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visiting a certain region of country which possessed all the qualifications required for human habitation and prosperity, but, at the time of his visit, for hundreds of miles, only desolation and decay could be seen, though there were millions of acres of fertile soil, warmed by the sun and watered by the rains. This place had once been the chosen home of an army of families, but one by one they had become bankrupt, though some remained until actual starvation drove them to abandon their farms and homes, and in this penniless condition to drift to other regions to begin life anew. The cause of this was not the fault of the land, neither was it due to any lack of energy, enthusiasm or effort on the part of the owners, but lack of knowledge—the specific knowledge of what kind of crops should be planted, and how to cultivate them when planted.

The necessity for more general and more intelligent use of the land is being insistently urged. Investigations show that where abandoned farms were supposed to prove the worthlessness of the soil, in reality what was needed was a different or more intensive cultivation,—to quote Miss Williams again,—“‘Space to let, with power.’ This sign advertises the resources of a large machine shop—space with power. What words could better describe a garden? The space is self-evident. The power no man has ever fully measured. All it needs is men who are skillful enough to guide it. Thus looked upon a garden is a great fact. We realize that its importance does not depend upon its size. Small plots may have large meanings. They not only vitally affect the economics of a nation, but rightly understood, they give insight into the great movement of agriculture.”

Mr. Laintis, Instructor in School Gardening, Cincinnati, in a paper read before the School Garden Association of America, recently, claimed that home gardens must be established if the best results from school gardens are to be secured. His opinion is that the home garden is necessary to allow the child to exercise its individual taste, since the school garden is operated by set plans. The home garden, by giving greater freedom, creates a deeper interest, and is less likely to lose its attraction. Inspector Smith, after this year's trial of school gardens in Wentworth County, states as his opinion that the home gardens must be encouraged. A prominent European educationalist writes: “A proper school garden may, must, and is destined to be the place where children are the happiest. The eye and heart of the child shall open here to the beauty of nature from the lowest steps of learning, and at the tenderest age; the attention will at first be powerfully excited and fastened here, the sense of poetical harmony, the institution of beauty, must here fall upon the young, soft soul. Will not the life-long effects of the pleasures enjoyed in the beauty of creation and in the improvement gained in the school garden express themselves in the character? Surely a new race will thus issue from the schools, a race which will not look upon the earth as a vale of tears, but of a beloved, habitable home, in which a man of clear mind and joyous heart shall strive for his own and his neighbor's happiness.”

Carlyle said, “Habit is the deepest law of human nature. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit an imitation; there is nothing more perennial than these two. They are the source of all working, all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all the learning in the world.”

It is the privilege of Horticultural Societies to embrace the opportunity given to-day to encourage in children the growth of such habits, which, when imitated, lead to the betterment of life for themselves and others.

Wordsworth, the high priest of nature, wrote:

“Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.  
She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.”

For  
“Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: ‘tis her privi-  
lege,  
Through all the years of this our life  
to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform

The mind that is within us so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts that neither evil  
tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish  
men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor  
all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
our  
Cheerful faith that which we behold is  
full of blessings.”

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

I stand aside to-day, giving place to  
one who is still pouring out his thoughts  
in print, week after week, although he  
celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday last  
March. He says that his health is  
simply perfect, and that he is the oldest  
Sailor's Missionary alive. He often sends  
me articles which he has written, and I  
am amazed at the amount of literary  
work he accomplishes. HOPE.

## The Grindstone.

Under the sheds of the large graving  
docks in Liverpool you will find large  
grindstones set up for the use of men  
employed constantly in scraping the crop  
of marine vegetation from the bottom of  
ships, which are in constant need of this  
service.

Thousands of men are employed in this  
calling. Periodically these ships must  
come into dock, because the life in the  
sea is so persistent, and that life—  
whether it be barnacles or grass—fastens  
upon any substance within reach and  
holds on, not for nourishment, but for  
anchorage. Oh the wonder of the sea!  
Shall I be believed when I say that I  
once saw a large patch of green grass in  
the middle of the ocean, on the deck of  
a derelict? Yes, the ocean grows green  
grass. The deck of this deserted ship  
was regularly washed by the waves, and  
we saw grass as green as a meadow. A  
fortune awaits the man who can invent  
a paint which will resist the growth of  
sea life, grass or shell-fish. In the mean-  
time, men must scrape and clean and  
paint with the best mixture they know.

Why do we need a grindstone? Because  
our tools lose their edge and must be  
sharpened afresh.

If you could have looked into the  
workshop of Creation when things were  
being fashioned you could not have seen  
a grindstone, for all God's tools are self-  
sharpening. This is wonderful—and it is  
true, yet. A rat can bore a hole through  
an inch board in a short time; if you  
could examine the teeth of that rat after  
the operation you would find them a lit-  
tle sharper than when he began. All  
God's tools are self-sharpening, but the  
working man needs a grindstone all the  
days of his life.

You will find by searching more than  
one kind of grindstone. In the moral  
workshop you will find several varieties.

I know a man—we call him Tom—he  
has made a pretty extensive survey in  
the way of mental furniture. He has  
divided and sorted things up and put  
them in several compartments. He said  
one day: “Things pleasant I accept  
with a thankful heart, things adverse I  
accept as discipline—for instance, there's  
Billy (a crabbed, morose, ill-assorted  
man) it is my lot to work with that  
man longer than I like, but I have to  
do it, till there is a change of wind. I  
look upon that man as hard as a grind-  
stone, but I bring my tools to that man  
and get them sharpened, and by way of  
trial and discipline that man has been an  
ultimate blessing to me.”

A man once said to me: “I have an  
enemy and I have to do with him. He

is a severe trial at times, a sort of mor-  
al barometer by which I ascertain the  
current of my own feelings, and though  
painful the discipline has not been with-  
out profit.” This is another variety of  
the grindstone doctrine.

Job had a hard taste of his grindstone,  
it ground him down to the bone. His  
spirit had to march in light marching  
order, but there came a turn in the tide,  
and he was glad.

“Come, labor on!  
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
Blessed are those who to the end endure;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest  
shall be,  
O, LORD, with Thee.”

H. T. MILLER, Beamsville, Ont.

## THAT LAND.

In the fifteenth of Luke we read of the  
young man who went into a far country  
and soon spent his money, and began to  
be in want. We read that there was a  
mighty famine in that land. That land  
and that young man came into conjunc-  
tion.

That land is still waiting to welcome  
young men after that sort. A mysteri-  
ous providence caused them to meet, and  
the meeting-place is still to be found.  
Men learn in suffering what they teach in  
song: “Before I was afflicted I went  
astray.”

There is always a famine in “that  
land.” Go to the Seven Dials in Lon-  
don, go to the East River in New York,  
and you will find the famine-stricken  
down and out, and the chances of recov-  
ery are as one to a thousand. Universi-  
ty men, professors, lawyers, artists,  
preachers, drabs and drug-fiends, walking  
lepers, vermin-eaten, muddy brains,  
mouldy breath.

“Lurching bravos from the ditches dank.”

Who shall measure the acres of that  
land, who shall appraise the values, and  
tell of the seed sown in Sunday Schools?  
Who shall count the broken hearts of  
parents and relatives? Will this dead  
sea dry up and give us a chance to  
divide and sort the contents?

All this human drift-wood started from  
homes. Ah, me! How about the train-  
ing, the shaping when the wax was soft.  
Many of these were more sinned against  
than sinning. A man once said to the  
writer, “I was brought up in the fear of  
God and the broomstick, and the stick  
knocked one devil out and ten in.”

A poor girl, driven to desperate ways,  
dropped her shawl and bonnet out of the  
window, then she left the house uncov-  
ered, picked up her bonnet and shawl  
and went away to “that land,” where  
famine and a living death awaited her.  
Who shall apportion the blame?

How soon should we begin the train-  
ing? Fifty years ago the writer preached  
to a congregation in Scotland, and went  
to dine with the elder, a plain man with  
a large family. The beautiful order of  
this family came as a delightful shock.  
I said to the man, “How do you manage  
this?” He said: “I begin in the  
cradle. Before the youngster can walk  
he is already under authority. The bat-  
tle is won before the end of the first  
year.”

The prayer of many a bleeding heart  
is: “Save our children from coming to  
that land.” But hark to the good news.  
The world is under repairs. The Mighty  
One is called “The Repairer of the  
breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell  
in.” Jerusalem is being rebuilt with  
small bricks—nay, the stones are invis-  
ible, intangible, spiritual, immortal.

This is the Temple that is rising, the  
stones are taken out of the mountain-  
side without hands. Broken-hearted  
mothers, God is in that land and hunt-  
ing up your boy. The mightiest forces  
are the unseen ones. We live on all life-  
levels by faith, by assent to realities  
which are not there for our eyes. We  
are permitted to see the larger Spirit  
which our own human spirits call for,  
that we see the eternal significance re-  
vealed in the life of Christ, and in the  
conquest of His Spirit through the ages.

“So upward still, from hope to hope,  
From faith to faith, the soul ascends;  
And who hath scaled the eternal cope  
Where that sublime succession ends?”

H. T. MILLER, Beamsville, Ont.

## The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other De-  
partments: Kindly write on one side of paper  
only. (2) Always send name and address with  
communications. If pen name is also given, the  
real name will not be published. (3) When en-  
closing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it  
in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4)  
Allow one month in this department for answers to  
questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—If you were  
in journalistic work you would know how  
necessary to it the constant taking of  
notes is. Memories are fickle, and while  
ideas may form themselves stably enough,  
details are very likely to slip. Every  
journalist knows this, hence his pockets,  
his notebooks, his desk, are likely to be-  
come crammed with all sorts of jottings,  
heterogeneous enough, yet presenting some  
sort of order to his accustomed mind.

For the last half-hour, then, I have  
been wading through the conglomeration  
of scribbblings on my own desk in search  
of a suggestion for something about  
which to write you, but for the first  
time I find but little choice; every item  
is about the war. And so I do not  
hesitate about bringing up the subject  
again, even in this peaceful column, for,  
I take it, the burden of my desk, with  
its innocent brown cover, is but indica-  
tive of the minds of the people every-  
where in Canada. No matter where one  
goes one hears only war, war. For once  
the whole country seems to be stirred to  
its inmost depths, and, if one observes  
as one listens, one need not be slow in  
coming to the conclusion that never be-  
fore, perhaps, in the history of the world,  
was there war-talk such as this. Ex-  
ultation, perhaps, over victory, one  
hears, but everywhere expressions of  
horror, horror, horror!—Pity for the  
suffering entailed!—Aghastness at the  
awful waste of money that might be put  
to so much better use!—Hatred of the  
Cause—as one sees it, or another—that  
has hurled this charnel-house into the  
midst of enlightened, progressive Europe!  
—Fury that brilliant lives must go, on  
being snuffed out because of the inherence  
in a few minds of an Idea that should  
long since have been relegated to the  
cobwebs of the Medieval Ages!

What has become of the “glory” of  
war? Dead as the cold clay now cum-  
bering with ghastly horror, the grassy  
swards of Europe's fair fields!—Hurled  
first into the pit into which, it is to be  
hoped, will soon follow in one inextrica-  
ble, crumbling mass, the cannons and  
bombs, the repeating rifles, and the  
shrapnel, the great Dreadnoughts, and the  
submarines,—all the threatening and  
hateful contrivances by which man com-  
mits murder upon the body of his  
brother!

Yes, in spite of the terrible on-goings  
in Europe—even as I write is in progress,  
so they say, the worst and fiercest bat-  
tle of the war so far—in spite of all  
that, the fact remains that mankind  
in the mass, in this day, has neither love  
nor admiration for war. So far has the  
world moved on, and it cannot go back.  
And when the story of the Great Conflict  
shall have been written, in the calm light  
of the future, the great credit will be  
given to him who, could he have man-  
aged it, would have held the peace; the  
great disgrace will be put upon him who,  
when he could have held it, would have  
none of it. Sir Edward Grey will be  
remembered, most of all, for his striv-  
ings to mediate; and the statesmen who  
shall succeed in putting the affairs of  
the world on a basis that will tolerate  
no more war, will count for more than  
the generals—however brave and high-  
minded—who will have gained the signal  
victories on the field.

For the Universal Idea of things is  
changing,—that is clear; and although  
to-day the world-mind is, it must be ad-  
mitted, all too much obsessed by com-  
mercialism, there is reason to hope that  
to-morrow there may be a new vision  
that will put all life on a sweeter, bet-  
ter, saner basis. It is not dreaming a  
mad dream to imagine that the day may  
come when to be good will be greater  
honor than to be rich, and to have great  
powers of thought of more esteem than  
to rule over many men; a day when to  
live in a huge and fine house will mean  
nothing at all, because other things will  
have mounted to so much greater mo-  
ment; a day when it will be a shame to  
be ignorant because opportunity will be