

Electra, who was supposed to be the founder of the city, and of the royal house of Troy.

Since his day history has wretched itself about the Hellespont. There Xerxes built his famous bridge of boats upon which his army crossed on its way to Thermopylae; there Alexander led his terrible Greeks to the conquest of the East. There Leander, the lover, swam across to keep his tryst with Hero, and there Lord Byron, many centuries later, with a less persuasive object in view, repeated the feat. There, too, in 1453, the ambitious young Mohammed II., surnamed The Great, at the age of twenty-three, formed his plan for the guarding of the Dardanelles, and, impatient to bottle up Byzantium, set 2,000 masons at work to build the great fortresses, the Castle of Europe and the Castle of Asia, with walls 30 feet thick.

The work of fortifying went on until the famous straits became lined with many forts, some of late days obsolete, others strongly strengthened during the past decade, and under supervision of the Germans, with heavy Krupp guns.

For centuries the straits were closed to all foreign shipping, then, oddly enough, a vessel flying the American colors, having slipped through in the night, suddenly appeared past the inner forts. The Sultan had never heard of the United States of America, but was easily persuaded that, as shown by the stars on the flag, it was a Mohammedan country. The facts of the matter were that the "George Washington," Captain Bainbridge, had been commandeered by the Dey of Algiers to take through an Algerian embassy to Constantinople, an insult to American shipping which was soon avenged by the arrival off Algiers of an American fleet, which put a stop to such piracy in the Mediterranean.

The first foreign fleet to go through was one sent by the British in 1807, under Admiral Duckworth, who did not, however, go all the way to Constantinople. During the Nineteenth Century, Great Britain backed up Turkey in keeping the Dardanelles closed to warships.

Then came 1915, and a new era. Early in March a fleet of 40 British and French vessels, among them the enormous British super-Dreadnought the Queen Elizabeth, under command of Vice-Admiral Carden, appeared off the Gallipoli peninsula, and in a few hours battered to ruins the first two forts, built by Mohammed IV. in 1659. Following up the advantage, on March 5th the three forts at the narrowest part of the straits were also bombarded by shells thrown over the Gallipoli hills, with a range directed by aeroplanes. The Queen Elizabeth that day fired 29 rounds, with disastrous effect. Simultaneously French vessels bombarded the forts across the peninsula, and an allied army, under a French officer, General d'Amade, landed in Gallipoli. During the first ten days of the onslaught, eleven forts in all were destroyed.

The whole attempt has been unique, not only because of the stupendousness of the venture, but also because this is the first time in history upon which warships have undertaken the reduction of forts.

At time of going to press the height of the action still goes on in the Narrows, where the heaviest fortifications stand, and it is believed that the Allied fleet is making steady headway, although, as is to be expected, it has met with some loss, the British battleships Irresistible and Ocean, and the French battleship Bouvet having been sunk by drifting mines. Damage was also sustained by the British cruiser Inflexible, and the French ship Gaulois. The loss of life is not yet known, but is stated to be comparatively light considering the scale of the operations. Ships have been sent from England to make up the deficiency. It is also stated that Vice-Admiral Carden, on account of illness, has been succeeded in command by Rear-Admiral Robeck.

Give me for my friend one who will unite heart and hand with me, who will throw himself into my cause and interest, who will take part when I am attacked, who will be sure beforehand that I am in the right, and if he is critical as he may have cause to be, towards a being of sin and imperfection, will be so from very love and reality, and a wish that others would love me as heartily as he—Cardinal Newman.

### What Contributors Are Saying.

G. S., Black Hawk, Ont., in sending a link for the "Dollar Chain," says: "I feel grateful to you for opening up a way by means of which we have an opportunity to do what little we can to relieve the distressed."

"A Reader," Kettleby, Ont., writes: "I hope I shall be able to help as long as the war lasts. Find enclosed \$1.00 for the brave soldiers."

S. W. St. James, La Tortue, Que.: "Enclosed find \$1.00 for your Dollar Chain, which we send very heartily, and hope that we may be able to renew once in a while. Wishing you every success in raising the \$30,000."

Chas. L. Simpson, Douglas, Ont.: "Another link for your Dollar Chain. Hope it may help to relieve an aching void in some poor Belgian's stomach."

Richard Thomas, Alton, Ont.: "Kindly accept my contribution of \$3.00 for the Dollar Chain, and my sympathy with your effort in a splendid cause."

Mrs. A. Winters, Brantford, Ont.: "I am thankful to have the privilege of helping in the noble work. May our chain keep on extending its length until it reaches the hearts of those who seem to be unable to put themselves in the other fellow's place."

"Elginite," Shedden, Ont.; E. W. Gowan, Jarvis, Ont.

Miscellaneous Amounts:—W. A. Beebe, Port Hope, Ont., 50 cents.

Previously acknowledged, from Jan. 30th to March 12th.....\$902.63

Total up to March 19th.....\$986.63

Kindly address contributions simply to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Triumphant Over Pain.

He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.—St. Matt. XXVI, 42.

The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?—St. John XXIII, 11.

Good Friday is again drawing near—how strange it is that we should speak of that day as "good"! Keble describes it as "the darkest day that ever dawned on sinful earth," and yet he points out that it has a mysterious power to comfort troubled hearts. We judge of a medicine by the cures it works, and Christ's victorious endurance of pain has

my brave friend had patiently drunk her cup of woe, triumphant over pain, and had "climbed the steep ascent of heaven through peril, toil, and pain."

Where did she find strength to endure so much and glorify her Lord so splendidly? How was it that the little room, where she lay helpless on her couch, was such an attractive place? She was always bright and glad, interested in all the world, apparently forgetful of nothing but her own pain. How was this miracle worked?

She endured, as seeing Him who is invisible. The Master she loved—and loves—was always with her, and in His strength she endured her pain not only patiently but victoriously. He filled her heart with joy as well as with courage. He gave her hope as well as peace. Looking forward to the joy set before her, she endured the cross as a brave soldier of JESUS Christ. The same miracle has been worked innumerable times by the Living Lord, who is dwelling invisibly among us to-day.

In our text we see how our Lord, on that first Good Friday, sought and found the strength needed to make Him a Victor. He did not spend the night in sleep to strengthen His body, but in prayer which strengthened His soul. This is an age when men and women are intent on winning great physical efficiency. We are right in seeking bodily health, but health of soul is even more valuable. St. Peter slept under the olive-trees of Gethsemane—and sleeping out-of-doors could not fail to recruit his bodily strength—but spiritual strength was what he needed even more, and took no pains to secure. He was dangerously sure of himself, sure that his love and courage could stand any strain. When we feel sure of ourselves let us humbly watch and pray, for we are far weaker than we imagine, and need the grace of God to carry us safely through temptation.

A priest in a French hospital was preaching to the patients, and he told them that brave endurance of suffering pleased God, who would reward such victorious endurance. A sick man in the ward broke down and sobbed. The priest asked him if anyone had injured him. "Oh no, sir," he answered, "no one has done me any harm. It is I who have harmed myself. What great things I have lost during all the years I have suffered! What joy I might have found if I had accepted this sickness with patience. I, who thought myself so much to be pitied, if I had understood my state rightly should have been one of the happiest men on earth."

He felt that he had wasted his opportunity of enduring pain victoriously. How often we feel like that when a heavy cross is lifted from our shoulders. How ashamed we are of the impatience we have felt, of our lack of courage, and of the self-pity we have indulged.

Our Lord went apart—a little distance from even His three chosen friends—when He fought out His great battle. Let us try to follow His example in this and tell our troubles to God when our hearts cry out for helpful sympathy, resolutely refusing to burden our friends with our woes more than is absolutely necessary.

Our Lord prayed until He had won the victory over His natural shrinking from pain, until He was able to say calmly: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

This was another secret of His courage—He knew that the cup of sorrow was not forced upon Him by cruel fate. He took it trustfully from the Father's hand. The pure in heart can see God. They may not understand His way of dealing with them and His apparent indifference to their prayers—even Christ pleaded in broken-hearted amazement, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—but their hope and courage spring from their consciousness of His mighty Presence. The world may seem to be forsaken by God and drifting helplessly to destruction, but those who are clinging to His hand in the darkness know that He is LOVE and that all power is in His hands. Even in their most earnest prayers they ask for the fulfilment of His Will rather than their own. As they pray, "Thy Will be done!" they find strength to endure.

One of God's soldiers, who thought himself a failure because all his efforts for the good of the world seemed to be



WHERE THE ALLIES ARE DRIVING TOWARD CONSTANTINOPLE.

A contributor who sends neither name of himself or his post office:

"Enclosed find \$25.00 for the Dollar Chain. Only wish it were twenty-five thousand. . . ."

"Out of their pockets came kerchiefs, Out of their eyes sprang tears, Out of old, faded wallets, Treasures hoarded for years."

#### DOLLAR CHAIN LIST FROM MARCH 12TH TO MARCH 19TH.

Contributions of over \$1.00 each:— Josephine McCally, St. Thomas, Ont., \$2.00; Richard Thomas, Alton, Ont., \$3.00; Mrs. A. Winters, Brantford, Ont., \$5.00; Wm. McGillivray, Nashville, Ont., \$2.00; Two Friends, Oxford Co., Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. G. H. Moynan, Waterloo, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. J. H. Stewart (from Que.), \$2.50; Jas. O'Leary, Port Lambton, Ont., \$2.00; Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson, Ruthven, Ont., \$2.00; "A Subscriber," Dunganston, Ont., \$1.50; "A Friend," \$5.00; name not given, Toronto postmark on envelope, \$25.00; Jas. Elliott, Corinth, Ont., \$4.00; A. E. Rymal, Ancaster, Ont., \$1.50; Mrs. N. N., Paris, Ont., \$5.00; O. M., Owen Sound, Ont., \$2.00.

Contributions of \$1.00 each:— Wm. H. Thomas, Alton, Ont.; J. D. Russell, Maryland, Que.; Chas. L. Simpson, Douglas, Ont.; E. McIntyre, Middlesex, Ont.; J. C. Galt, Ont.; J. W. H. March, Ont.; J. C. Bennett, Gleanworth, Caledonia, Ont.; M. Bennett, Que.; Alice Ont.; W. H. H. Huntington, Ont.; D. S. Tull, B. Page, Thornhill, Ont.; D. S. Tull, Christina, Ont.; Valentine Berlet, Lisco, Ont.; H. K. Saunders, Jarvis, Ont.;

inspired millions of His followers to endure tribulation victoriously. Even that word "tribulation" helps a sufferer, for it reminds us that the heavy blows are not intended to crush God's grain but to remove the chaff which clings to it.

A woman in a hospital was suffering terribly after an operation, longing for a moment's relief from pain, when she heard music and singing. This seemed almost more than she could bear, but at last she found herself listening to the words which some nurses were singing at their evening service:

"Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain: Who patient bears his cross below, He follows in His train."

It was like the touch of the Master's hand, and she remembered how He endured awful agony, not only uncomplainingly but with tender consideration for others. She was filled with shame at her weak self-pity, for she claimed to be a soldier of the cross, pledged to accept without question any cup of pain God might see fit to offer her. After that she said: "All through the trying hours I was helped in a manner beyond the power of words to describe."

Last Sunday, a neighbor of mine, who has for about seven years endured almost constant pain—endured it without word of complaint or self-pity—was called to her reward. Without a sigh the victorious spirit slipped out of the frail, crippled body when the angel of death whispered the welcome message, so long eagerly expected, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Little wonder that the peaceful face spoke of joy, for

### anelles.

spectacular, and in important event of been the forcing up of the Bosphorus, occupying the of the Allies.

Straits—the ancient 42 miles long, and in 1 1/2 miles, at the 4 miles at the of the Aegean Sea Marmora, and upon the possibility of the great city of Byzantium on the farther side of the point where of the Bosphorus Black Sea.

les, has clung to the remembrance of the nus, so-called from son of Zeus and