



that has to do with real
to with the life that lasts.

—what the prophets and
to earth to tell men
t powers undreamed of.

al is a man who hears
on't mean a man-crasher;
no rises on the necks of
he doesn't hear a real self,
animal instinct.

all there in the Field-house
e of God" only comes to
when love for his fellow-

is wonderful, perpetually

woman dies if it may not
ire.

ask for every man who has
in; a task, or a dream, or

love one's neighbor, for
love is giving.

compared in racial im-
e promise of a messiah
a conviction in the breast
wish woman. Prophets,
oldiers, were the incidents
dream's maturing. . . .
w to prevent avatars be-
the world other than the
s fine enough and pure

by loving our neighbor—
mortal formula.

thought is spiritually

oments of human genius
e but suggestions of that
the steady consciousness
men of the future.

His Quiet Hour.

His Demand.

to them all, if any man
er Me, let him deny him-
up his cross daily, and
or whosoever would save
e it; but whosoever shall
My sake, the same shall
what is a man profited, if
hole world, and lose of
a self.—S. Luke ix.: 28.

and been "praying alone,"
disciples were with Him.
from the strengthening
His Father—He gathered
e people and His nearest
ark viii.: 34-37) and told
t His way led through
and that anyone who
follower of His must not
rewn path. The disciple
t to be "as his Master,"
courage or despairing if
or death have to be en-

raelites were journeying
derness they were led by

God Himself into a desert place, where there was no water. They did not only murmur against Moses and threaten to stone him because he had brought them out of their slavery in Egypt, but they also tempted the LORD, saying, "Is the LORD among us, or not?" As long as their nation was in peace and prosperity they felt that they were being led in the right way, but when they were brought "into a great and terrible wilderness, where were serpents and scorpions and drought," they were afraid they were being led astray. Yet Israel was allowed to hunger and thirst, in order that God might humble and prove His people, to do them good at their latter end. The hard discipline was not meaningless, it was intended to teach them the great lesson that man does not live, in the highest sense, if only his physical necessities are supplied, "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD doth man live."

Sometimes the Divine Voice, whispering priceless messages to the Soul, is drowned in the whirl of earthly noises. Then the guiding pillar of God's providence leads His loved children into the wilderness so that His words may be listened to. Let us be fearless as we tread our appointed road, keeping our eyes on our Leader and our ears attentive to His call.

What is our object in life? That is a very important thing to find out. Perhaps it is to have an easy, comfortable existence; to bear as few burdens as possible, avoid unpleasant things, win the praise of our fellows, and then pass on to the greater happiness of heaven. Of course, we don't intentionally aim at these things; but—without our knowledge—Self may be our object in life every day. It is possible to work energetically for a good cause, and to give liberally to worthy objects, with the secret, unacknowledged aim of being admired.

St. Paul warns us that a man may bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and die as a martyr, and yet—if there be no love in the offering—it profiteth him nothing.—1 Cor., xiii.: 3. Our hearts are very clever in disguising selfishness as charity. Let us be on our guard lest we are following Self instead of Christ.

There is a possibility of using even our religion as a kind of feather-bed to rest comfortably upon—and feather-beds are not considered healthy in these days. We may become so self-satisfied in our consciousness of God's care for us, so sure of His ready forgiveness, so confident that our soul is in first-class condition that we stand up in the temple—like the Pharisees—and thank God that we are not as other men are. A comfortable ease of soul may paralyze our energies, and we may settle down where we are, quite satisfied with our spiritual condition, instead of struggling after our Leader, and trying to live as He lived.

Let us prayerfully endeavor to keep our eyes turned away from Self and on our Lord. Then—if trouble, difficulty and danger have to be faced—we shall accept them without losing faith. These things were in His path, and we can't expect to follow in His steps and escape all pain. Those who make up their minds to save themselves trouble, whenever possible, are following Self instead of Christ; and the natural result is that they lose their life—it is wasted, the world is no better because they have lived.

A perfectly sheltered life would not satisfy any of us, and it would make us very limp and characterless. Life in the trenches may be very terrible—and yet I notice that our finest soldiers are very eager to get to the front, and very disappointed if they are posted in the comparative security and comfort of Bermuda.

One day a poet saw some sparrows seeking shelter from a storm under the outstretched arms of a wayside crucifix. His first thought was that it would be lovely to have a faith like theirs, which would make him turn to Christ for shelter when danger threatened. The storm passed, and the birds flew away—careless and forgetful—then the poet changed his mind, considering that the Christian is called to a more manly business than seeking shelter for himself. The prayer for safety was changed to a Prayer for courage and endurance. He said:

"Not like the birds would I come to Thee.

O Lord, for shelter from strife and care—

From the pain and peril of life to flee.

Didst Thou seek shelter when, o'er Thy head,

The clouds of muttering hatred burst,

When friends were flying and, in their stead,

Came cross and spear and the raging thirst?

I ask not shelter, but ask to be With Thine own resolute soul endowed,

In time of trial to stand with Thee,

To front the tempest or face the crowd.

And, when Thy glory regilds the sky,

Thy spirit of service to me still give,

For I would be able Thy death to die

Were I but able Thy life to live."

That is what we really want—not the trembling consciousness of safety, felt by one who is hidden from danger until the battle is over, but the fearless loyalty to our Leader which draws us after Him in His triumphant march through danger, pain and death, to victory. We want to be like the young Hebrews who faced an angry king and calmly informed him that their God was "able" to deliver them out of his hand. "But, if not"—that is, if the Divine wisdom saw that it was better that they should suffer and die—their resolution remained unshaken. "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods."

So it should be with us. God is able to deliver us, no matter how black the outlook may be; but, if not—if it is His will that we should follow Christ through the agony of Gethsemane and Calvary—we look to Him for the needed grace to deny ourselves and "take up" cheerfully the daily cross laid upon us.

We are soldiers of the cross—a fact we are only too apt to forget. We want to follow Christ, but we don't want to "endure hardness" as His good soldiers. Then—if our aim is selfish comfort—we have no right to call ourselves followers of the Crucified. Who has said: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." Christianity is not a smooth and easy road now, any more than it was in ages of persecution. Shall we refuse to trust our Leader, as soon as His service ceases to be easy and comfortable? What should we think of a soldier who marched proudly with his regiment on review days, but "deserted" as soon as there was a call to enter the danger zone?

Once, when great multitudes were with our Lord, He said something to them which was likely to discourage all but the most devoted. He turned, and said: "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." What a tremendous demand! Can anyone obey it?

Look at Belgium. She was offered her choice between dishonor and death—and she chose death, though it meant that Belgian men must not only sacrifice their own lives, but the lives of wives and children. Christ is "The Truth," and "The Lord of Righteousness." To choose death for righteousness' sake is to save the life laid down. Belgium was willing to die, and she has saved her soul. On the other hand, love of country ceases to be a noble thing, when a nation deliberately chooses to sacrifice, on the altar of patriotism, truth, pity, justice, and righteousness. When warriors, bent on victory, trample the helpless beneath their feet, they are seeking to save their lives at the expense of their souls. I once saw a cartoon representing the German emperor saying to King Albert that he had taken all his possessions. The Belgian king was answering calmly: "Yes, you have taken everything but my soul."

The answer to our Lord's question is obvious: "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose or forfeit his own self."

Owen Wister ends his new book—"The Pentecost of Calamity"—with these words: "Some things are worse than war, and you can pay too high a price for peace; but you cannot pay too high for the finding and keeping of your own soul."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Windrow.

"The man whose success is merely personal—actor, sophist, millionaire, aesthete—is incurably vulgar."—Prof. George Santayana.

In recognition of his work as a novelist, the National Institute of Arts and Letters recently awarded to William Dean Howells, the gold medal, which is its highest tribute to attainment in any of the arts.

One hundred and six dogs were recently purchased in Nome, Alaska, by Lieut. Rene Haas, of the French Army, for service at the front in Alsace. The Alaska dog has long been recognized, for strength and speed, as a superior draft animal.

Many will remember the importation a few years ago of twelve hundred and fifty reindeer into Alaska. To-day there are sixty-five thousand.

Baron Shibusawa, described as the "Morgan of Nippon," is at present in the United States "trying to foster a surer friendship" between his country and the American republic.

"A steady, persistent propaganda for peace, seems now to be established in Germany. How, or by whom it is organized, is difficult to discover, but as papers of all classes keep on issuing articles upon peace, it would seem that some considerable backing of popular sentiment is behind the movement. A suspicion has been expressed in England that Germany is sending out peace-hints to sow dissension among the Allies and induce some of them to sheathe the sword. But most of the British papers regard them as signals of distress."—Literary Digest.

The women of Germany are demanding the institution of a system which will give every young woman a year's training in such subjects as hygiene, eugenics, care and training of children, household economics, the art of cooking, and the science of nutrition. Such a system, it is believed, will greatly help in recuperating Germany after the war.

The Belgian Army Messenger has a story of an old tom-cat, from no one knows where, who has made his home in the trenches on the Yser. His existence seems intimately bound up with that of the soldiers, whose sang-froid and powers of endurance he imitates. If he hears the sound of shrapnel, he goes from one soldier to the other, rubbing himself against their legs. Shells make no impression on him. He watches them against the sky and waits till they burst without disturbing himself in the least. One day—he had certainly breakfasted too well—he was seen stretched on a ruined wall, where he lay the whole day in spite of the heavy bombardment. From time to time he was covered with debris from the explosion of a shell. He sprang up, shook himself, mewed angrily, and then resumed his former position on the same stone.—Our Dumb Animals.

Under conscription, all the able-bodied French artists of military age are at the front, and many of them find time to use their pencils in making sketches, which may be elaborated at some future day. In the period immediately succeeding the war, the world's art is likely to be strongly illustrative of the real spirit of war.

"St. Dunstan's," one of the most beautiful estates in London, has been made over into a school for teaching soldiers blinded in the war. Braille writing, carpentry, boot-making, basketry, mat-making, and poultry raising, are among the subjects taught. Two men have made the schools possible. One of them is Arthur Pearson, who built up Pearson's Magazine, and subsequently became blind. The other is Otto Kohn, a rich American.

Rev. S. B. Rohold, in Missionary Review, points out that over 550,000 Jews are now fighting on the battlefields of Europe, 5.5 per cent. of all the Jews in the world—double the proportion of Gentiles engaged. Over 16,000 are with the army from the British Isles. "What an irony," he says, "that the only man who dared to defy the Kaiser in the Reichstag and vote openly against the German war-loan was Herr Liebknecht, a Jew!" Upon the other hand, it is a Jew, Herr Albert Ballin, who has charge of the transportation of all the German troops.

An interesting item in the London (Eng.) Economist, compares the cost of the present war with that of other wars in the past. The cost of the present war is about five million pounds per day. The total for the Crimean War was about what we are spending in two weeks; that for the Boer War what we are spending in eight weeks; and that for the twelve years' Napoleonic War less than we are spending in nine weeks. The following is an estimate of the cost for all the combatants fighting to-day:

	Per day.
Great Britain	£4,500,000
Germany	4,000,000
France	2,500,000
Russia	2,500,000
Austria	2,500,000
Italy	1,500,000
Turkey, Serbia and Belgium....	500,000
Total	£18,000,000

The Dollar Chain

A fund maintained by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" for (1) Belgian Relief; (2) Soldiers' Comforts; (3) Red Cross Supplies.

Contributions for the week from Dec. 17th to Dec. 24th:

John Rodger, Lachute, Que., \$1.00; A Well-wisher, \$1.00; Oak Bay Mills Sabbath School (This school is doing splendid and continuous work), \$2.00.

Amount previously acknowledged \$1,926.60

Total to Dec. 24th.....\$1,980.60

Kindly address contributions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

The following names of contributors to a jam donation previously acknowledged in these columns have been forwarded to us from the Women's Institute of Gordon Township, Manitoulin Island: Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Gilroy, Mrs. Jonson, Mrs. Brockelbank, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Strain, Mrs. Lively, Mrs. Morell, Mrs. H. Hamilton, Mrs. Procter, Mrs. W. Strain, Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. W. Hall, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. J. Witty, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Wismer, Mrs. P. Beck, Mrs. McAnch, Mrs. S. Hall, Mrs. H. Witty, Mrs. H. Currie, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. C. C. Platt, Mrs. R. R. Gamery, Mrs. Laugheed, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. G. Coutts.

Until further notice no more jam can be sent overseas from the Canadian Red Cross, but there is an urgent call for money.

Re. Postage on Parcels Going to the Troops in France.

IMPORTANT.

Post Office Department, Canada. The Department is in receipt of application to have parcels addressed to our soldiers in France sent free or at reduced rates of postage, there evidently being an impression that the Department has control of these rates and could do as it wished, but this is not so, as the question of postage is fixed by International agreement, so that it is not within the power of the Canadian Post Office Department to undertake to carry the parcels free or at a reduced rate of postage. Under International law, provision is made for the free transmission of parcels for prisoners of war, but this privilege does not extend to parcels for troops engaged in active