

for a Divine Leader, a mighty Master, at Whose feet he may pour out all his treasures of love and devotion—a Personal God.

It has been forcibly pointed out that the restlessness which destroys the peace of one who has lost his hold on faith, is a sure proof that scepticism is a disease of the soul and not its normal state. When doubt and unbelief bring painful restlessness to the soul of a man, is it any wonder that he is driven to seek eagerly for some relief?

Christians may disagree about many things, and may often find it necessary to change or modify their cherished opinions before the remorseless facts which science reveals, but—as Van Dyke declares—those who, in all ages, have uplifted souls with mighty power, are alike in one thing. "Their central message, the core of their preaching, is the piercing, moving, personal gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God and Saviour of mankind. This, in its simplest form; this presentation of a Person to persons in order that they may first know, and then love and trust and follow Him—this is pre-eminently the gospel for an age of doubt."

Our only hold on things or ideas is through our personality; but, if no one else has had a like experience, we may doubt the truth of our own sensations. That is the reason we find a delight in exchanging ideas with a kindred spirit—we see our own thoughts reflected in his. When person really touches person, when the personal experience of one spirit is also the personal experience of another, there is a new joy in living. And that is the secret bond of union between souls who feel the very Life of Christ thrilling in their veins. They know by personal experience the joy of fellowship with Him, a joy which cannot be explained to one who has never felt it, and which need not be explained to one who has. The "secret of the Lord" is no secret to those who know Him—it is an ever-fresh spring of joy, constraining them to loving service, not a slavish fear of punishment, nor a selfish hope of reward. The only reward they really care much about is His smile and approving: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Those who only look on from the outside may think that such a reward is hardly sufficient return for life-long service, but a very different opinion is held by all who have been drawn irresistibly by the attractive Personality of Him Who is "the chiefest among ten thousand."

Yesterday I received a letter from a friend, and in it was the following story, which she says she has lately read:

"A peasant hid in the room of a great and noted saintly man, wishing to hear him 'pray,' and hoping for a great treat. After several hours of quiet and patient waiting, while the holy man wrote, referred to his Bible and wrote again, at last he got up. Now, the peasant thought he should hear something grand! but all the holy man said was: 'Lord Jesus—things are between us, as on the old score,' and went to bed."

Are you beginning the year having an unbroken fellowship with Christ to rest quietly upon, or are you still saying restlessly, "I would see JESUS!" If your heart is at rest, then I am sure it is because you have found the only satisfying fellowship. You still say, "I would see JESUS!" but you can say it joyously instead of restlessly, feeling satisfied to begin the year by saying: "Lord Jesus—things are between us, as on the old score."

"To-night, I'm tired, Master, for rest I turn to Thee.
Turn to Thee for quiet, let me Thy Presence see.
Thy world is full of beauty; the tasks Thy hand hath set,
Have every one their meaning; I love them all, and yet
I turn from these to seek Thee. Do Thou Thy spirit give;
Thy love and peace will rest me; in Thee my soul doth live."

I don't believe anyone was ever argued into a satisfying belief in Christ. Christianity is LOVE, and you cannot force a man to love God by bringing overwhelming proofs to bear on him. He who will not hear Moses and the prophets, would not be convinced though one should rise from the dead. Love is alive and must

grow, building its body of proof around it as it goes on. The "proofs" it clings to may not be facts; they may not be the real proofs of Christianity, but only the opinions of certain Christians. And yet one who can, by faith, see the Face of Him Who is "Altogether Lovely," has a hold on a Personal Saviour which no advanced criticism can shake.

A real Christian is saturated with Christ, Who is continually breathing into him the breath of life. He may disobey his Master or deny Him, but give Him up altogether?—No! Love is not so easy to kill. To whom else can we go?

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents 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.]

Simplicity in Architecture

Some of our readers, no doubt, are planning to build a new house next sum-

mer. I came on the following the other day, while reading "The Relation of Literature to Life," by Charles Dudley Warner. Perhaps you prospective builders would like to read it, too. There is a hint in it: "I am not sure whether simplicity is a matter of nature or of cultivation. Barbarous nature likes display, excessive ornament; and when we have arrived at the nobly simple, the perfect proportion, we are always likely to relapse into the confused and the complicated. The most cultivated men, we know, are the simplest in manners, in taste, in their style. . . . But the mass of men are always relapsing into the tawdry and the over-ornamented. It is a characteristic of

Comfort in Winter.

The other day, one of our Nookers, a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked little woman whom it would do you good to see, came up to the office,—I'm sure she'll not mind my telling you this. She "had on" an automobile bonnet, quite a pretty one made of velvet, with a touch of lace about the face. It was really quite becoming, yet the little lady said that people on the street had been "rubbering," and clerks in stores smiling at it. She felt half-ashamed of it, she said, although while driving it had been the most comfortable thing she had ever had on her head.

When she had gone, this question suggested itself: Is there any earthly reason why country folk should not set fashions for themselves if they choose—fashions that conform to their own idea of suitability and comfort? Is there any reason why we should eternally follow, like sheep, in the tracks of the townsfolk, in regard to all that we wear? Also, is there any reason WHY WE SHOULD NOT SET THE FASHION OF PAYING MORE ATTENTION TO WHAT IS INSIDE OF OUR HEADS THAN TO WHAT SITS ON TOP OF THEM?

A city woman said to me the other day, that "all the clever people she had ever known had been born on farms." Well, we know that numbers of clever people have been born in cities also, nor need we take any credit to ourselves as a class on hearing such words. Well may we know, that, on the whole, we have no more latent cleverness than any other class, and that it is only those among us who try, try hard, who succeed in being worth while, or doing worth while, whether in a quiet way or in a brilliant way.

Would it not, however, be grand, if we really could set a general standard of high thinking throughout the rural districts?—avoiding ever, of course, the silliness of intellectual snobbery which is as bad as, if not worse than, any other kind of snobbery. We need not apprehend much danger from this, however, knowing that the truly cultured, wherever found, is above the narrowness of intellectual snobbery. He who knows and thinks most is least likely to be puffed up because of his attainments. The greatest men have been, almost without exception, as noted by Warner in the preceding quotation, the simplest in speech and manner.

Now, to come back to that cozy little bonnet—Can we not be proud enough of our business of agriculture to be independent? And if we find a nicely-lined bonnet drawn snugly over the ears to be more comfortable for driving than a big hat that stands up in the wind, whirls round, and twists every hair on our heads out of place—to say nothing of the freezing hands attained by holding on to it—then, why should we not wear the bonnet? What do you think?



Cobblestone Fireplace, Mission Furniture.

(By courtesy of Suburban Life.)

Who but this same JESUS has the words of eternal life? Our faith may be very weak, but we cannot face the New Year without it—even though it may not (at present) be much more than

"A broken sob, a hand-clasp in the dark,
a glimpse
Of JESUS passing by."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at times,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

—Charles Kingsley.



Some Ideas in Window Arrangement.

(By courtesy of Suburban Life.)

The Roundabout Club

Study III.

"Give your opinion on establishing an intellectual standard as a basis for the suffrage."

Kindly send all essays on this subject so that they may reach this office not later than three weeks after the date upon which this paper is issued.

Books will be given, as before, as souvenirs to those taking highest marks.

youth, and it seems also to be a characteristic of over-development. Literature, in any language, has no sooner arrived at the highest vigor of simple expression, than it begins to run into prettiness, conceits, over-elaboration.

It is the same with architecture. The classic Greek runs into the excessive elaboration of the Roman period, the Gothic into the flamboyant, and so on. We have had several attacks of architectural measles in this country, which have left the land spotted all over with houses in bad taste. Instead of develop-