

west are creating fresh ambitions for the East." In contrast, here we see the Philippines, which could nourish 80 millions and have only 10 millions. In Australia's 3 million square miles we find fewer people than in greater London. British Columbia has an area of 390,000 square miles, with marvelous rivers, mighty forests, fertile soil, and this is but a fragment of Canada, which has a total population less than that of tiny Korea. The United States and South America present similar contrasts. "What can stop the swamping of the minority of whites by the tidal waves of Asia's millions?"

In another thrilling chapter we find discussed the problem of vast Africa, and the more perplexing problem of Africa in America. Again there is, in clear-cut pictures, the story of Britain in India, "another prodigious racial enigma." Perhaps the most challenging chapter is that on "The World-Team". The author describes a football game he watched in Beirut, where an Armenian full-back, whose father had been massacred, passed to a Turk, he to a Greek, he to a Persian, he to an African. Such team-play on a world scale is the only hope of human kind. Before we can have it the will to dominate and the will to isolated self-determination must be broken down, and the spirit of Jesus, which is the spirit of brotherhood, must be substituted. Mathews has some illuminating things to say about the delusion of race-superiority cherished by many Anglo-Saxons.

If world brotherhood come, will it mean the loss of the lovely virtues of heroism and self-sacrifice? No, there is another war, "the real war, not of race against race, not of man against man," but of man with the deadly foes of poverty and ignorance, of vice and disease. It is a competition, not to kill, but to contribute, that is the root of progress for man on the planet.

If people would only be convinced! I am writing on the train. Just now the conductor, a thoroughly kindly person, stopped by the seat to enquire the object of my study. When I explained he shook his head. "That will never be. Fighting is bound to continue," he said. "But it can't. We shall annihilate each other. Surely we shan't be such

fools," I pleaded. But he has walked away quite calmly, and shaking his head. The surging forces of humanity, are they not a rising tide that threatens to engulf our planet? We sit by our pleasant fires in our quaint little houses. We heed not the roar of the surf. But it is there. It is always there. Basil Mathews makes one hear it.

Marjorie Trotter.

St. John, New Brunswick.

P.S. My good friend the conductor has returned with sixty cents (for that is all this golden book costs) and has purchased from me "The Clash of Colour." He has promised to read it. There is yet hope for the world! M. T.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION

It was said, in olden times, "All roads lead to Rome". But there was a week during January when, if one chanced to be in Washington, that beautiful Capital city of our neighbors across the Line, one could with truth be permitted to say,—"All roads lead to the Auditorium." And, lest the visiting stranger should miss the way in the multitude of roads, on signposts at the important street corners, were placed large cards, an arrow pointing in the required direction, and the words, "To the Foreign Missions Convention." Even in a city where great Conventions are in the ordinary course of events, there was really no reason why the inhabitants thereof should fail to realize that one very extraordinary convention was being held. One reason appealed especially to an employee in a Hotel almost filled with delegates. Said he, "What sort of a Convention is this anyway? Usually delegates attending conventions here in Washington wear great badges, but these delegates have neither ribbons nor rosettes!"

How beautiful a city is Washington! Over and over were the words repeated. No wonder the people of the U.S.A. love their Capital city, no wonder their thoughts turn toward it as to their Mecca. How can one fitly describe its wide streets,—its great avenues crossing those streets diagonally leaving all those many corners, small and large, which have been converted into the charming parks, each