

title, which sets in relief an unfortunate juxtaposition in nineteenth century progress, but not in real progress: Fifth Avenue and the Slum, as the two poles of the one entity, Capitalistic Society.

The new world will not be born till there is a surrender of the ideal that puts dividends and material accessories of life ahead of life itself—life higher in aim, richer in quality, purer, fuller of real joy; and that not only in spots but in society as a whole. Not a life gouty and sodden and vicious in one stratum through overmuch of things, and emaciated and debilitated and vicious at the other through lack of things.

Said Jesus to the small group who were most susceptible to His idea, when they were dreaming of things, such as thrones, material accessories, as the SINE QUA NON of progress, "Ye shall receive power." That is the thing to desire. "When the Holy Spirit is come upon you"—you will develop life, personality. That is what the world is needing and not more thrones.

A third element in the price of progress is the power to rest. One of the great pathfinders of human progress said, "He that is confident shall not make haste," or to be as colloquial as he was in his own tongue, shall not make a fuss. There is a strain and fever today that is making real progress impossible, through lack of confidence in the supreme values of life, in what constitutes progress that will not prove as disappointing as that bubble pricked by the Great War.

We exploit our mines, forests, fields and turn them into the finished product, of industry, commerce, engineering, architecture and call it progress, while the soul is worn out with the fever of producing or crushed with the weight of the things produced. We wear ourselves out in getting things, and the balance of soul left, in trying to use them. Progress, did we say? Whither?

The other evening I sat before a moving picture screen and watched a great lake steamer plowing its way majestic-

ally through the waters of one of our inland seas. Its progress demanded a further journey on a lake higher up. How did it succeed? It silenced its great engines, and, came to rest in the locks of the canal. The great gates opened and as the waters poured in, the resting vessel was quietly lifted upwards to the level on which it was ready to pursue its way on to its goal. One thought of the great spiritual Genius from Whose school the best have not yet graduated, Who said to those whom He was leaving heir to his idea; cease thinking of the forms and institutions of the new age, but think rather of its power in terms of personality. To this end tarry at Jerusalem till ye be endued with power. To do things, first tarry. To do the best things, tarry under the influence of the best you know.

That is the word to our feverish age wandering between two worlds. Time withdrawn from the machinery of the world, even from the exhausting task of originating and perfecting ideas and theories including dogmas, from recreations that do not recreate, to let the Infinite Spirit lift us up to the higher heights to get to our goal; or to let the finite spirit in which the tide is at ebb be filled with the tides of the oversoul which is the only adequate reinforcement for life's needs;—such time is time not wasted, but won.

The wine of life will be attained, and will itself suggest the character of the bottles to contain it, if we are ready to pay the price. Institutions and forms pass; but the spirit and life persist and they alone constitute the stuff out of which real progress grows. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." —A. D. M.

Lord, when I go,
Full well I know
I go to greater things
Than greatest here below—
Things that shall be to this
Poor life as Thou to my disparities.
I go to loftier hopes and nobler joys;
To the high peace of Thy divine employs;
To the Eternal Springs
Of all good happenings;
To the Sweet Fount of Life
That shall renew
My youth, and me endue,
At length, at length,
With eagles' strength—
With powers undreamed of in the life below—
Powers only Death Thine Handmaid can bestow,
So—without fear I go,
Because I know!—I know!

This, too, I know;
That there I shall be nearer still
To Life's high need and Love's appeal
Than e'er before;
The shadowy veil that hangs between
Is growing luculent and thin,
And, from within, the Golden Door
Swings softly open, more and more,
That Love, unseen, may closer be
To Life's supreme necessity,
And, in God's own good time, may come
To lead the wanderer gently home.

—JOHN OXENHAM ("The Thinning Vail")

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