

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Scorn delights, and live laborious days.—Milton.

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"To be as good as you were last year you must be a little better."

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There are forty men of wit for one man of good sense.—Addison.

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Get everything from the Bible: read nothing into the Bible.—Bengel.

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As sure as God is good, so surely there is no such thing as necessary evil.—Southey.

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Wherever the Spirit of God is, there is life, and wherever life is, there is the Spirit of God.—St. Ambrose.

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The universal desire for happiness finds abundant warrant in the Bible which might justly be called a guide-book to joy.

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However good you may be, you have your faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are, and however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—efforts to get rid of them.—Ruskin.

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An invalid lad was playing with a paper horse cut from an illustrated paper. In a boisterous moment he pulled one leg from his plaything and then, seeing the havoc wrought, he began to cry. "Never mind, dear," said the tactful mother, who was sitting near. "Play that your horse is holding up its foot." This was an idea. The lad smiled through his tears and went on with his enjoyment.

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It is true that the mightiest successes that come to God's cause are created and carried on by prayer. God's day of power; the angelic days of activity and power are when God's Church comes into its mightiest inheritance of mightiest faith and mightiest prayer. God's conquering days are when the saints have given themselves to mightiest prayer; when God's house on earth is a house of prayer, then God's house in heaven is busy and all potent in its plans and movements, then His earthly armies are clothed with the triumphs and spoils of victory and His enemies defeated on every hand.—E. M. Bounds, in "Purpose in Prayer."

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The consciousness of sin is far more than the admission of a fact; it is a cry of sorrow, more or less poignant. Even at its faintest it tells of grief, though it may have a large element of fear, nevertheless always at the bottom speaks of love. God may be little known and vaguely realized. His name may be hardly more than a symbol for the spiritual and the unseen, for what is permanent and perfect. But none the less He is desirable, not for His gifts or favours, but for Himself. The psalmist's cry, "My soul is athirst for God, yea, for the living God," may be, at this first stage, far beyond the power of the awakened sinner. But at least it is no longer alien to him. It has become intelligent and congenial. God is the true end; goodness the true life; and sin has come to block the way and cheat him of the prize.—Bishop Rhineland.

## Spectator

### Comments on Matters of Interest from Week to Week.

It would appear to Spectator that the Woman's Auxiliary of Canada is entering a new and dangerous phase of its existence. There is a growing restlessness on the part of many women of influence within its membership regarding what they term the narrow outlook of its constitution. It came into being and has been continued for a quarter of a century with the single purpose of missionary effort. It has strengthened the weak missions of the diocese, founded schools and hospitals with a missionary purpose in Western Canada and elsewhere, and it has sent women into the further corners of the world to carry and maintain the gospel of love and mercy to those who otherwise might miss the light. It was a single purpose, narrow if you will, but infinite in its variations and applications. The spiritual idea dominated all. If nurse or dispensary or school were used they were used not merely to heal and instruct but to open the way for the missionary message. It was the one great organization among Anglican women of Canada charged with the single idea of doing pioneer work in carrying the Gospel where otherwise it might be overlooked by the Church. It was what its name implies, a helper of the Church in its missionary aspect. The Woman's Auxiliary has in the pursuit of this simple but pregnant ideal developed women of exceptional gifts of executive and spiritual power, and proven in a hundred ways its right to be called an "Auxiliary" of the Church.

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Within the past couple of years there has been a growing, a rather insistent demand on the part of not a few women who realize the unity of humanity and of all human problems, to enlarge the scope of the Auxiliary to include all kinds of work for all kinds of people in all kinds of places. If you are interested in the Hindoo on the Ganges, they say, why cease to interest yourself in him when he moves to the banks of the Fraser River? If it be desirable to teach the Eskimo to be clean in body, why not go into the slums of Toronto and Montreal and proclaim the same gospel? If the people of Africa should be taught to avoid crime, why leave the criminal classes in Canada without the same instruction? Is missionary work only for those that are far off and not for those right at hand? Are the gateways to the spirit of men, portals which are not infrequently entered through social service, to be overlooked by a great spiritual organization? Thus they reason and thus the movement grows for a larger outlook, for the calling to the membership of the Auxiliary women who are not particularly interested in what is strictly missionary work, but women who are interested in these allied services to men.

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This whole position is full of danger. The argument is soothing to the ear, appealing to those who do not look beneath the surface or into the future. It possesses great possibilities of oratory but in the final analysis it shows a disposition to tire of the one great task that is being done by the Woman's Auxiliary and no one else, and reaching out for a share in work that is being done in one form or another by many other organizations. No woman is forbidden to enter into all kinds of social work if she so desires, but an organization long established in successful service should hesitate to disturb those elements of success. The

Woman's Auxiliary has been built up in membership, of women possessed of a vision of missionary service. To undertake to build up a new clientele within that membership, of women more or less interested in some phase of social service, is, in our judgment, the first step towards the downfall of an honoured body. There is the possibility of an organization such as this spreading out its efforts so broad that they cease to have depth. Besides, where is the good work to end? Immigration, child rescue, fallen women, prison reform, care of the insane, instruction of the blind, parks and play-grounds,—a hundred avenues open for service, and each one has just as strong an appeal as the other. It is only a step from this to the assumption of oversight of every parochial activity,—Bible classes, font rolls, and everything else that is supposed to be under the supervision of the parish priest. This is all said in the spirit of a friendly discussion of a very critical proposal in the life and usefulness of a really great organization. It may be valued or it may be rejected, but the expression of candour from one who has honoured in his heart the special work of the Auxiliary cannot do much harm, and it may perchance be of some service.

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The awakening of a great Military Camp is an interesting and painless process. At half-past five in the morning a cannon booms apparently in the very ear of the sleeper, rocking his tent and suggesting a small earthquake. Before the echoes have died away there are a few faint toots from a bugle by way of tuning up. Then a second later, every bugle band instrument and drum that can be brought into play, strike up some lively air and the process is continued for a quarter of an hour. Each band is playing within the lines of its own battalion, or if it be a "duty" band it is doing the "wake-up" act for the whole brigade. Bands and bandmen are very human and there is always great rivalry between them. Each tries to out-do the other, and while music in the early hours is intended not to sooth but to arouse, nevertheless the artist cannot forget his harmonies or his artistic tonal effects. For the most part, therefore, the daily call from slumber and dreams is one of pleasure rather than pain, although one is liable to hear from neighbouring tents decidedly candid expressions concerning climatic conditions or other impediments to happiness. One feels that things would be much worse were music not invoked to call up the sleepy soldier. From six to six-thirty mild physical drill is taken amid yawns of the most candid and vigorous nature. At seven, breakfast is served and at eight-fifteen the work of the day begins in real earnest. Spectator would state here that much attention ought to be paid to the lighter side of camp life. When a man has drilled vigorously from six o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon with intervals for meals he needs entertainment rather than "sports." The younger and stronger may still have vitality left, but the great majority prefer to be amused without further effort on their part. The entertainment tent, therefore, becomes one of the most useful equipments of the camp. There is an opportunity for the Government, and until the Government takes it up, the benevolent public, to do much in entertaining in a wholesome way, men who have grown weary in fitting themselves to be good soldiers, and good defenders of our liberties.

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Real courage means courage to stand up against the shocks of life—sorrow and pain and separation—and still have the force left to make of the remainder something fine and gay and brave.