

THE UPWARD LOOK

Our Share Comes First

AND the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?—Joshua 7: 10.

There is a time for pleading and intercession, but it almost invariably must have been preceded or accompanied or followed by work. God wisely and mercifully does not do His part until we have done ours to the utmost. If it were otherwise, what a race of dependents we would be!

Joshua had been praying long enough. It was now time for him to act. There had been a great sin committed. The evidence was among his people. He must be searched out and punished. That was for Joshua to do.

Many people seem to feel that once they have prayed for a certain person or about a certain matter there they have obtained ends, and thus have often shirked a solemn responsibility, if they have done nothing when action was in their power.

Often it really seems an easy way of relief by saying we will remember a certain field of work in our prayers, whether that field be in the Antipodes or on a very near at home.

What would we think of a father whose son came to him for help in arithmetic who worked out the whole question for him? Never should that father help until the son had done his best first.

We cannot honestly ask God's help in overcoming a sin, unless we ourselves are making a heroic struggle. Sin was written purposely, because so often one justifies himself by calling sins faults. So in all problems and difficulties and struggles, however small and however great, God expects us to do our part first. Pounce at some times and at long times we may have to prostrate and humbly, but with hearts full of faith.—I. H. N.

The Church Habit

"N O," said Mrs. Jenkins, "the children do not get to church very often. They go to their Sunday school, and I think that's enough."

Doctor Brown did not seem to be convinced, so she continued: "Of course I should like them all to come with me to the church service, but they are not much interested, and I do not insist."

"You insist on their going to day school, whether or not they are interested. I suppose the minister asked."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Jenkins answered, with some indignation.

"But why should you leave this other matter, which seems to me of at least equal importance, to their caprice?"

"It isn't wholly a matter of caprice," Mrs. Jenkins returned, with some spirit. "I think it is too much to ask little children to sit through that long morning service."

"That 'long morning service' averages about an hour and a half," answered the clergyman. "The same children sit through two sessions at school every day, each session longer than that. You and I in our youth sat through much longer services every Sunday, and our nervous systems developed rather well with those of the children of to-day!"

"Do you really think it so very important for the children to attend church?"

"Certainly do!" replied Doctor Brown. "The tendency of the day is for children and parents to have less and less in common. In my youth parents and children played together, and studied together, and stayed at home together, and went to church together. We were a little of our children as possible now, so to the great loss of us all. But at least we

can go to God's house together on the Lord's day! The children would soon enjoy going if we were a family custom, and if they didn't enjoy it, it would be a wholesome thing for them to discover that there are lots of things in this world to be done, whether we enjoy doing them or not. That is the kind of lesson the coming generation particularly needs."

"But going to church has above all a religious value. And I must tell you, if you were setting deliberately about abolishing the church altogether at the end of another generation, the next way of doing so would be to let that generation grow up without the habit of church attendance. Whether or not you help them to form that habit certainly seems to me important!"

Mrs. Jenkins no longer smiled. "And so it seems to me," she said. "Youth's Companion."

Not 'Tough If Properly Cooked

THE saying "Tough as an old hen" has made old hen uninviting to most of us. However, old hen may be made most tempting by proper and thoughtful cooking.

Instead of putting the hen in a large quantity of water and boiling the flavor out into liquid, try steaming. If you have not a regular steamer, make one out of a kettle and colander. Steam the fowl from one to two hours until tender.

It may then be stuffed and roasted, basting with some of the liquor in which it has been steamed, and is very tender and tasty.

After steaming, the fowl may be cut into pieces, the liver browned in a frying pan, then covered with a gravy made from the liquor, thickening and seasoning, and allowed to cook until well flavored. The gravy may be varied by using in it tomatoes, green or red peppers, chopped fine, browned onions, celery seed or salt, or mushrooms. In recommending this method it is assumed that a home-canned or home-made product is used.—Colorado Agricultural College.

HOME CLUB

A New Year's Resolution

THE beginning of the year is a good time to introduce new methods into our system of housekeeping. One of the problems which I have never been able to suitably combat has been to find a recipes, accounts, other forms of amusement. Every few months I resolve that a change must be made. I clip and write and put away until I have an opportunity of trying them out, go into a cook book already bulging with tried and untried recipes; the accounts and receipts are very apt to find their way into my favorite silver butter dish on the sideboard, and clippings, such as forms of entertainment, go—well, any place that seems convenient at the time they are clipped.

My idea is to use a miniature filing cabinet. The fact of the matter is, I presented myself with one as a Christmas gift. It is a small drawer file, similar to those used in some offices. It contains cards of about 3 x 5 inches in size, and the cabinet is divided into several compartments and subdivided so that everything can be filed alphabetically if desired. My recipes are going into this file, arranged under various headings, such as cakes, meats, soups, etc. I will have one compartment for untried recipes, and as I try them out, if good, they will be either typed or written on a card and placed in their proper compartment, and if not good will be destroyed. "—I will apply in connection. We enter.

tain the young people of the community quite often, and it is difficult to vary an evening's fun unless one has a range of ideas at their disposal. I will keep all this material of entertaining which I consider worth saving in my filing cabinet, where they will be easily available.

For accounts and receipts, which necessarily must be kept on hand, I have purchased a vertical letter file with an alphabetical index. I will simply slip them into their proper place as they come in and on occasion go through the file and destroy those of no further use.

What do Home Clubbers think of my idea? Will be glad to hear of others who have a better scheme in mind, as mine may be faulty, and I am open for suggestions.—John's Wife.

The Heart of the Desert

(Continued from page 10.)

was a squaw, dirty and ignorant. Rhoda was the delicate product of a highly cultivated civilization, egotistic, yet Rhoda, looking into Molly's deep

and brown eyes, saw there that limitless class and fortitude and gentleness which is woman's without regard to class or color. And not knowing why, the white girl bowed her head and sobbed a little. A strange look came into Molly's face. She was childless and had worked fearfully to justify her existence to her tribe. Few hands had touched her in tenderness. Few voices had appealed to her for sympathy. Suddenly Molly clasped Rhoda in her strong arms and awayed back and forth with her gently.

"You no cry," she said. "You no cry, little Sunhead, you no cry!" "Molly, dear kind Molly, won't you help me to get back to my own people? Suppose it was your daughter that a white man had stolen! O Molly, I want to go home!"

Molly still rocked and spoke in the soothing voice one uses to a sobbing child.

"You no run 'way Kulte catch right off! Make it all harder for you!"

Rhoda shivered a little. "If I once get away, Kulte never will catch me alive!"

Molly chuckled indulgently. "How you run? No sash how eat, how drink, how find the trail! Better stay with Molly."

"I would wait till I thought we were near a town. Won't you help me? Dear, kind Molly, won't you help me?"

"Kulte kill Molly with cactus torture!"

"But you go with me!" The sobs ceased and Rhoda sat back on her blankets as the idea developed. "You go with me and I'll make you—"

Neither noticed the soft touch of moss-covered feet. Suddenly Alchise seized Molly's black hair and with a violent jerk pulled the woman backward.

Rhoda forgot her stiffened muscles, forgot her gentle ancestry. She sprang at Alchise with such catlike fury and struck his fingers from Molly's hair.

"You fend! I wish I could shoot you!" she panted, her fingers twitching.

Alchise retreated a step. "She try help 'em run!" he said sullenly.

"She was no! And no matter if she was! Don't you touch a woman before me!"

A swift shadow crossed the camp and Alchise was buried six feet away.

"Has he bid her run, you Rhoda? He strode to her side and looked down at her with eyes in which struggled anger and anxiety.

"Oh!" blazed Rhoda. "But he pulled Molly over backward by her hair!"

"Oh!" in evident relief. "And what was Molly doing?"

(To be Continued.)

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