immigrants?"

"It looks like coincidence, accident and all that, but I know that all those things which we call coincidence, accidents, etc., put up a question to my conscience and something far deeper than my conscience. It was the call of God which I felt sure I must follow. It was only step by step, of course, but it certainly was the call of God personally to me. My call to the ministry is another story. We'll leave that behind now, Peter.

"It began, though I did not know it, when I was a probationer for the ministry of the Methodist Church of Canada at a divisional point on the C.P.R., in the Province of Quebec. Eddie Rocket, the young lumber checker, was passing the window of my cheerless room in Mrs. Kedwards' weather-beaten house.

" 'Hello, Eddie. What is that "special" pulling into the yard just now?'

" 'It looks like another train load of those Galicians they are bringing out to fill up the West. Let's go over and see them.'

"And we did. And there they were, a whole train load—one of the hundreds of train loads of Sir Clifford Sifton's 'immigrants,' and to the casual Canadian observer they were an unattractive lot. The men were dressed in homespun linen and wool, wearing home-made long boots and sheep-skin vests and coats. Their brightly-embroidered shirts matched the gaudy homespun dresses of the

women, who wore for a head-dress, black or brightly-embroidered kerchiefs tied beneath their chins. The men tried to make themselves look as comfortable as possible, smoking time-honoured pipes and looking superior and unconcerned, while the comparatively few women, with waist lines which in those days of narrow corsets looked like real equatorial lines, struggled with bundles and foreign-made luggage containers to produce the simple food for the lunch, or nursed weary, tear-stained children at their ample breasts. They all looked stolid, as well as travel worn, and while one rarely discovered the tone of quarrelsomeness in their foreign speech, he must look closely to discover beneath those travel-stained, stolid features the passion of the dreamer, the pioneer. Few, if any, saw the dreamer at all. (If I remember rightly, I didn't.) Some even imagined that these people were always as dirty as several days' travel on our modern railway had left them, and always smelled of the combination of sweat, garlic and railway deodorant which met our nostrils on that hot summer afternoon. The brakeman called them 'd—d cattle,' and the bystanders seemed to agree with him.

"Merchants used the time taken for changing engines to sell groceries, bread, candies and fruit. The fruit seemed to be the only luxury purchased. At that time, I was living on a yearly salary of $300.00, so could do nothing but pity the many women and children whose eyes hungrily followed

the basket of fruit, from which they could not purchase so much as an orange. As I recall it now, my mind went back to the day when, as a high school boy back in Ontario, I had eaten my first orange and first banana, and I think I understood something of the hunger in those eyes.

"That was about all—no, not quite all. I remember being filled with anger and disgust when I heard some of the vendors boasting of what they had made out of the train load, chuckling among themselves at the fact that over-charging and short-changing was the basis of most of the profit. These strangers did not understand our coinage. That was the first lesson they were to learn. The learning of that lesson meant the learning of another—they had been cheated. And the question would come into their minds—is that a Canadian habit? Must we live in Canada by our wits, too? Some of the answer is sad reading, and it has reached in many cases to the third generation.

"I often think of that first lesson spelled out to the stranger at a little divisional point on the C.P.R., in the Province of Quebec, and while I know too well that there is a long story away back of that, I know how *long, long* the schooling must last which will entirely rub from the slate the effect of this and similar lessons learned by very impressionable pupils in this school of new experiences, Canada."

Chapter II

MY FIRST IMMIGRANT, DRUNK AND SOBER

We had washed the breakfast dishes and tidied up the cabin for the morning. Uncle Jim seemed in no mood for reading, and neither did I. The sun poured into the eastern window with that double light of winter, the direct rays upon the floor and furniture and those reflected from the snow, flooding the whole room with a diffused glow. It was a very happy morning as we sat there thanking God in silence for all His glory. When our consciousness seemed to envelop each other in that spirit of contentment and devotion, it seemed the natural thing for me to break the silence by asking,

"Tell me about the first of these new immigrants you met for close-up observation."

"Believe me, Peter, it was for more than observation that I met him. Eight of us students of old Victoria College, decided to spend our summer in the slums of Toronto in an endeavour to win what we thought the worst part of the city to Christ. (We have learned since that some of the worst things in the world may exist behind Queen Anne fronts.) It was a straight venture of faith after much time spent in prayer. There were twelve of us before the summer was over. We were holding meetings on street corners, vacant lots and even had a large tent in Metropolitan Church grounds.

One evening, I was out scouting around the streets inviting people in to our meeting. Most of them went on about their business, but often a loiterer listened to us, to his eternal salvation. Half-drunk men were always possible, so I walked up to a young fellow who seemed to have difficulty keeping on an eight-foot sidewalk. He answered my salutation in a maudlin, friendly way, saying,

" 'I'm shelebratin' – hic! shelebratin' sir! My name is Bill Klausen—I'm shelebratin' my twenty-first birthday. C'mon and have a drink.'

" 'Is your home in the city?' I asked.

" 'No, I'm from Cop'nhagen. Thash a long way from here, Denmark. D'you know where that is?'

" 'You are a long way from home,' I said. 'Have you relatives in Toronto?'

" 'No, not-a-one. Am the only son. Been in Canada eight mon's. I'm shelebratin'!'

" 'Does your mother know you celebrate this way?'

" 'No!' he said, as if I had struck him a blow. 'If she did, it would kill her.'

" 'Come in,' said I, 'and sit down and we'll have a chat.' He came and there in a secluded corner of Metropolitan Church grounds I got him to see that God who made him and who gave His Son to die for him was more hurt than his mother. He agreed to face the thing up with God 'right now,' so we knelt together on the grass. I said to him, 'You pray in Danish if you can do it easier.'

He replied,

" 'No, I learned English at home by reading the Bible, and we'll say the Lord's Prayer together in English.' We did, and God was there and every word was spoken direct to Him. When we came to 'forgive us our trespasses' I stopped and said, 'He does, doesn't He?' He looked me in the face as though a new light was breaking in on him, and a smile broke out as he replied, 'Yes, He does!'

"It was about three-quarters of an hour since we had first sat down, and during that time he had wept and sweat through the struggle until every stitch of his clothing was wet. He was now perfectly sober. We went for a walk to his lodging, which was the Salvation Army hostel. The hour was late and he was locked out. I had no money to buy lodgings, so placing the whole thing in the hands of God, I took him to my lodgings. Here he washed up, and I shared with him my single bed in the attic. At that time, I was earning my room by looking after an old couple who had seen better days, but could not afford a servant. I tended the furnace, got their breakfast and looked after the house, with the help of a woman who came in twice a week to do things right.

"As the days went by, I got Bill's story, and he got a job. He had landed in Toronto with one hundred dollars in his pocket, and the first three people he had met who could talk his language were two bar tenders and a gambler—some reception committee! It was not long until he was minus his money. His three friends (?) were help-

ing him celebrate that day by supplying him with whiskey.

"You are wondering if he stuck? Well, he did. I had fed him for several days, and he was ashamed to come to me. The new job would not bring him pay for two weeks, so he pawned everything but enough to cover him, and yet had to go on two meals a day for four days, one meal a day for three days, and for three days had nothing at all to eat. He looked like a shadow of himself when I accidentally met him on the street. I got his story as I have told you. His reason for not going near his old friends was a fear that they might tempt him to drink again. I gave him what was left of my weekly meal ticket at a 15 cent restaurant, and he went in and ate two suppers before he went to bed. He wrote his mother and told her all. Later on, a friend got him passage on a cattle boat and he returned to his mother and father, who had never wanted him to come to America."

My curiosity urged me to find out what Uncle Jim did for his next meal, so I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I never went without a meal. This time, a dear old lady had heard what we students were trying to do, and before I went out the next morning the mail came in with a cheque for $15.00 in it for me. Old Eben Holden was absolutely right when he said, "Them that looks after others will be looked after, 'ceptin' they do it o' purpose."

Chapter III

BEGINNING IN EARNEST: JOE ROSE

The wind had swung to the north and then went down with the early setting sun. It was evident that the thermometer was going in the same direction, so we piled the wood-box high with oak blocks, built a roaring fire and settled down for the night. The silence was broken only by the distant rumble of a passing train, or the loud crack of the ice on the river, as the intense frost caused it to buckle between the frozen banks. Neither of us was in the mood for reading, so I ventured to ask for some more of Uncle Jim's Toronto experiences.

"I'll not try to tell you all of them," he said, "but you may be interested in some that led me out into the field where we gave our lives. I say 'we' because I got married and my wife and I began our honeymoon in the slums of Toronto, and you see we have always lived on the job, so our sons are included in the 'we' too.

"It was this way—The Y.M.C.A. wanted to begin social work of this kind, and the University wanted to have a ground for field work for the contemplated social service department. My bride and I, with two students, began by living among the people and just being friends to men and women

and boys and girls, as they needed us. We soon found that the district contained an ever-increasing number of 'foreign' homes, all of which were boarding houses. They knew no English, of course. Dr. Peter Roberts came to the city to promote a system of dramatized teaching of English. I got him a class for demonstration, and learned the trick. We started classes in front rooms, back kitchens, industrial recreation rooms, and University students acted as volunteer teachers.

"I remember one short, pleasant-faced Science student, rather shabbily dressed, who came to me late one evening and said, 'My name is Joe Rose, I am in my third year in Science, and I have two hours a week that I could give to teaching these men English. I am a Jew. I came from Russia at twelve years of age, and my younger brother and I are working our way through the University, but as I said, I have two hours a week to spare, and it is on Sunday, and I should like to help these people as I have been helped. It might not be wise to tell that I am a Jew on account of their prejudice, but if you wish it, I will teach them to read the Sermon on the Mount. Now don't mistake me—I am still a Jew, but I know the principle of "an eye for an eye" would turn this whole world into chaos, and bring every man's hand against his brother, for we all sin. The principle of forgiving your enemies is the only thing that will save the world.'

"Of course I gave him a class of Russians in a

back kitchen somewhere on a side street—I couldn't locate it now to save me—and he did a great piece of work. It was a long time before I could get his whole story, and in brief, this is it:

"Do not forget, Peter; this was back in 1911, when Nicholas the 2nd was Czar of all the Russias, and when there was strong discrimination against the Jews. The regulation was that in no school could there be more than one Jew for every seven Russians, and he must be approved by the authorities. A Russian Jewish friend of mine explained how he got his college education at the time. The quota of Jews was always full, and he did not want to wait for an opening, so he proceeded to get enough Russians registered to make an opening for another Jew. He took his seven students to the saloon, and bought enough Vodka to put them in good humour, gave them an extra tip, and paid their registration fees. It was nothing to him that they did not turn up for classes. He was in, and proceeded to make the best of his opportunities.

"In addition to such schemes as this, secret schools sprang up, where not only a general education was given, but these schools became the centre of many brands of socialism. Even to be in possession of such books was enough to send one to Siberia or to prison. Joe's sister was a teacher in one of those schools, and because Joe was too young to be arrested, he was left to carry the books when it was necessary to remove any from one place to another. He was caught and searched,

and the books found on him. The result was that he and his younger brother were put on the black list of those who were to receive no education, and they knew they would always be under the surveillance of the secret police. His sister saved up enough money to have him sent to Canada. How to get him out of the country was the next problem. However, money arranged that. A doctor reported him T.B., and ordered him sent to Germany for his health. The doctor gave him orders that when brought before the officials, he must do a great deal of coughing, which he did, and got through. He sold papers on the street corners in Toronto before and after school hours to pay for his board with a very kind old Jew, who had taken him in. Then he got openings to teach the English language to immigrant Jews now coming out. His brother was brought out, and the two of them worked their way on in life in this manner."

"Did you say Joe Rose was a Jew?" I asked.

"I don't know what his name was in Russia," he replied, "but in Canada we know him as Joe Rose. I suppose the change in name did two things for him. It cut him entirely free from the life of suspicion back in Russia, and from the prejudice too many Canadians have against the new immigrant in this country. Whether this was in his mind, or just that Canadians might much more easily pronounce his name, I don't know. I do know that what I saw of Joe marked him as a very fine Christian gentleman in spirit as well as

in principle, though he would not like me to use that term to describe him. He always said, 'I am a Jew,' even when he described a scene on the train as he was leaving Russia—a very lonely little boy going out into an unknown world. He did not believe in the sincerity of the Russian priests in general, but this day a dear old kindly priest noticed the lad curled up in the corner of the seat, and engaged him in conversation. When he got as much of the boy's story as Joe dared tell, he looked pityingly and lovingly into the lad's eyes, advised him to follow righteousness and purity out in that new world where there would be so many temptations, and then placing his hand upon the boy's head, prayed that God would protect him and keep him in the way of the righteous. Said Joe, 'I never think of it but I can still feel that hand on my head, and I know God heard that prayer.' "

Uncle Jim looked dreamily into the fire, as though Joe was not just a memory but one of his many boys out there in the world, and after a few moments, the smile that lingered beneath the surface of his countenance broke out fully on me, as he turned to remark:

"I think it's time, Peter, that we said our prayers and went to bed."

Chapter IV

OPENING A NEW PLANT

We had just cleared away the dishes and made the cabin snug and tidy for the afternoon. Uncle Jim sat gazing into the fire, whistling softly to himself, "There Were Ninety and Nine." I stood looking out the window through the great icicles that hung from the eaves, the result of a recent thaw, listening to the crunch! crunch! crunch! of the snowshoes and merry laughter of a group of young people who were tramping up the river for the day. As I turned and sat down in one of Uncle Jim's big, home-made chairs and pulled the book I had been reading out of the convenient side pocket he had made in the arm, I felt suddenly that I did not wish to read that morning, so slipped the book back in its place.

"Supposing you didn't have a Joe Rose who understood the other fellow's language, how would you ever get started?" said I. "You tell me you are not much of a linguist yourself."

Uncle Jim chuckled at what was evidently a humorous reminiscence, and opened up thus:

"Supposing I tell you how I got started in a western city where I was sent to open up work for the Church. There was I with a wife and one child, a salary of $1,000 with $25 a month house rent, a house to find and furnish, mission quarters

to discover and finance, and seven thousand people, whose languages I did not understand, as my constituency. A local church gave me a committee of wonderful men, who afterwards became my Board—but that's another story.

"When this story begins, I found myself standing on the sidewalk at the door of what was a very poorly built pool room, which I had cleaned and in which we had placed about one hundred folding chairs, a table and a blackboard. You see there was surely one thing those men needed, and that was a working knowledge of English. It's a good thing to keep looking at something if you want the other fellow to look at it too, so as I stood looking my 'mission' over, along came a little group of men who started to look too, then came some more, until quite a group had gathered. They were passing remarks in some foreign tongue, which of course I didn't understand. Presently, a big fair six-footer, who looked like a blonde Goliath, asked in broken English,

" 'What have you here? Pool room? Dance hall?'

" 'No,' I replied. 'A school; we teach you English.'

" 'Do you speak Russian?' 'No.'

" 'Polish?' 'No.'

" 'Ukrainian?' 'No.'

" 'Italian?' 'No.'

" 'No other language?' 'No, just English.'

" 'How the h—l are you going to teach English if you don't know another language?'

"I turned to the group of men and asked him, 'Can any of these men talk English?'

"He turned and asked them, and replied, 'No.'

" 'Ask them if they are going to work now.' He did, and then replied, 'No, they all work nights.'

" 'Ask them to come in and I'll give them a lesson in English and then you'll see.' He marshalled them in and showed them seats with the efficiency of a church usher and the grace of a drill sergeant.

"As soon as they were seated, I said, 'Now will you kindly tell these men that I am going to teach them a lesson on getting up in the morning and the main things are—they wake up, get up, dress and wash and go downstairs.' He did so.

"I lay down on the table and breathed like a really tired labourer with an occasional snore, and then said 'sleep.' I got them to repeat it after me again and again until they said it more or less perfectly, for you know it is not always easy to pronounce a language that is foreign to you. I then stretched and yawned and looked around and said 'awake.' They said 'awake,' I repeated it until they were all saying it in concert. 'Sleep'—'Awake.' Pointing to myself, I said 'I'; they said 'I.' This was done several times, then I lay down, appeared to sleep and awake, saying, 'I awake from sleep.' They repeated it again and again.

"The next was easier. 'Eyes,' pointing to them—

'eyes,' said they. I closed my eyes and then opened them, saying, 'open' until they caught on. Then the sentence, 'I open my eyes,' over and over again. By this time, Goliath was sitting on the edge of his chair leading the chorus. I pulled out my watch. 'Watch,' I said, 'watch,' and they repeated it again and again. I casually slipped it under some papers on the table, and soon began to look for it, turning over the wrong papers all the time, until Goliath was all for getting up to tell me where it was. 'Look for,' said I; 'look for,' they repeated, and Goliath caught on and punctuated his interest with an oath. 'I look for my watch,' was the next sentence, and then, 'I find my watch.' By this time, Goliath was completely carried away, and he said half under his breath, 'By G—! He can do it!'

"Well, I went on until they found their watches in English and threw back the bed clothes, got out of bed, put on their pants, socks and shoes, etc., washed themselves, combed their hair and went downstairs. It took about an hour and a half for that lesson, and after it was over I had Goliath explain to them that three days a week, in the afternoon and evening, there would be lessons in English there. He did so. When they broke up he stayed to chat, and as he left, assured me with rather profane emphasis that he would get a h—l of a lot of men to come to the school for me. Goliath moved away from the city soon afterwards, and I never saw him again, nor can I remember

his name. However, I can still see his big fair face towering over that little group on the sidewalk, though I don't suppose he will remember that he helped me get my start in this business of offering friendship in the Canadian West."

Uncle Jim turned and looked out of the window. "I think we owe ourselves a walk, Peter, on a day like this," and went out to the back kitchen for the snowshoes.

Chapter V

TEACHING IDEALS

I knew I had a good opening for a story that evening, so as we settled down after supper I said:

"You are strong, Uncle Jim, on the spiritual things in life. How could you get that in while teaching men how to get up in English?"

"That is a question," he replied, "when you think of the fact that you must teach them how to make a fire, get a meal, eat it, go to work, get a job, the names and use of tools in a machine shop, on a railway, etc., etc. But you see, first of all our vocabulary was without swear words, and when we began to get acquainted we soon had them eliminating them to at least some extent, and many left them out altogether.

"The process is a long one, but opportunities increase as you go on, so that you deliver many a sermon 'sitting at the well,' as it were. The fact is, you soon are asked to help these men buy homes, write applications for jobs, carry out business for their clubs. Eventually, they came to us in everything from a family quarrel and court case to finding out how a young man could get a good education in English. The most surprising thing that happened in these classes was the questions

which led one very far afield. One led to the starting of a Bible class.

"I walked into the class room one evening in the winter of 1914, and opened with the usual question—'Is there any question you would like to ask before we begin our regular lesson?'

" 'Yes, Mr. Jim,' said a fair-haired smiling Courlander, who stood six feet three in his stockings, *'who made the Bible?'*

"I was so unceremoniously dumped back into the fields of my college training that it 'took my breath away' for a moment. Having taken philosophy under Watson at Queens, I regained my equilibrium by asking John just what he meant by the question. His reply was, 'Was the world made like the Bible says, or like the scientists say?'

"So here I had another revelation of what attitudes and problems these men of such limited literary training were exposed to in this new land of freedom. (I found out afterwards that they were reading a translation of Karl Marx.)

" 'Well,' said I, 'I'm neither a theological professor nor a scientist, but if the class would like to take the time, I'll tell you how I look at it.' They all enthusiastically agreed, so I laid down the books I had in my hand and sat comfortably on the desk where I could see all their faces, for I knew I was to have one of the evenings of my life, and began—

" 'Of course, men talked before they wrote, so it is likely these early stories were told long, long before they were written down. I don't know just

how the world was made, but I imagine every race has a tradition of how things got started. We will suppose the Hebrew race got some kind of story from their forefathers. The interesting thing to me about that story isn't where they got it or whether it is scientifically true; it is the big ideas of how men should live with one another that they put into it. There is the idea that man should have one day in seven to rest and worship. I don't think any labourer would say that's a mistake.'

" 'We sure wouldn't!' said John, and the others laughed.

" 'Then there is something else in the story that I believe. If God made man, and the story says He did, then the human family should be a sacred family—that I, a Canadian, John from Courland, Aarvo from Finland, Tony from Italy, Ivan from Russia, Ole from Sweden, Aziz from Syria and Tsuchitaka from Japan are all brothers; not because we made a bargain to be, or because we are all in this class room tonight, or because we are all in Canada, or belong to the same union or anything like that. We are just all made under the divine law of brotherhood, and every time we get suspicious of one another or jealous of one another, or quarrel with one another, we are breaking the divine law of brotherhood, and I think we'll suffer for it as well as make others suffer. That part of the story is true, I'm sure.'

" 'Well,' said John, 'if Mr. Jim explained the Bible, I think we'd all believe it.'

"Of course, the lesson did not end that night. We took the story of Cain and Abel and how sin separated us from the people we have sinned against, and also in some way from the whole of society. We saw the collecting of the Jewish tradition and ideals around this idea of there being one God and what that meant to them, and because these stories were handed down verbally, they could not help but be told differently by different people and tribes. Then we came to the farmer Amos who saw the corruption in high places and brooded over it until he had to go down and confront the officials with their wrong at the risk of his life. He evidently wrote down what he had to say as well as how he came to say it, so we have the first written sermon. They did like the story of Amos locking horns with the paid priest, the time-server Amaziah, and did appreciate the fact that the sin which we wink at ultimately gets into our own household. The Sunday Bible class that resulted was a great opportunity, and I trust is bearing fruit in many places. Of course, we hurried through to the great evangelists where we tried to get over the good news of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, not to condemn but to save."

"What became of John?" I asked.

"He is now a member of the United Church in one of our eastern cities. He is still a bachelor

but a married brother who is very unfortunate needs his care, so what he does not give to the support of the Church goes to laying a little by for his old age and supporting a needy brother and his little family. He sends us a card every Christmas, just one of the very many connections we keep up. Another of the class is a prominent Ukrainian lawyer, and leading layman in the Ukrainian National Greek Orthodox Church in Canada. I may tell the story of him and his family some day, but not now."

He turned to me with that boyish enthusiasm still in his eye and remarked.

"Say, Peter, you seem to live on stories, but two stories a day is too much for your old Uncle. I'm going to relax and let you make some cocoa before we turn in," which I did.

Chapter VI

BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES

The fire was a good one, the cabin was cosy and the candles unlighted. Uncle Jim was whistling softly, and I was surprised to notice the tune was "Rule Britannia," for I had never known him to be a jingoist.

"That is a braggadocio old piece, isn't it?" he remarked, "but I was just thinking that one of the fine points about it is that Britons are learning never, never to be slaves *to one another.* Do you remember the note Queen Victoria sent to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, on his sixteenth birthday?" Of course I did not, so he went on to recite:

" 'To servants and those below you, be courteous and kind, remembering that by having been engaged to serve you in return for certain payments, they have not surrendered their dignity which belongs to them as your brother men and fellow Christians.'

"Of course, Britain is not entirely free from some kinds of industrial slavery, but no one knows that more than Britishers. Her relationships with other nations can bear the same criticism, but sometimes in my work I have seen things to make me proud."

"For instance?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I was just thinking of another night in that class room where the English the men were reading was the story of 'The Mother of Parliaments.' I had especially written this story for that series of lessons. It was the same conglomerate group which started the Bible class. In answer to my request for questions at the opening of the class, Aziz Benyi Cherty, a tall, black-eyed Assyrian of 19 years, who sat in a front seat, asked, 'How much taxes do we pay to England?'

" 'None,' said I.

" 'None?' said he, rather dumfounded.

" 'Yes, none, don't you believe me?'

" 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Jim, but it did sound so queer. What has she got us for, then?'

" 'Well,' said I, 'that's a long story, but I'll try to tell you some of it. You see, Britain, being a number of islands, lives by trading. She can only trade, of course, where people are friendly and want to trade, so the great Empire which we call a commonwealth of nations is just a friendly family of nations. The British people, a long time ago, established the rule among themselves that a government could not tax people unless those people elected the members of parliament who helped decide how the taxes would be spent. We send no members to the British parliament, so we pay no taxes. England had a stubborn government once and a foolish king. They tried to tax the American people, and this resulted in the American revolution and the creation of the great United

States, free from Britain. Britain never tried it again.'

" 'Why are we sending soldiers to fight for England now? And why this conscription?' he asked. (You see, he still kept saying 'England' instead of Britain; that King of 'England' idea sticks in their minds as the 'Kaiser of Germany,' etc.)

" 'First,' I said, 'you must remember it is the Canadian parliament, made up of Canadian members, elected by Canadian citizens, that conscripts the Canadian soldiers and sends them to Europe to fight. But your question is, "Why do they fight at all?" Supposing you went home tonight to your mother's home over here on Smith Street, and found a drunken fellow in there abusing your mother. What would you do?'

" 'I'd throw him out! At least, I'd do my best to throw him out!'

" 'That's just it, Britain is our mother-land. We are not of her blood alone, for many of us are of different blood—much of my own blood is German, if you go back past the American revolution—but she is the mother-land which gave us the big spiritual things, our educational ideals, our love of freedom, our free parliament, our religion. Don't forget that when our forefathers came here too poor to build churches and schools, the people in the old land raised money and sent us ministers and teachers, and helped build our churches even for those who came from other countries and were not of British blood. She is our spiritual mother-

land. There is a big fight going on over in Europe and she is in it, and as we are her spiritual sons we just don't want to see her get licked. In fact, we are just doing our best to see that she doesn't.'

" 'Well,' said he, as he turned around and looked the class over, as though this must be startling news to all the other nationalities too, 'that's the most wonderful thing I ever heard in all my life!' "

Uncle Jim paused and looked long into the fire. Then he said, "There is a sequel to that story, Peter, a rather interesting one—

"The British and their allies had pretty well overrun Arabia and all those districts between the Holy Land and India. A British force was quartered in Aziz's home town. His brother-in-law had been killed by the Turks, and his sister was left alone. Housing was at a premium, and the officers wanted to rent her house. She felt helpless, so sent for one of her brothers. As Aziz was single, they put their savings together and sent him home. He did just what any boy would do when he got home, sat around the shops and told stories of his wanderings. His star story was the one of the British Empire, which everyone of course took with a grain of salt. He insisted, however, that it was true.

" 'Britain does not tax her colonies. It is just a great family of nations. I know, for I have lived there!'

"Of course, they just smiled and looked knowingly at one another. One day, a British captain

engaged him in conversation, and took him down to the Intelligence headquarters. There they got his story, and in time I got a letter asking me about Aziz. In the meantime, they knew his story was genuine, and put the following proposition up to him—

" 'The minds of the people in all this country are poisoned by war propaganda against the British. They really believe we will take their language and their religion away from them, and that we will tax them unmercifully. We are supposed to be the most atrocious nation on the face of the earth. Since we are here, however, they have expressed a desire to learn the English language and want teachers for their high schools. We would like to engage you as one of those teachers, and would suggest that with every lesson you give a ten minute talk on your experiences with the British Empire.'

"Aziz, of course, took it on, and became in the end the superintendent of the English department in the high schools of that city of 80,000 population. He also became a great public lecturer on the British Empire, for he was somewhat of a linguist. He had been educated as a young lad in a French mission school, and spoke fluently both his own language and that of the local Mohammedans of his home city.

"That's one of the many by-products of our work of which we may learn a few, before we are gathered to our Fathers."

Chapter VII

ON KEEPING APPOINTMENTS

A real blizzard was sweeping across the distant clearing, the snow whirled in thick driving clouds around the cabin, the shutters creaked and banged. It was such a night as to make one grateful for a cosy fireside and a book or a friend. I had both, but I turned from the former and asked Uncle Jim another of my leading questions.

"Why do not these friends of yours from south-eastern Europe keep their appointments?"

Uncle Jim gazed into the fire a long time before he began his reply.

"Seeing," said he, "that you are asking for information rather than making a statement of condemnation, and seeing that I have learned that it is foolish to give sarcastic answers, I'll try to tell you a story or two that may help you to understand these neighbours of yours and mine.

"When I was about to graduate in theology from Victoria College, Toronto, I sat one evening in the room of a young friend who was boss of a gang of 'foreigners' laying street pavements.

" 'The way I get along with this bunch,' said my young friend, 'is to hire about fifty when I want thirty. They never all come, and if they do I pick out the thirty most likely-looking ones and

let the rest go. I can't run the risk of not having enough men on the job every morning.'

"A few years later, I sat in the office of one of the big coal handling plants of Western Ontario. A great crowd of men stood round outside, waiting for a chance to unload the boats that had come in during the night. Each carried a small metal check, which entitled him to work for the company when work was to be had. The chief turned to a young clerk and said, 'Go out, clerk, and pick out the "most likely sixty" of that bunch. That's all we'll need today.'

"The rest were let go home or off to use another check which entitled them to employment with another company. You see, they too had learned to have more than one string to their bows.

"I found the same thing true in pretty nearly every large industry that employed unskilled labour in those days. One thing only was asked, 'Can you deliver the work?' and employers took no responsibility for these men, neither did the men care for whom they worked as long as they got the pay. You see, there was nothing personal whatever in it.

"A friend of mine was resident engineer on the construction of one of our big grain elevators, when a Russian Count who had come to Canada to study the grain-handling business, visited the plant. Brady, of course, showed him around. When they reached the basement, scores of men were mixing and laying cement, splashing it

around unceremoniously. The Russian shouted to them in most exasperated tones, but no one paid any heed. When they returned to the office, a rather bespattered pair, the Russian remarked,

" 'Do not these men show their respect for you by ceasing work when you appear, and removing their hats?'

" 'No,' said Brady, 'we don't pay those fellows twenty-five cents an hour to stand around with their hats off being polite!'

"You see, Peter, we took no personal responsibility, and they took that as Canadian business methods. It's a bad thing, and I have met much of it in twenty-five years. We have a great deal to be forgiven. Which reminds me—it's late, so we had better ask forgiveness for our sins and turn in."

Chapter VIII

BUYING AND SELLING THE VOTE

Uncle Jim and I were sitting before the fire one blustery day, when I noticed him let the paper which he was reading slip to the floor, and turn his eyes dreamily to the glowing embers. I saw he was in a reminiscing mood, so seized the opportunity to put in one of my leading questions.

"Why is it," said I, "that the immigrant from south-eastern Europe would so easily sell his vote in a country which gave him the first freedom he ever knew?"

"That's the trouble," said he, "they don't know it." Then he paused for a considerable time, before he remarked: "But that's another story. I may tell it to you some time, but I'll answer your question with a story that this storm brings to my mind."

"The snow had fallen all night, leaving the streets of the city completely blocked for motor traffic, and bringing consternation to prohibition headquarters whose executive were totally unprepared for 'getting out the vote' on runners instead of wheels. The wet forces had hired all the livery sleighs. The occasion was one of the many temperance referendums which were brought forward previous to and during World War I. I was young and strong and so rallied my few Ukrainian and

Italian friends to go among their people, explain the nature of the vote and get them to register. Of course, we had to do it on foot. We were no sooner in action than a stranger joined us, introduced himself as Mike Mischuk, and offered his services. I dismissed my friends to the task and sat down to investigate the new volunteer. This was his story:

" 'You know, I am an experienced man at this. I worked for one of the "parties" in Manitoba. You just go around and give beer to the men and candy to the children and explain the whole thing to them. They think I'm a government man. They do what I say.'

" 'Where did you work, Mr. Mischuk?'

" 'Oh, I work in ——— Municipality.'

" 'There are not many votes there,' said I, 'those people have not been in Canada for three years.'

" 'Oh, that makes no difference. Both parties put them on the list so nobody can kick. I go and help to get names too for my party. Then at election time I go and say: "You go in to the booth with your ballot, count from top down to third name on the ballot. He my man; make an X and when you come out I give you two dollars." '

" 'But,' said I, 'how do you know they count down to name Number three and mark X? They can do as they like, and you wouldn't know.'

" 'Oh, but they think government know—government know everything in Austria!'

"Needless to say, we did not employ Mike. His

standards of temperance and integrity were somewhat shaky. Before the day was over, my legs were carrying me under a most determined protest. There was one man on my list who had not voted. He was a Finnish communist—a tailor. I walked to his shop and was mightily relieved to find he had just gone to the poll to vote dry. Communists always do. He at least knew the price of freedom.

"It really took all the stamina left in me to walk the last mile home. There I found my young wife under the doctor's care with a neighbour nursing her. She had taken suddenly ill, but refused to allow them to send for me lest I should fail to get out what might be the deciding vote in the campaign. But we were young and soon recovered and were in action as strong as ever. Oh, excuse my dreaming—I got off on the personal there for a bit. But I did blame those people a bit, too, because they took those two dollars and because they did not know they were free, until I had many more experiences with them. To make my answer more complete, I'll tell you another story.

"We had been teaching the new immigrants the English language, and in order to make those lessons into 'double headers,' I wrote a series of lessons in simple sentences on Canadian Civics. The idea was that when they were learning English they should also learn about freedom. When they read about the secret ballot, some expressed doubt as to the possibility of such a thing, and refused to be convinced. The next evening, I appeared

with booklets of ballots made out in the authentic form on my little mimeograph. We carried on an election and then the men spent the remainder of the evening trying to 'beat the ballot.' Of course, they were unable to do so, but this was their conclusion the following evening through one man who acted as spokesman for the class:

" 'We cannot find out how to know how a man votes, and we believe you that you can't, Mister Jim, but we know enough about governments and secret service to know that governments have a way of finding out anything they want. There is something in it that we are not wise enough to understand.'

"Now, Peter, in Austria these people were a minority under a foreign government; in Canada, they were still under what was for lack of experience a foreign government. It was a battle of wits to 'get by' over there. They imagined it would be a battle of wits to 'get by' with the government here. Who is the greater criminal—the wise, conscienceless Britisher who buys power at two dollars per head, or the poor ignorant immigrant, who is a stranger in a strange land and takes the two dollars and does what he is told?"

Uncle Jim's tone told me I'd better drop the subject for the day, so I arose and reached for the frying pan and bacon, and began to stir up the fire.

Chapter IX

THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE FREE

We had just carried in the box full of good oak logs and a fine roaring fire was going in the old improved Quebec Heater with oven attached, which served for both warmth and cooking purposes. The auxiliary fire in the grate added the cosy touch which brought mental and aesthetic as well as physical comfort.

"Tell me," I remarked, as we stretched our legs before the fire, "how you know these people of yours did not know they were free. You know you promised me another story on that line, and I'll not rest until I get it."

"Well," said Uncle Jim, "I told you about those lessons in English and Civics combined. I had been at the business for five years, and one of my constant and most brilliant pupils was Lauger Lovinkiewich. He had brought out his family from the old country, and our two homes had been on the friendliest terms. Often we had talked Austria and Canada far into the night, until the children of both of us fell asleep in our arms, and the wife of the one who was a visitor that evening quietly urged us that the children ought to be in bed. By this time, we had studied not only Canadian Civics and the life story of the men and women who made Canada, but a short history

of the Mother of Parliaments. I thought Lauger really knew what freedom meant until one day—

"The First Great War was on and hundreds of these Ukrainians were joining the Canadian forces as Poles. A tall, strapping fellow got dressed up in Canadian uniform, filled up with Canadian beer, and went out to demonstrate to his friends how big a man he was. He walked into a pool room across from our Mission and began to use abusive language on a man much smaller than himself. The little fellow's patience gave out and he hit the soldier over the head with a billiard cue and knocked him senseless. Consternation reigned. The pool room was cleared. The experiences of these men were all in countries where the authorities hold the proprietor of a public place responsible for assaults on soldiers under their roof, so the proprietor took the soldier by the collar, dragged him to the sidewalk, locked the door, and with the little fellow disappeared into the woods.

"The night was bitterly cold, so when morning came the two half-frozen, hungry fugitives were gathered in by the police. I took this as an opportunity to demonstrate British justice, so gathered as many of my class in Civics as were not working that morning, and took them to the police court. Anxious fear sat upon the faces of all, and the poor prisoner looked as though his doom was sealed. The trial was short. The magistrate gave the prisoner the usual calling down for using a stick on another man. His final words were, 'Now

the next time a man calls you such names, go into him with your fists. Never use a stick. You might have killed him, and then I'd have to try you for murder.' Turning to the interpreter, he said, 'Now you tell him what I said.' In the meantime, he proceeded to write out the sentence.

"As the interpreter ceased speaking, the prisoner turned pale, trembled, and gripped nervously the side of the dock. His eyes sought the face of the writing magistrate, then dropped instinctively to his pen, as though he would like to read what doom was being recorded there for him. Without looking up from his paper, the magistrate said, 'Two dollars and costs!' and the interpreter quietly repeated the words in Ukrainian. The policeman opened the door of the dock and said, 'You can go now.' The interpreter repeated the statement. Slowly, and with a bewildered look gradually replacing that of fear, the prisoner stepped out and walked with a friend to settle his bill. Lovinkiewich sat beside me, and as the sentence was pronounced, I could hear him and several others actually catch their breath. He put his hand impulsively on my knee, and remarked under his breath —— —— ——. I can suggest his words better by a story of another court case.

"It was an automobile accident. The witness was asked what one of the drivers said, and his reply was, 'Your Honour, must I use the swear words he used?'

" 'No, you may leave them out,' said the Judge.

" 'Then,' said the witness, 'he didn't say anything!'

"On leaving the court room I said, 'Lovinkiewich, what was the matter with that sentence?'

"His reply was again a number of dashes, ending with, 'I thought he'd have got six years!'

" 'Why?' said I.

" 'Because he hit a *soldier!* That's what he would have received in Austria, and in war time more.'

" 'Haven't I tried to tell you for the last five years that every person in Canada is just a citizen? —soldier, officer, mayor, magistrate, chief of police and all?'

" 'Yes, I know, but I never saw it until now.'

"You see," said Uncle Jim, turning to me, "freedom, after all, is a thing of experience. You and I, like the apostle Paul, were born free. In some ways we fit into it so easily that we hardly know we have it, or the value of it. The stranger to freedom must be led into experiences of freedom before he can know he is free. We must be grateful for the gift, and patient with those who are just coming into it—very patient, son, very patient."

Chapter X

PROFANITY AND LIES

"It looks as though another storm is brewing, son. You and I had better go out and buck some more wood, or we may be as cold before morning as that fellow who hit the soldier with the billiard cue."

The wood cut, and carried in, a roaring fire in the grate, a roaring storm without, and with twilight settled down, I could feel that I might tap Uncle Jim for another story or two before we turned in.

"Your stories," said I, "raise so many questions in my mind. For instance—why do the new immigrants use so much profanity? And your court case reminds me that many of these people will lie under oath without the least hesitation."

"One question at a time, son! Shall we begin with the profanity? One day as I was coming off a boat at Fort William, they were putting in the subway under the C.P. Railway. The earth was that blue slippery clay, and it was raining hard. Water leaked into the excavation from several sources, and wooden gutters carried it to a basin, from which it was being pumped. It was a dirty, greasy mess. The walking boss discovered a gutter that had dropped loose, and the water was flooding the works. He seized the gutter and held it in

position, shouting to a labourer to bring a block to put under it. He was stooped far over, and was gradually sinking in the mud. The man was a recent arrival, so did not understand. The boss shouted, the man got excited and ran here and there, bringing everything but what was wanted. The more he ran, the louder the boss shouted, and the more profusely he swore, the more excited the man became. By the time the block was brought, a 'madder' boss and a more excited labourer I have never seen. Even when the man went back to work, the boss took his cooling off by standing there on a piece of plank, looking down at the troublesome gutter and quietly swearing to himself. You see, at first these men did not understand all that was said to them. A Britisher would likely have had it out with the boss with his fists long before he had exhausted his vocabulary. The 'foreigner' took it as Canadian slang, or just a method we had of being emphatic.

"Mike stayed home from work on some old world saint's day. The boss remonstrated with him, saying that saint did not count in Canada. Mike's reply was, 'He's a d—d big man in my country!'

"The father and big brothers were the first to learn English, and naturally they took the vocabulary home, so that the whole family soon became emphatic in profanity. I have had a young lady, coming out of one of these homes—a good home—

where there were a number of brothers and sisters all doing well in the world, and not one drinking or smoking, say to me, 'You know, Uncle Jim, the hardest sin for me to overcome is swearing.' And I can understand her.

"I do not know why, but we did produce a great many swearing bosses in those days. A young man who had become well acquainted with our language and knew what profanity was, remarked to me one day, 'I have a very fine job now, and a very fine boss. I have been in Canada seven years, and this is the first boss I have ever worked under who doesn't swear.' "

"But," said I, "you must admit that many of these people swear in their own tongue."

"Yes, indeed, but I was just explaining why there is such a surplus of swearing among them."

"The story of their lying in court is a sad one. The Ukrainians have lived for two hundred and fifty years under servility, national and individual. They have been ruled by the Great Russian, the Austrian and the Pole ever since they spent the last ounce of their military strength trying to beat off the Turkish hordes, whose strength was only exhausted when they reached the western border of the Magyar state. In that way, Peter, you can say the Ukrainian Cossacks gave their national life for European Christianity, to be paid back by a life of bondage under fellow Christians. Landlordism was cruel and heartless and was, as I have said, mostly Polish, Austrian or Great Russian. In

Russia, the Ukrainian language was forbidden. Even the church was subservient to the landlord. Any interference on the part of a priest usually meant his removal to another and a poorer parish. Men were punished because they were thought dangerous to the ruling powers, not because they were proved guilty. Politics could only be discussed in very indefinite terms lest one should be under suspicion.

"Until about sixty years ago, only four per cent. of the peasants could read and write. The postman was a government official who read and wrote the letters for the people. The secret police system was a most thorough organization. There was no such thing as a fair trial for the individual. Under that system, safety lay in surrounding oneself with an atmosphere of mystery. If any government official from the policeman or postman to the landlord asked a question of a peasant, his method was to so bewilder him with lies that he couldn't know anything. In a free country, the last court of appeal is public opinion. The way to get justice is to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The man who shows a desire to reveal all the facts gets the sympathy of the court, and, if not, public opinion will settle the court. As I told you the other day, in that whole area they had no experience of freedom. They did not know that in Canada they dare speak through the public press, much less get a hearing.

They still lived in the experience of the old land, while their bodies were in the new.

"During World War I, a young Bohemian suffered some injustices because he was registered as a German, having been born there. I urged him to help himself and his people by writing out his case for me. After much persuasion he did so, but pledged me not to show his letter to anyone. It was a very fair and moderate statement of the case, but it took me a week to persuade him to let me give it to the press. Only because I had befriended him for some years, and he had that bit of experience to rely upon, did he at last consent. His letter was published. It opened up the whole question. The leading editorial of the local daily dealt with the situation along with the letter, and James Z—— was astonished beyond measure. He said to me, 'In Austria I was an orphan apprenticed to a very cruel baker. I never could call my soul my own. I never dreamed of being anything but a semi-slave, until the death of the baker freed me to work my way to America. Here I am as respectable as anyone. Only three years in Canada and I wrote a letter to the paper and had it published! This *is* a *wonderful country!*'

"Yes, Peter, you must know something of what a fellow has gone through before you can put your yardstick on his character. I think Jesus said somewhere that you'd better keep it off him altogether. I think that's because He knew we can't know all the circumstances."

Uncle Jim gazed dreamily and silently into the fire for some time, then he arose, smiled into my eyes and said,

"That storm sounds like a good sleep tonight. We'll fix the fires and turn in."

Chapter XI

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

A blizzard was coming in from the north-west as we kicked off our snowshoes and entered the little cabin for the night. It was a real blizzard, which reminded one of the wide open prairie, or the steppes of Russia. As we sat by the fire that evening, I asked Uncle Jim if it was a carry-over of the early Cossack days that gave the Ukrainian people the habit of taking what was not their own.

"You mean that they are worse thieves than the other races?"

"Well, that's putting it rather bluntly," said I, "but you know that's the reputation they have. I suppose you have an explanation for it."

"Well," said Uncle Jim, in his quiet kind of way, "I don't believe they are naturally greater thieves than any other race. The trouble is, we don't understand the cause of the blind spot on the eye of their conscience, and we don't believe we have any blind spot. I wonder how about umbrellas, and returning borrowed books, and then about some of our black market purchases. Of course, we all have our real thieves. Sometimes it is a case of families, and sometimes a whole neighbourhood is affected, but that is true of all races. Then there are those of all races who will

not steal under any circumstances. This also is true of Ukrainians."

"How, then, did they get this reputation?" said I, not willing to be put off.

"It is a matter of history and experience. Czar Alexander did not free the serfs until 1868, and Austria was in the grip of landlordism until 1848. The new landlordism still left them largely servile. It was really landlordism at its worst, having none of the paternal spirit that for a long time belonged to that of Britain at its best. It was constantly a battle of wits as to whether the peasant would get further than the state of mere existence, or the landlord dominate the situation as he did when the peasants were mere serfs. In the battle of wits, the landlord had the power so the peasant must be keen of wit. When he ran short of wood, he would go out in the storm and steal it. When he was threshing the landlord's wheat with the old-fashioned flail, his lunch-basket carried some wheat home to make the soup a bit thicker for his family. Grown men have told me that they never got all the bread they wanted to eat until they came to Canada. They were always glad when a birthday came, for their portion of bread was increased a bit that day. The staple diet beside the black bread was milk, cottage cheese and vegetable soup. The only time they got meat was once a year, when they killed the pigs which they had raised for the landlord. That is why the railways and contracting companies found them

dishonest. It was just the habit of generations continuing until a new experience was entered into. Outside of the real thieves, as I have said, they did not steal from one another or from you and me. Sometimes, too, the contracting companies reminded one of the old country landlords.

"Mike Bozuk came to me one day, and asked me to find the address of a sub-contractor on the C.N.R. This was his story. 'It is this way—My name isn't Mike Bozuk. When I came to Canada, I stopped at the Sault. I hired with a contractor to come to Port Arthur and go out from there to work on the C.N. He brought us up on a boat with nowhere to sleep but on deck, loaded us on freight cars, and took us out into the northern woods to build railway grades. For this transportation, they charged $30.00 against each of our first pay cheques. A fellow who had been in Canada a long time, saw that I was very young and thought he would like to help me. He said to me, "When you go to get your pay, don't give him the name you hired under. Take another name. He'll look at the book and not find your name there and will pay you in full."

" 'I was young and did what he told me. The Frontier College man up there was good to me, and I was ashamed of what I did but was afraid to tell. Now I want to pay the money and get my own name back.'

"You see the battle of wits was not over when they got to Canada.

"I see what I'm getting in for, Peter. I'll have to tell you some stories to show that this stealing from the employer is just a blind spot, like umbrellas and books. Well, if I get time, I will.

"Make us a cup of cocoa before we turn in. My old legs do get tired a bit quicker than they used to."

Chapter XII

RED'S BIG VICTORY

When morning came, the storm had blown itself out, and the sun arose in all its splendour. The untrodden snow, against which were silhouetted the trunks of the oaks and poplars, lay heaped in those soft curves known only to snow in the woodland. A pair of chickadees sang on the trees by the woodpile as they looked for their breakfast, and as though to add to our breakfast entertainment, a rabbit hopped across the old H.B.C. trail that led across the lot. Uncle Jim stretched his arms above his head as we arose from morning prayers, and remarked,

"Isn't this a glorious world?" I agreed with him, and he went on, "Did you ever notice, Pete, that there is much more sunshine in life than storm and clouds, and yet we human scandal-mongers give the clouds and storm the front page and headlines in our daily remarks?"

"You seem to imply that there is much more on the positive side of this immigrant question than we have been discussing," said I, fishing for another story.

"That's just it," he replied, "and I think I have seen most of the clouds and storms too. I have clippings from the papers away back in those days of the 'foreign slum areas' of our cities. Rooming

houses were overflowing, beds kept warm day and night by being occupied by both day and night workers, drink flowed freely because men had money such as they never had expected in their wildest dreams, and had never learned how to spend leisure time, because they had never had any. The few women who were here were worked to the limit of their wonderful strength, keeping these roomers and cooking for them. At the same time, these men were away from home, away from mothers and wives and sweethearts, and often away from the Church; the influences which imperceptibly help us all to more easily retain our respectability. As a result, the women were able to hold to their chastity only by a terrific struggle. Some of both sexes, like in every race, became just beasts, but the great majority looked upon these conditions as the temporary necessity toward obtaining the just toe hold, for climbing to the place where the rest of the family could be brought out and a real beginning made in this land of freedom. Yes, I know about the dirty houses that women with ten to twenty boarders could not possibly keep tidy. I know about the fights over beer and women, but I know too that in the nine years I was in one of those centres, over one thousand men came to our classes to learn the English language and Canadian Civics, and they were with very rare exception fine upstanding fellows with high ideals. That those areas have been transformed in many cases, and

the children of these same men and women are university-graduated, doctors, lawyers, teachers, stenographers, social workers and—best of all—the builders of some of the finest Christian homes of our land, is the final argument that here are races of people worthy of the finest traditions of Canada.

"I know there is still in your mind, Peter, another question about the result of this blind spot of dishonesty—its effect on the children. I'm not much on figures, but Prof. W. B. Hurd I think shows us the silver lining in that cloud. First, the transplanting of people always increases delinquency, I think I have explained why. The British immigrants, as compared with Canadians by birth, show 151 juvenile delinquents to 100; the non-British show 261. But the hopeful side of the question is that as the family continues in Canada, and the children go to school and grow up in the new traditions and environment, juvenile delinquency naturally decreases. To compare these children of non-British stock in Canada, Canadian born, and foreign born of the same parents, of course, per 100,000 of the population, they are 88 as to 488. That's certainly some improvement. But I promised you some stories, sunshine stories, eh, Peter?

"Paul Petroski was a tall, dark-eyed athletic six-footer, straight as a ramrod, in his second year in the university. His father was a labourer, and his mother went out and did scrubbing to help feed a family of eight and keep Paul, their eldest, in

college. Incidentally, he walked the two miles to college to save carfare, and did without his lunch. He mentored a class of Trail Rangers, most of whom were Ukrainians like himself. Paul neither smoked nor touched liquor. One evening, after the groups had gone home, the mentors were gathered in my little office discussing the work. Paul remarked,

" 'Mr. Jim, we have stories and talks in conclave on drinking and smoking. I think we ought to have some on honesty. In our homes, this stealing from the employer is not done, but many of the homes still live on the old landlord principle. That's why their "kids" steal and get into trouble.'

"We followed the suggestion, and Paul was the most enthusiastic mentor putting over the idea. Summer came and Paul had charge of our midget team in the city Sunday School baseball league. Nick Bolskie was catcher and Peter Vordenie pitcher. Nick was tall, angular, awkward, freckled and red-headed—so red that no one but intimate friends knew his real name. We won our division and then the semi-finals. The finals were with Rosevale Church, old uptown rivals also in basketball. The ground was neutral, the crowd large and excited and the game a thriller. We were up two runs, Rosevale had the last inning; two men were down, one man on first base, Peter put over a low one close in; strike one! Paul signalled for a slow one, and the excited batter struck wild—strike two! Peter's next was fast, and the batter swung hard.

His bat slipped from his hand and flew over among a group of children on the side lines. We all ran to see if anyone was hurt. Luckily, no one was. When we got cooled off and back to place, someone called,

" 'What was that last one?'

"The umpire looked at his tally, remembered that the batter had struck at the ball and called, 'Batter out!'

"Pandemonium reigned. Grown men shook hands with the boys, pounded them on the back and did all sorts of foolish things men do under such excitement. Paul's head dropped a moment, and then he looked straight at Red. Red never saw him. He was pushing his way through the crowd to the umpire. A crowd of Rosevale supporters were already around him offering vociferous protests, but Red pushed on until he got his attention.

" 'Say, Mister,' he said quietly, 'his bat tipped that ball, I'm sure it was a foul.'

"A middle-aged man walked up to the boy and said, 'You —— fool, the umpire's decision is final, and you had the game!'

"Red looked him in the face and said in his slow, final way, 'But it *was* a foul,' and took his place behind the batter while the officials cleared the field.

"Oh, yes, you want to know who won? Well, we did, twice. Red won the first game with himself, and little Johnnie Toffin picked up a hot

grounder to the left field and threw the batter out at first.

"As we walked home across lots together, and the last of the boys had left off dragging at our hands and dancing around us in glee and had gone to carry the news home, Paul remarked in a half undertone, as if talking to himself rather than to me,

" 'It worked! If a kid can learn to make a decision on the basis of honesty under the pressure of such excitement and in almost a split second, he is straightened away to a good start.' And then a bit louder direct to me, 'I'm proud of my race today, Mr. Jim, prouder than I ever was in my life.'

"And I replied, 'So am I. They are great stuff!' And I was thinking of him as well as of Red."

Chapter XIII

A MODERN CINDERELLA

WE had early supper, and just got our dishes away when dusk fell upon the winter woods. The moon was full, and cast two squares of light upon the floor as it shone through the southern windows of Uncle Jim's cabin.

"Let's give Nature another chance," said Uncle Jim, "don't light the candles."

I piled some logs on the fire, and we sat down to enjoy the silence. I could see that Uncle Jim's nerves were improving, as he relaxed so readily and let Nature speak to him direct and uninterpreted. We sat long. At last I began imagining pictures in the fire as I did when a boy. I saw the faces of Red and of Paul, and that man with the angry face who called Red a fool, and the crowd on the side line. At last the face of a girl came out as clear as a picture. Uncle Jim seemed to be just filled full of the quiet. He stirred and turned to me with his kindly smile, and said, "Well, Peter, what are you thinking about?"

"Oh," I said, "you haven't told me any girl stories yet. Seeing it is the moon that is shining now, you might make it a girl this time."

Uncle Jim mused a few moments and then went on quietly. "Yes, I think sometimes the girls have worse problems than the boys, especially when they

go away from home and mother. Olga lived on a farm in a community where the territory was unorganized, so that the school was kept open only part of the year. There was one little church where Roman Catholic services were held twice or three times a year. The people had been settled there for over twenty years, and were still very poor. The land was poor and stony, and only by cutting cordwood and pulp wood and working on the railway could the people pay their taxes. When the depression came, they were poorer still. They got five cents per dozen for eggs at times, and one dollar per cord for cut green poplar wood. They lived mostly on vegetables, milk and cream, and had only enough clothing to cover them in the summer and keep them warm in the winter. A young United Church Missionary had spent three summers in the community with lantern scripture slides, athletic equipment, a little folding organ, and unflagging devotion. He had found a place in the city for a boy who had reached Grade Eight in the village school, where the lad worked for his board and went to school. Olga got the idea that she could do the same. She pleaded with her parents and cried until they gave in to her walking to the village to school, a distance of five miles. In the spring, she often had to wade icy water to her knees, and when she got home, helped on the farm. The teacher was good to her, and she made her Grade Eight. Then the young student just had to get her a place, and he did, in a good Christian

home with a mother of two sons and two daughters. When Olga arrived in the city, everything was new. She had never seen the city before. Her personal attire consisted of two little handkerchiefs, a change of underwear, one work dress, one school dress, two pairs of stockings, one dilapidated pair of shoes, and a used coat someone had given her. Both young ladies in the home were working in offices, and had everything a girl could wish, and poor starved Olga, at the age of fifteen, dropped down in the midst of that luxury. No wonder things happened! Well, she took little things—handkerchiefs, etc., used perfume, etc., and then there was trouble. But Mrs. A—— was a Christian, and so was Mr. A——. They 'took Olga on,' as the boys say, and dealt with her like a daughter. They explained how serious stealing was, and then began to trust her. They found ways and means of letting her earn a little extra money, they helped her make over used clothing. She became part of the home. The next summer, when she went home, she started a C.G.I.T. group of the neighbour girls in her own home, and best of all, she found a real personal experience of God in her own life. In the meantime, Mrs. A—— had taken ill, and had to have a full time maid, so Olga had to get another place. When she reached the city for the fall term, her first act was to call on Mrs. A—— to thank her for her kindness and to confess to every little dishonest thing she had ever done in the home, and offer to make restitution. Mrs. A——'s reply was,

" 'Isn't it wonderful, Olga, that God has given you victory over your besetting sin? You know I have one, and I am afraid I am not always victorious. There are some women with whom I have to work in the church, and I could easily just hate them. I wasn't very kind to one of them last week. Now you pray for me, and I'll pray for you, and God will make us both what we ought to be.'

"Then a woman a few streets away asked for Olga. She had not been there long before she discovered that it wasn't the kind of place any girl should stay, and she let me know. We brought her to our home until we secured for her a very fine home. There she stayed until she got her matriculation to the University, though she had to get up on Mondays at six o'clock to get the family wash out before going to school. Incidentally, she belonged to the Young People's Union, and taught Sunday School, and led a C.G.I.T. group in the church next door.

"After working as a servant full time for a year, she put by enough money to start training as a nurse. We went to see her graduate, and were more than delighted to see that of all the graduating class, Olga received the most presents from friends and former patients. Since then, she has held responsible positions in American hospitals, and now is the wife of a Naval lieutenant who has served two years in the Far East, and is now posted to administrative work at the Capital. She graces her new home with all the poise and dignity and

kindliness of the lady that she is. Incidentally, this modern Cinderella plus, received as a wedding present from her mother-in-law a set of sterling silver table flatware."

Uncle Jim looked long into the fire in silence, and as the moonlight fell across his profile, I thought I could detect a smile of victory and contentment there.

"Yes, Peter," he said, "the blind spot is disappearing—fast."

Chapter XIV

MERISA'S WHITE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was to be our last evening together in the cabin, and the regret with which I looked forward to it was dissipated when Uncle Jim remarked at the supper table, "How would you like to spend your vacation with us next summer? You can't imagine how beautiful it is here."

"That would be great," I replied; and the arrangements were made.

That evening we just talked, but before we turned in, Uncle Jim turned to me with that indulgent smile of his and remarked, "Would you like to hear a little Christmas story before we go home?"

"Thanks, Uncle Jim! That would be a lovely way to end our visit together," I said, and waited in silence for a few moments for him to begin.

"It began the first Sunday in December. We always told a missionary story and took up a special offering for missions in the Sunday School the first Sunday in every month. The Superintendent told the story of Korea that day. A little over fifty years ago, it was a heathen land; no Christmas, no Sunday, no Jesus, no hospitals, no good doctors. Today, thousands of people worship our Jesus and love him so much that in many homes, when

Mother prepares the meal for the family, one spoonful of rice is taken from each one's allowance to be used to support a missionary, so that others may know of Jesus too.

"Merisa sat in the front seat and took in every word. Her dreamy brown eyes widened in wonder and pity, for she too knew what it meant to go to bed hungry. But to go hungry from choice for others' sake! The very next Sunday the announcements of the annual Christmas tree and White Gift service began. The children were told to bring something for the poor, and if possible, have it wrapped in white, as in giving to the poor, we were giving to Jesus. There little Merisa's problem began. What could she give to the Baby Jesus? As White Gift Sunday drew near, the case seemed to grow more hopeless. Father was in the hospital, and the City was feeding her and Mother. (That was before modern relief was the order of the day, and the bare necessities, with a little special for Sundays, was all that was allowed.) She could not give her rag doll, for no one would want Mary but herself—she just had nothing to give away.

"It was Friday evening. The room was bare, really bare—a bench, two broken chairs, a table, a plain deal cupboard and a cookstove with a broken door constituted the furnishings. One coloured paper serviette, brought carefully from a Golden Key luncheon in the Mission, decorated the centre of the table. On a bench beside the

table in the chilly room sat a little girl of eight years. Her school books lay beside her where they had been dropped as she came in a few minutes before. Her clouded brow registered distress, but that was not on account of the bare room or the patched dress. She didn't know where she would get a gift to give to Jesus on Sunday. And that took her thoughts back to the Mission, a place that was always warm and pleasant, and where people were always so kind. She slipped off into dreaming of the place, and that took her back to the missionary stories—she always liked missionary stories. 'Oh, yes! That one about the Korean children giving a spoonful of rice from each meal to the Missionaries.' There's Mother's step, coming home from the hospital, and bringing the weekly allowance of groceries!

"Merisa jumped down, opened the door for Mother, and hurried to help her unpack the basket, hardly yet awakened from her reverie. The first package she lifted from the basket was a little package of rice—rice for their Sunday dessert. Rice —Korea—White Gift—'Oh, Mother, may I give my share of the Sunday rice to the Baby Jesus? Mr. B—— said that when we bring something for the poor, we bring it for Jesus. Please, Mother, I want my rice for a White Gift!' Mother laid aside her thin wraps, put some fuel on the fire and listened to Merisa's story. Being a good mother, she said, 'Yes,' but asked to share the gift, and declared that they should each have a smaller

dessert on Sunday. Something of the real Christmas spirit, which nothing in the world can shut out from 'meek souls who will receive Him still,' took possession of that home that Christmas day.

"White Gift Sunday was a great day, and no one enjoyed it more than Merisa, for she had a real share in it.

"On Monday morning, when the staff gathered to empty the large 'manger' of Gifts and pack them into hampers, I lifted a very tiny parcel wrapped in a crumpled paper serviette from the basket. When I opened it, and exposed the rice, Deaconess S— noticed it. 'Oh!' she said, 'I know where that came from.' (She had seen the bare room and the little serviette.) There was a catch in her voice as she told us of Merisa's home, and some way I had to keep on removing the things from the 'manger' to keep from showing my emotion. That handful of rice looked to me something like the water which David's warriors had risked their lives to bring him from his home well of Bethlehem, [1] sort of too sacred to eat. I asked if I might have it and slipped it into my pocket. It happened that the churches in an eastern city were putting on a missionary campaign that winter, and had asked me as a home missionary to speak in several of the churches. When making the argument that these new immigrants are worth saving, I told the story of Merisa, and, incidentally, pulled the little

[1] 2 Samuel 23: 13-17.

serviette and rice from my pocket and showed it to the congregation.

"In addition to the Mission funds going over the top that night, a dear old lady asked for part of the rice. I gave it to her and she sold it (with the story) at so much for a few grains. I was sentimental enough to use that money to buy provisions for several hampers for the poor the following Christmas. I kind of thought it was the fairest thing I could do by Merisa.

"Now, Peter, we had better turn in, so as to get packed and away early for our hike to the railway in the morning."

Chapter XV

DO YOU THINK I'D MAKE A SOLDIER?

Uncle Jim had kept his promise. Summer had come, and we were sitting together on his spacious verandah enjoying the quiet of the late evening. A robin persisted in broadcasting his happiness to the world. Through the trees to the left, we could see the reflection of a camp fire far down the shore, and occasionally caught the notes of a popular song or negro spiritual sung with that wonderful harmony that many Slavs can improvise as naturally as they learn to talk.

As conversation ceased, and we seemed just to be breathing in that contentment of spirit which is created by understanding companionship, a summer evening, quietness, harmony and rest, we suddenly became conscious that those young campers whom Uncle Jim was fostering were singing their good night song, "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder; Soldiers of the Cross." The words seemed to swell out with wonderful passion as they floated to us. "Do you think I'd make a soldier, Soldier of the Cross?" And then I could imagine them, rising as I had seen them do so often as they struck the final stanza, "Rise, Shine, Give God Glory," and start slowly climbing the bank to their bunk house as they reached the final chorus, "We are climbing Jacob's Ladder." Soon their conversation died down as sleep overtook the forty stirring young lads, and we again sat in the stillness. Uncle Jim stirred, and I let slip out the question which was forming itself in my mind, "What kind of soldiers do you think they will make, Uncle Jim? Soldiers of the Cross, I mean."

"Rather worthy, Peter, rather worthy. You remember that tall, dark young woman with the black flashing eyes and blacker curly hair who led the sing-song at the girls' camp?"

"The one with the poise of a Cossack general," I replied.

"Yes," said he. "It happened when she was a girl in her first year in senior Canadian Girls in Training. We did not have this camp then, and none of our children knew anything about camps except the fresh air variety. A friend had contributed some money with which to send some girls to the Canadian Girls In Training camp, who might in the future become leaders. Mary was one who was chosen, and to our deaconess' surprise, said she didn't want to go. Miss D——, the deaconess, was a wise woman and kept Mary behind on some pretext when the group was dismissed. After some conversation, she looked kindly into Mary's eyes and said, 'Now, Mary, you want to go to camp, I know. Why is it you decide to stay at home?'

"Mary stood up straight (she was a tall, striking girl even then), and her eyes flashed fire; her words cut with passion. 'You know Katy Brotesky, who

lives in that small shack on Arch Street? She has a sick mother and there is a house full of small kids for her to look after. You know she has hardly clothing enough to come to the Mission, and she'll never get out of the city this summer if she doesn't get to this camp. You don't think I'm small enough to go to camp and let her stay at home, do you?' "

"That's a bit of real Christian heroism," I remarked.

"It is," said Uncle Jim, "but I think little Mike was one up on her."

"It was during Great War I. Many families from Austria were very poor and were afraid to ask for help. The Fresh Air Camp list was double the accommodation in either space or finances, and a very painful selection had to be undertaken by the leaders. Little Mike Boscovitch was nine years old. This was to be his first camp and he had looked forward to it for weeks. He saved his pennies to help out the finances of the camp. He got a large tin in which to bring home some berries to his mother, and a smaller one with worms for fishing. He borrowed fishing tackle from a distant relative. The dreams he had of what it would be like out in the country beside the lake under the great trees, with birds and flowers and berries, was nothing short of fairyland. He had been the first to register so was sure to go.

"It was a sorry-looking group which found they were too late to go, and a needy-looking group

too. The boys' worker had overstepped his instructions and taken on the list more than could be accommodated with comfortable beds.

"There walked into the Mission early one evening a tall, thin, ungainly woman, with clothing so scanty that her bony frame showed up wherever the angles touched her dress. She carried on one arm a pale little baby, and held by the other hand a puny, hollow-eyed lad of nine, whose bare legs looked as though they would crack if anything hit them. She walked up to the worn-out boys' worker and said,

" 'Do you think, Mr. A—, that you could take Harry to camp? We just came out from England last year, my husband is sick, and we have had rather a hard time of it. Harry has had pneumonia, and the doctor says we must get him to the country for a while or he cannot live over the next winter.'

"But there stood in the background a group of hungry-looking children who had just been turned down, and Mr. A— had to do that heart-breaking thing we sometimes have to do because of human limitations, and painfully shook his head. 'I have just told all those boys they can't go and some of them do need it, too. I've promised too many now. I do not know what we'll do for beds for all we have, Mrs. England. I'm sorry.'

"Mrs. England seemed to drag her body homeward with that slow hesitating step which shows that practically all objective has been taken out of

life; that here and there are the same, there is no hope anywhere. She got home at last, tucked the children under the few rags that served for bedding, and sat down in black, hopeless despair.

"Harry's cough and the restlessness of his little frame (frame is the word) on the hard bed roused the spark in her mother heart which often smoulders but never dies. She knelt and prayed; the prayer of a mother who has come to the end of her strength of body and mind and soul. She just left her little ones in the hands of the Heavenly Father, arose from her knees, drew some old coats over herself and slept.

"The boys' party left for Gimli the next day at noon. The children had all met at the Mission and marched down to the station. The railway coaches were waiting and were soon filled with the gloriously happy crowd of boys, who ate lunches mothers had prepared, stuck their heads out of the windows, and laughed and shouted to one another and to their leaders on the platform. What an abundant overflow of joy! 'We're going to the country! We're going to swim!' Well, there was nothing exuberant they weren't going to do. It was a Fresh Air Camp party, that's what it was.

"Mr. A—— felt a tug at his coat sleeve and turned to look around. Here stood Mrs. England in the same thin faded dress, the same baby on one arm and the same pale, large-eyed Harry by her side.

" '*Please,* Mr. A——, can't you take my Harry?

I can't find any other way to get him to the country, and—'

"Mr. A—— could stand it no longer; he replied,

" 'You stay here, Mrs. England, I'll try one more thing. Give me Harry,' and taking the lad by the hand, walked over to the first coach and lifted his hand for silence. Then he told Harry's story and asked if any boy would give up his place to the sick lad. There was no reply. He went to the next coach and did the same—no reply! And so on until he got to the coach next the baggage car. When he had told the story for what he knew would be the last time, he waited in silence again. Little Mike's head and shoulders hung out one of the windows of that car. His face was red with shouting and wet with perspiration; a smile still lingered on his countenance. All at once his little face sobered, a look of quick decision and determination supplanted the laughter in those deep blue eyes, and like a bullet the words came,

" 'Yes, Mr. A——. He can have my place!' Suiting the action to the words, he picked up his two cans and fishing tackle and made for the door. Mr. A—— lifted him down and lifted Harry up the steps.

" 'A smile, which was choked in its depth by a lump in her throat and tears in her eyes, swept over Mrs. England's face. Mr. A—— didn't hear her whispered thanks. He was watching Mike. The lad walked a few steps down the platform and then looked back at the place he had left in the

coach, now filled with a very thin, pale little English face. He walked on again and again looked back, then on again until he came to the steps leading to the street. He reached out with his free hand to feel for the railing as he took his last look. As he turned to go down the steps, they saw him draw his coat sleeve across his eyes, and back he went to the hot streets of the slum districts of a big city—to give another boy life."

"I think I've read that story, or something like it, Uncle Jim," I remarked.

"You no doubt have, Peter. It has been used as the basis of several stories, and they have all had Mr. A— a rich man who took little Mike to his camp afterwards, or something like that, but Mr. A— was a Mission worker and hadn't a camp of his own. No, Peter, Mike paid the price, and is not among those who 'have received their reward.' As I have told it, the story is really true."

"I just wonder if I'd make that kind of a soldier," I said, and after a pause Uncle Jim remarked quietly, "I wonder if I would."

Chapter XVI

A DAY IN SPORTS

Uncle Jim and I were leaning on our axes as the boys from the camp next door came up the road on the home stretch of their annual road race. I turned to Uncle Jim and remarked, "You have developed some good sports in your days of Mission work, I believe."

"Yes," he replied, "and what was really worth while was that gentleness and fair play which always accompanies good sportsmanship. Let's quit for today, and I'll tell you a couple of sport stories." We were no sooner seated in our comfortable chairs than Uncle Jim began:

"Speaking of sports, we had a few in our day. Two of the men who played on the world's champion amateur hockey team are Ukrainian boys who got their preliminary training in a United Church Mission. Our Slavs have held Dominion-wide championships, in both Tuxis and Trail Ranger all-round athletics—but that's not the story. I want to tell you of what manufacturers call a by-product of athletics, which after all was our main industry.

"It happened at one of these meets. We had very little equipment. One or two of the boys had borrowed spiked shoes from friends. The rest had rather dilapidated gymn shoes, and some, even,

had none. They were sharing the shoes between them throughout the day in a most congenial spirit. Points were running up, and the leaders who were keeping check thought they saw a possibility of another Dominion championship. Their closest competitor was Mohawk square from First Church, and the score was close. Our boys had just finished the broad jump and were standing watching the Mohawks, when one of their best jumpers tore his spiked shoe badly. One of his friends loaned his, but they were too big. Joe Bodnarchuk, the praetor of our Bull Dogs, looked down at the lad's feet, and then at his own. 'I believe mine would be a better fit than those,' he said. 'Try them on,' and suiting the action to the word, he dropped down on the grass, drew off his shoes and threw them to his rival. They did fit, too, and the Bull Dogs lost the championship that year.

"Just at that time, another scene was being enacted at the high jump. I was not there, but the director told me about it that evening. Vladimir Yoretski of the Skinnys, another of our Tuxis groups, was fighting it out with Tom McKinley of the Mohawks. Vladimir had been the individual champion of Canada the previous year. Inch by inch, the pole was raised, and each lad in his turn cleared it. Vladimir jumped from the right and Tom from the left. The ground at the 'take-off' became badly cut up. Vladimir walked over during the short period of relaxation between jumps, smoothed the earth and packed it hard.

An admirer saw him smooth the whole 'take-off' and came up and asked,

" 'Why are you fixing the ground there? You don't take off from that side.'

"Vladimir continued to smooth and press the ground firm as he remarked, 'I know, but he does!'

"One interesting thing about that meet was that the Skinnys won the Dominion championship from both the Bull Dogs and the Mohawks, and Vladimir was the individual champion."

Mrs. Jim's voice from the kitchen broke in. "If you 'boys' are through with your stories, I'll have tea in a minute." And we replied in unison, "We are!"

Chapter XVII

LOYALTY AND GENTLENESS

The south wind was blowing fresh enough to keep the mosquitoes down, so Uncle Jim and I were sitting out on the river bank enjoying ourselves. A hawk poised for a few minutes above the tree tops until he was discovered by a king bird, and he was soon hurrying away with the little fellow diving on him and pecking at his head, in all the fury of a mother chasing an enemy from her nest.

"In the main things," Uncle Jim remarked, "the forest's children have the same instincts, and I am sure understand each other."

"How about the human children?" said I.

"I think it's about the same, if we older folk don't distort it in them by our perversity. We usually blame our children's failures on the perversity of the neighbour's children, and our crimes on the foreigner in our midst, but sin and crime, as well as virtue, have their origin nearer home than that."

Uncle Jim paused for a long time, as though he was figuring out how to begin. At last he opened up.

"Suppose we talk of virtues; that's more pleasant.

"It was away back during World War I. I had a group of boys of several racial origins who made

up a baseball team. There were English, Scottish, Italian, Assyrian, Ukrainian, Swedish and Finnish. Two of the boys were brothers, who had grown up in a home where irritability seemed to be the dominant atmospheric condition. As a result, the only way they knew of settling differences was with a quarrel. The pitcher of my team—we'll call him Aarvo Aalto—was a Finnish lad, twelve years of age, who wore an old peaked cap all summer, and had a pair of overalls, evidently cut from those of an elder brother, and a ragged pair of running shoes. His catcher and pal was a Scotch lad. Aarvo was a born pitcher. His speed and control were great, but his personal control of himself was even greater. The moment he stepped into the pitcher's box his mind was on the game and it alone. I doubt if he even heard the razzing opposing fans gave him when we were playing in the semi-finals and finals for the City championship, and when we won the championship of the city, he walked off the field as though he was abashed by the victory.

"Of course, I had to give them a promised week-end camp in the woods, beside a beautiful waterfall, which I did. We went as far as the trolley line would take us, and then packed food, cooking utensils and a large tarpaulin to keep out the rain. It was a heavy load to carry for miles. However, we got there, and soon had a good spruce bough mattress wide enough for twelve boys to sleep side by side on a lovely wide open space beside the fall.

"Then things began to happen. Everyone was tired, and the two quarrelsome brothers began on each other. Like grown up people, they began recruiting the other boys each on his side of the quarrel. Soon most of the camp was in an uproar. Then one of the brothers said, 'I'm going home!' His brother added, 'So am I!' And then it started! One after another of the boys joined the home party, until only the pitcher and catcher were left. The catcher looked anxious, as a friend of his said, 'Come on, Bob, let us go too.' Bob came over to Aarvo, who leaned up against a fallen tree and dug his bare toes into the moss, and whispered, 'Come on, Aarvo. Let's go.' Aarvo continued to dig his toes into the moss, looked through the corner of his eye at me, and replied in his own whisper, 'No! I'm not a'goin'.' Bob hunched him with his elbow two or three times, with the same result. 'No! I'm not a'goin'.' Finally, Bob turned round and said to his friend, 'I'm not a'goin' either.' And after a pause Bob's friend shouted, 'Fellas, I'm not a'goin,' and then the movement started the other way. In the end, only the two quarrelsome lads went home. We did have a glorious camp, and I am afraid what I saw in that incident was Aarvo *saving* the camp, with the emphasis on *saving the camp.*

"As the years have passed, I now see Aarvo the gentleman who wouldn't let his leader down, and the hero strong enough to stand alone. I think that's what God saw that day.

"There is another little story where gentleness

and quick thinking came in that I would like to tell you, Peter. It is about a Tuxis square, made up of Ukrainian, Polish, Czech and Slovak boys. They had sent a representative to Boys' Parliament, and their pastor asked them if they would take charge of an evening service, and have their representative give his report to the congregation. They met with the pastor, and planned the service, but their mentor—a most devoted Ukrainian Canadian—could not be at that meeting. As his part of the service was to announce the hymns and read the lesson, they felt sure things would go all right, if they marked the place in the Bible for him. The boys all took their places on the platform, and the service went well until the mentor came to read the lesson. He turned over the wrong leaf, and being very short-sighted, he got bewildered. He went on and read what was before him, which of course was not related to the subject. Not one of the boys showed the least hint that anything was wrong, but when the mentor got through, John got up quietly, walked over to the Bible, turned up the right passage and read it as though it was just another lesson.

"The text for the day was, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' As John gave the talk that day, I for one felt that he knew what he was talking about, for I was the only one of the audience who knew the mentor's mistake. As I entered the study with the boys after the service, the mentor said to

me, 'John sure made a good cover-up play for me today,' and that was the only remark regarding the incident that I heard from any of the boys. When I am tempted to pass a remark about the mistakes of my brethren, the memory of John's fine open face and his thoughtfulness for his leader halts the words on my lips."

Uncle Jim plucked some blades of grass and threw them down the bank, and after a moment or so remarked, "No! Peter, no race has a corner on real inner greatness."

Just then, two boys with a dog came along, and the dog immediately came over and tried to lick Uncle Jim's face. One of the lads said, "Mr. Jim, may we change our clothes in your shed? We want to go in for a swim." Uncle Jim said, "Sure! And I think we'll go in with you!"

Chapter XVIII

WHERE THE WEEDS GROW

It was one of those glorious June days when the wild roses were at their best, and every breath of the south wind seemed laden with the perfume. We had been out in the lot, cutting and digging weeds and briars, and were beginning to slow down, when we heard the familiar "Yoo-hoo!" of Mrs. Jim, telling us that afternoon tea was ready on the verandah, and good company and good cookies were awaiting us. We put away our tools, washed and were soon relaxing on the deck chairs, and being refreshed by Mrs. Jim's perennial kindness. When the conversation had finished, and Mrs. Jim had gathered up her tea things to take to the kitchen, I looked at my sore hands and remarked, "Briars and weeds are bad things, whether they are physical or moral."

"Yes, and they entail some suffering and toil to remove them, too," said Uncle Jim—so I waited for my story.

"We let too many weeds grow too long in this country of ours. When you think that in the year 1912, 452,000 people came to Canada, and the great body of them came to Western Canada, you can understand why. If only one-fifth of these were children, we would be required to build *seven* schools, able to accommodate forty pupils

each, every working day of the year, to keep up with the demands of education alone. Then there is the training of teachers to take charge of these schools. As far as the church is concerned, we thought we couldn't and we certainly didn't keep in sight of the goal. I'll give you a sample of one of hundreds of situations which developed.

"Here were five school districts at and around a railway station. The land was poor and stony; only a small proportion was cleared. Markets were far away, and the travelling dealer gave the people as low as five cents per dozen for eggs. One farmer fatted a veal, killed it and sent the carcass to the city. His returns did not pay the freight. They knew little or nothing about breeding good cattle, or taking the right care of their cream. The winters were spent by the whole family, girls as well as boys, cutting pulpwood and firewood, which was usually sold to the local storekeeper and pay taken in supplies. Poverty was the rule of the countryside.

"One of these schools was closed for want of funds, and the children were forced to go to one of the others, walking four to five miles to get there. Only six children over fourteen years of age in that whole district attended school, and only *three* ever got past Grade VI.

"Two of those districts *never had* a religious service. One had had no service in the last fifteen years, and the other had a Polish Roman Catholic service twice a year. Once the Sunday School

Mission visited these schools, held a service, distributed Gospels of John, and did not return.

"The Communists did send missionaries in, however, and they set up an anti-religious school of Communism. This was led by a self-sacrificing group of men who had the passion of crusaders. The one mark of religion remaining was that the people did not work on Sundays or other holy days, of which they had a considerable number.

"That the anti-religious propaganda was beginning to work soon came out in the children. One eleven-year-old was asked to spell 'priest.' His reply was, 'My father says there is no such thing as priest' (meaning, of course, that the priest does not possess any of the qualities or powers he claims). At recess, one of the bright lads picked up one of the Gospels of John left by the Sunday School Mission, tore leaves out of it and passed them around to the others, who spat on them and threw them on the floor. He then put the book to his nose, smelled it and said, 'Phew! It stinks of God!' and threw it into a corner.

"Into this community went two students, with balls and bats, a lantern with religious pictures, a folding organ, and also a passion—theirs a passion to reveal Christ. They got permission to use the schools and soon began to make friends.

"It is a great story! I can't tell you a fraction of it, but I'll give you one incident before we go back to the weeds and briars. The leading local communist was one of the school trustees,

and as soon as the Mission work began to succeed, he planned a meeting of ratepayers to vote the students out of the school. That he would be sure to have a majority for his project, he called the meeting on the evening of the local communist picnic. It looked pretty bad for the students, but the Anglo-Saxon student—we'll call him Herman —a lad still in his teens, was a 'bonny fighter.' He went to the picnic and watched for an opening.

"The refreshment booth had been neglected, so as soon as his 'enemy' started to get it into shape, the lad pitched in and helped him, and continued to cheerfully help all the day. During a lull in business, he bought the treat for the other fellow and accepted one in return later.

"Then came the sports. They were inexperienced in sports, but Herman wasn't. Hadn't his group won the Dominion championship for Tuxis boys in track athletics? So again he took hold. The sports were run off without a hitch, and with an enthusiasm never seen there before. And so the day ended. Herman was thanked for his help, and there was no meeting of the ratepayers that night."

As Uncle Jim reached for his old straw hat, I remarked, "That surely wasn't the end of the fight, was it?"

"No," he said, "not by a long shot, but we'd better do a stint of our own at the brush and briars, and I'll tell you the real Waterloo in our rest period tomorrow—if no visitors come!"

Chapter XIX

HERMAN'S WATERLOO

The tea things were cleared away, and Mrs. Jim was out poking around her new perennials, of which she was very proud. We were lolling in the verandah chairs again. I remarked, "That was a good cup of tea, Uncle Jim. I wonder if it was good enough bracer for that Waterloo story of yours?"

"It wasn't my Waterloo, Peter; it was the young folks', especially Herman's. It happened that I was there, so I looked on and acted more as a moral support, but I left the battle to him and his gang for the most part. Herman had been in that district for two summers, and now the Missionary and Maintenance fund was so low that the home mission grant was cut off from that field entirely. Nevertheless, he set up business as usual in his bachelor shack, alone this time, and announced to the people that if they would provide food for him and other student volunteers whom he had asked to visit him at different times during the summer, he would stay and work without pay. The people did provide the food, and at considerable sacrifice on the part of some—but that's another story.

"There had developed a strong underground opposition to Herman's work. The Communist summer school in the village was growing, and

this increased the pressure until one day Herman threw out the challenge that he would hold a public meeting, state his faith frankly to all, and allow questions and full discussion at the close. Personally, I thought it was a mistake, but as he had made the statement, it would be a calamity to fail to go through with it.

"Several of the young people had reached Grade VIII, through the assistance and coaching of Herman and a new school teacher. These were anxious to go on, and were given homes in the city, where they could work for their board and go to school. All arrangements for this had been made by young Herman. These Christian homes, with the Sunday Schools and church services, had had their influence, so there was a body of Christian experience to build upon. As the fateful day drew near, Herman gathered these youngsters, who were all home from high school, into his bachelor shack, and each and every one prayed for guidance. Mrs. Jim and I were there to visit the field, and fortunate it was, for several adult callers dropped in that evening. Mrs. Jim entertained them in one corner of the shack, while the group consulted and prayed to God in the other. Their conclusion was that all should go to the meeting, including Mrs. Jim and myself, and that we should argue nothing, but just state our experience of God, each telling of his own life, and in his own mother tongue.

"Next day, Herman went to the leader of the

Communist group and they agreed that as this was to be a public meeting, the method of procedure should please both parties. He said, 'We believe in prayer, so we want to pray,' and they agreed. Then he said, 'Seeing that we are up for criticism, we ought to make our statement first and you question and make your statement afterwards.' This also was agreed. Then, to their surprise, Herman said, 'We want to close with the theme hymn which we have been singing all summer; would you like to close with the 'International'? They said, 'Yes, of course!' and as he gave them their choice of time, they asked that they be allowed to sing the 'International' the very last on the programme.

"There were to be two meetings that Sunday, one in the village in the afternoon at two o'clock, another at the school six miles out at eight in the evening. When the hour arrived, the school was packed. Herman took charge, and after a brief prayer for guidance, had each of us, including the young people, tell his or her own story. It was a 'Powerful meeting,' as my old Methodist ancestors would say. I never saw anything like those young teen-age boys and girls, standing before that room, crowded to the doors with relatives and neighbours, looking those neighbours in the face, and telling them what God had done for them. You could see that barriers were being broken down on every side.

"It was a great bombardment, and so unusual

that the questioners hardly knew where to begin. However, they soon got going, and questioned and argued and criticized until seven-thirty in the evening, attacking the Church with all the vehemence and ignorance of people who knew nothing of the Christian Church in Canada. Their questions were answered patiently and kindly, no matter how unfair they seemed. Herman had wonderful tact and patience. Only once, when one of the dishonest members of the neighbourhood accused him of telling contradictory stories, did he almost slip. He began with, 'That is a l—,' but he caught himself, and waited a minute to gain control. That pause gave a farmer in the audience, who had until then remained neutral, an opportunity, and he quietly arose and showed the accuser how his own words proved that what he was saying was a lie. The meeting closed as arranged, with the singing of 'Come let us sing of a Wonderful Love' and the 'International,' except that Mrs. Jim had slipped out to make a cup of tea for those who had to hurry over to the other meeting, and I left in the old car with the first group who were to speak there, before the crowd had left the school.

"The evening meeting was a repetition of the afternoon, underlined. The room was crowded, and the youngsters seemed more triumphant in their witnessing than ever. I watched the leader of the Communist group who sat in the centre of the school, and you could see that the meeting was

telling on him. He was a fine-looking, open-faced fellow, who had been fighting for what he thought was right, but this was beyond his experience and he knew it. I shall never forget the radiant faces of those young people, as with heads erect and hearts full, they told of the new life that faith in Christ and friendship with Him had brought to them. Of course, I didn't understand the language, but their faces were glorious in faith and humility.

"When they were through, the questions were fewer than in the afternoon, and were dealt with as kindly and patiently as at that meeting. Silence began to settle down on the meeting, as there seemed to be no more to say for the present.

"A group of teen-age lads, who didn't seem to understand anything about the meeting, slipped outside and began to hurl stones against the building, and indulge in cat calls. The audience was quite respectful, however, and when Herman asked if they were ready to close the meeting, they said, 'Yes'; Herman struck the chord on the little organ, and they began:

'Come, let us sing of a wonderful love,
Tender and true, tender and true;
Out of the heart of the Father above,
Streaming to me and to you.
Wonderful love, wonderful love,
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.'

"The stoning and shouting were terrific, but the singing was triumphant—more triumphant because of the noise. By the time they reached the third stanza, the noise began to die down.

'Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam? Why do they roam?'

Those youngsters knew that meant those fellows who were throwing the stones, too, and their eyes brightened as they sang.

'Love only waits to forgive and forget;
Home, weary wanderers, home!
Wonderful love, wonderful love
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.'

The stoning and noise slowly died down, and to our surprise there was complete silence as they sang the final stanza to the end.

'Come to my heart, O thou wonderful Love,
Come and abide, come and abide;
Lifting my life till it rises above
Envy and falsehood and pride.
Seeking to be, seeking to be
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.'

In the hush that followed this dedication, Herman asked if some one would raise the 'International.' There was no reply, but the crowd started to move toward the door.

"Herman and the others had a friendly chat with some who waited after the meeting. Some of the young lads who had been stoning the building sang some Communist choruses in the distance.

So the day ended, but something had happened in that community which made it different forever. You see, they had misjudged us on the one hand, and thought we had nothing but condemnation for them on the other. This was the first time anything had been done by a 'come let us reason together' to put things straight. They were still uncertain, and who could blame them? The remark of their leader to a mutual friend next day tells a whole story in itself. 'There was not one word said in those meetings yesterday that was unfair, and if they don't report what we said to the police, we will believe in them.' You see, they were isolated, and even the second generation in Canada had not learned the meaning of freedom of speech, or the reasonableness of the Christ."

"So Herman didn't make a mistake in throwing down the challenge after all," I remarked.

"He surely did not. We old fellows get too cautious and lose battles that way sometimes."

Uncle Jim paused for some time, and a look of concern came over his face. He heaved a deep sigh and remarked, "Peter, do you know that church funds have been so low that they have never sent another missionary into that field since that summer?"

"Did that end everything then?"

"No, Peter, but this story is too long already, and I think I smell bacon frying in the kitchen. Mrs. Jim should soon be shouting her welcome 'Yoo-hoo!' for supper"—and she soon did.

Chapter XX

WHAT CAME OUT OF TROTSINSKY?

We had worked pretty hard at the oak roots the day before, so after breakfast we stretched out lazily in the verandah chairs, where we could look out through the trees to the river. We had hardly got settled comfortably, when Uncle Jim became suddenly alert.

"There's that little fellow who owns the nest down in the honeysuckle bush. He seems to have all kinds of fun fooling the public as to where his home is. He's down in that ash near the river just now, and you'll see him hop here and there until he gets into that big oak, and then if you watch closely, you'll see him drop out of a cluster of leaves into that honeysuckle bush and pop into his nest. It's quite a ritual with him. Which is he, Peter, a Gold Finch or a Yellow Warbler?"

It was a Yellow Warbler, all right, and I explained to Uncle Jim the difference. He was back to birds again, so followed up with, "By the way, Peter, you must help me distinguish the many little grey fellows who live around here. They'll be resenting my names as much as if I called a Ukrainian a Pole, or an Assyrian a Jew. Suppose we start tomorrow morning."

"Suppose, then, you tell me what good came out of Trotsinsky, if I may give that name to the village

of which you told me yesterday."

Uncle Jim gave me one of his deep dreamy smiles, and began: "You've given it quite a suggestive name, Peter, and seeing that we are not telling the police or anyone else on those people, we'll leave it at that. A rather gloriously humorous thing happened that will serve as an introduction to our first character.

"Herman had a fourteen-year-old brother, Mike, who came out to share the shack with him for a few weeks and act as general assistant around the house and in the playground. He usually went around the village playing with the Ukrainian and Polish youngsters, dressed, as they were, in shirt and overalls, bare-footed and bareheaded. One Sunday, the student then in charge got caught in very muddy roads at an outside point, and couldn't get back to the village in time for Sunday School. The little folding organ happened to be left there that day, and the crowd were gathered for the Sunday School. Mike wasn't going to see a failure if he could help it, so he hunted up a bright Ukrainian girl, about his own age, a natural musician, and got her to play the organ. He then called the Sunday School together, and in his bare feet and overalls proceeded to carry on the School, with Bible reading, hymns, prayer and a story. Had his mother been there, Mike surely would have had to dress up and comb his hair for the occasion, but that would have spoiled the picture.

"Well—that little Ukrainian girl started out to

become a medical missionary. She got her pre-medical work off, but finances failed and she switched to nursing. She became a very efficient nurse, but by the time she had graduated, a young medical student decided that he needed her more than the mission field did, so when they were both graduated they were married, and he has been serving in the armed forces ever since. They are loyal supporters of the United Church which she joined as a girl.

"Another girl, a B.A. and graduate nurse, was a missionary for our Church among the Indians for some years; and a most efficient worker she was. She did everything from acting as midwife, running Sunday Schools, C.G.I.T., W.M.S. auxiliaries, playing the organ, leading choirs, preaching when necessary, nursing the sick, comforting the dying and bereaved, driving dog-sleds and motor-boats, and lining the home-made coffins for the dead! I still have a letter from her where she remarks, 'This *is* the life!'

"Another girl is a graduate B.Sc., a dietitian, and a most capable teacher of her art. Still another, who had a terrible struggle working her way every step through her course, became a very efficient nurse, holding down a very responsible position in a large hospital until she became married to an officer in the Naval Reserve, who spent his term fighting in the Pacific. Through it all, she never was too busy to teach a Sunday School, or lead a group of younger girls.

"This war no sooner broke out, than one young man who had worked his way through Grade XII and was teaching in his home school volunteered for the Air Force, and became an instructor in engine mechanics. One of his inventions was accepted by the Government. Another lad is a radio mechanic in the Air Force, and still another is a wireless expert serving in the wilds of the North West Territories. Another very fine young fellow is a Flight Lieutenant in the R.C.A.F., and has returned to Canada after three years of service in a bomber command overseas.

"And then there are those who got married and settled down to make good Christian homes in the community, who still retain their friendship for Herman. The wireless message from the lad in the North West Territories, and the many Christmas cards and letters from the others bring back many pleasant memories to Herman, as he sits beside the parsonage fire at Christmas time.

"These are only some of the people who run through my memory today. That community is taking a proud part in the making of the Canada which is theirs and ours."

"What happened to young Mike of the bare feet and overalls?"

"He became a very successful preacher, too, and if his wife doesn't keep an eye on him, he'll be found puttering around in his garden or cutting the lawn in his bare feet today. I think some of his farmer parishioners like to catch him that way,

for he is a good preacher, a devoted pastor and friend to them all, and loves to get as close to them in their problems as his feet love the feel of the native soil."

Uncle Jim reached for his hat and said, "Let's take a walk along one of the woodland paths, Peter, or we'll not be able to do justice to that roast I saw Mrs. Jim getting ready for dinner."

"A good idea!" and I reached for mine.

Chapter XXI

MISS STARR AND HER GIRLS

We walked through a beautiful patch of wild roses that morning, and were feasting on their restful perfume when we came suddenly upon Uncle Jim's rock garden, where the rosy morn petunias were just bursting into bloom. A ruby-throated humming bird was flitting from bloom to bloom, taking his toll of honey.

"Look at that beauty!" exclaimed Uncle Jim. "He has living down to a most complete science, and he is one of Nature's children who can back up or stand still in the air as easily and gracefully as he can go forward. If humans could only do that—the ones who can are rich souls indeed."

"Tell me of some."

"Let's sit down on this bank where the breeze will keep the mosquitoes away, and I will."

"We had a young girl of fifteen (we'll call her Miss Starr) come down to the mission and ask to be given a Sunday School class. That was pretty young, but as we were always in need of teachers, the best way to sift out the incapable ones was to put them all to work. If they had it in them, they stuck; if they hadn't, they quit.

"We gave Eva a class of little girls, and when the class was over, she knew the names of every one of them, where they lived, what pets they had

at home and many other things which gave her an insight into and contact with their homes. She visited them regularly, and never missed a class herself. The result was that as they grew, she grew also—only of course she was always that much ahead of them. There was so much for them to learn in this new country. Their mothers were toiling peasants from Central Europe. Many were illiterate and superstitious, but withal most of them had great mother hearts, gentle, protective and understanding, as well as ambitious for their children's sterling worth, for character is a much deeper thing than the thing we call culture.

"Eva had to win the friendship of these mothers, too, and help the girls to respect their mothers, as she did hers. One of her first big problems arose at the group's first Mother and Daughter banquet. So many of the girls wanted their mothers to wear hats to the banquet, and dress like Miss Starr. I remember one little girl, off in a corner, sobbing as though her heart would break. Her mother had come with a 'baboushka' (an embroidered kerchief) over her head—that was before those things became the fashion. Miss Starr gently soothed Katy's troubled heart, and insisted that the mother must have the place of honour beside her at the table.

"All went fairly well until the girls came to their teen age. Now some of them undertook to show their independence. They stayed away from Sunday School, they were noisy and inattentive

when they did come, and went so far as to listen to one of their most capable members, who led an all out strike and everyone stayed away. Of course, this could not last, for they could not bear to lose Miss Starr altogether. She patiently came Sunday after Sunday, and was there when they came back. She invited them to her lovely home and served dainty refreshments. She taught them how to serve table correctly at the Father and Son banquet. She helped them put on very dainty teas for the Canadian Girls In Training. She went to see them graduate from high school. She taught them volley ball and basket ball, and all the time was as naturally at home with their illiterate mothers as if she had grown up with them. She had the ability to see where the honey of lovely womanhood was, and could wait and back up as the occasion demanded, as well as go ahead. How uncertain we felt that group to be, and how often her heart must have ached, when they all forsook her and fled, but they never knew it from her.

"At last they grew old enough to go out into the world. Some became teachers, some clerks, some stenographers, and gradually almost all of them married. She, of course, was invited to every wedding, and now her home is always on their most frequent calling list. What is more, every time her birthday comes around (it happens to be in summer vacation), there is a reunion of the class arranged entirely by the young women, at which she is the guest of honour. It takes the

form of a dinner at one of the best hotels in the city. I can see her sitting there at the table with her girls, a group of beautiful, gracious, well-dressed Christian young women; just her own gracious self multiplied ten times. No wonder her face beams with a joy unspeakable, which, I am sure, 'can never be taken away.' "

That last phrase of Uncle Jim's had such a tone of finality about it, and his lips were drawn so straight as he hugged his knees and looked out over the river, I wasn't surprised when he added, "That *is* the life; it *is* all right."

After a long silence, a cat bird began warbling in the bushes behind us, and I instinctively joined Uncle Jim as he got up quietly and walked toward the house.

Chapter XXII

FLORIS OULDS' FRUITFUL SPARE TIME

Uncle Jim and I had spent the morning arranging some flat stones to form steps for a more convenient ascent from the river. Then we had taken our morning swim and now were having our after-dinner rest in the comfortable verandah chairs. I picked up Mrs. Jim's Encyclopædia of Gardening which lay on the table beside me, and turned to the item of birds (my hobby) to see what it had to say about them. I remarked, "This confirms my opinion of the bird family, Uncle Jim. There are so very few of them that are not helpful creatures in this world in which they live." "That's one of the things that makes their beauty in colour and song give one such a comfortable abiding joy," said he. "Humans who serve are the same."

After one of those lovely pauses which Uncle Jim and I seem to enjoy together, he went on:

"Did I ever tell you the story of Floris Oulds?" and when I answered in the negative, he hitched himself around into a more comfortable position, and with his usual dreamy, reminiscing look this time centred on a fleecy white cloud floating across the blue, he began:

"Floris was the eldest child in one of those get-rich-quick homes, where the riches and ability

brought public honour to the father and 'snootiness' to the mother. At her direction, the children were sent away to boarding school or were tutored at home, and thus protected (?) from the crude public. Our mission at the time was quite popular, for there was still fresh in the memory of the people the strike riots and shooting in the 'foreign quarter,' in the centre of which we were situated. Those were the early days of immigration from Central and Eastern Europe, and there were comparatively few women among the immigrants. That meant that every home was a boarding house and every woman was worked to the limit. It was a physical impossibility for them to keep their houses tidy.

"It was vacation time and Floris, still in her teens, had heard about this mission. One day she appeared at the door to make a call on one of our deaconesses, though she was not of our religious denomination. Her first question was, 'Do you ever go out calling on these people, Miss B—?' 'Oh, yes, regularly!' 'When are you going calling again?' 'Tomorrow afternoon.' 'Do you mind if I go with you?' Miss B— caught her breath for an instant, but replied, 'I'd be delighted to have you, Miss Oulds.' I have my doubts as to whether she was delighted, as she knew that magnificent home and the servants, and that Miss Oulds' hands had never known the feel of dishwater.

"Well, Floris came. (We soon dropped the 'Miss'; this story will tell you why.) Miss B—

took her to the best homes in the community that day, and she showed herself just a gracious, tactful girl to all the people. As they were returning to the Mission, she remarked, 'When are you going calling again?' 'Tomorrow.' 'May I come?' 'I'd be glad to have you, but all the homes aren't as good as those we visited today.' 'Thank you! I'll be here!'

"And she was. This time the homes were poorer and less tidy, but Floris was just the same gracious soul, and asked at the end of the day again, 'May I come tomorrow? I want to know just what these people are up against.'

"The third day she was taken to the homes of wearisomeness, drunkenness and squalor, and still she showed no shrinking from the people. She saw the people, especially the children, rather than their surroundings. In one of these homes was a little lad with a narrow bandage tying a piece of the skin of an orange on his forehead. He told Floris in broken English that his head was sore. Her kind approach won the confidence of the boy, and he let her 'look at it.' When she undid the bandage, she found a raw, open suppurating sore, which won her sympathy right away. She explained to the mother, through a 'boarder' who spoke a little English, the danger of this sore, and asked if she might bring a doctor. The reply from the interpreter was, 'She got no money.' When Floris explained that it would cost them nothing, they agreed.

"Her next move was to get the doctor (a family friend) to let her come down and change the dressings until the lad was better. The neighbours started calling her 'nurse,' and were soon bringing their physical troubles to her, which she took to her doctor friend. This went on month after month. She had brought a suitable dress down to the Mission, and changed into that as she went her rounds of real helpfulness. I never saw anyone who was more thoroughly concentrated on *people* and their need. One day a friend came along with her, and when she left the houses, she could tell every detail of the room, even to seeing in one house 'the loaf of bread which one of the children had put down on a hair brush'—Floris just saw the people.

"Of course, Floris had a young man. His name was George, and he drove a sport car. She came in to the phone late one afternoon, rather excited, and rang hurriedly. 'Hello! George, I can't go to the show with you tonight. You had better take one of the other girls. I have a case here I can't leave—No, I can't leave her. She's one of those women who keep house for about twenty men, and she's sick in bed in the kitchen. She has rheumatism; she's in terrible pain, George, and she's crying. The place is terrible! There were six boarders in the room, half drunk from a beer keg which sits in the kitchen sink. I made them get out, and now I've got to go over and clean that place up and do something for that woman—

I don't know whether you could do anything or not—Perhaps you could—All right! Come down to the Mission, and if I'm not here, Mr. Jim will tell you where to find me.' She hung up the phone and started for the used clothing cupboard, where she proceeded to sort out old bed linen and cloths. She already had a couple of pots of water on the stove, and had called the doctor.

"When George came, he carried the water and ran errands. Floris bathed the woman, changed the bedding, cleaned the house, washed the unfinished dishes, stopping only to help the doctor and to get his directions for treatment. The grin on George's face as he came back for his second pail of water was a joy to behold. I don't think his Floris could have done anything, other than saying 'yes' to his proposal of marriage, that would have given him such satisfaction. I grinned, too, and remarked, 'Having a good time?' and he replied most emphatically, 'Having the time of my life!'

"Floris nursed Mrs. Stypanovich until she was well again. During the first week, she went there every day. You can understand why, in time, there were several families who almost worshipped Floris. I remember being at a public gathering about this time, when Floris and her father were present. Because of the public position of her father, and her home background, her work had drawn considerable attention. When one of the smart dandies of the group asked, 'What impres-

sion do you think you can make on that slum?' her reply was, 'I don't know, but I find that the work humanizes one's own life.'

"And then came World War I; George joined the armed forces and Floris went to England as a V.A.D. Before leaving, however, she went around to say good-bye to her friends in the slums. I'll never forget her farewell to Mrs. Stypanovich—the trim, beautiful girl, in her perfect dress, looking kindly into the eyes of the plain woman, whose waist line resembled an equator, the tears rolling down the 'foreign' woman's cheeks, as she held Floris' hand and said in broken English, between her sobs, 'Good-bye, Miss Oulds! I like you; I like you better than anybody else in the world,' and she kissed the slim delicate hand again and again and again, as though she never wanted to let it go."

I didn't want to talk just then, so after a few moments Uncle Jim hitched himself around in his chair and went on:

"It isn't so often that the 'bread you cast upon the waters' returns soon. I think I ought to tell you how Floris' bread came back to her. After the war, she and George were married and went to live in an eastern city. This time, she became interested in a baby clinic, which she blessed with her usual helpfulness and sunshine. Then a new baby boy came to her home, but to her sorrow, he did not seem able to digest any of the usual formulas of baby food, but gradually grew thinner

and weaker. They consulted all the baby specialists they knew, and at last even these gave up. Floris, like all mothers, refused to give up, and watched over little George night and day, praying desperately that her baby would be spared to her.

"One day, in the midst of the wearisomeness and strain, she asked the nurse to watch him carefully while she went for a short run in the fresh air to regain her nervous control. Instinctively, she drove her car to the baby clinic and began to help as usual, moving much like one in a dream. She noticed a frail little Italian baby in the scales, and turned to look at the doctor. He was a stranger, a young man. Someone said he had just returned from post-graduate work in a baby hospital overseas. He spoke simply and gently to the worried Italian woman; told her that her baby would get better if she followed the nurse's instructions and turned to outline a diet to the nurse. Then Floris woke up! She could hardly control her voice enough to say, 'Doctor! when you are through here, I want to speak to you.' The result was that she phoned her doctor and he and the young specialist met in her home within an hour. The same diet was what little George needed!

"The way I got this part of the story is that I accidentally met Floris' father. It was in a grill room in a western city, where he happened to be on financial business and I on Mission business, and he told me. With the smile only seen on the

face of a grandfather, he finished with the judgment—'Little George is the finest baby boy you ever saw in your life!' "

Uncle Jim's own face seemed to reflect that "grandfather" smile, as he stretched his long legs and arms in opposite directions, and looking through the corner of his eye at me, he picked up his hat and remarked, "Supposing we go out and stake those sweet peas for Mrs. Jim. I'm expecting baked Apple Dumplings for supper!"

Then I grinned, too, for, oh boy! can Mrs. Jim make baked Apple Dumplings!

Chapter XXIII

THE CHURCHES TAKE HOLD

Uncle Jim was reading the American novelist, Winston Churchill's "The Crossing" that morning, and he turned abruptly to me and said, "Listen to this, put into the mouth of Col. George Rogers Clarke, the man who won three states for the American Union, as he talks to Davy his drummer boy, 'Some day you will learn that foresight comes to men, never to assemblies—and I would tell you one thing: Serve the people, as all true men should in a republic.' That's a mixture of truth and falsehood. Foresight does first come to men all right, but men inspire assemblies to follow or they will not get very far, and usually many men get the same foresight at the same time. That's one of the glories of Democracy. That has been true of Western Canada, or we would have been a new Balkan States today. Incidentally, he is right about serving the people; that's what we're here for.

"What I'd like to tell you, Peter, is that this job of making a nation is no individualist undertaking. It was made possible in a very great measure by the efforts of the Churches, which poured their treasure and their men and women of vision into the task.

"I wish you would keep in mind the handicaps

resting on and in the great masses of these peoples born in servility. When you consider that the German Mennonites from Russia, and the Ukrainians and Poles who formed the great bulk of the prairie provinces' continental European immigration belonged to the peasant classes under the Czars of Russia and the Kaisers of Austria, of whom I told you in these stories, you can see that the terrible dangers facing us as a nation were the results of those handicaps let grow. But we didn't let them grow! Thank God! we didn't!

"It is reported that in 1881 two thirds of the mounting population of Winnipeg were German Mennonites from Russia on their way to farms. These people had little more than their clothing and enough money to keep them for a few weeks. In 1889, the ragged, uneducated, underfed children of these strangers playing in the streets and on the vacant lots touched the heart of a little blue-eyed Irish girl, Dolly Maguire. She went out among them with candies in her pockets and soon had a group around her which she organized into a Sunday School class in McDougall Methodist Church. This attitude of kindness soon brought to Miss Maguire a flood of old and young, hungry in body and soul. The young people of the Methodist churches came to her aid, people who spoke German acted as interpreters, and soon halls had to be rented to hold the crowds.

"By this time, Sir Clifford Sifton's immigration policy began to take effect, and the first hall built

to house the project had a sign, facing the Immigration Hall, with the words written in seven languages, 'A House of Prayer for All Peoples.' In this hall Dolly and Joe Hughes, her fiancé, and right-hand man in the work, were married, and this noble couple gave their time, their talents and their money for over fifty years to the work.

"What a life of service was theirs! Meeting the thousands of immigrants coming to stay or just passing through—Germans from Russia, Poles, Ukrainians, Russians, Jews, Italians, Rumanians, Bohemians, Scandinavians and others; holding evangelistic meetings, straightening out troubles, relieving distress, fighting disease, opening dispensaries, teaching the Bible and the English language, giving a cup of tea to the weary. Joe told me that many a night Dolly went to their little cottage so exhausted that she just threw herself on the bed and slept without undressing. In that never-to-be-forgotten rush in the opening of the great west for settlement, thousands were seeking personal comfort or great wealth. In the midst of that whirling stream of humanity, led by a little blue-eyed woman and her devoted husband, stood a little group whose passion was to grasp the hand of the weak, the wavering and baffled, give them what assistance was needed with a word of cheer and wise and kindly advice, and bid them have faith in God.

"The Church took over the project. Rev. J. S. Woodsworth was put in charge and deaconesses

and students employed, institutional buildings were erected, and All Peoples' Mission became a great institution. Mr. Woodsworth wrote the little book, 'Strangers within our Gates,' which was published by the Church, arousing an interest in the immigrant throughout Canada which made possible the extension of the work by the volunteering of young men and women for the task, and the contribution of funds to keep them in the field.

"Edward Chambers and Arthur Rose were sent to Poland to learn the language and background of these people. J. K. Smith, of Alberta, and W. H. Pike took up the study of Ukrainian at home. The two latter have given their whole lives to the work. J. M. Shaver opened institutional work at the head of the lakes and finally succeeded J. S. Woodsworth and A. O. Rose in All Peoples' Mission at Winnipeg. There he served until his retirement. J. T. Stephens and his wife in Regina Settlement House, now in Bissell Memorial, Edmonton, worked through the depression with inadequate assistance and under terrific strain.

"And there were such capable assistants as Rev. Harry Atkinson, who spent eighteen years specializing on boys who were the children of the immigrant. Then who can number the devoted, cultured deaconesses, women workers and nurses, who gave their lives to the work as friendly visitors to the home, managing C.G.I.T. groups, kindergartens, Sunday Schools, Mothers' Clubs, and W.M.S. auxiliaries among the newcomers.

"This institutional work also went out into the country, where we had rural slums. The one at Vita developed into a hospital, and I can give you a picture of the one at Insinger, near Yorkton, Sask., by reading to you a paragraph from W.G. Smith's 'Study in Immigration.'

" 'In the Insinger municipality west of Yorkton, Sask., there was a district fifteen by eighteen miles, and containing 500 families of whom 400 were Ruthenian, and only twenty-one British. Though the Ruthenians had been in the district for a period varying from eight to fifteen years, and each family averaged a quarter section of land, there were only about thirty-five acres per family cultivated, and they were living as they had been in Russia and Austria. The Mission Board of the Methodist Church made a grant of $5,000 for the establishment of a settlement house which would do community work, and the Board selected a young man who had been for eleven years principal of a school at Theodore. He was Canadian-born, had been trained in Ontario, and understood Ruthenians. In one winter he conducted day and night classes and taught both old and young, so that many who in autumn knew no English, by spring were able to recite and sing in the English language at the closing exercises of the term. The following year saw even greater efficiency and progress, and then came the scourge of influenza. Physicians were few and far between, the one in the neighbouring town east was stricken ill, and the one in the neighbouring town west died. Obtaining what medicine he could at

Theodore, and using to the utmost his scanty store of medical knowledge, the community teacher went in a car from door to door throughout the settlements with food, medicine, advice, working alone in a district extending seventy miles. But even his giant's strength gave way, and influenza made rapid conquest of a depleted constitution. After a few days of delirium during which he kept repeating, "the foreign problem can be solved," Peter Yemen joined the ranks of the immortals.'

"It was in 1898 that the Ukrainian people from Galicia began to arrive in the West. By 1902 they were coming by the tens of thousands, yet not one priest or minister of the Gospel came with them. This was felt most keenly when babies were born, or when death visited the homes. Then two of their number, John Bodrug and John Negrich, discussed the matter. The Presbyterian Church which was responsible for the people settled in the Ethelbert district, built two schools and hired these two men as teachers. The schools carried on until the provincial government took over. In 1903, Bodrug, Negrich and Carol Genik called a meeting in the latter's home in Winnipeg, to which came representatives of several districts. It was arranged to bring in Russian Orthodox Bishop Seraphim and have him ordain priests who would start an independent Greek Orthodox Church, instead of the Uniat Church to which most of them belonged and which acknowledged Rome as its head. This was done; he ordained ten men that year and several were ordained later.

"Soon the Russian Orthodox Church wanted to bring them under her discipline, and the Metropolitan Bishop of the Uniat Church of the old land sent out Rev. Zoldak to bring them under Rome again. They were having a difficult time under this rivalry until 1913, when the Presbyterian Church took them over. Manitoba College gave the priests short courses to help them out and joined in the laying on of hands when new priests were ordained. These priests were then forbidden to charge for baptisms and burials, which had previously been a substantial part of their meagre livelihood. Some churches held to the Orthodox ritual, some adopted that of the Presbyterian Church. These differences split congregations, and in general spelled disaster.

"Eventually, the Presbyterian Church withdrew its grants from all churches except those which became thoroughly Presbyterian. It looked as though that Church had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for little or nothing, but that was not so. These men, educated in our free colleges, got a new view of life. They organized a Ukrainian Orthodox Brotherhood which eventually set up the Ukrainian National Greek Orthodox Church. This Church has as its leading laymen the very finest business and professional men of their race, and as its Canadian head Rev. Father Sawchuk, a saintly cultured statesman, whose son was among the first men from the

prairies to join the Royal Canadian Navy to help win this war.

"There are so many things that were done it is difficult to remember them all. The Anglican Church had her hands full with the immigrants from England. The Baptist Church looked after the Baptists of the different races, and the Lutheran Churches had their task cut out for them with the Lutherans who came from Russia. The Mennonite Churches brought their own ministers with them. The Congregationalists specialized on the people of their own faith who came from Denmark and Sweden. The Frontier College did a great piece of work for these people in the railway construction and lumber camps, the value of which will never be measured, but the most lavish expenditure of men and money on the south-eastern European immigrants was made by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

"Between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains alone, ten boarding schools and school homes were established where under-privileged children could get board for what they could pay, and live under the finest Christian leadership, at the same time receiving an education at the secondary schools in these centres. Seven large institutional missions were established in the cities. Immigration chaplains were maintained at all points of entry and centres of distribution. And let us not forget that the Woman's Missionary Societies have borne a great deal of the financial

and personal burden of this work. They took care of twelve hospitals, ranging from small hospital units under the care of a nurse to five large institutions with a nurses' training school. Then there are the foreign language ministers who preach the word of life to the people in their own tongue, both in rural districts and in the large cities. We must not forget, either, the foreign language press published by these Churches for the races which they serve on the prairies.

"A sample of what the hospitals did may be gathered from what happened at Vita. Previous to the erection of the hospital, there was no resident doctor in that district, which had a population of about 8,000. The people were terribly poor and in one year alone there were 177 births and 64 deaths, and only 4 doctor's visits during that time. The Church put a nurse in the district. I have her letters describing conditions. It makes one sick to read them! That nurse had an excellent physique, but she soon lost weight and something had to be done about it. A hospital was built, and the report—just twenty-one years after its opening—showed for that year; 612 patients admitted, 4,804 patients seen in the out-patient department; the doctor had taken 273 trips to the country, made 105 other calls, performed 263 operations, and had assisted in 105 births. During the year 1944, the people themselves paid $13,832 for these services. Incidentally, on October 18th

of this same year, Baby Lapusniak became the 10,000th patient admitted to the institution!

"The story of what the doctors and nurses are doing is a romance in itself. I think I'll tell you a story of the late Dr. A. J. Hunter of Teulon. His was one of the hospitals maintained by the Woman's Missionary Society. Dr. Hunter gave his whole professional life to those people, supervised the local school home in the meantime, and kept himself young by an intensive study of insects. One night, he was called to a case of childbirth, which necessitated a journey of sixteen miles over the almost impassable mud roads Manitoba can produce. When he reached there with his trusty old buckboard and team, he found complications for which he had no instrument. But Hunter was never stuck. He sent a man several miles across muddy fields to wake up a blacksmith. Armed with a rough sketch by the doctor, the man got the blacksmith out of bed and had the necessary instrument made. When the man got back, Dr. Hunter delivered the baby, and saved both mother and child.

"Dr. Hunter had learned the Ukrainian language and translated some of their classics into English in his spare time. When the King bestowed upon him the Order of the British Empire, the Ukrainian people of Winnipeg honoured him with a banquet. Many were the compliments paid him in Ukrainian and English, but the one which I remember above them all was that paid by Miss

Zachus, a tall, fine-looking young woman, the first Ukrainian woman to be called to the bar in Canada. She said, 'You talk about "builders of the Empire." It is such men as Dr. Hunter who are the real Builders of the Empire!' "

Uncle Jim grew quiet and gazed out across the river to the fields beyond. After a few moments, he turned in his chair and said,

"She was right, Peter, absolutely right! The Churches with a vision and their workers with a passion for service have made a contribution to the making of Canada which historians will do well not to forget."

Chapter XXIV

THE LEGION THAT NEVER WAS LISTED

Across the river, the gulls were circling in the air and alighting on the summer fallow, unafraid of the farmer as he turned over the rich black soil, from which they gathered his pests and their food. In the foreground, the bank swallows were skimming over the river, and darting into their nests with mouths full of insects for their young. In the bushes outside Uncle Jim's verandah, a bright scarlet spot appeared. It was the breast of that shy beauty, the rose-breasted grosbeak.

"I wonder what pests he rids us of?" said Uncle Jim.

"I believe," said I, "he is that rare fellow who relishes potato bugs!"

"I wonder," said Uncle Jim, "if we are ever grateful enough for the creatures, both animal and human, who go about their regular business and yet bring untold blessings to us."

"What has that to do with your crowd of New Canadians?" I asked.

"Much, very much, Peter. Take, for example, the public press. While it is the business of the press to gather news, its success in general depends upon its being fair. Generally speaking, in this land of freedom, our public press has given the

new immigrant and his children a fair break, as it was in the case of Jas. Z——, in one of my stories.[1] Oh, yes, I have differed with the press in my time, and said so, and have often felt sure that they 'backed the wrong horse,' but their general fairness has done much more than they know to make the newcomer appreciate freedom.

"Then there have been the public schools and the teachers themselves. The atmosphere of the schools alone, where people of all races and creeds worked and played together on the same level, made it impossible for prejudice and isolationism to grow.

"Then, too, the great body of teachers always went 'the second mile.' When these western provinces were compelled to put large districts under official trustees who collected the school taxes, built schools and engaged teachers to keep up with the immigration, hundreds of the finest young men and women from Older Canada volunteered for the service. These young people not only taught the English language, but carried on the whole curriculum in English, and in addition, ran night schools for the older people, led the people in bettering their community, helped organize churches, choirs, Sunday Schools, sport meets and the hundred and one things capable, unselfish leaders can do.

"There were also the volunteer leaders and teachers in the church institutions. In the prairie

[1] See Chapter X.

institutions of The United Church of Canada alone there were 275 of these volunteer leaders recorded in one year. I have told you of some already. What enthusiasts they were! I'd like to add a few more names of the scores and scores I could mention.

"Charlie Lovatt was a student at Wesley College, who had arranged to pay his college debts by homesteading near Hayfield, Manitoba. When World War I broke out, he volunteered as a stretcher-bearer. One night, before going into action, he decided to write his will. His mind went back to the group of boys he taught in All People's Mission, and what should be done for them, so he willed his all, excepting his little personal things, to the Mission. His pal witnessed his signature for him. Next day, he was killed in action. Although two witnesses were necessary to make the will legal, his parents honoured his wish, and the farm—valued at $10,000.00— was deeded to the Mission.

"A friend of his came back from the same war covered with wounds. Though still on crutches, throughout his medical course, he took the leadership of a group of boys and gave more than his spare time to the work. He then gave his whole life to the new immigrants. He and his wife are two of the most efficient Christian people the Church has on the field. Under them, Vita Hospital has become known throughout Canada for the contribution it has made to the changing of

what was, at one time, one of the most backward communities in Canada to a prize-winner for local improvements.

"A friend of ours took in Jennie, a quiet, underprivileged girl from the country and helped her get through high school. Jennie now is the mother of three lovely children, has a fine husband and a fine home. In the local church, she is treasurer of a branch of the W.M.S., and also serves on the executive of the town's Parent-Teacher Association.

"The late Mr. S—— took a group of boys of four different racial backgrounds. All were helped to prepare themselves for useful lives, and when Mr. S—— retired from business years later, one of his boys succeeded him as manager, and was one of the honorary pall-bearers at his funeral.

"Then there was Mr. B——. Many a man of his age would have retired from church work, but he took on a junior Sunday School. With wonderful patience and kindness and devotion, he met with the staff after Sunday School every Sunday to go over the next Sunday's lesson and train young Ukrainians, Poles and Czechoslovaks to be efficient Sunday School teachers and leaders. The harvest from his efforts is immeasurable.

"When Dr. A. B. Baird of Manitoba and United Colleges was buried, I noticed a large number of Ukrainians at his funeral. As I was leaving the street car on my way home, a Ukrainian reporter for one of our city daily papers stepped off the car and we walked down the street together.

"I asked, 'Were you covering Dr. Baird's funeral for the press?'

" 'No!' he said sadly. 'I got the afternoon off to attend his funeral. He was a great friend of our people and a great friend of mine. When I was an immigrant boy in my early teens and had mastered enough English to carry on a bit of conversation, I decided to go to school. I naturally went down to Manitoba College, where some of our Ukrainian young men had been attending, to make inquiries. As I stood uneasily in the hall, Dr. Baird came up to me and said, "Is there anything particular you want, son?" I replied, "Yes, sir. I want an education." "Come in and tell me about it." '

" 'When I had told my story, he informed me that the public and high schools were free and said he was going past the school in my neighbourhood and would introduce me to the principal. This he did, and then walked home with me. As we came to my gate, he asked, "How about your books?" I remarked that I had bought a reader and speller second-hand, and would take notes on the other lessons until I got money to buy the rest. He put his hand into his pocket, took out enough money for the rest of my books, and put it into my hand, with the advice to help someone else with the money when I had made good. The humility and gentleness of that great man towards a common immigrant boy has been a wonder to me ever since that day.'

"And then there were the women who took servants into their homes who could speak very little English to begin with. These women spent personal time and interest learning the girl's background and teaching her English and a great many other things which girls ought to know who are strangers in a strange land. The results were that both matron and servant became greater people.

"I know of a large brick concern where the Italian help was housed in neat little cottages. The wife of the proprietor, a most efficient, saintly woman, took time during the day to teach the women English, and in the evenings she taught the men. During the depression, the brick yard closed, and the men were scattered. Then Mrs. Gowanlock died. I was at her funeral, and there were more Italian men and women at that funeral than church people. They and many of their friends had dropped work to come and pay their last respects to a great friend.

"Then there were the thousand and one people who were just good neighbours and friends to the stranger with a foreign language who moved in next door. I'd like to tell you of one family blessed by such friendship.

"John was a boy still in his teens when a priest in the Ukraine lent him the money to come to Canada. He was working on a special maintenance-of-the-way gang in northern Ontario. It was a terribly hot day, and the boy was very tired. To his surprise, an old man in a clerical collar and a

pleasant old lady came out of a near-by house with lemonade and cookies, and asked the foreman if they might serve the men refreshments. Of course, he consented, and John immediately got out his Ukrainian-English dictionary and tried a conversation. While the men were in that locality, the old Methodist minister and his wife spent many an evening teaching the men English, and befriending them in every way. John learned through them to bank his money and get interest instead of paying someone with a safe to keep it for him, and was soon able to send the borrowed money, plus a substantial present, back to the priest in the Ukraine.

"From there, John got work in an English-speaking district, and was asked by the minister to join the local Red Cross Society, which he did. He went out to the wedding of a friend, and there fell in love with a fifteen-year-old girl. They were married and she came to live in that English-speaking community, not knowing a word of English. However, Mrs. Jones, a neighbour, felt sorry for the little bride and went over to visit her. At first, they used signs, but not long after, real English words, for Mrs. John was a bright girl. Mrs. Jones learned something from these visits, too, for Mrs. John was a natural artist with her knitting needles and crochet hook. She could sit by the window and take the patterns for her handiwork from Jack Frost's artistry on the pane. When they moved into the city, they sent their children

to the United Church Mission. Her eldest daughter is married to one of our most faithful boy leaders. The eldest son was a most capable boy leader, and he and his younger brother are now in the Air Force overseas. All the others over school age are making munitions.

"When the ministers in this story died, John cut their pictures out of the paper and put them away in the family Bible, that he might the more impress upon his children what they had done for him and them.

"You see, Peter, the language of being a good neighbour is universal, and the most effective speech I know. These new Canadians already are good neighbours in their hearts, so they understand. That you may be sure that they measure up to our neighbourliness, and then some, I'll tell you one more story today.

"The doctor had made a trip of fifteen miles over frozen, rutted roads which almost shook his car to pieces. He found the patient, a little lad, with an acute appendix. The room was bare, the mother was barefoot, and there appeared to be little clothing anywhere. The case demanded prompt attention, and the doctor was wondering how he could get the child to the hospital. Just then, a neighbour from three miles away was driving by and dropped in. They had come on what the doctor called 'a glorified stoneboat' with a bundle of hay on it, and it was bitterly cold. The doctor got them to understand that the child

must be taken to the hospital at once, and that he had asked the mother to come along and hold the child's head in her lap in the rear seat of the car. They began talking in their own language, of which he understood only a little. Lack of clothing seemed to be the trouble. Then he saw the gray-haired neighbour reach down and remove her own shoes, then her stockings, and hand them to the mother. That old neighbour woman rode back the three miles through the wintry night without even a blanket over her bare feet, and seemed to think nothing of it. Yes, the child recovered.

"Neighbourliness is universal, Peter, and it becomes effective when we exercise it. I want to devoutly thank God for all these and the thousand and one other Canadians, old and new, who exercised it on their new fellow citizens."

Uncle Jim spoke as though he owned Canada, especially the Canadian West. I suppose you just get that way if you live like him.

Chapter XXV

A NATION RE-BORN

We had risen early that morning, so that I might help Uncle Jim identify some more of his feathered friends by their songs, and perhaps find some of their nests. It was not until after supper that we were again in our chairs on the verandah. Uncle Jim continued to express himself re our morning experience something like this:

"Did you ever hear such a musical festival? Everybody singing at the same time and yet making such glorious harmony! What a refreshing summer shower of music! How invigorating! How seldom one hears a cry of irritation or pain or fear from the birds!"

"Do you suppose we humans can ever learn to harmonize like that?" said I.

"Sure!" said Uncle Jim. "If we only try," and he began digging into the pocket of his chair where he was in the habit of sticking letters and newspaper clippings awaiting a rainy day when he should file them away in his home-made cabinet.

"Take for example these three prairie provinces. More than half the population is non-Anglo-Saxon stock of our latest immigrant tide. This little publication, "Canada at War," shows that for the whole of Canada the available manpower in

the armed forces averages 37.9%, while for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the percentage is 41.5%, more than 3½% above the average. Do not forget that the great body of these people came from countries where there was no such thing as freedom of speech or the ballot as we know it. These young men now voluntarily going out to fight and die for a better world are the first free-born generation.

"Here is a letter just arrived from a young fellow who is carrying a terrific load, right here in Canada. He has supervised the building and equipment of defence industry plants costing millions, has held positions demanding the highest skill, administrative ability and integrity, and is now overwhelmed with work, where millions of dollars are at stake and strictest secrecy is demanded regarding much of what he is doing. Still, he finds time to teach a group of teen-age boys in the United Church he attends.

"And from that top position down to the humblest labourer, there are tens of thousands of them, both men and women, doing their utmost to keep the fighting equipment supplied to their folk on the battle-fields of the world.

"As for those in the armed forces, I am thinking of one Tuxis square. Their mentor (a new Canadian, too) tried in every way to get into the armed forces, but he had eye trouble which shut him out completely. They had all become leaders of younger boys, and teachers in Sunday School.

Pilot Officer Paul, who was born in the Ukraine, an only child, had one year in the University before he was old enough to enlist. Flt. Lieut. Mike is piloting a bomber. He was instructor in beam flying for two years. Flying Officer John is with the R.A.F. in India. Lieut. Marty is an infantry officer. L.A.C. Bernie services bombers at a base in England. Lieut. Tony was in a tank corps in Italy. Flying Officer Joe flies a night fighter on the Western front. That's the class!

"Here is a clipping of Maurice Western's story of the battle of Chomacchio flats in Italy. 'Never before in Italy has a cleaner hole been punched through German defences and never has there been a more faultless exploitation. . . . The Germans, warned of an impending attack, have mined an important bridge across the Bonificia Canal . . . the roads are mined and anti-tank guns set up. . . . Suddenly the Shermans are on them. . . . Commanded by Lieuts. Tony Romanow and Bev. Hurst they move, not over the highway, but over the semi-frozen ground beside it. A startled Nazi gunner fires wildly. . . Tpr. Vogelaar whips over a 75 mm. shell, scoring a direct hit and ending the war for that German crew. Major Sellers, Hurst, Romanow and Clue dismount and reconnoitre the bridge. The engineers cut wires and remove detonators. All the time, mortar bombs are exploding in the vicinity. . . . The engineers pronounce the bridge safe, then with Romanow in the lead of a B.C. armoured regiment, they

rumble across. (They took forty prisoners.) Shooting up another of the cross-roads, a troop under Sgt. Tony Wysoski collects nine more prisoners. . . . Battle captain of this Dragoon squadron during the offensive sweep was Capt. Zeke Ferley, of Winnipeg, former star goalie of the Winnipeg Junior Monarch Hockey Club.' Romanow, Vogelaar, Wysoski and Ferley are first generation, native-born Canadians of the latest immigration.

"Then here is the story of the sinking of the German superdreadnaught, the 'Tirpitz.' 'At least a dozen Canadian airmen participated in the R.A.F. Lancaster attack which sank the German battleshsip "Tirpitz." Included among them were Flying Officer Walter Daniel of Rivers, Man., and Flt. Lt. Johnny Loftus of Toronto. Daniel was a bomb-aimer, and may have been the first to hit the "Tirpitz." ' Daniel is also of Ukrainian stock, and no doubt had an interesting chat in his native tongue with the Russian officer in Archangel who presented him with a red star, a souvenir he always wears on his tunic. Daniel received the D.F.C. for this and other exploits.

"Here is another—'The Free Press' says that it was a Western Canada *Highland* battalion that captured the village of Wyler. 'The Canadians were elated over this *first* conquest in Germany. . . . One of the final clean-up jobs in Wyler was done by Sgt. Mel. Melnychank of Edmonton and six men of his platoon. . . . While other troops

provided covering fire, Melnychank and his men charged the house. They routed 18 Germans from the house and killed 9. He remarked, "It was like getting money from home." ' And so a Slavic-Canadian added his lustre to a famous Highland regiment.

"Another striking thing has happened to these boys whose parents came from south-eastern Europe. They have absorbed our tradition as though it were theirs, and it *is* theirs, Peter. Listen to this Ukrainian-Canadian lad's comment on the sights of England and Scotland. Remember, his parents were serfs forty years ago. 'I had one leave and went up to Edinburgh, Scotland. The sight-seeing proved educational as well as interesting. Everything I had read in the text books, papers, etc., proved true. I saw the famous Edinburgh Castle with its magnificent wall, was amazed to see the old armour, guns and weapons of all descriptions still there, and was dazed when I walked over the drawbridge and back to the Legion. . . . While spending a day in London, I went to several places which I had heard and read so much about—Westminster Abbey, Big Ben, Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Downing Street and Buckingham Palace.' And then he goes on to describe the English countryside with all the enthusiasm of a homesick Englishman. Mike is a Canadian with the outlook of the Empire, all right.

"If you want to get something of the spirit of these fellows, let me read you a bit from one of

Flt. Sgt. Eddie's letters written from training camp when England was taking her worst bombing. 'I can't understand why there has to be such terrible times as there are in the world today. I will say, though, that had the war leaders of today spent their boyhood days in camps similar to those of the Mission, why, it stands to reason they'd be human beings instead of disrupting the peace and progress and happiness of mankind, the scoundrels! I have no enemies; I hate no one; and yet I am burning with a desire to get up there and knock those Jerrys down and somehow try to help stamp out the cruel brutality that is going on in a supposedly civilized world. . . . I hope I get a fighter, something fast and with a terrific wallop!' Well, Eddie got just that, and was one of the airmen who put up such a terrific fight to try to save Tobruk from Rommell. His plane was shot down and he was a prisoner in Italy and Germany until the end of the war.

"Then there is their attitude toward death. Listen to this for a steadying faith. Flt. Lieut. Mike writes to me on the death of a mutual friend. 'Since I've been over and have had so many of my friends go, I've created a new outlook to this business of death. . . . I have faith that those who leave here are merely put to good use elsewhere. I like to think my friends are waiting for us all to come some day, and in such manner we shall all be reunited. Honestly, there is no fear of death

within. It's not the dying who suffer; it is the loved ones left behind.'

"I would like to take you to a fine Ukrainian home that I visited. There were two sons in the family. Both volunteered for the Air Force, but the elder one was physically unfit. The younger one, a fine, clean-living, clear-eyed young man, flew in a bomber. The crew included an Irishman, a Scotchman, an English Canadian and the Ukrainian Canadian. Those fellows loved each other like brothers. The Irishman did not get as many parcels from home as the others, so Warrant Officer Stan (the Ukrainian) wrote his mother to make up a parcel of the things that he knew Paddy liked and send them direct to him. Of course, the Ukrainian mother and family did just that, not once but several times. This crew made fifty-one sorties together and then volunteered for a special mission. The plane crashed and burned. The pilot was the only one thrown clear; the others were burned in the plane. I visited that home as soon as I got the news, and I may say I never met more cool heroism and faith. I went to give comfort and came away blessed. These were the mother's words: 'When Stanley was born, I had the flu and he weighed only three pounds. The doctor said neither of us would live. I asked God to save my life for the children's sake, and if He would, to save my baby. He saved us both and I have had him for twenty-four years. He was a

good boy and a kind boy, and gave me much happiness in those years. I know God is looking after him now.'

"And so his body rests in foreign soil. Many foreign lands will be more sacred to us because of these first generation natural-born Canadians, whose bodies rest in Hong Kong, India, Africa, Italy, Holland, Germany and beneath the seven seas, where they went to pay their last full measure of devotion because—because? I'll answer that with another story.

"I met Mr. Wysocki a few days after war was declared. His eldest son had celebrated his eighteenth birthday that day. I remarked to him, 'I hear John has volunteered for the Air Force.' His reply was, 'Yes! John say to me, "I want to join the Air Force, Father," and I say to him, "You are eighteen now. You will have to decide that for yourself," and John say, "Father, *this is my country!*" '

"Pray God most of them may return to help us build a greater Canada than has been. Some of them will bring English, Scottish or Irish brides with them. Some will hurry back to sweethearts who have been waiting long years for their return. Some will wish to hurry all the more because young wives and growing babies are awaiting them, and all will stand together, unapologetic and unafraid, as great Canadians and great world citizens, who have proved themselves worthy of

'the comradeship of an equal birth
In the wealth of the richest bloods on earth.' "

Uncle Jim was quiet for what to me appeared a long time. His old face looked very tired. And then that far-away look came back into his eyes as he slowly repeated,

"With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free,"

and added in the same slow voice, "That half of the material, with which my stories in the main have dealt, which went into the building of the True North, looked rather rugged and unpromising when I saw my first train-load on the siding at a little town in Quebec forty-five years ago, but below the surface it was great stuff. With such material and such sacrifice on the part of new and old Canada, we have seen a miracle in the building of a free, intelligent national life, in one generation, in that part of Canada between the Great Lakes and the Rockies."

Uncle Jim again fell silent, but his eyes retained that far-away look. Then he turned to me and said very deliberately, "I'd rather have had a hand in that process, than anything else I know!"

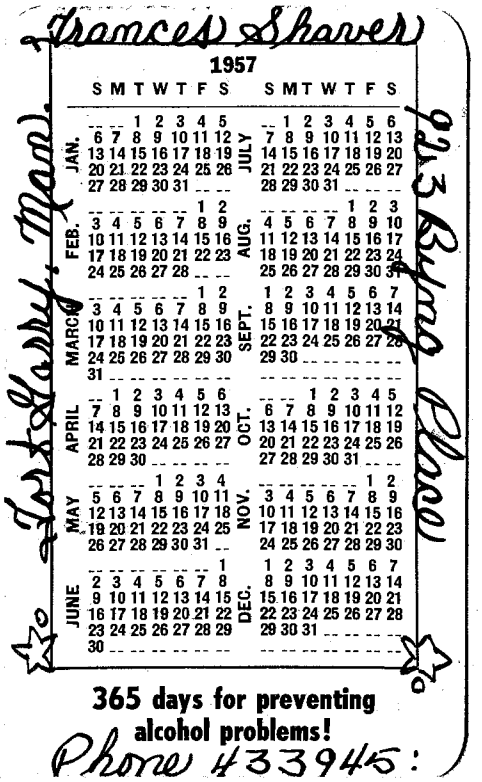
The setting sun had drawn his "brush of comet's hair" across the heavens, leaving them aglow in all the tints and shades of the rainbow, a picture seen only on the prairies.

"What a glorious way for a day to draw to its close!" said Uncle Jim.

My mind recalled the busy life he and Mrs. Jim must have lived. How public has been even their home; for it was open to all, from the missionary on his way to the Orient to the Ukrainian farmer, broken by the depression, seeking a way to save his homestead. What a strain on them both the constant needs of the unfortunates must subconsciously have been! What must have been the doubts and fears, as well as the victories, which they shared together through the years!

And then I looked at the clippings and letters which lay around him, which he in his modesty hadn't read to me, and thought of the many personal words of thanks from his boys and girls, out there in the world or gone to the Great Beyond, and the contributions they in their turn are making to humanity. Thinking of all this, I said in my heart,

"What a glorious life! And what a glorious way for a *life* to draw to its close!"



WITH GLOWING HEARTS ~ Shepherd

WITH GLOWING HEARTS

PETER SHEPHERD