

in the place they called home. Poor little mortal, why did it come to this abode of poverty? Another mouth to feed, another body to clothe. The delicate wife gained strength slowly, for she had little nourishment. When she upbraided the man for not looking for employment, she would receive oaths, curses, and even blows. When the babe was about a year old, another was born. Too frequent child-bearing, hard work and worry, broke down the constitution of the young wife, and she seemed to be daily losing strength. The doctor ordered care and the best of nourishment. But where was she to obtain it? Her husband didn't seem to care what became of her. Her mother, who is a poor widow, found her in want, and took her home, ordering the husband never to show his face inside her door. Her mother has an aged mother and sister to support, and finds it hard enough to keep the wolf from the door. The daughter gradually became worse, in spite of her mother's care. She died a few months ago of consumption, leaving two little children. Since then the youngest, who was born sickly, died, and his father died, also, of consumption. The other child will probably fall a victim to the same disease, sooner or later. The husband was consumptive when he was married, and the wife caught the disease. Surely our marriage laws are lax indeed.

The Ladies' Home Journal for November says: "A new idea in marriage laws is visible on the American horizon, and it is an indication of healthful common sense. In North and South Dakota, and in Washington, laws are already in force that no marriage license can be issued unless the contracting parties can produce a satisfactory physician's certificate."

This is a move in the right direction, which will doubtless prevent much misery and suffering. Our Canadian law-makers should do likewise.

If a law were passed forbidding early marriages, smaller families would be the result. Generally, when a couple are married very young, the babies arrive with an amazing rapidity. This is not desirable, either from a financial or physical point of view, when the parents are poor. Very often the young wife finds it necessary to go out and become a wage-earner, as the husband does not earn sufficient money to feed and clothe the increasing family, and in many instances she finds the burdens too great to bear, and sinks into an early grave. How can a wife and mother become a wage-earner and do justice to herself and family? Can she attend to their wants and train the minds of those little ones while she is straining every nerve in order to supply her flock with food and raiment?

No person should be allowed to marry until he or she has arrived at years of maturity or discretion. Why? Because years bring wisdom, and the young man of twenty-five will be much more likely to exercise common sense, and have something laid up for a rainy day, than the thoughtless, love-sick boy of eighteen or nineteen. The girl will also be better prepared for the many duties and responsibilities which inevitably follow in the wake of woman's married life. Again, the young people would know their own minds better, and be more likely to choose wisely. More happiness and fewer divorces would be the result.

CHILD-TRAINING.

Where do the children of the poor generally pick up their training? On the streets, with older youngsters, who are daily becoming more hardened in sin, more unmanageable and profane. It almost makes me shudder to hear the children take the name of the Lord in vain. Surely the Lord is long-suffering, when He allows such wickedness to remain unpunished, even in this world. Where are the parents? Too busy at work to look after their children. They must have bread. Again, the school

education of the poor is often very deficient. As soon as the child is able to earn money he is taken from school.

This is all wrong. Every child born has a right to a good true education. A. R. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Consecrated Kitchen.

With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free.—Eph. vi: 7, 8 (R. V.).

"O, little room, wherein my days go by,
Each like to each, yet each one set apart,

For special duties—nearest to my heart
Art thou of all the house—in thee I try

New issues, when the old ones go awry,
And with new victories allay the smart
Of dismal failures; and afresh I start
With courage new to conquer or to die!

O, simple walls, no pictures break thy calm!

O, simple floor, uncarpeted below!
And duty done is solace for all woe,
And every modest tool that hangs in view

The inward eye has visions for its balm
Is fitted for the work it has to do."

When I speak of the "kitchen," I mean the place where the ordinary routine of daily work is carried on—it may be the stable or field, it may be the store or school. Wherever it is that you are called to work, remember that your service can be consecrated to God, becoming holy and glorious, even though it may be paid for by man in commonplace dollars and cents.

Buxton says: "Let us begin each new day by putting it and all its events into God's Hands, by saying—'Lord, undertake for me!'—and we shall be led in the right way. Let us consecrate our work to Jesus. Some people swear over their work, others pray over it. Some do it in a discontented, half-hearted way. If we pray over our task, we shall do it twice as well, and twice as easily. We should touch our labor, however common, as we would touch a consecrated chalice; it is holy unto the Lord."

The prophet, Zechariah, speaks of a time when the horses' bridles shall be holy, and every pot in Jerusalem and Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts. It is a grand promise, and we are right in the glory of the rainbow—let us realize our godly heritage. A rainbow is made by the sun shining on common drops of water, and it is beautiful with all the colors there are. And when we look up and lift up our heads, we see the glory of the Sun of Righteousness making the common work we are engaged in holy and beautiful. Don't let us leave our Royal Guest in the lonely parlor. He wants to go with us wherever our work is calling us—and He wants to help us do it. Do you think that St. Paul was speaking only of spiritual building when he said: "We are laborers together with God?" Perhaps he was, but I feel sure that our Master—Who worked so cheerily "with hammer, saw and plane"—has, by His holy touch, consecrated the everyday labor of the world. I am sure He helped His mother in her kitchen, and He will help you in yours—if you open the door and make Him welcome.

We may think it would be a great privilege to visit the "Holy Land"; but it is only "holy" because God Incarnate—God in human flesh—once walked and worked there. That was nearly 2,000 years ago, but He is ready to consecrate your kitchen by His Presence today, and His help is at your disposal. We have little need to wish

"For olden time and holier shore,"

when Jesus is always Emmanuel, God with us.

I think it was Abraham Lincoln who said that "God must have a special affection for common people, or He would

not have made so many of them." We might also take it for granted that He must be especially interested in the common work of every day, because that fills up most of the time of everyone. He has given us six week-days to one Sunday, and even on Sunday most people find a lot of so-called "common" work which has to be done. In an army, there are only a few officers to hundreds of private soldiers, there are only a few battles, and hundreds of days of monotonous drill. In a choir, the most important part of the music is not the part of the soloist, but the varying parts of the other singers—bass, tenor, alto and soprano, blending together in one rich harmony. God wants us all to be singers in His choir, and the song of praise in the heart (in the kitchen) is sweeter to His ear, very often, than a beautifully-rendered solo addressed to a critical congregation. I never can understand why a soloist in church, professing—one might naturally suppose—to be singing to God, should turn round and face the people, instead of voicing their feelings for them while gazing up into God's Face. But that is aside from our subject.

Those who make Christ welcome in the midst of common work, bring Him into touch with others' lives unconsciously, and far more effectively, than any sermon—spoken or written—can do. Seeds are sown every day which fall unnoticed into fruitful soil, and spring up without the knowledge of the sower. One of the biggest things in our daily drill is the control of temper. We bring dishonor on our Master and on our Christian profession when we allow the least shade of crossness to creep into the voice, or the least sign of bad temper to disfigure the face. Gloom, complaint, fretfulness, unkind criticism, ingratitude towards God, and many other common faults, do more harm than many apparently greater sins. They can spoil the peace and happiness of a home very thoroughly, and they slowly, but surely, drag down the character of one who allows them to go on unchecked.

It is always their thoughts that make men and women beautiful or ugly in soul. Let us try to keep our thoughts sweet and bright, let our hearts be always open towards God, so that He can fill us with His living power. Then the kitchen in which we work will be a holy temple and an influence for good will stream out from it to the ends of the earth. What anyone is like in the kitchen—that is, in the week-day hours—he is in reality. We can't truly judge anyone by his sermons on Sundays, the real test is in his behavior when off his guard and he thinks no one will notice. It was said of a knight of old:

"The needy poor
Flocked to his castle for the careless
gift
Of falling dale; but his esquire was
faint
From his exacting service, day and
night."

And many people who are very noted for their philanthropy abroad, are "difficult" at home. The man who "is a hero to his own valet," who is always pleasant to his wife and children and servants, may not be very heroic perhaps in his own eyes, but he is winning the victory over himself—and that is the biggest victory possible. To live for God is to work effectively for Him. One writes:

"It is a day of large giving, both of service and money, for the good of men, and often for the honor of God. It is to be feared that not a few imagine that their gifts or service will atone for wrong-doing in earlier days, or even excuse them for certain evil traits of character. It is one of those eternal truths that should be borne in upon every man most earnestly, that no amount of doing can excuse the lack of being. It is what we are, and not merely what we do, that makes the sum of character as God sees it. 'He is a mean fellow, but he gives lots of money away'; 'She is a hard worker, but—you ought to hear her at home'; 'He is one of our best workers, but he is hard on his employees—they hate him.' What a pity there are so many incongruities in our lives. And the difficulty is that men excuse themselves for those incongruities by 'serv-

ice.' The grace of giving is a most beautiful grace; but the grace of living far outshines it in lustre and real worth. He gives most who lives best."

It is told of an American teacher in Japan, that he was given a position in a school on the understanding that when on duty he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. He lived with Christ every day, without speaking of Him. As a result of his beautiful life, forty of the young men he had been teaching met in a grove and signed a secret covenant to give up idolatry. Twenty-five of them entered a Christian training-school, and some of them are now preaching the Gospel.

The Christ-life speaks a language which can be understood all the world over. It does not consist simply in trying to follow His example—it is far more than that. Christ must be one with the soul, and then His Life will throb in every vein. I don't understand how people can say, "I want to be a Christian," and yet refuse the means He has appointed for fellowship and power. He says: "He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in Him."—S. John vi: 56. We can hardly expect to have His consecrating Presence with us all the week if we refuse the invitation to eat at His Table on Sunday.

The Church is the Bride of Christ, and He keeps her always close at His side. She can always look up in His face and smile—glad and satisfied, because her Lord is near. We only feel sorry for those who think that "Christ, twice dead, is dead indeed."

"So, in the street, I hear men say!
Yet Christ is with me all the day."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Vision of His Face.

By Dora Farncomb.

A refreshing book in these days of strain and stress. In this book the reader is reminded that he has the wonderful privilege of looking into the face of the Living Christ, not only on Sundays, but in the midst of the busiest of the week days. Readers are reminded that the companionship of the King is a tremendous reality, instead of a shadowy possibility. The writer is convinced that in the continual consciousness of His abiding presence lies the secret of gladness in every aspiring mortal soul. Post-paid, \$1.00. The William Weld Co., London, Ont.

Current Events.

New York will celebrate the passing of the old year by an aviation meet.

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A French scientist has succeeded in taking moving pictures of microbes.

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The Government will build a \$1,500,000 floating dock at Prince Rupert, B. C.

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It is reported that the highest waterfall in America has been discovered in Labrador.

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A company is being formed to organize an aeroplane service across the English Channel, from Calais to Dover.

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A wireless telephone was successfully tested in New York last week. By its use, it is believed, telephone communication will be possible on moving trains.

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Mr. J. A. McCurdy made a successful fifteen-mile flight near Baddeck, in the "Baddeck No. 2," last week. In France, Henry Farman made a record flight in his aeroplane, covering 144 miles in 4 hours 6 minutes.