

Quiet

in His Part.

body of Christ, this part.—1 Cor. gin). in this chapter, we are all linked as the members and that the body member works for the good if a foot should has to plod along the weight of the work to do and Suppose it could ad. Even if it rk of the hand—the whole body e foot had given the work of the very interesting, ry. One day I et-car, who had icident. He was ut how helpless

of the foot shall ot the hand, I is it therefore

ould covet the work of the eye r eyes, they are y necessary to hout the eyes the body fear- hout the eyes o their varied But, if the ear ointed work to , what a failure of it; and howffer because no

e ear shall say, ye, I am not of ot of the body? an eye, where he whole were smelling? But members every dy, as it hath they were all the body?"

the body would t and ears all most valuable ould lie there, much but able e world. "The e hand, I have gain the head need of you. members of the e more feeble,

y needed in an officers where an behind the ble a position; akers, growers ition workers, ch in his part." times of peace. tes is fearing a ce. A fireman ain may feel a millionaire; ion fears the can be caused ilroads. Each o the work of e more feeble, God hath ether, having onor to that there should dy; but that ve the same

s how closely When a small all the nations dly sympathy n national life

ked together icked thought and pouring ct the souls of uthfully that ct ourselves. isery can be ambition and d can tell. ding a book

about some women who have done great things for the world—each in her part. May I introduce you to some of these women?

Here is Harriet Beecher Stowe. Look at her in her early youth, reading, working, studying. Look at her when her husband lies ill in the hospital and she works hard to support her six children, while cholera and small-pox carries off thousands around her. Then the horrors of slavery roused her to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and over 300,000 copies sold in one year. Mrs. Stowe once said: "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? No, indeed. The Lord Himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in His hand."

We are all only members of the body of Christ. Does the hand boast because it has written a book, or the tongue because it has made a great speech? This book of Mrs. Stowe's was translated into many languages, and the copies sold could be counted by the million. Mrs. Stowe published 23 books in 28 years, besides writing many articles and stories for magazines—and "every book was written with a purpose, designed to improve humanity."

Look at Florence Nightingale! Here she is in a great hospital where 4,000 wounded and sick are packed like sardines in a box. Mattresses are dirty and have to be washed. Nourishing food must be prepared and ghastly wounds dressed. Under Miss Nightingale's care the filthy quarters were made clean and attractive, the patients were dressed in fresh garments, and within a few months the death-rate was reduced from sixty to one per cent. Was it any wonder that she was called the "Angel of the Crimea?" This woman, of fragile figure and delicate health, remained at her post until the end of the war, and "the lady of the lamp" will be highly honored while the world lasts—yes, and throughout eternity. Then there was Dorothea Dix, an American, born in Maine more than 100 years ago. Roused to the horrors which in those days disgraced the insane asylums of the country, she set herself to the great task of reforming those institutions. Some of the unfortunate inmates were confined in cages, and cruelty and harsh treatment were the rule in all the asylums. Miss Dix travelled more than 10,000 miles in three years, visiting hundreds of jails, asylums and hospitals. She laid her array of terrible facts before the Legislatures of the different States until "twenty-two of the thirty States in the Union adopted her proposition." She demanded 5,000,000 acres from Congress to be sold to provide a perpetual fund for the care of the indigent insane. Her request was refused again and again, but she persisted until she asked for more than twelve million acres—and they were granted. She was invited to Canada and Great Britain, where she roused great and lasting enthusiasm in behalf of the inmates of insane asylums. When the Civil War broke out in the States she was appointed Superintendent of Women Nurses, and discharged her heavy duties during the four years without a furlough.

I have introduced you to three of the women who have "made things happen," and the other women described in the book also did wonderful things to help the world. What do you think about the matter? Shall we feel our positions to be of little value, because the world will—most probably—never hear of us? We may not be called to reform prisons, like Elizabeth Fry; or asylums, like Dorothea Dix. We may not have wounded soldiers eager to kiss our shadow, like Florence Nightingale; or do marvellous deeds as a Red Cross nurse, like Clara Barton.

Let us remember our text. We are members—each in our part—and together we make up the body of Christ. Those members which seem to be less honorable—such as the foot—are very necessary to the welfare of the whole body.

You can accept the part allotted to you by Christ Himself, accept it as a sacred trust. If you neglect a commonplace duty, while you long for a grand mission, you are making a failure of your life and injuring the body of Christ. The "great" women of the world are few—as men see them—the

good women (who are truly great in God's sight) are needed by the million. We are each given our chance. God grant that we may serve our generation so joyously and loyally—each in her part—that He may be able to greet us, after this testing-time, with His great commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Perhaps we are being educated here to do great things there. Perhaps—as Faber suggests—

"In His vast world above,— A world of broader love,— God hath some grand employment for His son."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) 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 enclosing 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.]

The "Beauty of Chaos."

This morning, when reading a review of a new book of poems, in one of the magazines, I came upon this: "The verse has all the beauty of chaos—the challenge of dismay and the passion of turmoil, but it has also the confusion, the vagueness, and the seeming lack of purpose."

"The beauty of chaos,"—there was something about that—a seeming paradox—that arrested the attention. One had been accustomed to thinking of "chaos" as a something without beauty, a confused something, opposed to all order and symmetry and the natural rhythm of things; could there, then, be any possible beauty in it? Then one fell to seeking out concrete cases.

The chaos of battle?—no beauty in that, assuredly. The chaos of disorder where nothing but order would answer?—none there. But—the chaos of rock downbroken from a mountain side, piled among the trees in picturesque confusion?—Ah yes, perhaps. The chaos of an up-piling ice-floe, with the sun touching the sharp points into red and gold?—Assuredly. . . . And so the pictures came.

And then one fell to thinking of how comparatively uninteresting a world of unbroken order and symmetry might be, and, above all, how deadly monotonous a life, all cut to a pattern, everything calculated and foreseen (if such could exist) must certainly be.

Somehow it is always the unexpected that we enjoy most, the little bits of "chaos" that come up, "without rhyme or reason" very often, to make a break in our days. A friend whom you have not seen for years drops in some day, quite unannounced.—What a break in the toil and moil of that day! You take a sudden notion to go off somewhere, with little or no preparation, and how you enjoy the experience!—You have not tired yourself of everything by thinking of it "beforehand." And so the story goes. A new and unexpected thought or idea grips you, and what a stimulant it is! How you hold it, and dwell upon it! What a new vision and broader grasp of things it seems to bring! Upon the whole, it seems, a life chiefly made up of order and symmetry, but elastic enough to permit eternally of the unexpected is best. We must not become slaves to iron bands in anything at all.

While on this subject I am reminded of a little experience—one of many unexpected happenings of the past month of holidaying; perhaps it was not too personal to be of interest here. A friend, whom I shall call "R," and I had been staying with a party of other friends, at a very pretty spot known as Paynter's Bay, a few miles from the prospective city of Owen Sound. One day, on motoring to town, we found hand-bills out announcing an excursion, by the *Soo City*, to Griffith's Island, about 18 or 20 miles up the bay. R and I decided on the

moment to take it. I had spent two weeks once on the Island, and was anxious to see if it looked the same; she had never sailed on the Georgian Bay at all.

On board the *Soo City*, with a fine sky overhead, a cool breeze blowing and the bluest of blue waters ahead, every minute was delightful, and we chose to sit high on a sort of lookout bridge, where not a detail of the passing shores or broad waters could be missed.

At about three o'clock we arrived at the island, which I found still fairly well wooded, and with but few more signs of habitation than when I had stayed there many years before. There had been a path through the woods, then, almost from the point where we landed to the lighthouse, perhaps a mile across. We had two hours to spare, and decided to walk over.

As we plunged into the woods, it seemed scarcely possible that time had passed so quickly. Was it only a year ago?—No, it was many years since I had faken that way before, with other friends. The woods were darker and deeper then. The soil was damp and springy, and everywhere we had seen, growing on the dark mould, yet like bits of carven ivory, clusters of "Indian pipes." After the first trial or two, we had ceased to gather them, for they turn black in one's hand. . . . And how we had plunged from the dark forest into the blaze of a noonday, coming out upon the huge light tower and its stone-walled dwelling-house as though civilization had been reached at a bound. And then the wonderful flower garden, on the shelf of cliff before the house; and the cliff itself, sumach covered, leading down to water blue as Mediterranean's own. The eternal rock would be there yet, but what of the garden? No one was about the lighthouse that day long ago, and we, with the boldness of youth, had climbed the many stairs of the tower unguided, and had exclaimed over the wonderfulness of the "lamp," tall as ourselves, a beehive-shaped mass of glittering glass prisms, running round and round, with the light at its heart—Did all that happen only a year ago?—or many years?

From all these memories, I was brought back very practically by the realization that the path which my friend and I were following had ended in a jungle; clearly we were "off the track." Another path, and yet another, was taken, but turned out to be mere cattle-roads leading nowhere in particular; so, as a last resort, we took to the shore.

Now, I remembered that shore very well, and its difficulties for walking, all shale, flat, sliding, slippery stones filled with fossils, and never a bit of sand or gravel anywhere. And we both wore pumps! I thought, however, that it could not be far to the lighthouse, and a big soldier whom we found there eating what he called "hibberies" (I should like very much to know if these are known sometimes as "saskatoons") thought the same, and fell into the procession.

That lighthouse was the most elusive thing I have encountered this year. Point followed point, with always the shaly shore between, and never a sign of the big white tower. At last we realized that we got so far that it was utterly impossible to return by the shore in time for the boat, and still the jungle of woods looked quite impossible. Clearly our only hope was to reach the lighthouse and start from there on the shorter and less difficult "old path," but that hope was rather slender, and we had visions of a frightened family should we fail to return. "What shall we do," I said, desperately, "if we don't get back?"

"Hire a rowboat and row down," said the soldier, very coolly. "Hire a boat!" we exclaimed, "but it's—"

"Yes, I know, it's— We wouldn't get to Paynter's Bay until one o'clock, maybe, but it can be done—" He talked about rowing eighteen miles as unconcerned as one might speak of crossing a brook, and we were comforted, but I turned to the broad bay and thought of being out there in the midst of those dark waters in the middle of the night.

R. gave one look, then set her mouth and started a new pace along the shale. She's a little thing, and the funny side of it all struck me as I saw her little feet pattering at a record rate over the stones.

I'm "some" fat, and soon I thought my head was sending up a column of steam, but I stuck to her tracks. The big soldier, used to the rigors of Camp Borden, kept up at a saunter, and looked as though he considered the whole thing a huge joke.

To make a long story short, we reached the lighthouse, and the flower garden, and found the same keeper in charge who had been there in the years long past. We were told that there was still time to catch the boat if we went back by the bush road and—"hurried." (Ye Fates!). The lighthouse keeper's wife very kindly gave us a drink of lemonade, and we risked staying until R. had been shown the lamp, a new one now, even better than the \$10,000 one which I remembered. Then we took to the woods—on the right path this time—and proceeded to "make time." I don't think R. and I had ever been so tired and hot before in all our lives, but we arrived just as the boat's whistle was calling the passengers aboard.

On the way down we had time to rest, and the big soldier gave us glimpses of Camp Borden. He belongs to the 147th Grey County Battalion (bless their hearts!), and to-day a card has come from him saying that the time of leaving for overseas will be "some day" very soon. Probably before this reaches those who may read it "Grey" will be on the way overseas to the trenches.

We reached Paynter's Bay tired, hungry, sleepy, but much amused over our experience, our holiday "memory-book" stored with pictures, not only of a shaly shore and a race for time with a boat-whistle, but of opalescent water changing into indigo and green and black as night drew on; of misty headlands hurrying back as our boat made way past them into the waters of the Georgian Bay; of woods creeping in primitive abandon down to the water's edge; of sailing craft speeding through the darkness, lights fore and aft. And as we said good-bye to the big soldier, we knew that here was yet another whose career we should follow with keen interest as he fared forth into the Great War.

—A bit of "chaos," perhaps, our trip to Griffith's Island, and yet, after all, one of the worth-while episodes of our holiday. We'll act on the unexpected sometime again.

JUNIA.

Can You Send Clothing?

The following letter tells its own story. If any of our readers have clothing to spare and will send it to Mrs. J. C. Lusk, Hanbury, Ont., it will be thankfully received. Mrs. Lusk is Secretary of the Ladies' Guild, and will see that the clothing reaches people who need it.

Hanbury, Northern Ontario,

August 25th, 1916.

Dear Advocate,—This year has been very dry and there have been terrible fires. On Tuesday of this week the Women's Institute were to have a picnic in our grove, which is the only maple grove in this part of the country.

Our two girls had gone to bring a cousin and her children to it. About noon some bush fires which had been burning for some time started up with a terrific wind, which was then blowing from the southwest. One of them burned out six or seven farmers, including our cousins. The girls, their cousin, and her two little children, and our horse, fled to a clover field and watched their home burn. What a sad-looking place it is! They lost about sixty tons of hay, a stack of peas, a lot of machinery, three pigs, and all the buildings.

There were several others had fires not far from here. In one there were 12 lives lost. All these people are left without clothing to keep them comfortable.

If you would be so kind as to get some of the ladies of the ADVOCATE to do an act of kindness for these poor people, it will be greatly appreciated. There are some women with as many as six and seven little ones, with very little to wear. Even old clothing of good quality, that women of our church could make over for the little ones, will be of great use. I am Secretary for our Ladies' Guild of St. Luke's.

If you send any parcels, send them to: MRS. J. C. LUSK, Sec. "Ladies' Guild," Hanbury, Ont.

Decorating Wall.

We intend to fix up the ceiling and wall of our parlor. What color of the muresco