

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Letter From a Missionary.

"Mission Hill," Jebba,
N. Nigeria, W. Africa,
June 15, 1914.

Dear Miss Farncomb,—Greetings in His Name! Probably you remember (some years ago) a request from a backwoods young man who was thirsting for something which he could not get, and how he wrote to you for the name of a company wherefrom he could get "good" reading matter, and asked you for names of some "good" books. And how, instead of doing that, you sent him a number of books from your own library, among them "Rainsford's Sermons," "Quiet Talks on Service," and—later on—your own book, "The Vision of His Face." Do you know that those books, and others he got from the firms mentioned in your letter, gave this young man "a vision of His Face," and created new ambitions? Can you picture that same young man poring over those books in his backwoods home, seated on a stump or fallen tree, and with a friend or two discussing the chapters which were then too deep to be fully understood? May it mean something to you to know that that young man some seven months ago sailed for Interior Africa, and is to-day a missionary among the pagans and Mohammedans, and is drawing men to Christ, both Mohammedan and pagan, and is, I think, the happiest man that ever was, for the Lord is growing more precious to him every day, and he cannot do enough to carry the "good news" among all people. How glad I am to say that not only is he in the foreign field partly as a result of those books you sent him, but that through him a number of others are going through seminaries, universities, and Bible colleges, preparing for work among the lumber camps and foreign lands.

Little, probably, did you think what the result of those books would be some day. —(One of my African friends is very fond of looking at his conversion in this way. He says, "Once my face and heart were black, but now my face is black only and my heart is white, for Jesus has washed it whiter than wool.") What a privilege it is to be in the Master's Service!—What a joy to lead souls to Christ!—Tho' forsaken by old friends—what does it matter when we have Jesus? Can we count it hardship to have at times to be laid low with the dreaded African fever? No. Can we count it sacrificing when we might have lived in comparative luxury in Canada, and now to live on native chop? (for this is often necessary as it costs so much to order goods and takes so long to arrive here). No, we can count it no sacrifice when we are doing it all for the Lord.—When I think what Christ did for me and then see how little I am doing for Him, when I think of how He suffered and how His suffering was such a far greater suffering in every way I can not think of mentioning suffering in my case—it is all joy, it is all a privilege. Tho' at times we face the daggers of the natives, tho' we are threatened of our lives for preaching Jesus, for the witch-doctors get very angry at times, yet what is my life? Men glory to be called soldiers of the King, they think it nothing to face death in defending the flag,—why should we then be afraid of the poisoned arrows when we are soldiers of the Cross,—when the King of Kings is our Commander and says "Go!"

It is not necessary for me to say that the writer of this letter is the same man that wrote to you for books, or rather names of books, and not necessary for me to say that I can never forget you. In prayer I often remember you—May your life be a long and happy one—may many souls be saved and encouraged by your writings.

"We are now firmly established, and have a day school of 50 naked little 'savages,' a Bible Class of 40 every Saturday (mostly men and women) and have from 140 to 200 in church on Sundays—besides this, large open air meetings in the evenings. The Lord is with us. He is our Mission Board and all our requests are made to Him only and He supplies our need. Sometimes He

tests us and we wonder where will our money come from, but He has a purpose in it all.

We could not go under a Church or Mission Board for the doctors could not pass us because of weak hearts. So we went on—faith for the Lord lead us thus and therefor we are not supported—this being the case we took the Lord's word and He sees to our needs.

One evening just before we sailed, I called at your brother's home, you were then proof-reading a new book of yours which you said, if I gave you my address, you would send it to me—unfortunately I neglected to bring hardly any books with me save a few (including "The vision of His Face") and how we long for reading matter,—how I do miss your talks in the "Quiet Hour"!—The only thing we miss is Christian fellowship, out here.—Even a book or paper would help some. Thanking you again and again and praying that the Lord will bless you richly and make you a blessing to all you reach. I remain,
Yours in the Master's Service,

A. J. S.

The above is part of a letter which I received a few days ago. I am sure the writer will not find fault with me for passing it on, as he first became known to me through our "Quiet Hour." You notice how anxious he is for "good" books. If you, and a hundred other readers of the "Advocate," feel like helping him in his arduous task by sending him a book or two, he will soon have a well-stocked library. Please send them by book post to Mr. A. J. Schultz, Mission Hill, Jebba, Nigeria, W. Africa.

I wish to thank "a friend in Franklin" and "a Walkerton reader" for generous gifts sent through me to the poor and needy. Some of the money went to a poor widow, who broke her leg a few weeks ago, and some of it has been spent on books and other things for my "shut-in" friends in the hospital. As I have no space left for a talk with you to-day, I shall pass on to you one of the poems from my treasured M.S. book.

HOPE.

THE DAISY.

(The Children's Flower.)

"Once, many, many years ago,
So long that when, none seem to know,
An Angel came to earth one day
And watched the children at their play.
They played within a garden close,
Bright sunflowers grew there, and the
rose,
And there were lilies white and tall.
That seemed the stateliest of them all.

But all in vain the children tried
To pluck the sunflowers side by side,
And thorns were on the rose's stem,
And lilies were too tall for them.
The Angel watched them try in vain,
Then flew back into heaven again,
And smiled unto himself, 'I see
They want a children's flower!—said he.
He brought from Heaven that very
night

A little flower with petals white,
With heart of gold and short, green
stem
That should not grow too high for
them.

And in the grass he bid it grow,
That night, so many years ago.
Ah! well indeed the Angel guessed
Which flower the children could love
best!"

—Anon.

The Windrow.

The "Bismarck," the largest ship ever built, was recently launched in the presence of the Kaiser. The ship's launching weight was 38,000 tons, and when completed for sea she will have a displacement of 56,000 tons.

Mr. F. C. Philips, the author of "Varied Life," has truly had a varied life, and is a man of many experiences. He began as a soldier, left the army to undertake theater management, renounced that to study law, and after practicing law and journalism for some years, abandoned the law courts to devote himself exclusively to literary work.

Powdered coal is now spoken of for fuel, the advantage claimed for it being a saving of about fifty per cent. over other fuels. It is now in use in several large plants in the United States, and is giving entire satisfaction. "The fires are usually started with oily waste or wood in front of the burner, much in the same way that gas or oil fires are kindled. The cost of installation is less than for producer gas; high temperatures can be obtained without regeneration, and the loss in gasifying is eliminated."

A Swiss musician, Frank Choisy, has devised a simple method to aid beginners in learning the violin. The "joujoute" (from the French jouer, play, and juste,

correct) is a sheet of paper, slipped under the strings with marks indicating the exact points on the strings corresponding to the different notes. The scholar has only to place his fingers on these marks to produce the desired note correctly. All uncertainty soon disappears, and the fingers assume a habit of positioning that greatly facilitates correctness."

In his address before the Royal Geographical Society, Theodore Roosevelt told of some of the strange creatures met with in his recent travels in Brazil. Among others, he mentioned the piranha, a fish no bigger than a good-sized trout, though deeper, but of incredible ferocity. Two of his party were severely bitten, and only a short time before, a 12-year-old boy had been torn to pieces while out for a swim; giant cat-fish, more dreaded by bathers than alligators; fire-ants, whose bite burnt the skin like hot cinders, each wound leaving a festering sore; vampire bats, whose bite is inflicted painlessly, but leaves a wound which bleeds for some time afterwards; and the jacana, a strange plover whose enormous feet enable it to walk on the leaves of the water-lilies in search of the insects and molluscs on which it feeds.

J. B. Rather, Assistant Chemist at the Texas Agricultural Station, advocates the use of cotton-seed meal, mixed with corn meal or wheat flour, as a food for human beings. It is unpalatable and heavy alone, so the proportion of other flour should be large; four parts of corn or wheat to one of the meal. Its advantage will be found both in its cheapness and in its ability to serve as a meat substitute. A pound of digestible protein in this form costs only 5 cents, while in the form of steak it costs 73 cents, and of eggs \$1.06. "It is not impossible that a large number of people will be driven by economic reasons to search for meat substitutes. In such an emergency cotton-seed meal would deserve serious consideration. The available supply is enormous, and is increasing yearly. In proportion to its food value, it is the cheapest foodstuff known to the writer."

Writing of the founding of St. Petersburg by Peter the Great, in 1703, on ground which was made on swamps and morasses, and of which it was said a century ago, "the united magnificence of all the cities of Europe could but equal



The Meadow Brook.