

crease. Production and export from Mexico are rapidly growing, and South America is likely to start production on a large scale shortly. Other vast territories remain to be explored. Some people think that China may some day yield a wealth of oil. Africa, with the exception of Egypt, has not yet disclosed any oilfields, although Nigeria and other parts of Western Africa are said to warrant closer investigation. Australia's prospects are still unknown, although wells are being drilled. Europe and northern Asia may have new sources of oil tucked away somewhere, and then, of course, there is Canada.

As to the known oil reserves already extensively developed, there are abundant indications that they are beginning to be played out. To-day the United States controls 66 per cent. of the world's oil supply, but a recent report of the United States Geological Survey predicts that there is not enough oil in the ground to last thirty years, and later reports put the duration of the country's domestic supply at no more than twenty-two years. In sixty years, according to one au-

thority, the United States has run through a legacy which, if properly conserved, should have lasted at least a century and a half. Just when Americans have become accustomed to using twenty times as much oil a head as is used, for instance, in Great Britain; just when invention has indefinitely expanded the need for oil in industry; just when the point had been reached where oil controls money instead of money controlling oil—the United States finds her chief sources of domestic supply beginning to dry up. Already, though few people appreciate the fact, the United States has become an importer of oil. The annual imports from Mexico are in the neighbourhood of 40,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each. There have unquestionably been over-statements regarding oil wastage. One of the north Texas fields developed a production of about 3,000,000 gallons a year within twelve months of the drilling of the first well, and it is doubtful whether the wastage in that field has amounted to more than five per cent. But there can be no doubt that slowly the oilfields of the United States are approaching exhaustion.

THE PILGRIMS

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

NOT mine to ease a burden you may bear,
 Not mine to lift a stone from out your way,
 No morning song or noontide heat to share,
 Nor ministry of peace when dies the day!
 I cannot tell if well or ill you fare,
 Or if you keep the path or go astray;
 My wanderer's garb with wistful face I wear,
 And tears are pearlèd on its threads of gray.

But when Night weaveth deep her robe of rest,
 In shadowy folds beneath the excelling glory
 Of all the kindly stars in heaven's dome,
 I kneel and cry to Him whose way is best,
 "O Thou who knowest each human heart's poor story,
 Bless whom I love and lead Thy pilgrims Home!"