

his heart gave a thump—it was passing already. Why hadn't I called earlier; why of all days, had he chosen this—eighty acres of the finest blooms in the world; protection stored in the barn, and frost creeping and creeping upon the millions of precious blossoms—while he was miles away.

He was already bumping recklessly over rocks and ruts and into cul-de-sacs, up steep hills and down into narrow valleys; but he leaned forward in his seat and shook the lines over his horses' backs.

Surely he would get there in time—he just couldn't lose now after all these years of work and waiting. He again snatched some young leaves from a bush beside the road. There was frost upon them—no doubt of it. Were they already killed? He felt sick at the thought of it. Although the blossoms were in the state susceptible to a killing frost still he believed that he might get there in time to save some of them—if it only would not freeze.

He turned down into the last valley, just up the next hill and down a long ridge, and he would be home. When he reached the bottom of the valley, his team was in a gallop. Ahead of him a crowd of light-colored horses galloped. He leaned forward and stared hard into the dim starlight—the water looked white. And when the horses struck it there was a splash and a light-colored horse lay back and groaned. He was so late. It was ice. He drew his knees down to a walk—no use to him now.

As he came down the woods road near the corner of his farm, he suddenly straightened up and sniffed the air—he had caught the whiff of a horse's tail. He struck his horses sharply and galloped into the road at the corner of the orchard.

He drew up suddenly, and sat and stared. For half a mile a solid mass of white hung lazily in the air, completely enveloping the orchard so he could scarcely see the outlines of the trees—and all down the long rows were the crude oil lamps.

He drove along slowly, wondering, amazed. A stir of wild parted the smoke near the road, and he saw a familiar little figure, wearing one of the old coats, hurrying between the trees to light the last burners.

His throat contracted; something stung his eyes. He was over the fence in a minute.

"Why," she said laughingly, when they were by the fire in the cottage, "there is no wonder about it at all. I am not much of a farmer, but I knew it was a bad day that it was going to be, and I got Mr. Jones and Mr. Wagner and the Smith boys to help. They drove the oil wagon and filled the burners you had placed along the way, and I came after them with a torch and lighted the oil. It was lots of fun."

He had already told her of all the things he had thought and planned during his long ride. There was real reason, he much to say, but as he rose to start back to the orchard to watch burners through the night of frost, he looked at her fondly and shook his head.

"Well, you must be Dutch—for you can't be beat."

One Little Thing.—Kate Douglas begins tells of a hard-working farmer's wife, who was asked if she believed in woman's suffrage, and would vote. "No, certainly I do not," she exclaimed with a vigorous movement of the chin. "I don't know if there is any one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sake tell 'em do it."

Hot or even cold water should never be used to clean paint, as it destroys the varnish and the paint soon wears off.

## The Upward Look

### God's Kingdom

No. 4

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.—St. Matthew 6, 9-10.

God is love (1 John 4, 8). Knowing this, what conditions have we a right to believe that God would like to see prevail on earth? May we not know, with absolute certainty, that God desires to see righteousness, and love between man and man, rule all man's actions here below?

We are told that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace." (Romans 14, 17.) Therefore, if Christ, almighty, most merciful God, told us the most honest hundred years ago, told us to pray for the coming of God's kingdom and that His will might be done on earth as it is in heaven, He meant us to pray for a time when justice should rule on earth and when men would love each other in sincerity and in truth; when they would show their love in loving service one to another. He has in mind the time when no man should seek his own but every man another's wealth. (1 Corinthians 10, 24.)

In spite of the fact that we have been repeating this prayer for centuries, we have wandered far from the ideal that it holds out before us! While preaching salvation for men's souls we have neglected—beyond the giving of inadequate charity—to pay attention to their bodies. Therefore, saints have sprung up in our great cities. In them people live in misery and in pain, and they pray for the lack of their daily bread, while among them live those who have such wealth they know not how to use it all. Is that God's will being done on earth?

Only recently has the Christian Church begun to recognize that it has a duty in these matters. Hitherto we have been content to take it for granted that there was no way in which we could prevent the misery and want and suffering that has prevailed in the world. We have even assumed that they were ordained of God, and that while we could not permit such conditions to exist, we must strive to endure them patiently.

It is this doctrine which the poor have not been able to harmonize with the conception of a loving heavenly Father which we have preached at the same time. Being unable to understand it they have been turning their backs on the church, and increasing numbers. It is largely this attitude of the church which has led the Socialists, in hundreds of thousands, to denounce Christianity as a sham and which has resulted in their deciding to seek, by means of political methods, to bring about reforms which they believe will result in justice being established on earth between man and man.

With this conception of the attitude of these two great bodies—the church and the organized masses outside the church—we may not, as professed Christians, accuse ourselves earnestly if we may not be losing to others, as the Jews did to the Gentiles, the true conception of God's kingdom and of his will being done on earth as it is in heaven.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in his book, "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," says: "The very essence of true religion is the faith that there is such a God that He wills to dispose of all His creatures wisely and fairly and in perfect love. And the very essence of a true religion, as the message which calls religion into be-

ing, is that it makes God's wisdom and fairness and love manifest, and so helps us to understand and adore and trust Him, not only for ourselves but for the whole world. The idea of an irresponsible God is a moral mockery. Poisonous doubt exhalates from it as malaria from a swamp. . . . Our hearts recoil from such a doctrine."

Another, one of the greatest minds the world has ever seen,—Henry George—a man who was loved by the common people of two continents, showed the results that flow from such a thought when he said, "Better to me, higher to me, is the God, than who says that there is no God, while the professed Christian, who, while prating of the goodness and the Fatherhood of God, tells us directly as others do, or tells us indirectly as others do, that millions and millions of little children are being brought into the world by the creative fiat, with no place in this world provided for them. Aye! tells us that, by the laws of God, the poor are created in order that the rich may have the unctuous satisfaction of dealing out charity to them—tells us that a state of things exists like that in the city of Glasgow, where 125,000 human beings, as in other great cities on both sides of the Atlantic, are living whole families in a single room, where little children are dying every day, dying by hundreds of thousands, because, having come into this world,—those children of God, with His Father's decree—they find that there is not space on the earth sufficient for them to live; and are driven out of God's world because they cannot get room enough, cannot get air enough, cannot get sustenance enough. I do believe in no such god. If I did, though I might bend before him in fear I would hate him in my heart. . . . Aye! that Christianity that puts on the Creator the evil, the in-

justice, the suffering, the degradation that are due to man's injustices is worse, far worse than Atheism. That is the blasphemy, and if there be a sin against the Holy Ghost, that is the unpardonable sin."

Fortunately the Christian church is awakening from its sleep. It is beginning to catch glimpses of the new vision of the church's responsibilities and possibilities. Our leaders in church work are beginning to search their hearts and to learn God's will in these matters as never before. In last week's issue of The Presbyterian, the leading paper of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the editor has this to say: "Every one knows how slowly the Protestant Church awakened to a sense of duty in connection with foreign missions. Similarly in regard to the suffering and injustice that has too largely prevailed in Christian lands, the Church for a long time has contented to play the role of priest or Levite and pass by on the other side. All this is changing now."

The change is coming soon too soon. This is the testing time of our Christianity. With God's help and through faith we may confidently expect to do much, in due time, towards establishing His kingdom on earth.—I. H. N.

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A teacher in a New Jersey educational institution had been trying to make clear to her pupils the principle in physics that heat expands and cold contracts. The rule was discussed in its various aspects and bearings, and finally the teacher said:

"William Brown, suppose you give me a good example of heat expanding." "Well, ma'am," answered William Brown, "in summer, when it is hot, the days are longer, and in winter, when it is cold, the days are shorter."—Washington "Post."



## Good Meals at Camp Comfort

The boys at Camp Comfort are using the same stove that they had last year. It was the best they could get. It was a

### New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

This year they got a New Perfection Oven Also a New Perfection Toaster Also a New Perfection Brailer

" Gee, what a difference in the meals a good stove makes," said one of the boys. So they called their shack "Camp Comfort." And they will tell their mothers and wives about the stove, too. For the New Perfection Oil Cook-stove is as convenient for the home as for the camp. It will bake, broil, roast and toast as well as a regular coal range.

### The New Perfection Stove

is handsomely finished in nickel, with cabinet top, drop shelves, lined racks, etc. Long chimneys, extended burners, with 1, 2 or 3 burners, All kinds of "Camp Cook" with every stove. Cook-book also given to anyone making 2 cents to cover mailing cost.



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