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The Claim and Power of Brotherhood.

The man did solemnly protest unto us,
saying: Ye shall not see my face, ex-
cept your brother be with you.—Gen.
xliii. : 8.

"Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night."

You see it is a case of cause and effect. The "effect" is the fearlessness, and the "cause" is the active brotherliness. A pilgrim may well walk with confident steps, even through the darkness when he can feel, warm within his own—for the soul has senses as well as the body—the kindly clasp of a real brother's hand.

Our Elder Brother's hand is always clasping ours, and shall we in our turn be slow to "stretch out a loving hand to wrestlers with the troubled sea?" Like Joseph, He solemnly protests unto us that we shall not see His face unless we have at least earnestly tried to bring our brother with us. A self-centered religion is certainly not Christianity, whatever else it may be, for it is utterly foreign to the Spirit of Him who is continually seeking and saving the lost, strengthening the weak, and sanctifying the souls which are burning with a never-satisfied thirst after God and hunger after holiness. The first necessity of brotherhood—without which it is as powerless as a connecting wire that lacks the living force of electricity—is brotherly affection. I think it is Emerson who says:

"Gifts from one who loved me,
'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me
Time they stopped for shame."

I am quoting from memory, and may not have got the words exactly, but the idea is plain that a gift may be sometimes next thing to an insult. Those who complain that other people are ungrateful, might find, if they looked at home, that the favors which are unappreciated are only superficial. "The gift without the giver" is very bare and worthless in man's eyes as well as in God's. But one who does really wish to bring his brother nearer to God, will probably do more harm than good if he fails to use common-sense methods. The sledge-hammer plan of saying to strangers, or even to acquaintances, "Are you saved?" is pretty sure to irritate any self-respecting person. No one has any right to pry impudently into the secret recesses of another soul. Besides, everybody is not sent out to be a John the Baptist—a preacher of repentance—although the life of every man is an "epistle" which is constantly being "known and read of all men." We are always drawing others nearer to God or drawing them away from Him, not so much by what we say or do, as by what we are. If we want our influence to be exerted for good it is not enough to make the outside conduct clean; the inside—the thoughts and desires of the soul—must be clean also. Human personality can never be neutral, but it will only be a mighty power for good if God is living in it and working through it. As the Spirit of Jehovah clothed Himself with Gideon (see marginal reading of revised version), so He is willing to clothe Himself with you. The Incarnation is always a present reality—God continually manifests Himself in flesh.

One of the first questions addressed to a man was: "Where is thy brother?" and the reckless answer: "I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" was a murderer's daring denial of the sacred claim of brotherhood. Its "claim" is as wide as

our race, but who can estimate its "power" when the man who is reaching out to help his brother has laid open his whole personality—body, mind and spirit—to be a channel of power for the Holy Spirit of God? To be full of the Holy Ghost is always to be full of power.

It is a miserable pretence of humility to say—as people sometimes venture to do—"I have no talents." No talents! when each of us will be called to account for the use or neglect of at least one mighty talent, a talent which is infinite in its far-reaching, potential energy, because it places at our disposal the infinite resources of God. I mean the power of intercessory prayer. More swift and sure than any wireless telegraphy, it goes straight to the mark, ignoring with calm indifference any obstacles of time or space, clasping a brother's hand even across the dread barrier we call Death. When the incense of unselfish prayer is blended with the fragrance of our High Priest's continual effectual intercession, it can never fail to bring down richest blessing on both the intercessor and the brothers and sisters interceded for. When we leave this talent unused it is not only our brother who will suffer loss. Any one who has any practical experience of prayer at all does not need to consult his Bible to discover that his love to God never fails to grow stronger and brighter when he is pleading with Him for a brother's good.

The power of intercession is forcibly set forth in "With God in the World," as follows:

"There is no more delicate service in the whole round of human action than that of intercessory prayer. It is so hidden as to have a special beauty on that account. While men are all unconscious that we are thinking of them, we fold our arms about them and bring them up before God for blessing and guidance." And again: "Intercession rises to sublime heights when it claims the privilege and the power for each child of God to gather up in his arms the whole family to which he belongs, and carry it with its multi-fold needs and its glorious possibilities into the presence of the common Father for blessing and protection. It is grand to feel that the Christian can lift, by the power of prayer, a myriad as easily as one, that he can hold in his grasp the whole Church as firmly as a single parish, and can bring down showers of blessing on an entire race as readily as the few drops needed for his own little plot."

This priceless talent, this glorious opportunity, brings with it a correspondingly solemn responsibility. How often our Lord has declared that sins of omission will bring sure punishment. Dare we leave this sacred power, which God has solemnly entrusted to us, buried and unused? When He returns to reckon with us, will He not require at our hands His own "with usury"?

And one thing more: Surely I have a special claim on your prayers—a claim, I mean, that you will ask God to breathe His own messages into this Quiet Hour, speaking through me words "quick and powerful" that will go straight home to the heart of each reader. I don't want them to be merely "words"—words that may please and interest, and be forgotten as soon as read. If they are never translated into action, but only serve to while away an idle hour on a Sunday afternoon, they will indeed fail of their purpose. I prize this weekly opportunity as a great privilege; but it also is a heavy responsibility, a responsibility that I dare not shoulder

alone—it rests on your shoulders, too.

"I charge thee, Friend, by all below
That knit our hearts in one. . . .
Entreat for me! for thou hast drawn
more near

God's gracious heart, and closer to His
ear,—

Nay! thou dost pray for me, I need not
ask."

I heard to-day from the Toronto Fresh-Air Mission that help was still coming in from the "Farmer's Advocate" readers. You have more than doubled your last year's contributions, and, in thanking you again for your generous answer to my appeal, I gladly remind you of our Divine Brother's gracious declaration: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth ME." HOPE.

Young Wives.

There are few young wives of our farmers who begin their married life with luxury. Generally, the young husband has just started to make the farm pay after a few years of patient working, clearing the land, and building the little home, making things comfortable for the wife who comes to help him.

It is upon this subject of helpmate, that is the keynote of a happy married life, that one desires to speak. When a girl marries, she must not expect the romance of courtship to continue. She is not loved the less for its departure. She now belongs to her husband, and all that interests him and everything he does for her comfort in the home should be appreciated.

During the first year she has much to learn, hitherto they have seen each other at their best, each desiring to appear most pleasing. Now, left to themselves, many little flaws in the character of each will show themselves—but no one is perfect. Do not worry a man with little trifles, things that annoy a woman are not always understood by a man. Meet him cheerfully, he will always appreciate your welcome, and his home made bright and pretty will be more to him than a grander away from you.

Learn all you can during your first year about the careful management of housekeeping. You will take quite a pride in your attempts at any new dish you serve.

You need not be lonely on a farm; there are so many little duties which fill the day. You can always go on making your home pretty. In the spring, there is your garden and chickens—plenty of time to welcome a friendly caller. Whenever one hears of a housewife feeling lonesome and wanting some friend or relations forever with her, one feels she has few resources. Who can help, when there is a book to read or needlework to be done after the morning's work. Keep up your correspondence, it is a pleasure to hear from friends. Try and take a few papers, and exchange with your neighbors.

Get your husband to make things easy for you in and about the house: shelves and cupboards so that your kitchen may look neat and snug. Many a really good fellow has become careless and indifferent when he found his young wife careless of her personal appearance and the house untidy; no system! no management in her work! Make up your mind from the start to help your husband to succeed in all his undertakings, it can be done. Trials will come, but be brave, and always loving. Love is a mighty weapon, use it at all times for good.

When one thinks of the many mothers who have been the mainstay of the home, of the example they show their children, of the endurance under suffering, and the many trials that mothers of large families must pass through, we can only wish to bring into the early married life the spirit of true comradeship without which no such life is complete. B. C.

Recipes.

Pancakes: One quart sweet milk, add bread crumbs to make a thin batter, three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of "Five Roses" flour.

Breakfast Cake: Two cups corn meal, three cups "Five Roses" flour, two cups buttermilk, four tablespoonfuls molasses, and two teaspoonfuls soda; bake in a well-greased tin, and eat hot with butter.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.