

never been any place where the natives revealed so much of their anatomy to the public gaze, as in Berne. At the various sport grounds scattered over the town the boys and men take their exercises in the open air, wearing nothing but trunks. This exposure of the skin to the sun and air is an absolute craze here. Under the Kirchenfeld Bridge there is an athletic park, and I often watch the men exercising from the bridge. One day I ventured down to the river road and took a snap-shot. A Berne gentleman told me that in some of the Swiss cities they are not allowed to exercise in public places in this unclothed state—which he considered very narrow-minded and prudish.

THE Bread Bureau in Berne (British Red Cross) is now sending bread to eighty thousand prisoners in Germany. So much is needed now that it has to be made in several other cities besides Berne. For the summer months French biscuits are being substituted as they keep better in warm weather. An expert from England has been here teaching the bakers how to make them. But that the prisoners do not all like them as well as bread, is evident from some of the reply-cards received.

One chap said "Don't send me any more biscuits. I haven't any teeth. Send bread."

Another fellow, who evidently had teeth said: "Kiss the packer", thinking, I suppose, that she was young and pretty. But as she happened to be somewhere near sixty the kiss was not delivered.

A Historical Possession.

BY ELSPETH WILSON.

AN interesting letter from one of Lambton's soldier boys, Pte. R. J. Leach, written while on furlough in Scotland, tells of having traced in the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, the valuable heirloom for so many generations the possession of the Dewar family and which they brought with them to this new land.

In 1876 the late Alexander Dewar, Plympton township, then the possessor, was approached by a representative of that historical society who prevailed upon Mr. Dewar to assign the antiquity for a handsome remuneration to the society for safe keeping, "there to remain for all time to come for the use, benefit and enjoyment of the Scottish nation." This relic called the "Quigrich or Crozier of St. Fillan" has remained in the Dewar family since the days of Robert Bruce, descending from father to son.

Only one other Scottish Crozier is known to exist. This Quigrich is the head of a pastoral staff, nine inches high and consists of an external casing of silver enclosing an earlier crozier head of bronze or copper, and is distinctive of the Celtic church. The original Quigrich or Coygerach was given to a progenitor of one Finlay Jore (Dewar) of the parish of Glendochart. A common term in those early days being (Dewar) "Jore Cogerach"—keeper of the Crozier of St. Fillan. This office gave the keeper great power while within the bounds of Scotland, so long as he bore the Quigrich which stood for "obedience to the law both civil and religious, authority and justice."

It is interesting to note how with changing years and generations, the family name "Jore" has become changed—more in spelling than pronunciation—to the Dewar (pronounced Jewar) of the present day.

Mr. John Dewar resides still on the family homestead, Plympton, and had the relic not been transferred to the Scottish society by his father would now be "keeper of the Crozier" which in due time would descend to his son George. It, however, remains in the Dewar name in the antiquarium with other historical treasures, and during present conditions is securely packed as a precaution against possible damage from air raids. Pte. Leach urges the present generation of Dewar to a greater realization of the value and significance of the quigrich or Crozier of St. Fillan.

Tommy.—"Ow far is it to the camp, mate?"

Native.—About foive miles, as the crow flies.

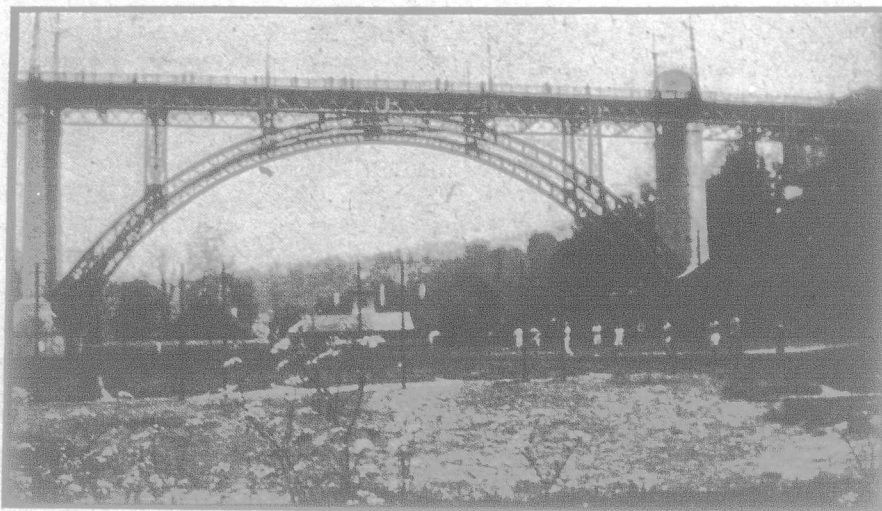
Tommy.—Well, 'ow far is it supposin' the crow 'as to walk and carry a blooming rifle and kit-bag?

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Nearest of Kin.

He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples, and said, Behold My mother and My brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother.—S. Matt. 12:49,50.

This is the gospel of labor,—
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above
To live with the men who work.
HENRY VAN DYKE.



Athletes Exercising Under the Kirchenfeld Bridge.

This bridge has three arches. The central arch spans the river, and is about 125 feet high.

The only Man who was able to choose His own relatives was Jesus of Nazareth. The rest of us have to fit in, as best we can, with the brothers, sisters and other relatives God has seen fit to give us. In some cases this must be a very difficult business; but perhaps—even when the people who are near of kin to you are hard to get on with—it might make things easier if you remembered that God Himself linked your life with theirs. It is His intention that you should accept them as His gift to you, giving them brotherly affection even if their attitude towards you is anything but brotherly. Love is bound to be victorious in the end, and it is always possible to overcome evil with good—though the victory may not be visible to human eyes.

But our Lord chose His family and

and "blessed among women." Yet a higher Authority than even an archangel throws open that door of blessedness and invites every woman to enter into that most sacred relation with Him. He has said—who shall dare to doubt His word?—that one who does the will of God is His "mother". The way is made plain. It is our own fault if we remain outside the holy family.

It is an inspiring thought that the Lord of Love has chosen us to be in constant association with Himself. We are often told to "choose Christ",—and of course we should choose Him as our Master,—but those first disciples were chosen by Him. "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you", He said. "He calleth unto Him whom He would; and they came unto Him. And He ordained twelve,

what He said when He called Judas "friend" when Judas was proving himself the blackest of enemies. The friendship of God for men is too often one-sided.

But we were talking of His nearest earthly relations—where can we find them? Read the text for to-day. One who does the will of the Father is inevitably drawn into the family of Christ.

One who had been at the front wrote: "I have seen men risk their lives, and forfeit them, in an effort to rescue a comrade. I have seen them give place to one another when wounded, both in matters of dressing and of stretcher to bear them back to safety. I have seen comrade cling to comrade through the moments of supreme peril, each refusing to save himself unless he might win safety for the other. And, in seeing these things, what indeed is it I have seen? I have seen Christ."

He easily recognized the family likeness in these soldiers, many of them rough men who made no profession of religion. Our Lord does not say that the people who talk about their religion are near of kin to Him—it is those who "do" the will of God. In the day of judgment there will be a separation made between those who have made use of their many opportunities of showing kindness and those who have let them slip. The other day a patient sufferer—a blind woman—said to me: "A visitor was talking religion to me one day, and all the time she was eating an orange. I was very thirsty and I couldn't help thinking, all the time she was talking, 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.'"

It is not any formula of religious profession that can bring us into the Holy Family. The Judge is our Friend, and yet He has said: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

St. James defines religion in this summary fashion: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"—kindness, and purity of thought and life. Note the family likeness to Him Who "went about doing good", and who was without spot in the sight of God.

In these days many barriers have been broken down. Men of all ranks, and of every kind of religion (or of no religion) meet as close comrades in the trenches. Women drop their exclusiveness and work together, in city and in country, in Patriotic Societies. Too often it seems as if those who profess to belong to the family of Christ are less ready for self-denying service than others who make no religious profession.

It is a terrible thing to find that some, who reverence the Lord of the Church as Divine, are moved to send out in print such a condemnation of His church as this, which was written by "an amateur officer". These are his words: "Again in our days the Church of Christ has buried the only God with power in the human heart beneath a vast structure of sonorous, empty ceremonial, and a paralysing mass of sterile, useless dogma."

The Church is the Bride of Christ, the family and household of God. It is her business in the world to bear joyful witness to His living presence in our midst. If we are not serving our Master by showing kindness to the least of His brethren, then it is time we began to do something for others. Can we be near of kin to our Elder Brother if there is no family likeness? He came to minister.

"He deigned forget His own Eternal Being

He loved and served and toiled, the end

foreseeing—
Say, were such lot too low for such as I?"

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

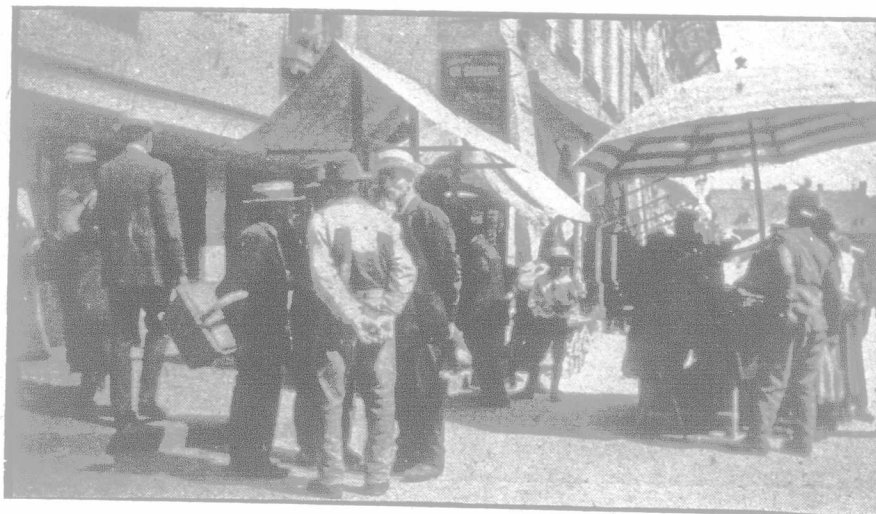
A Fifty-fifty Irishman.—In his book "From Gallipoli to Bagdad," "Padre" William Ewing tells the story of a burly Irishman brought into the field-hospital suffering from many wounds.

"What are you?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, I'm half an Irishman."

"And what's the other half?"

"Holes, and bandages."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.



A Street Corner on Market Day.

The patches on the old man's back seem to indicate hard times.

the country of His birth, as no one else could do—(when you are speaking scornfully of the German race, remember that you deserve no praise for being British. You were given no choice, and neither were the Germans you condemn for being German.)

Besides the brothers, sisters and mother, whoshared that humble home in Nazareth, He reached out welcoming arms to a great multitude of relatives. Down through the centuries ring those wonderful words of our text: "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

The mother of Christ was declared by the angel Gabriel to be "highly favored,"

dying beside the King of Love, and he received no promise of companionship after death.

We are apt to be proud of exclusions. We keep all but a few kindred spirits at a distance. "We keep ourselves to ourselves," we say, as if that were a virtue. It certainly was not the way our Lord acted. He was as ready to give His companionship to a poor degraded woman of Samaria as to the rich and high-minded Nicodemus. He readily accepted the invitation of a rich Pharisee and He offered to be the Guest of the despised publican, Zaccheus.

Christ has always been the Friend of sinners, but sinners are not always His friends. He, who is "The Truth", meant