

Peace on Earth

By Nellie McClung
Contd. from page 5

the sword as a remedy for trouble upon earth, has failed, and that after a long and consistent trial.

Knowledge, science and culture have been tried, intermittently, with the sword always in the background as the final court of appeal; but these have proven futile. The world to-day with its hundred million starving people; its millions of under-nourished people; its hundreds of thousands of over-fed and idle people; its bitter and discouraged people; its careless, indifferent people; its devastated acres where crops would have grown to feed and comfort millions, but which are now poisoned with shell-gases and shell-holes; its fruit trees hacked and desolate, lying rotting in the sunshine; its pleasant villages burned to ash heaps; the world to-day calls loudly for new treatment.

Hitherto the treatment, we think, has been superficial; symptoms have been regarded as causes, and instead of being studied as a clue to the cause, have been legislated against, fought against, suppressed. Discontent is a symptom. When it is suppressed in one place it breaks out in another.

But there is a remedy for the diseases which are raging in the body politic, an old remedy, inasmuch as it was given long ago, but new still in the sense that anything is new that has not been used. The remedy is a simple one, but not an easy one. It was expressed long ago in these words: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Only a spiritual force, a mighty spiritual impulse can save the world, and the Church knowing this, is calling on its members to enroll themselves as intercessors before God. The Church knows well, that if people can be got to pray, they will soon be up, helping to answer their own prayers, for thoughts are things, and have in them a vital force which will batter down the strongholds of sin. If the Church members will rally to the call that has gone forth, they will bring into force healing currents which will move the world toward righteousness and well-doing. Men and women will find Divine impulses in their hearts, that will fill them with amazement.

Spiritual experiences must always lead to sacrifice and service; bitter sacrifices and hard service. When the world moves onward, someone has to pay the moving expenses.

Four hundred thousand men in Canada gave evidence that they were willing to sacrifice their lives in the cause which they believed to be a righteous one, and they made the decision magnificently, without murmurings, without hesitation. It does not seem too much to believe that when so many of our people were willing to give up their lives, the others of us might be willing to give up our selfishness.

There really is only one thing wrong in the world to-day, and that is its spirit. I have spoken of it as selfishness, but I wish to amend that statement. Selfishness is rather too respectable a word to cover the case. What is really the trouble is better described as "hoggishness."

There is a hoggishness of the inner circle which has always controlled our big financial interests and which made fortunes during war-time. There is the hoggishness of those who corner markets and raise the prices of even the necessities of life so that little children's faces grow blue and pinched with hunger. There is the hoggishness of those who have made inordinate profits behind the scenes, who took it all unashamed and unrepentant.

And farther down the scale we come to the hoggishness of the man who refuses to work because he cannot have his own way in everything, and allows mines and factories to remain idle while people suffer from cold and hunger. At the same time, I cannot get quite so indignant with them, although they are utterly wrong in what they do; for though their spirit is bitter, we must remember that they have had a great many things to make them bitter.

It is quite a popular thing to denounce the growth of Bolshevism, and I do deeply deplore and denounce it, but we are in error when we think of Bolshevism as applying only to the hoggishness of the working man. Bolshevism in its true meaning, is a good word, meaning "ruled by the majority." In its perverted meaning it is "grab and get" (no matter

who is hurt) and it has many disciples outside of Russia.

The bootlegger is a Bolshevik because for greed of gain he sets the law at defiance and injures his fellowmen.

The dishonest doctor who sells his one hundred prescriptions on the first day of the month, with no thought of the unhappiness he is bringing to many homes, with no thought of the disrepute he is bringing on the law, is a Bolshevik, even though he does use a tooth brush and possesses a manicure set.

Any man, who for his own gain, hurts his fellowmen by imposing on their rights and sets aside for his own pleasure or profit constituted authority, is a Bolshevik, no matter how regularly he visits the barber.

Is there a remedy for these things? I believe there is. I would be in despair if I did not. The remedy is already at work in the hearts of the people. The grab spirit can be wholly cast out by the spirit of love. Already we have one public man, Mr. Drury, Premier of Ontario, who voluntarily reduced his salary 25 per cent, for he claims he can live and do his work on nine thousand dollars per year. People say he is foolish to do it, and judged by the old standards of "Get all you can," he is; but in the light of the new day which is reddening the sky, he is justified. He is merely expressing the thought that is taking hold of men's hearts everywhere.

A change of treatment for our national diseases has ceased to be optional. It is obligatory. The world as it finds itself to-day, is dying. From over-feeding, from under-feeding, from epileptic fits or from sleeping-sickness—it does not matter—the world is dying. All hope of saving it by the ordinary means is at an end. We are desperate—desperate enough to even try religion. Of course we do not like to say it right out plain—we would rather say brotherhood or neighborliness, or something mild like that. But it is religion we need—the Real Thing; the sword of the spirit that pierces to the marrow—the overwhelming, transforming power of God—it is the only power that can save a dying world and kindle its fading fires into warmth and radiance, soften its hard heart and awaken the sluggish pulse which has grown so "thready" and weak.

The healing power is here in abundance. It is ours for the asking. Beginning with ourselves—which though the hardest, is the logical place to begin—let us this Christmas pray for the coming of the Kingdom.

Pour Out Your Heart in Love

By Reba Ray

Pour out thy soul in love,
As falls the goodly rain;
Count not the cost,
The labor lost,
The failure or the pain.

The Lord of Love shall cherish thee,
And with His Grace shall nourish thee;
Pour out thy soul in love!

Pour out thy soul in love,
A gift to all who need.
Heed not the sneer,
The curse and jeer,
Ingratitude and greed.

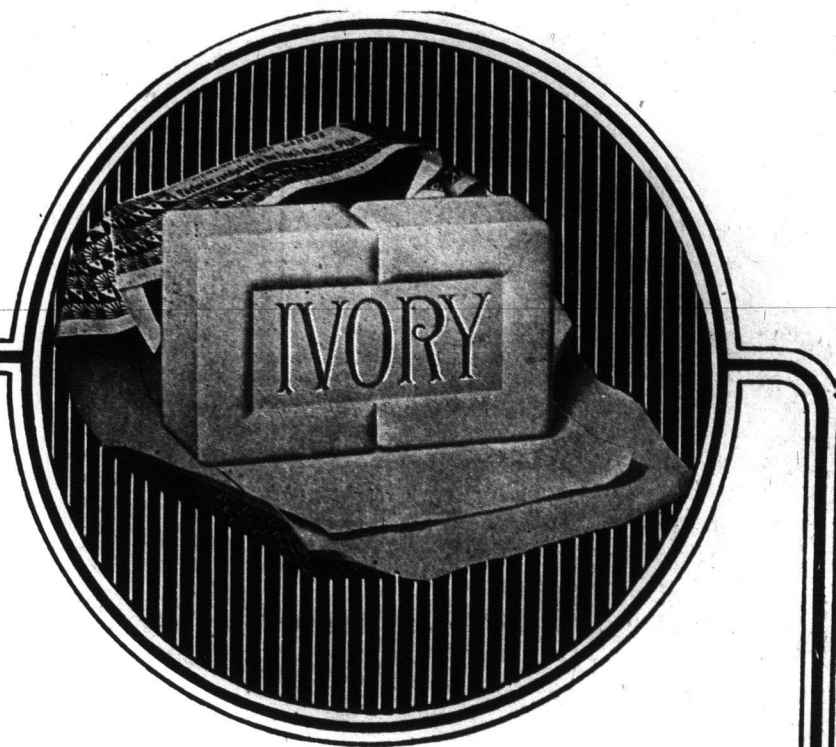
Pour out thy soul in love
Again and yet again;
Spend and be spent,
For none are sent
To touch thy life in vain.

Pour out thy soul in love,
An unction on mankind;
Hold not thy best,
Nor pause for rest
Till life is left behind.

Pour out thy soul in love!
The Master led the way:
Gethsemane
And Calvary,
And then the Easter day.

The Lord of Love shall cherish thee,
And with His Grace shall nourish thee;
Pour out thy soul in love!

Butterflies are beautiful, but no one builds hives for them



A Word to the Cook

To millions of good cooks, washing the hands with Ivory Soap before baking is as important a part of every recipe as the amount of flour or Crisco. They use Ivory because it makes the skin scrupulously clean and because it does not leave even a suggestion of soapy odor.

Ivory Soap is so pure and so high in quality, so delicate and so clean, that it is especially suited for washing whatever comes in contact with the things we eat.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

