

by days will now be a matter of hours only. May your progress be equally accelerated, now that the iron rule of Turkish injustice has been driven from your land. It is with this hope in my heart and with all good wishes for your future welfare, that I declare the railway open."

And so one of the greatest events ever recorded in the history of Bible Land became past history, and Egypt, the once greatest enemy of the Jewish race, became linked up with the land of many promises, to be used for commercial purposes, bringing a measure of prosperity from the south, her link with the north had never vouchsafed. And so Palestine is perhaps going to write a new kind of history, something vastly different from that of past ages and we of the so-called civilized western nations may look with wonder on a country so recently living in times we only have read about. There is much more of interest to be said about the customs. I have only touched the edge of what is an unlimited source of inspiration for those who wish to profit by comparison. However, when those western ideals so closely connected with modern Zionism begin to make themselves felt, when Jerusalem is the garden city of the world, Palestine is the home of devout people sincerely believing God's pronouncement and that it is the

That Guy, My Chum

Passin' the love of women is a man's love for 'is chum,
And out on active service it 'elps the 'ardship some,
To know you'd cheerfully die
For the sake of that there guy.
But yer don't need have to tell 'im, just keep mum.

He understands, and so do you, so what's the use of talk,
If yer started talking, why both o' yer would balk;
It's just a sort 'er feeling
That quickly comes 'er stealing,
And gets writ up around yer, plain as chalk.

I buried mine behind the line, on a cold and starry night,
A Fritzey sniper got 'im at the changing of the light,
But I made a mighty vow,
And I only 'opes as 'ow
I can get a chance to pay back good and tight.

He's the only chum I 'ad, he was something real,
Never known to grumble, shirk, or squeal,
We shared up to the last,
But that's all gone and passed,
And I only hope that time the pain 'll 'eal.

land of promise, the land of milk and honey, the enjoyment of a peaceful trip through Bible Land will constitute the greatest pleasure to be accounted in a man's life on this earth.

A Country Sabbath

O the rest of a country Sabbath day!
Its memories gently loom
Through the hurry and fret of the noisy years,
Like a field of clover bloom.
Then the great, big world seemed fuller of good
Than any man deserves,
And we did not know we were breathing air,
And we knew not we had nerves.

Didn't feel we must get somewhere away
To cool our brains from care,
It seemed that we had everything,
That we were everywhere.
The skies above dropped down content,
And peace looked up from the sod,
And the whole wide earth in its trees and flowers
Seemed fresh from the hands of God.

How restful all those Sunday hours,
When we did not hear a sound,
Save now and then the cock's proud crow
Or the pigeons whirling round,
Or a brown thrush sang his cheery song
From the birch near the old stone wall,
But your ear grew used to all these things,
And there seemed no sound at all.

In the morning we drove with the span of greys
O'er the creek by the silent mill,
To the little church near the tomb-stones white,
Where it always seemed so still.
We had Sunday school, and the preacher spoke,
And closed with the silent prayer,
When it seemed that the angels with folded wings
Were filling the peaceful air.

In the afternoon father sat and read;
As I tip-toed near I could see
His glasses had fallen half down his nose,
As his Bible lay on his knee;
Tired mother had lain down awhile,
Little Sis had crawled in at her door;
Jackie pillowed his head on Rover's back,
Both asleep on the kitchen floor.

I'd lie in the orchard with paper or book,
With the breeze and the bird and the bee;
The world far away, but the earth so near,
It seemed like a cradle to me;
And I just a babe lying sweetly at rest,
And the good Lord bending above,
Like a mother crooning a slumber song;
I forgot everything but His love.

There was lots of work and we grew so tired,
Through the long week's other days!
But at just the right time the Sunday came,
With its rest and its quiet ways;
And when clamour and roar of the noisy years
Have passed like a dream away,
Then I think death will be like the coming again
Of a country Sabbath day.
—R. V. alter Wright.

The Dream Child

By Walter S. Trumbull

Oh, the times that I have missed you,
Little son I never had!
Drawn you close to me and kissed you,
Listened for your call of "Dad";
Bought you picture-books and playthings
That I thought you might enjoy;
Taught your lisping tongue to say things,
Little boy.

Oh, the tricks that you have played me.
Little son I never had!
(Pats from tiny hands repaid me
If you thought that I was sad.)
To my lap I've felt you creeping,
Wearied of your game or toy;
In my arms I've held you sleeping,
Little boy.

Thoughts of you have kept me straighter,
Little son I never had;
For I dream that, soon or later,
I shall see you, dearest lad,
In some happy land of love where
Dreams are coined without alloy
Will you meet me up above there,
Little boy?

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