

deny Eternity. Love you cannot help, and hate you cannot help; but contempt is for you—the sovereign idiocy, the irreligious fancy!

There was a bee weighing down a blossom of thyme close by, and underneath the stalk a very ugly little centipede. The wild bee, with his little, dark body, and his busy bear's legs, was lovely to me, and the centipede gave me shudderings; but it was a pleasant thing to feel so sure that he, no less than the bee, was a little mood expressing himself out in harmony with Design—a tiny thread on the miraculous quilt. And I looked at him with a sudden zest and curiosity; it seemed to me that in the mystery of his queer little creepings I was enjoying the Supreme Mystery; and I thought: "If I knew all about that wriggling beast, then, indeed, I might despise him; but, truly, if I knew all about him I should know all about everything—Mystery would be gone, and I could not bear to live."

So I stirred him with my finger and he went away.

"But how?" I thought—"about such as do not feel it ridiculous to despise; how about those whose temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly that they know they are right and others wrong? They must be in a bad way!" And for some seconds I felt sorry for them, and was discouraged. But then, I thought: "Not at all—obviously not! For if they do not find it ridiculous to feel contempt, they are perfectly right to feel contempt, it being natural to them; and you have no business to be sorry for them, for that is, after all, only your euphemism for contempt. They are all right, being the expression of contemptuous moods, having religions and so forth, suitable to those moods; and the religion of your mood would be Greek to them, and probably a matter for contempt. But this only makes it the more interesting. For, though to you, for instance, it may seem impossible to worship Mystery with one lobe of the brain, and with the other to explain it, the thought that this may not seem impossible to others should not discourage you; it is but another little piece of that Mystery which makes life so wonderful and sweet."

The sun, fallen now almost to the level of the slif, was slanting upward on to the burnt-red pine boughs, which had taken to themselves a quaint resemblance to the great brown limbs of the wild men Titian drew in his pagan pictures, and down below us the sea nymphs, still swimming to shore, seemed eager to embrace them in the enchanted groves. All was fused in that golden glow of the sun going down—sea and land gathered into one transcendent mood of light and color, as if Mystery desired to bless us by showing how perfect was that worshipful adjustment, whose secret we could never know. And I said to myself: "None of those thoughts of yours are new, and in a vague way even you have thought them before; but all the same, they have given you some little feeling of tranquillity."

And at that word of fear I rose and invited my companion to return toward the town. But as we stealthily crept by the "Osteria di Tranquilla," our friend in the bowler hat came out with a gun over his shoulder and waved his hand toward the Inn.

"You come again in two week—I change all that! And now," he added, "I go to shoot little bird or two," and he disappeared into the golden haze under the olive trees.

A minute later we heard his gun go off, and returned homeward with a prayer.—Published by Scribner, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

### A Memory.

When I look back upon the changes that have taken place in the country since I was young, and the old familiar scenes I loved are gone, never to return, and modern improvements, if so they be, have taken their place, I seem to belong to another age. One place I remember so well, not far from the shore of Lake Ontario, some miles from Burlington Bay, where, leaving the country road one walked for a couple of miles through a thick growth of wood, carpeted with ferns and wild flowers, and came suddenly on a small lake, called by the Indians Lake Medad, so thickly surrounded with tall ferns, mosses, and wild plants of

various descriptions, that the lake was hidden until one stood on the margin and saw the water reflecting the shadows of the trees growing on its banks. Though only a few miles from the high road, and one could hear the whistle of the trains on the opposite shore, the lake was almost unknown, and its shores were rarely trodden by the foot of a white man. The place was so silent and lonely that it might have been a hundred miles from a human dwelling. The croaking of the huge bullfrogs which inhabited it could be heard, and once I almost stepped on a large blacksnake which lay coiled on a log. The place must have been an old Indian encampment and burying-ground, as there was an old mound near by in which were found skulls, bones, tomahawks, and arrowheads. One skull had a huge cleft in its side as though it had been struck by a tomahawk. One could picture these Indians sitting round their council fires planning a raid on some rival tribe, or smoking the pipe of peace with some erstwhile enemy. They are dying out now, and the places that once resounded with their savage war-cries and re-echoed their strange incantations and weird chants, are now filled with the clang of bells and the noise of machinery; and the clear air which knew only the thread of thin blue smoke from their camp-fires, is now darkened with smoke from the tall chimneys of huge factories; their canoes no longer steal noiselessly along the waters of the lake. Their race is passing away, and they will soon be numbered among the peoples of the past, leaving no trace behind. A. C. B.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Delight Thyself in the Lord.

Delight thyself also in the LORD: and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.—Ps. 37: 4.

"Our lives are songs; God writes the words,

And we set them to music at pleasure; And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,

As we choose to fashion the measure, We must write the music, whatever the song,

Whatever its rhyme or metre; And if it is sad, we can make it glad, Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter."

Why has that bright little story, "Pollyanna," gone straight to the hearts of old and young, rich and poor? It is simply the record of a child's way of playing a game—the game of "just being glad." Do you ever try to imagine what life would be like if the sunshine of gladness were taken out of it entirely? It would be dark as the winter in polar regions. We know it is breaking God's commands if we steal or use profane language. Let us remember that in His Book the command to "be glad and rejoice" is repeated over and over again. We can't encourage gloomy thoughts without direct disobedience to our King.

Read the text above. We all want to secure the desires of our hearts—how can this coveted success be won? By delighting ourselves in the Lord, the Psalmist says.

When a baby is happy and smiling, we say it is a "good" child. When it frets continually, we say, "What a cross baby that is!" Probably we are making a mistake in throwing the blame on the baby, but at least we show that gladness and goodness are—in our opinion—the same thing, in infancy. We are God's children—perhaps He is disappointed in us when we fret against His ordering of life, when we murmur and complain, refusing to be glad.

The text does not only say that delight is a duty, it tells us to delight "in the Lord" if we are to win our hearts' desires. We must keep our eyes on Him, accepting as a gift whatever He sends. When we grumble because the weather is too hot or too cold, too dry or too

wet, let us remember that we are venturing to find fault with God's management of His world. We are tacitly declaring that we know better than He does what is good for us. Even when the weather injures the crops, it is no proof of God's forgetfulness or lack of wisdom. He is carefully cultivating better crops than wheat or oats—trying to grow noble men and women. Those who delight in the Lord's love for them will be glad even in the midst of sorrow—will rejoice in tribulation, as St. Paul says—because it is a proof that they are on the threshing-floor of the wise Husbandman. His blows are intended to remove the chaff from the good grain. The word "tribulation" means "threshing."

God gives the words of our life-song, and we are expected to sing them as we go. If our voices cannot always be tuneful, at least we can have music in our hearts. We torture ourselves, not only needlessly but simply, when we make the most of some trifling worry or disappointment, when we brood miserably over some grievance, or even when we hug closely a really great sorrow and refuse to be comforted.

A week ago I heard a brave woman say cheerily: "This illness will soon be over, and then I shall look back and see that it was not so very bad after all." She had just passed through one severe operation and was facing a second; but she refused to dwell morbidly on suffering before and behind her, leaping forward in imagination to the health which she trusted would be the result of the surgeon's skill. She cherished glad thoughts and was happy. One immediate result of this was that the other patients in the hospital ward caught the contagion of her gladness, and tried to look on the bright side. So they were all helped physically, mentally, and spiritually.

If you want to serve your generation, being really helpful where God calls you to live, play the "just-being-glad" game. It is largely a matter of habit. You can allow your gladness to be spoiled by such trifling accidents as a spot on a clean tablecloth or a broken dish. Why should you? Happiness is worth far more—both to yourself and to others—than a clean tablecloth. If every trifling cloud shuts out the sunlight, you will miss a great deal of sunshine which is intended to brighten your everyday life, and your gloomy outlook will make life harder for other people. Luther said: "A man can never move the world who lets the world move him." To be easily ruffled and "upset" is a proof of weakness. A man "who can smile when everything goes dead wrong" is a blessing in any home—so, also, is a sunny, happyhearted woman.

There is a story told of an army in a position of great danger. The officers gathered in dismay around their general. Then their anxiety vanished in a flash, for their leader laughed. He was sure of victory, in spite of apparent hopelessness.

So it is with us. Our Leader assures us of victory, and offers us His Joy. He told His disciples that pain, sorrow and bodily death must be endured; and yet He told them to rejoice in the undimmed sunshine of His Presence. One swift glance into His face can bring joy, the clasp of His hand can give courage and strength. I have no new and startling message to give you, only the old, old story of LOVE, which is stronger than death. What would all the wealth of the world be worth if love were missing? "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." It is meant that we should make merry and be glad, for nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ JESUS our Lord.

Those who delight in the Lord carry His Presence with them always. How can they be gloomy while the Bridegroom is with them? The Sun of Righteousness can give light and joy in the darkest places.

"The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see Only the glancing needle (which they hold, But all my life is blossoming inwardly, And every breath is like a litany; While through each labor like a thread of gold Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee!"

DORA FARNCOMB.

### Toronto Children's Fresh Air Mission.

Extracts from the Nineteenth Annual Report:

"**'THINKING YOUNG.'**—Can you do it? Pity the man or woman who cannot look back with great delight on childhood days and especially remember the summer holidays in the country. Boys and girls have not changed, and the same holiday is still a delight to them.

This is the work that the Fresh Air Committee of the Toronto Mission Union has been carrying on for many years.

In presenting our report for another season, one has only to think of the thousands of lives that have been helped by such work, not only helped, but saved and sent back to their 'homes' renewed in health and strength, and better able to fight life's battle. . . .

No money is solicited, donations are received by our Treasurer from those who feel they must have a share in the work. . . .

The Committee appreciates every gift and kindness, but special mention is made of the generous assistance given by the Railways—Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern, and Michigan Central—'The Farmer's Advocate' and its readers; also Brigden's Limited.

CHAS. D. GORDON, Supt.

"I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the members and friends of the Toronto Children's Fresh Air Mission for their assistance in providing for the transportation of the mothers, children, and staff, to the 'Blink Bonnie Fresh Air Home' at Grafton. . . .

During the summer there were one hundred and sixty-eight outings of two weeks each given to mothers and children who were taken from the crowded tenements and stifling lanes of our city. . . . The children were very happy, eating and sleeping in the open air, and spending the long, bright summer days in roaming about the pine woods and paddling in the creeks. Many delicate children were benefited, and returned to the city with health restored, and so better able to face the hardships of the winter months.

We all look back with pleasure to our summer outings, and trust that the friends who have done so much for us in the past will not forget us this coming season. 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, you have done it unto Me.'

M. H. BARNUM, The Creche, 374 Victoria St., Toronto.

"With the assistance of donations from the Fresh Air Fund of the Toronto Mission Union, and from other very generous and interested friends, more than one hundred lads from the Boys' Home on George street were given an entire summer in the country. . . . We desire most sincerely to thank the generous friends of last summer."

EDITH G. SMITH.

Friends of the Mission contributed more than two hundred dollars last year. Don't you want to bottle some of your sweet, pure air, and send it—in handy, portable form—to the Treasurer, Mr. Martin Love, 93 Castle Frank Road, Toronto?

HOPE.

### Willing Helpers.

I wish to thank "A Willing Helper" and "Norham" for their generous donations, sent to me in trust for the needy.

HOPE.

As I said before, God himself cannot make a man or woman worthy of consideration except in the crucible of industry.

Work is not a curse. Indolence is a beastly mother, breeding no high purpose and no sweet sentiments, nothing but the imps of selfishness.

Earning one's bread by the sweat of one's brow—whether on the outside or the inside—is not a curse. God help the children of the rich! The poor can work. I have no patience with the rich loafer. I think much less of him than I do of the poor loafer; and I have no more respect for the female loafer than I have for the male loafer. A loafer is a loafer; nothing more need be said, nothing worse can be said.—John J. Lentz.