

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Talent sees opportunity, genius creates it, but only patience and labour reap its most perfect reward.

* * * * *

To make the strongest impression in helping any one over a failing, we must not speak from an instance which affects us personally.

* * * * *

A little explained,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured.

* * * * *

If we are not responsible for the thoughts that pass our doors, we are at least responsible for those we admit and entertain.—C. B. Newcomb.

* * * * *

Bear constantly in mind these two rules of thought before any speech or action: "Put yourself in another's place," and "Do as you would be done by."

* * * * *

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.

* * * * *

Often consider and contemplate the joys of heaven, then when they have filled thy desires, thou mayst steer only thither, and never look back.—Jeremy Taylor.

* * * * *

Like the star that shines afar,
Without haste, and without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best. —Goethe.

* * * * *

Human life is character-building; for remember that character means exactly what we are, while reputation is only what other people think we are. Every man builds his own character.—Cuyler.

* * * * *

I must, born out of my experience, assert that the missionary cause depends primarily upon the clergy; nothing can weaken this fact. If the parish priest feels only interest in the cause, his people will have hardly any interest in it. If the parish priest begins to depose interest for devotion, then a time of revival is at hand.—Bishop Montgomery.

* * * * *

When thou prayest, remember to say little, and to *mean* every word. Rather do not pray at all than pray without thinking. Ask for the Holy Spirit, that He may never leave thee. Pray as if Jesus stood beside thee listening; pray anywhere, and at any time, especially at evening and morning, remembering that prayer from a pure heart is sweet as the fragrance of flowers.—Robert Bird.

* * * * *

We men who can sing, may sit comfortably and sing:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."

But that doesn't solve the problem. The only way that the wind and the waters can carry the story the world around is by carrying forward men who go to tell it.—J. C. Buxton.

"David and His Mighty Men"

Sermon preached by Rev. Canon Snowdon,
at the Unveiling and Dedication of a Memorial
Window, in St. George's Church, Ottawa, Ont.

"And David longed and said, Oh that one would give me water to drink of Bethlehem, which is by the gate. And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David: but David would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord and said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this; shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it."—1 Chron. 11: 12-19.

THIS incident from the life of David, which we have selected as emblematic of the sacrifice of our own Citizen Soldiers, is beyond all doubt one of the jewels of history. It is worth while reading a whole book, and a very dry book at that, to get at a fact so heroic and noble.

Of the three men spoken of here, we know in one sense very little. Even their names are matters of guess work. And yet, in another sense we know a great deal about them. After all, names and dates, and all the outward relations of history, are of use only as they throw light on the characters of men and nations, and on the inward impulses that determine their actions. And this one act seems to open a rift, by which we see into the very souls of those who were able to do it. And there is a voice within us, which responds and rejoices in the story of their nobleness. We are the richer, every one of us, because of the knowledge of what they did. Thousands of years have not dimmed the splendour of their heroism.

There is a greatness, too, about David's conduct which accounts, no doubt, for our love of him. For I am sure I am right when I say that we do love David. Sometimes no doubt we wonder at our fondness for him. He was a man far from perfect. The unbelievers in all ages have held him dangling at arm's length in scorn. "This is your man after God's own heart," they say. Yes, even so. Not immaculate, not always wise or good, but yet one who knew how to be sorry for his sin. He was a man who loved much and therefore one to whom much was forgiven. David sinned indeed grievously, but he repented as quickly as he sinned. If his passions were great, and his fall deep and terrible, his love and his repentance was vast too. There is a wonderful largeness and nobleness about David. We love him whether we will or no.

The incident before our minds this morning is a magnificent one. Let us look at it a few moments. The lesson it teaches us is that we may be generous in receiving as well as in giving. There was here a noble generosity from both points of view. "And David longed and said, 'Oh, that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate.'" The fighting had been fierce under the blazing sun of an Eastern sky. David was suffering extreme thirst. And then there flashed into his mind the old well of the old Bethlehem days. How often in the parching summer heat he had drunk from its cool, refreshing spring. Never was anything so delicious, so refreshing. We all know something of the feeling which makes what we enjoyed in youth so much sweeter and keener and more vivid to our recollection than anything that later years can bring. I have no doubt we can, every one of us, go back to some such memory "when all the world was

young." The old home, the old garden, the old childish haunts, commonplace enough, probably, to others, but for you filled with the most tender memories. "The touch of a vanished hand" is there and "the sound of a voice that's still."

"And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David; but David would not drink thereof, and poured it out unto the Lord, and said, 'My God forbid it me, that I should do this: Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it.'" Our hearts glow within us as we read the story. "Heroes every one of them," we involuntarily exclaim. It is a problem that I will not undertake to solve, whether it is greater to inspire such love, or to feel it. Only a hero, a truly great soul, could inspire it. But then, only heroes could feel it.

This war has taught us many things. One of the most important is that a like spirit of chivalry is still alive and vigorous among men of British birth. In pre-war days our enemies were insistent that we were a decadent race, that our best days were behind us, and not a few amongst us had a trembling fear that such statements were largely true. But the war has proved that we were poor judges of the men of our time. Rarely equalled and never surpassed, is the only judgment we can pass upon the heroism and self-sacrifice that this terrible struggle has evoked. Quite recently I came across the story of a young corporal from the village of Cowansville in the Province of Quebec. He was serving in the artillery. His gun was in a shell hole about twelve feet deep. When in the act of loading, something touched the lever of the shell, and made it liable to explode in twelve seconds. Corporal Whittick noticed this. What followed I quote as related: "Stand clear! his command rang out, and reached the ears of his comrades who at once made for shelter. Then with one fling the deadly missile was flung to the brink of the shell hole—but alas! too late. One comrade was thrown down badly bruised and shell shocked. Poor Whittick was mortally wounded. They reached him in a few seconds. He spoke and said, 'Tell Dad I died game—tell Mum'—but he never finished the sentence. It was all over in the brief space of one minute."

Twenty years ago I baptized at yonder font, Victor Gordon Tupper. He was killed at Vimy Ridge a year ago. Let me read you an extract from a letter written before going into action: "My dear father,—I am writing you one of these 'in case' letters for the third time, and of course I hope you will never have to read it. If you are reading it now, you will know that your youngest son went under as proud as Punch on the most glorious day of his life. If I am going to die, this is worth it a thousand times over. I have been over two or three times before but never with a company of my own. Think of it, a hundred and fifty men who will follow you to hell if need be. I know what I am up against and that the odds are against me. I am not going in the way I did the first time, just for sheer devilment and curiosity. I have seen this game for two years and I feel that my place is here. So much for that. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your loving kindness to me. This war has done wonders to me and made me realize lots of things I would not otherwise have done. I could write a book about it, but you know what I mean. Good-bye, dear father and mother and all of you—again I say I am proud to be where I am now."

"I know what I am up against—but I feel that my place is here," and "I am proud to be