

It seems evident, then, that a spirit of altruism and noblesse oblige would go far towards solving the difficulty. Not that the self-sacrifice, if such it can be called, should fall on certain persons only, leaving to others the full enjoyment of the comparative ease and comfort of the city. By no means. The posts involving the greatest discomfort and hardship should be filled by the young and vigorous. After years of service many of these will merit promotion to the towns and cities, should inclination or family circumstances render the translation desirable.

In the last place, the notion that we are being over-educated arises from a widely spread misconception regarding the nature and aims of education. "Education is the development of personality." It is a training for living rather than a training for acquiring the means to live. If the latter were the true conception the name of Henry Ford would be more glorious than that of a Howard, a Wilberforce, a Nightingale, a Wesley, or perhaps even that of the carpenter of Nazareth. Character, industry and intelligence—on these three the world's progress is based. Where can these be better nourished and developed than in school and college?

But we must see to it that school and college do their duty, that in them these three cardinal qualities—character, industry, intelligence—are really nourished and developed. And there is one thing more—education must inculcate true respect for manual labor. It is not enough that the university graduate must respect manual labor in the person of his less highly schooled brother. He must learn to respect it in himself. He must be quite prepared, if need be, to earn his own living by the hardening of his palms and the sweat of his brow. It is a shame that he should stand all the day idle, waiting for a black-coated, kid-gloved position, when there is ground to be ploughed and ditches to be dug. University education is not lost on the scholar or man of science who readily reconciles himself to a lot like this. In the Golden Age of Greece the man of wealth and culture saw nothing derogatory or incongruous in his working at manual labor side by side with his slave, and at the same wages, when the work in hand tended to the betterment and glory of the state. In our day it is not the lowering of the educational standard, or the narrowing of the circle of the educationally privileged, that is needed, but a new point of view on the part of parents, educators and educated, or, rather, the bringing back of an old spirit once more into the clear light of noonday.

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The Greatest of These

By ROBERT WATSON

Manlike, we have responded to the call of it.
Perhaps we have not tasted all,
For some of the hectic draughts of life we have not
longed to touch.

Not that we've been afraid of them: not that!
But so far as living goes, they count not much.
We've sipped the brimming measure.
Travelled! I fancy so, with speed the boast!
Seized and cavorted by the thrall of it.
Found gold! Aye, and spent it!

Then fought for more.
Been the good fellow: played both guest and host,
All with a child's desire to watch the wheels
As they forever turn.

Adventure! That too!
The mountain peaks that pierce the very dome of
heaven:
Snow-shoes on the frozen barren-lands;
The hell-heat and the night-cries of the tropics:
Out on the ocean,
—Glorious as the bosom of a woman aflutter with emo-
tion—
Held in the shimmering tangle-net for long enough
To know the game.

Even Fame:
That siren jade in gaudy draperies
Who smiles, and lures with irresistible seduction
Those upon whom her sister, Wealth, makes vain
appeals.

Madly we seek this creature of bewitchment;
Catch up with her at last and clutch her garments,
To find, as others have,
That all that is of her are floating veils,
A laugh upon the wind, the strum of a guitar;
While through the scented haze,
She whom we seek still beckons from afar;
Then, by-and-bye,
Empty, with the hollow-ache after a sigh
Of a mother at the loss of her first-born.

But now we know
That all that counts
Of this weird shadow-dance and tawdry tinsel-show,
Is that lone virtue which we smother up within our-
selves,
Ashamed to own it, as a father the babe he dares not
name.

Love!
On earth, in hades and in heaven above,
There is nought else of any moment.

Love—of what? It matters not.
A good woman! Aye, or for one who may not be so
good.

Love—that brings the children running with welcome
cry:

Love for the mongrel cur upon the roadway,
If merely that he may enjoy the glow that emanates
As we go by.

Love for a brother man,
Fated as we, to grope along a path he did not choose,
Uncertain whence he travelled; where he may go;
Hoping his upward course may be less arduous than
the way he came;

Yet fearful as he mounts;
Love for that comrade worse equipped than we
To glimpse the vision of Eternity.
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile upon the way;
The long-remembered touch of fellow-sympathy.
The life-work of the faultless Nazarene.

Love—upon which both earth and heaven depend:
Love—the Eternal Fount:
All else, the wormwood and the gall:
Love! Love is all.