

the half-listening ear. In Britain the nightingale does not travel much farther north than Birmingham; whereabouts the crowds will surge at night to follow the liquid note that charms the dumbest ear. No multitude will ever surround a Whip-poor-will. He is mournful night itself, and to catch the sombre splendor of his tale, you must have ears for the silences, eyes for the gloom that wrap the earth while most creatures sleep."

"Wilson MacDonald is a poet, by the answering of deep unto deep in the consciousness of even those who cannot write poems, but who respond to his genius as they do to the cooing of a child. The critics have placed him among the immortals on the strength of his first book and what these have said is good coin of the literary realm. Wilson MacDonald's verse is in many metres, some of them entirely his own. He says that true Canadian poetry, derived from Canadian natural beauty, must be like its source, and not suggestive of mown meadows, clipped hedges, and garden walls, roofed against the rain, as they are in England's west. He has travelled everywhere and writes of what he knows. "The Song of the Undertow," his latest poem, is a nakedly true narrative of MacDonald's trip to Europe on a cattle boat in weird company, yielding weird experience."

The Price of Progress

"Wandering between two worlds, the one dead,
"The other powerless to be born."

A look around with a wide enough horizon, and one realizes how apt these lines from Matthew Arnold are as descriptive of our day. The great nineteenth century closed with such a record of achievement in so many departments of life as to generate an airy optimism that saw no obstacle in the path of progress to indefinite lengths, save as some one too critical—or was it too cynical?—to be imposed upon by the auto-intoxication of his contemporaries, asked the question, "Progress whither?"

But the collapse came, and Germany is not only a disappointment to her great builders, but is a symbol of the disappointed promises of the age that ended in the Great War. We are wandering between that world and another powerless to be born, the world that Statesmen, Diplomats, Economists, Educationists and others are trying to bring into being, or at least trying to define and describe in order to realize it.

What price must be paid for progress out of this chaos between the worlds? It requires the laying aside of prepossessions and prejudices that are almost of a piece with the very life of those who would have a hand in the building. To lay them aside draws blood. But we remember that One Whose Word counts for something said: "If thy right hand offend, cut it off." It is hard to lay aside the prejudice in favor of making the new age a glorious reproduction of the one that was. It is hard to conceive of a future in which life functions without the institutions and forms that did service more or less perfectly in the past. Three times did the good knight, Sir Bedevere essay to fling the good sword *excalibur* "unto the middle mere" before he succeeded, so great seemed the pity to part with a weapon that had done such great service. But the wisdom and the urge and threat of Arthur prevailed. Many Sir Bedeveres are so dazzled by the myriad lights of their *excaliburs*, the successes of yesterday, that their resolution fails when they try to surrender them. But it must be done.

There are two lessons that a look back on the past may teach us. The first is the panic with which the passing of an established institution is contemplated, e. g. the passing of Imperial Rome, to name only one of many. The other lesson is how short a time it takes to establish a new order, so that in the thinking of its generation, it seems to have been from the beginning, and as much a part of the natural order as day and night. It is hard to conceive of a time when the capitalistic system was not in vogue. One does not claim that every-

This is a tribute to a many-sided genius. He is an artist in design and illumination, and if a book were issued of his exquisitely beautiful creations, the rivalry between his gifts would be obvious. He has written operas of which not only the words and music, but the designs of costumes, scenery, and dances were all evolved from his fertile brain. His first tour across Canada was made six years ago when he produced his opera "In Sunny France," training amateurs and producing the play anew in each city he visited. His success in training children in acting and dancing was so marvellous that at one time he was believed to exert a hypnotic power over them. This accusation was a cause of great sorrow to him, for the only power he used was his love and kinship with the little ones. He is also an inventor and has patented several profitable devices, and has another gift which amazed the Prince of Wales, confounds the greatest conjurers of the stage, and would bring him swiftly into an easy opulence. But poetry is his divine mistress and he serves her to the point of starvation. We may hope that we are approaching a time when a poet with true genius will not be without honor in his own country."

thing must pass. A noble writer has written in imperishable words of "Things that are shaken that the things which cannot be shaken may remain." Wisdom is in being able to discriminate and let the one pass, while the other—Never!

The Person Who has given His Name to our era, as being its dominating influence found His generation at a stalemate like our own. He alone could blaze the trail. He alone had a workable idea; but alas! He found it so difficult to make it grip, for the minds of His generation were so pre-occupied with their own. His own race to whom He looked to give a hospitable reception to His idea, had already made their choice. The past, glorified, was their secret for future good. The Throne of David, good in its own day, was the good custom that threatened to corrupt when it became an anachronism. Jesus was intent on a new wine of life for an age that was sick unto death and the national leaders kept insisting on old bottles, or brittle wineskins, which could not hold new wine. Their allegiance to the old bottles cost Him His life. Institutions and forms are secondary. Progress must reckon with the possibility, although not always the necessity, of a new institution to embody the new spirit.

A second element in the price of progress is the recognition that there is no progress measured only by things. The mistake of the nineteenth century has been in forgetting this. The motto, or watchword "Getting On" which gained so strong a foothold and became so obtrusive, has had as its standard of measurement, things. The discovery of gold in California was of more importance than the Declaration of Independence; the Chicago stockyards than Plymouth Rock. Columbus was not so much a pathfinder of the expanding human spirit, a child of the Renaissance, as the man who discovered Wall Street.

When conceiving of progress we do well to con over to ourselves the words of Him Who said quite resignedly, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," because He said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," and Who yet could say, "All authority is given unto me . . . in earth."

Goldsmith saw the trend toward wrong value standards and standards of progress when he said:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
"Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The unhappy results of an ideal of progress which is more interested in things than in persons are crystallized in the title of Henry George's book "Progress and Poverty," a book which if it lives, will do so less by its theories than by its