

hood to set right; human motherhood is social, and our children are social orphans for lack of it. No yearning love, no endless labor at stove and tub, can properly care for the children of the world. They need educated, organized, specialized motherhood, in addition to the basic relation between individual mother and child.

Child culture is the highest form of social service. It calls for the subtlest, nobles powers, for sharp genius at its upper levels, and clear talent in all teachers. No matter what the race may learn, may make, may do, may discover, all our

gain is naught if the people remain weak, foolish, evilly behaved.

The business of women is to make better people through a far higher standard of breeding, of environment, of education. No nobler task can be imagined than the upbuilding of a nobler race. But this is social service, not domestic.

And will men be happier with different women, different children, different homes? We may answer by another question: Are they so happy now that they should fear a change?—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in *Century* for June.

Sunday Musings

By FRANCISCAN

I know He's mine, this Friend so dear,
He lives with me, He is so near;
Ten thousand charms around Him shine,
But best of all, I know He's mine.

This month I would like to give you another word by that great helper of eager souls—Dr. George Matheson, F.R.S.E.

The theme is—“Let not your heart be troubled.”

Troubled things are not always on that account unbeautiful. Why do we find more beauty in the sea than in a pool? Just because it is more capable of being troubled.

Why do we find more beauty in a strong intellect than in a weak one? Just because it is more capable of being troubled.

The unrest of a material object, and the unrest of a human intellect, is the sign of energy.

But the unrest of a heart is not.

The unrest of a heart is the sign of *want* of energy.

The sea shows its power in a storm; the intellect shows its power in a difficulty.

But the heart only shows its power in a great calm.

The heart's power is the heart's *fixedness*.

The glory of a ship is its ability to sail; but the glory of a heart is its ability to lie at anchor—to be moored somewhere.

My heart has no strength when it is sailing in search of harbour; it is only strong when it is cabled to the shore.

I have read that an angel came down to trouble a *pool*.

But I am never told that an angel came down to trouble a *heart*.

Many things trouble a heart, but none of them are angels.

It needs a cloudless trust, a sure confidence, a settled calm.

It needs not only to love, but to *be* loved, and to *know* that it is loved.

Doubt of love's reality is the heart's paralysis; despair of love's reality is the heart's death.

Whatever *else* be tossed upon life's sea, let not your *heart* be troubled.

I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast been so solicitous for the peace of my *heart*! It proves to me that Thou hast prepared a place for my *love*. How could my heart be calm if love were a finite thing, a perishable thing? If Thou hadst no mansion for my love, it were mocking to say “Let not your heart be troubled!” My heart cannot be quiet amid autumn leaves; it can build no nest in the cemetery. Therefore Thy words can only mean “Put away your *fear* of the cemetery; your heart shall be satisfied—satisfied evermore.” I thank Thee for that promise.

Let not your heart be troubled.

In my Father's House are many mansions.

Quit you like men; be strong.

Canon Deane thinks that part of the blame of present-day neglect of the Bible may lie at the doors of Bible-lovers themselves because they have insisted too much on the “duty” of reading it rather than the privilege and the joy. They have thus

led young people to expect boredom in this region. Certainly some of the fathers were not guiltless in this regard. I can vouch for the truth of a little incident which happened about a generation ago. A certain commercial magnate, who was also a great light in religious circles, came home one night very late from a meeting. Finding that his family had retired owing to the lateness of the hour, but had done so without family prayers, he had them summoned down. Down they trooped with sleep on their faces and dressing-gowns over their night attire. And the household patriarch, using to the full the rights of the family altar, read in their reluctant hearing the next chapter in course, which happened to contain about seventy verses. You will agree that this reduced to an absurdity the “duty” side of the matter, and that not much of the joy of the Scriptures was felt by those young people that night. Compulsion is apt to breed indifference, if not revolt. The real enjoyment must be

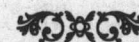
the discovery of open eyes and inquiring minds; and on that happy and holy adventure Canon Deane supplies some expert and memorable guidance.—*British Weekly*.

There are some beautiful lines by Robert Louis Stevenson which you probably know:—

“If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face:
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in.”

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