



keen, and he has never sacrificed truth to mere romance. In the writings of Stewart Edward White, Nature herself, so far as a human can see her, has been wondrously translated. The Thompson-Seton school, on the contrary, have occasionally, no doubt, in giving way to the story impulse, overstepped the mark in attributing human motives, human reasoning, to the beasts and birds of their creation. At the same time, it is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt's utterances will not greatly affect the circulation of these so-called "nature books" as supplementary reading for the schools. Even as fairy tales, they are delightful; as fiction, literature, they are wholesome; and they cannot fail to encourage in the child an interest in and affection for the animal world invaluable in the development of its character. Had the President become acquainted with Wabbe the bear, or Lobo the wolf, in his boyhood, the quality of his criticism would probably have been somewhat altered. At the same time, he has shown his usual sound sense in arguing that such writings should not be exploited as natural history.

When the child reads "Jack and the Bean-stalk," or "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," he likes to believe them true. As he grows older he knows that they are not true. In the same way, we think, he may safely be trusted with these maligned animal stories. If harm is wrought through them, it is likely to be through the agency of immature or misinformed teachers who present them as truth. Let them be read, but let them be read as are other fairy tales.

"CARMICHAEL."

What some of the leading papers are saying about it:

TORONTO GLOBE.

"A man ought to die in the harness—that's where he ought to die, with the straps all buckled in the check up." This is the philosophy of "Chris," one of the characters depicted so splendidly by Anison North in "Carmichael," the new book just issued in Canada by the William Weld Company, London, Ont. Sometimes we are liable to get into an ecstasy over a book by an unknown author, simply because the reviewers in other lands have spoken in praise of the work. In "Carmichael" we have, presumably, the first effort of a Canadian author, and, if so, we earnestly hope that other works of equal merit may appear from the same pen. The story is a picture of Canadian rural life, and it is not mere copy from other books, but genuine life-picture from a gifted writer, and the reader who has had the great blessing of studying Canadian rural life will find that the author of "Carmichael" possesses the genius to take even the apparently more sordid parts of that life and clothe them with the dignity, and even the splendor such a life often holds. Rural life in Canada has its tragedy, its comedy and its brightness, as well as its drudgery, and Anison North has pictured all these with a master hand. No love-story of the so-called heroic age could be more sweet and tender than that of Peggie Mallory and Dick Carmichael. How family feuds, such as sometimes arise in rural districts, kept the two families apart, and how they nearly spoiled two lives, is told by Anison North as perhaps only Ralph Connor among Canadians could have told it. The illustrations are by Cora Parker, and both the illustrator and the publisher are to be congratulated on the excellence of their work. That "Carmichael" will be widely read and discussed is a certainty, and the reader will be callous indeed who can peruse the volume without feeling that in rural Canada there are as great heroes and heroines as can be found in the legends of any country.—[Toronto Globe, Canada.]

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any subscriber for \$1.25. Address "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

The Quiet Hour.

ONE THING I KNOW.

He answered and said, whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—St. John ix.: 25.

"I have a life with CHRIST to live,
But ere I live it, must I wait
Till Learning can clear answer give
Of this or that book's date?
I have a life in CHRIST to live,
I have a death in CHRIST to die—
And must I wait till Science give
All doubts a full reply?"

"Nay, rather while the sea of Doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of Life and Death and Sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O CHRIST! and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,
In gentler accent, heavenly sweet,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Believe Me and be blest!'"

St. John devotes a whole chapter to the story of the man born blind, whose eyes were opened by our Lord. When we find about 40 verses describing a miracle similar to one which St. Mark describes in a few words, we cannot but feel that it is intended to teach us many valuable lessons. Let us glance quickly over the story.

The blind man's eyes are anointed with clay, and he is sent to the pool of Siloam to wash, and returns with the wonderful gift of sight. Though he can now see the light, he has not seen the face of his Healer. The Jews at once assail him with hard questions: "How was this miracle worked? Who did it? You must not put your trust in Him, for He is not a prophet. You are ignorant, but we are learned in God's Word, and we can prove to you that this man is a sinner—why, even in doing this miracle He was breaking the Sabbath." They press him hard, and his position is a difficult one. They have had the advantage of light for many years, while he has been in darkness until now. They are educated, while he is ignorant. They are well posted in the Scriptures, while he, probably, knows little or nothing. Can they break down his new-born faith in a Christ he has never seen and of whom he knows only one thing? Surely such a weak, defenceless faith must go down before the fierce attack of well-armed and determined foes! He cannot answer the arguments, how can he tell whether the Stranger he has never seen is a sinner or a prophet? But his faith—weak and ignorant though it may be—is strong enough to withstand any attack, for the simple reason that it is founded on fact. He cannot answer their clever arguments; but his faith is unshaken, nevertheless. He only knows, "one thing," but that one thing means everything to him. One who has been blind all his life, but has now the power to see, cannot be convinced by any amount of argument that he is still in the dark. "One thing I know," he declares, positively, "that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Surely there is help in this story for those whose faith is young and weak, and who are finding themselves already beset with hard questions, questions which they are powerless to answer. One clever opponent points a finger of scorn at the man who still is old-fashioned enough to pin his faith to the Bible. "Read it," he says, "and you will find it full of inaccuracies and errors. Why, it is constantly contradicting itself. How can it be the inspired Word of God?" The weak Christian, whose eyes have just been opened, knows nothing of Hebrew or Greek, cannot compare the many and varied versions of old manuscripts, cannot explain one of the innumerable hard questions which are hurled at him. He is wise if, like the man born blind, he makes no attempt to use weapons which he has not proved, and which will injure himself instead of helping his cause. Like the man in the story, he can fall back on a fact he has proved by experience. He knows that he has stepped out from darkness to light, and that marvellous change means everything to him. He may not be learned enough to reconcile all the truths of religion with the proved facts of

science—only perfect knowledge can possibly explain all the difficult questions that force themselves upon us—he has never seen the face of Christ, and knows very little, as yet, about Him. If you are in that position, avoid the snare of professing to know and believe more than you really do know and believe. Just because someone else has had spiritual experiences, which he and you think ought to be yours too, don't pretend that they are yours if they are not. If you only know certainly "one thing"—that your eyes have been opened to see the difference between darkness and light—the eternal difference between right and wrong—don't pretend that you know Christ as a personal Friend, and that He is all the world to you, as He may be later. The life of God in the soul is like the life of the body, it grows and increases steadily, if properly treated. The man whose eyes were opened held firmly to the one fact he knew, and did not attempt to assert things of which he was ignorant, and he was soon rewarded by seeing Christ and learning that He was the Son of God. He was not to be shaken in his bold confession of faith, though he was cast out of the synagogue—a heavy penalty—because of his daring assertion in opposition to learned and influential men, that One who had done so much for him must be "of God." And, because he was true and loyal in holding firmly to the little he knew, more light was soon given to him. He did not as yet know Jesus, but Jesus knew him, and, coming to him, revealed Himself as the Son of God, and received the adoring worship of this single-minded believer.

However weak your faith may be, never try to make it appear stronger than it really is. Unreal profession is "cant," and is an abomination to God and man. If you only know "one thing"—that sin is wrong, being an offence against your own sense of right; and that holiness of thought and deed is a thing greatly to be desired—then hold fast to that one thing, and act on it. Your eyes are open, drink in all the light you can get. Read the Bible, and find out what those who know more than you have discovered about the God who is, as yet, personally unknown to you. Seek Him with earnest determination to find out what is the Truth, and you will soon know—really know by your own experience—far more than "one thing." He who is The Truth is seeking for you, far more earnestly than you are seeking for Him, and when you are ready to accept Him as the Son of God, He will reveal Himself to you. If you have formed the habit of honestly acting on the things you know, you will then, like the man in this miracle-parable, worship Him as your lawful King and God. If you always follow the light you can see, by doing unflinchingly what your conscience tells you is right—even though you may suffer pain and loss by your bold action—then you will gradually, but very certainly, gain more light.

Perhaps you have been brought up in a good old-fashioned way, believing—or thinking that you believe—in the God of your fathers. You go away from home, and find to your surprise that everybody doesn't believe as your father and mother do. Perhaps the faith on which you thought you could rely is not really your own, but is only their experience, accepted at secondhand. A testing-time is a good thing, because it shakes you out of the comfortable idea that you believed, when really you only accepted unquestioningly the belief of others. But, though you may find it impossible to accept as absolute truth everything your parents believe so firmly, don't think that you have to be either a hypocrite—pretending to a faith that you have not—or an Agnostic—declaring that nothing can be known with any certainty. "One thing" you know, beyond the possibility of doubt; you know that righteousness of life and purity of thought, kindness, temperance, courage and truth, are treasures of priceless value. You know that hatred, meanness, lying, crooked dealing and unholy thoughts, will most surely drag any soul down from glory into shame; and that if you do not obey your own conscience you will have to endure the misery of standing like a culprit before its stern condemnation. You know that sin is darkness, and that righteousness is light. Well, let no arguments about modern views of religion

make you forget that you do see the light clearly, that you know its priceless value, and that you intend to walk with steady step along the path you know to be right. Don't give up prayer and the reading of the Bible, don't give up regular attendance at church, even though you may never yet have had the eyes of your soul opened to really feel sure of the presence of God. If you are honestly true to the light, true in doing the thing you know to be right, you will soon know more of the great realities of God and your own soul—know by your own experience instead of by the experience of others. Don't be content to remain partially blind. Other people—people whom you know to be honest and true—say positively that they know Christ as personal Friend, that He is the Great Reality of their lives. If that certainty of faith is still a mystery to you, go on seeking and praying for light. The light is in the world, your eyes—the eyes of your soul—are fitted to make use of it, and God wants you to see and know Him. If you earnestly and determinedly seek Him, you will one day gain the great joy of knowing Him with a certainty that no argument can shake. Faith is a gift from God, a priceless gift which He longs to bestow on every soul that is ready and able to receive it. But no one can reach at a bound the impregnable position of those who have been climbing for 50 years or more. That would be unjust, and would not be a real good to any climbing soul—though, of course, the eyes are opened to the light long before the soul reaches a high position. We have all had our eyes opened to see some of the things of God, and we all have yet many things to learn. As Tennyson says:—trust comes from God—
"A beam in darkness: let it grow!"

HOPE.

The following poem is one of several that were sent (together with a very kind letter), by Edith F. Smith, S. Croix, N. S.:

"WITH ME."

St. Matthew xxvi.: 40.

The shadows lay so deep on Olivet,
And silent midnight was on all the land,
One watcher only in the darkness craved
A thought of love, a touch from human hand.

He came at last to seek it, but in vain,
And sadly through the darkness went away:
One tender word, one look of love that night
Had been how sweet to Jesus none may say.

But once again He comes, and comes to thee,
His busy worker in the harvest-field;
Can'st thou not watch with Me one silent hour?
I crave for more than busy hands can yield.

"I want the fervent love that tells itself
In deep sweet breathings of a heart at rest
Beneath the shadow of Eternal wings,
Like the beloved disciple on My breast."

Then in the silence let Him speak to thee,
And in the reverent hush look up and tell
The love that He hath kindled in thine heart,
And seek in that blest Presence thus to dwell.

Yea, "tell it out,"—unto thy Father tell
The preciousness of Christ to thine own heart,
Then wait, and listen till He speaks again:
Thou hast in wondrous fellowship a part.

And He hath need of thee, thy love is dear,—
Thine uttered love,—told waiting at His feet;
And hurry not to service till prepared
By quiet waiting in His presence sweet.
—C. W. Ashby.