

The Upward Look

Gladness—Our Duty

Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice.—Phil. 4:4.

Paul wrote this letter to the Philippians while he was a prisoner in Rome. He speaks of his bonds and knows that he may suffer death at any time, but this does not cause him to complain. In fact, the more he is called upon to suffer for the Master's sake, the more joyful does he become. If death should come, he will go to be with his Heavenly Father, and if he is allowed to live he will be able to help some of his brethren in the flesh. Even while in prison Paul was helping those around him; he was enabled to tell the soldiers who were chained to him about his Master. His example inspired other weaker Christians "to speak the word without fear." The keynote of this letter of Paul's to the Philippians was "rejoice." Although this letter has but four chapters the words "joy" and "rejoice" are used about 15 times.

The great secret in being able to rejoice no matter how thorny may be our pathway, is the realization of the presence of the Lord with us. If our faith is but strong enough to face temptations feeling that the Lord is by our side to lift us up when we fall, we do not need to fear the

fiercest storms that blow. Almost everyone thinks that they themselves have more to bear than the average person, but if our pathway was all clean sailing we would soon forget about our Master, and try to battle with the world alone. If we would but stop to think when troubles come that they are sent to test our faith, would we not strive to please the Lord and with His help come out on the winning side?

The following lines which attracted our attention recently, may be an inspiration to some one, and we will pass them on:

"God never would send you the darkness.
If He thought you could bear the light,
But you would not cling to His guiding hand."

If the way were always bright,
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight—
Tis true 'He' has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear.
'He' knows how few would reach Heaven at all.

If pain did not guide them there,
If 'He' sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of sevenfold heat,
Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,
For 'Tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.
Then put your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go.
Your song may cheer someone behind you
Whose courage is sinking low.
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so."—R. M. M.

A Prairie Wife

In the Canadian Collier's of a recent date was a description of a prairie wife, showing the conditions under which she lived and worked, and pleading for a recognition of Canada's debt to her in the development of the country. The fact that it has been widely reprinted in the Canadian press, reveals the consciousness of that debt, and the appreciation of her

A real home is surely a happy place built on the hilltop of cheerfulness. No shadow rests there. Morning comes early; evening stays late. Life is a stormy sea, home a harbor.

share in nation-building. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the limitations and difficulties of her life. Going from the East, where social privileges are many and taking up her task amid the solitude of the prairies, she faces a life that no one can understand who has not experienced it. Prairie homes have seldom the advantages of the East, and they are frequently situated where no sight of life can be had from any side. And here the woman works and waits through the interminable hour of national development.

A man who was in Edmonton twice this summer states that upon both occasions he saw insane women being

put on the train for the East. The prairie isolation had been too much and at last, too late, they were being taken back to older Canada. In Calgary is a man who has had experience on this line. A few years ago he took up a quarter section, and lived on it. He was miles away from any other human being, and such was the sense of isolation that when within six weeks of the time when the homestead would be his by virtue of occupation, he fled the spot, fearing that he might secure the property at the cost of his intellect.

Fair warning should be given to the women of the East, whose conception of the West finds form in a golden picture of waving grain, framed in blue sky and varnished by sunshine. There are days when the picture holds true. There are wondrous and peculiar charms of the prairie. But there are features which ought to be known. There are days of loneliness and heartbreak that can hardly be atoned for by any profit. Let all honour be given to the women who have gone and paid the price, but let those who are facing a decision be fairly warned of the other side of prairie life.—Ex.

If bread is rubbed with butter before putting it in the oven the crust will be more soft and flaky.

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