

believe, a relatively idle place. Plenty did not wish this lad to work—did not train him to work. Can we not imagine crowds of unemployed, detached people in Sodom? Some of these were at Lot's door that memorable night when he entertained the strange visitors.

What made the Scottish race so hardy and thrifty? Hardship did it. The fathers of that race had to dig their living from the stubborn soil or claim it from a sea swept in mist and storm. The very endeavor developed initiative—an indispensable quality in manhood. But there was a third child in the family of Plenty—Selfishness. He was a severe faced fellow, who never shed tears, whose money bag was tied tightly. What cared he that some were hungry or cold beyond his city limits? His mother's pantry was full, and her looms were turning out scarlet and fine linen.

### *A Modern Bearing.*

Thus it was that Sodom failed. This story is very old, but has a modern bearing. Many places and people have failed since Israel failed. Greece and Rome failed. Where is Spain, whose prowls were once found on all the seas? Have Britain and America any mortgage on the future? Is the great God partial? Ah, no! Take our own beloved Canada. Plenty surely has her home here. We often read of the lists of millionaires identified with certain Canadian cities. We speak of our boundless wealth by sea and field and forest. But woe betide us if Plenty produces Pride until we come to admire the mere outside of things, the merely accidental, and lose all sense of proportion, and have no proper scale of values. Then we shall be offering our libations at the shrine of figures! Woe betide us if plenty produces Idleness, and our young people become supine, soulless, thewless—the problems of life made too easy for them.

Woe betide us if Plenty makes us selfish—local in our sympathies, parochial in our idea of religion, deaf to the "still, sad music of humanity."

But we can narrow this down to the individual. Individuals fail as well as peoples, and these failures are not accidental. It is true that Want slays her thousands, and you can see them in the slums of our great cities—flung out on civilization's great dump heap; but Plenty slays her tens of thousands. How often does the study of biography show that from some humble home, away from the great thoroughfare, where "plain living and high thinking" were practised, came a lad who wrought wonders in the world. On the other hand, have we not seen young lives so screened that all power of initiation was suppressed? We have heard that in the home of Lloyd George the one luxury of the week, when he was a lad, was half an egg on Sunday. In such