

tion of methods whereby to make work easier, admirable as they may be, but have some more definitely intellectual subjects, too, such as something on current events. We are making history rapidly, fast building up a nation, and we women must keep pace with the times."

Dear readers of the "Home Magazine," there must be many of you who are not only members of the Women's Institutes, but who may find, as I did a few days ago, that you, too, have laid aside, amongst other pamphlets or papers, some of these most interesting yearly reports. If you have such, believe me, they are worth reading and rereading. Let me commend them to your renewed attention, for there is hardly a subject of importance to our national and home life which is left untouched upon in their pages. I am promising myself the pleasure, presently, of studying some of the papers whose titles have so attracted me, with a view to passing on to you, from time to time, some of the inspiring thoughts which I cannot but think will, even though in abbreviated and condensed form, interest you, as they have interested myself.

In an admirable paper on "The All-round or Ideal Woman," by Miss Blanche Maddock, of Guelph, I find the following quotation, which seems to me a very timely and suggestive message for the first month of the New Year:

"We shape ourselves,
The joy or fear of which the coming
life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere with
sunshine or with shade.
The tissues of the life to be, we
weave in colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny we reap
what we have sown."

H. A. B.

Current Events.

Over 100 lives were lost by a mine explosion in West Virginia last week.

Senator J. K. Kerr, of Toronto, has been appointed Speaker of the Senate.

Admiral Rojestvensky, commander of the Russian fleet in the Russo-Japanese war, is dead.

Soundings show that, as a result of the earthquake in Southern Italy and Sicily, the bottom of the straits between Messina and Reggio has been raised about 1,400 feet.

The Turkish Government has accepted the Austro-Hungarian offer of \$10,800,000 as indemnity for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; consequently, the danger of war in the Near East has passed.

It is reported that, after the earthquake shock at Victoria, B. C., last week, smoke was seen issuing from the crater of Mt. Baker, the dormant volcano in the State of Washington, twelve miles from the boundary of Canada.

The charge of causing the death of the late Emperor of China by poisoning has been brought against Yuan Shi Kai, late Grand Councillor and Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese army, who was dismissed recently by the Manchu element of the Government, on the pretext that, as he had "rheumatism in his legs," he was incapacitated from attending properly to the duties of his office. At present, there are rumors that he is in league with the revolutionists, and serious trouble is feared.

The Quiet Hour.

You are Needed.

"The world wants men—true men,
Who can neither be bought nor sold;
Men who scorn to violate trust,
Genuine gold.

The world wants men—pure men,
Free from the taint of sin;
Men whose lives are clean without,
And pure within."

One of my Christmas letters was from a man who was entirely unknown to me—a Toronto business man. He says: "I do not know whether many men read your column, but be sure one does." I can't help feeling that if any men do take the trouble to read the Quiet Hour, they must often be greatly disappointed, for my conversation is mostly suitable for readers of the other sex. However, after that gentle hint, it will not do to ignore our masculine friends altogether, will it?

Do you ever take a bird's-eye view of your Bible? Written by many writers, in many different ages, it is yet one, in some important particulars. To-day let us consider the way it draws attention to the marvellous fact that the great Creator of men "needs" particular men for carrying out His purposes. Perhaps another day we may consider how He prepares His chosen instruments.

God picks out a man here and a man there, and it is a great honor to be chosen by the King for special service. Those who realize the glorious "call" will hardly refuse to heed it. When the Master sent His disciples to bring an untrained animal for His use, He did not offer pay nor give any other explanation of His demand than the royal declaration: "The Lord hath need of him." That call of our rightful King should still be sufficient for a noble and loyal subject, as it has been in all times.

Take that swift glance through your Bible, and see how Moses was chosen in his infancy for the great work of delivering his brethren, and how Joshua was specially fitted to lead the conquering army into the Promised Land. Then see how, in every time of need, God picked the judges and Samuel. Then David was taken from his simple shepherd's work, and Elisha was called to leave his plow in the middle of a furrow. Jeremiah declares that God ordained him for the work of "a prophet unto the nations" even before his birth. He shrank from such a high vocation, but dared not refuse to obey the call, for he knew that the Lord had touched his mouth so that the message had only to be faithfully delivered. Look carefully and you will see that it was always so, and not only in Bible times. All through the pages of history we find God claiming those whom He has chosen to do special work. Sometimes, as in the case of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, that mighty touch of the Master of men has suddenly transformed the wolf into a sheep, the robber into a shepherd.

But let us never make the mistake of thinking that only a few great characters in every age receive a special call. The glory of the Army of God is that the Leader has special work for each soldier—work that he is especially fitted for, and that no one else can do as well.

You are needed! God needs you and the world needs you. Are you responding with eager enthusiasm to the ringing call, or are you letting your splendid opportunities slip past you each day?

In the convention of S. Andrew's Brotherhood, held at Milwaukee last October, one of the young speakers said: "Going down the street one day, I passed a bank building where they have one of those swinging doors. I noticed some fellows, and even men, slipping in after someone else had started the door revolving. That's a lazy way of doing! But it seems to be a characteristic of the age—doing as little as one can. Ah! fellows . . . open your own doors! Don't be afraid of hard work! Be active! Not now little you can do and still be a member of the brotherhood, but how much. . . . Now a fellow must give himself up entirely. He must be consecrated from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and inwardly to the depth of his heart."

Do you want to be a success in life?

Then be worth something to God; worth something to the world! If you slip through life as easily as possible, seeking the smoothest, most comfortable paths, then your life will be a failure and you will wish vainly that you could have another chance to prove yourself something better than a carpet knight. If you haste to rise up early and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, with no higher aim than the heaping up of riches, are you not recklessly flinging to the winds the glorious opportunity God has placed within your reach of cheering and uplifting your burdened comrades; of inspiring them by word and act, and—above all—by the hidden life of prayer, to realize their high dignity as the children of God?

One of our readers—and, by the way, this one also belongs to the harder sex—has asked me to write on this topic: "Living for the day or for eternity." He suggests a reference to our Lord's words in S. Matt. xvi. : 24-27, where He plainly shows the folly of losing the soul of a child of God, even though the "whole world" should be offered in exchange. The subject is, I fancy, one that lies at the root of all my talks with our "Advocate" readers. Our business in this world is "living," and there are, roughly speaking, only two classes of people—those who walk by "faith," and those who walk by "sight"; or, in other words, those who "live for eternity" and those who live for the passing day.

And what a tremendous difference is made by the point of view! If a day is only a unit, standing alone by itself, then it can matter very little how it is spent. But to those who know it is only a little bit of eternity, placed by God within our reach, but still joined indissolubly to the ages that have gone before and that are coming, it is transfigured into dazzling splendor. Everything is worth while, because nothing is ever lost. The cheery word or kind smile, the considerate act or little victory over temper, don't slip away into forgetful nothingness. They are treasured in two ways. They have built themselves solidly into the most enduring fabric on earth—character—and they are treasured tenderly by the watchful Father, and will be brought out to shine before angels and men on the last great day. But the most radiant jewels of all are still out of sight, seen only by the Searcher of hearts. As a plant draws its life from the roots, which are hidden from sight, so a soul is only what God sees it to be in the secret thoughts of the heart.

You are needed! God wants you to live grandly; He has special work for which He has been fitting you all your life through. But He can never work with lives that don't ring true. You are "not by any means a saint," as one of my correspondents declares; but do you honestly want to be holy; are you fearlessly and unreservedly willing that God should take your life as an instrument in His hands and do great and splendid things for the world with it? Do you honestly care more to be noble and holy than for any worldly ambition? Do you honestly desire that God will make the most of your life, no matter what pain it may cost you in the cutting and polishing?

Then be very sure that the Master is sparing no pains in perfecting His chosen instrument; be very sure that He needs you, and that He knows exactly where to lay His hand on you when your opportunity has arrived. You can't possibly live out your life in dull obscurity, for the eyes which are "like a flame of fire" are lighting every hour of every day. And it is not only God who needs you—the world needs you. You are in living touch with all men all the time. One man asked another: "Under whose preaching were you converted?" The reply was: "Under no one's preaching, but under my cousin's practicing."

Wherever you are, you are helping others up, or else—a solemn fact—you are dragging them down. Life is bound to tell, even if you are like Robinson Crusoe, and have not even a "Man Friday" near you. Thoughts are far more mighty in their influence than words or actions, being the spring and source of words and actions. We hear a great deal nowadays about telepathic and psychic forces—but who can measure their sphere of influence or gauge their tremendous power? Who can tell the effect of a single unselfish prayer, or the degrading spell of an ugly

thought? The wise man never said a wiser thing than when he warned men to keep the heart above all keeping, "for out of it are the issues of life."

God needs you, and—you need God. If you are eager to help forward His work, remember this: Your power will be great if you "speak to God about men," though it will be very slight if you only "speak to men about God."

If you are doing the work God has put into your hands—doing it for Him—then you can look up joyously into His face, sure that He is fitting you and your work into His glorious world-plan. Then you can say:

"Let me but do my work from day to day,

In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

HOPE.

The Ingle Nook.

Some More New Year's Greetings.

May I wish you, Dame Durden, and all the Chatterers, "A Happy and Prosperous New Year"? It truly is a case of "better late than never"; I am exceedingly sorry I have delayed so long about writing, but for domestic reasons over which I had no control, it could not be helped. I was greatly surprised that my "shade" was among the number on Christmas Eve; it is so long that I have only received, and not given, that I thought I was entirely forgotten. I wonder how many of you will recognize me in my new winter dress? What a charming, interesting letter from "Help-onabit"! What a grand correspondent she must be! I would so much like to meet her. If we only had that talked-of "badge" we might accidentally meet, as I fancy we live in the same neighborhood.

Nineteen hundred and eight has been a most wonderful year for me; I wonder if others have seen as many changes as I have?

On the eve of the New Year I would like to do a little moralizing. It is on "Thoughtlessness in Speaking. Don't we all say what we don't mean, many and many a time! For instance, don't the majority of farmers' wives complain of having "too much to do," instead of being thankful for the home and work? I have again and again listened to them envying their more fortunate (according to their light) city acquaintances. When least expected, we may lose our comfortable home; then comes the time when we will hunger and thirst for the busy days that are past.

Many years ago I was collecting with a cousin, for contributions towards the support of a lonely old Irish dame, nearing the century mark; her choicest article of diet was pigs' kidneys, and, needless to say, we kept her well supplied with them, whenever possible. Well, we called on Mrs. Blank, the mother of nine boys and one little girl, I think. My cousin said, "Why, Mrs. Blank, what a houseful! How busy you must be!"

"Indeed, Miss, and I have too many of them," was the reply. Little did she think that in two or three short months she would have to part with her little girl! We were very much impressed. That was a lesson I have never forgotten. I have handed it on to individuals many a time, but I have never written it before.

I had a little taste of city life this summer. I felt like a bird in a cage, most woefully cramped! I was amused one day at a lady's purchase, three cobs of corn and two lemons! And the dust! Oh, the dust! How refreshing the country is after just a taste of the other life!

I was glad to see another letter from "Lankshire Lass." I have called on her twice. She is a great invalid, but the most astonishing one I have ever met. She does all her own housework, washing and cooking, and keeps the house in apple-pie order; and she has the most beautiful windowful of flowers one could wish to see. I asked for some slips: