

wool-clip of Canada for 1924 totalled thirteen million lbs., with a value to the producers of four million dollars.

Another day, you and I will talk over the mighty water-power of the Dominion, and the advent of Short-Wave Beam Telegraphy as the means of communication between Great Britain, Australia and ourselves. Railway expansion shall not be forgotten.

Not only have we a magnificent heritage, but its productive capacity is equal to its extent.

The essential point to bear in mind, however, is, that *Canada is only at the beginning.*

As a "Link of Empire," Canada holds a proud place. We all try to realize that the Empire is a sacred trust; it is worth living for; it is worth dying for.

I never tire of telling my friends at home that the proud and entrancing story of Canada, should be heard in every family circle, taught in every school, shown on the screen of every picture theatre, so that the magnitude of our great possessions may be assimilated.

And with regard to the people of Canada, with glee do I record that there is no more law-abiding, no more patriotic nor tender-hearted folk anywhere; and that the new arrival from the Old Country may be quite certain that he will find—as did I—helping hands extended to him by a people who are generous to a degree.

It has been said over and over again that Canada has not yet produced her Dante, her Shakespeare, her Milton, and yet Coventry Patmore, characterised "*Saul*" by Charles Heavysege, as the greatest English poem published outside of Great Britain.

Charles Heavysege was born at Liverpool of humble parents, and began to earn his living at nine years of age; he saw *Macbeth* and begged a few pence of his mother in order to buy a cheap edition of Shakespeare. After a working day of ten hours or more, he devoted his nights to study and began to produce verse.

He emigrated to Canada—an obviously gifted man, struggling with adversity and

from lack of early equipment, unable to reach the heights which in happier circumstances he might have attained.

Milton might have been no more had his training been the carpenter's bench. Canada did not produce Heavysege but he produced his chief work in Canada.

Isn't it strange how some men can make a phrase that seems to illuminate dark places? For instance, a well-known novelist, Arnold Bennett, wrote the other day: "To err is human, to forgive ought to be."

He emphasizes benevolent *thought*. Let all think kindly of others; never condemn, never judge. On the contrary let us excuse, try to comprehend, seek to put ourselves in the place of others. Who am I to sit in judgment?

For cricketers:

A TRIBUTE TO SUTCLIFFE

Far away, far away, far away "down under,"
Striving with might and main Sutcliffe the wonder,
'Gainst all Australia's best,
From North, South, East and West,
Nobly he's stood the "test,"
Making no blunder.

Bowlers to right of him, bowlers to left of him,
Bowlers in front of him "volleyed" and thundered.

Boldly he faced them all,
Firm as a granite wall;
Answering England's call,
For one more hundred.

Stormed at by ball, and, well,
While wickets round him fell,
He cut and drove like hell,
While the crowd wondered.
Stubborn and grim he stood,
How he laid on the wood!
All for his Country's good—
Making his hundred.

And, though the "Ashes" stay
Thousands of miles away,
He has not blundered.
In praise we sing loud of him,
Wish we'd a crowd of him,
Yorkshire is proud of him,
Hero of "hundreds."

—Beaumont Ford.

The Rev. T. Ratcliffe related some childish sayings about God, in the course of a lecture delivered at a meeting of the "Scottish Child-study Society" in Edinburgh University: all these questions were answered by children less than five years of age:

"Was God once a boy?" "No" was the answer.

"Was Jesus once a boy?" "Yes."

"Then was Jesus, God?"

"If I fell out of the window; would I go to Heaven that way?"

"Why does God never sleep?"

"What time do they take dinner in Heaven?"

"Who gives God his breakfast?"

"Why was the world made?"

The child attending school has enough mental acuteness to confound any teacher or parent or the most profound theologian.

The parent or the teacher who has not got a *great* love for children, will never understand them. They will remain a human contradiction; an educational tragedy.

The difficulty with us all is, that we grow up, forgetting that we once were children ourselves. Do you wonder that when a child is reproved, he sometimes looks at us with astonishment and wonders what is wrong with us?

Uncle was quizzing little Arthur as to how much he had learned at school. "What is the plural of sugar?" he asked. "Lumps" was the reply.

THE DEAD DOG AND THE MASTER

Louella C. Poole

Down to Jerusalem, we're told,
Our Savior went one day,
With heart of love and brooding eyes,
As He pursued His way,
When he espied a poor dead dog
That by the roadside lay.

Think you unheeding He passed by—
Unfeelingly He sped
Upon His way? Ah, no, He paused
To view the humble dead;
"Pearls are no whiter than his teeth,"
The Master softly said.

Compassion infinite and love
So filled that gentle breast,
His tenderness reached out to all
Of this world's lowliest,

And even beauty found in that
Poor lifeless clay at rest.

One of the miracles that we see without thinking is a pearl. and I do not wonder that in ancient days men thought a pearl was simply a dewdrop, made hard in some mysterious way.

One of the wise men of the Roman Empire, the famous naturalist Pliny, believed that pearls were dewdrops. Well, a pearl is not a drop of dew; it is nothing so lovely to think of.

A pearl, this pure thing that Jesus loved, this precious thing that Julius Caesar went to seek in Britain, this gem that rich and beautiful women wear, is the tomb of a worm, the splendid sarcophagus of a parasite that infests a lowly creature on the bed of the sea.

There is a little worm, known as a cestode, which gets its name from its shape, cestode coming from a Greek word meaning a girdle. The larva of this creature has been found alive, floating on the surface of the sea and in some way it gets inside the oyster shell. There it dies, and the oyster begins to enshrine it in a splendid "tomb," which it builds up of carbonate of lime gained from the sea.

Particularly those of us who were privileged to meet his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, the reception accorded the first Budget of his famous son is very gratifying.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Winston Churchill's proposals, his speech deserved Mr. Snowden's tribute to it as a great rhetorical and argumentative triumph.

As Mr. Lloyd George said, it fascinated and enthralled the House. It was constructed very cleverly and it was delivered most effectively.

An allusion which touched the Chancellor very much was made by Mr. Snowden. The ex-Chancellor said that if the spirits of former occupants of the Treasury Bench hovered around the scenes of their earthly conflicts, there was one spirit which would in abounding measure have shared the pleasure of the House at his success.

On hearing this reference Mr. Churchill bowed his head.