

the exceptional gifts of the few by levelling everything down to an average mediocrity of capability and achievement. They recognized as clearly as does the sane economist of to-day that private property and individual initiative are the prime factors in the accumulation of wealth in any community, and that without wealth—which is another word for *well-being*—there can be no real progress of humanity.

All said and done, the Pilgrim Fathers played the game well in their day and generation. The proposed celebration next year, both in England and America, of the tercentenary of their enterprise in colonization cannot but serve to deepen our sense of obligation to these great Englishmen of the seventeenth century who helped, perhaps unwittingly, in so large a measure to shape the destiny of the modern world.

THE STARS

BY MARGARET HILDA WISE

WE cheered them home as the sun went down,
 And the noise of their feet
 Once more on the old, familiar street,
 And the call of their bugles, clear and sweet,
 Rang through the town

And we noticed, after the light was gone,
 The evening sky
 Bright with a myriad stars . . . Could I but fly,
 Who knows but I should find
 'Twas the unshed tears of the woman, whose son
 They left behind.