

much to show for its labors of past years. May it go on to still greater achievements!

Much of the material presented by the movies, even although passed by the censor, often comes in for severe condemnation from those who have truly at heart the good of the boys and girls, who at no distant date must have in their keeping the weal or woe of our country, a land that preceding generations have bought at so great a price. The difficulty should not prove insoluble. The movies can be made an educational blessing: in several Vancouver schools they have already become such. But we could wish that some Carnegie of this generation might provide or subsidize motion-picture theatres where would be given to the public, both old and young, plays at once innocent, interesting and instructive, plays such as these, and none other. If plays of this sort are not provided, our theatre-goers will feel no compunction in patronizing

the common and garden variety now too often thrown upon the screen.

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The question of Bible reading and Bible teaching in our public schools is a constantly recurring one. So far in our own province the problem presented has proved difficult of solution. The Education Department says in effect, "Let the various denominations agree upon a series of selections from the Old and New Testaments for use in our schools, and we shall authorize them." The offer seems eminently reasonable and fair, but as yet it has not been met by the churches interested. The possibility of agreement in the selection of suitable passages is an acid test of the value of the claim so often made that in spite of the apparent divisions in Christendom there is in the historic churches essential unity, the unity of the Spirit. The doubting Thomases would like to be shown.

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

THE WORD.

(By Bertha Lewis.)

The sun, the moon, and the myriad stars
Have spelled their word upon my life.
The cedar and the rose shall call,
Have graved their likenesses in me.
Cool shall I lie beneath the stars;
The grass shall sing my song of sleep;
The cedar and the rose shall call,
The beach-shell whisper a song to me.
"Lie softly, fly softly, body and soul,
We are a part of the Golden One.
The words we have spelled upon your heart
Shall be again a tree or a flame,
A fragrance, a voice, or a shower of rain.
Lie softly, fly softly, body and soul."

WINGS.

(By M. Stoddard.)

Amid the distant hills they fly,
The fancies of my mind:
They seek the spaces of the sky—
Nor dwell among mankind.

For these are airy, fairy things—
Unvexed by wordly din;
I send them forth on purple wings
To seek their kith and kin.

For while I sit at dreary work,
My fancies wander wide;
They show me where the fairies lurk,
And joys undreamed-of hide.

And you are all tied down, it seems,
By heavy, human things;
Oh, pray, good friends, unloose your dreams,
And fly on purple wings.

A LYRICAL LUNCH.

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

A Pomegranate.

The tongue curls back like an acanthus leaf
The crimson jewels taste so icy-sour,
They are like sword-points dipped in wine and gall,
Or rubies crushed in the juice of a bitter flower.

Salad.

Tomatoes, salted disks of glowing red,
And lettuce dreamy-hearted, the taste is mute;
But walnuts, oily, sweet, like 'cello tones,
And dressing that tastes of clarinet and flute.

Brown Bread and Honey.

Tasting of nuts crushed and moulded to bread
And spread with butter, salt and golden-sweet;
Honey! Essence of clover and morning dew
Thro' sunlight filtered for happy mortals to eat.

Wine.

So delicate the bouquet, the palate tastes
The music of a Chinese crystal gong
Swung by a fragrant breeze at twilight hour—
Was this a luncheon or a Mourssorgsky song?

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