

has the apt word at his command. We are an articulate people, who delight in clarity of thought. No leader would dare to tell us "to think with our blood" which is a dark mysterious phrase, according well with what Matthew Halton calls "the muddy depths of the German soul".

Let us rejoice that we are rich in the treasury of great words, spoken by great men on great occasions, words made to be carved above doorways and on mantels, in schoolrooms, and colleges, in railway waiting rooms and on the archways of great bridges.

Speaking of bridges, someone surely blundered when an inscription was chosen for the new Burrard Bridge in Vancouver. It is a magnificent structure, and beautiful in design. No one can approach it without a throb of pleasure. Proudly it spans an arm of the Pacific Ocean. Above it the lions keep perpetual guard, and the sleeping Beauty dreams the centuries away. There are ships in the harbor, and the famous skyline is etched in ivory on the blue horizon. Over its broad trafficways go the people of many nations, but on its middle-span is carved these meaningless words, with nothing in them but a prideful boast:

"On land and sea and in the air we prosper."

There is nothing in that to inspire, guide or comfort, nothing to bind the hearts of men in fellowship. Not even a word of gratitude.

Some Babbit did this!

There is something about words carved in stone which makes them more than words. Their permanence seems to give them authority. I noticed this many years ago in a simple sentence above the entrance of Harriet Island, a delightful spot where the people of St. Paul enjoy their summer evenings. These are the words:

"The health of the people is the wealth of the nation."