

over for a month or so, he worked for a seed house in Vancouver, lived in a boarding house, carried a lunch, worked long hours, travelling both ways in darkness, but was happy because he was weighing and packing seeds for Europe. He was helping to rebuild the waste places. He saw his work in the seed house, not as work which makes an old man's muscles tired, but as a chance to do a bit of world building. This man has the vision. He sees his Lord in the breaking of bread. He did not tell me this. I saw it in his face.

If I were young again—and I wish I could go back—I would spend my life as a teacher of young children, doing all in my power to give them a vision of the dignity and glory of being builders and planters, makers and menders. Children are great idealists, until the stupidity of their elders puts out the fires of their aspirations. We have seen, to our sorrow, how the heart of Nazi youth was betrayed and turned to evil. Surely we should put our energies into the battle for man's redemption with equal fervor.

In the next few years Canada, as one of the most fortunate nations in the world, will be called on to give, and I have faith in my country that we will give generously, and I hope we will give gladly. It is not enough to give of our abundance and then sit back and wait to be thanked. Charity has always been given. Good works and alms deeds have been faithfully performed for the poor and the needy, and the poor have remained poor and often bitter. This time we must give in a different spirit. We must remember that man cannot live by bread alone. We must give ourselves with the gift. The breaking of bread has in it the suggestion of many kindly gracious deeds which we can all perform. We have here in Canada people of many races, but unfortunately, some of them are smarting under our rebuffs, our lack of courtesy and understanding.