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fruit visibly then. It is impossible to begin too young. When a mother once asked a famous preacher when she ought to begin the education of her son, who was then five years old, he answered: "Madam, you have begun five years too late."

Yesterday I was calling on a discouraged mother, whose sons seemed to be loyal soldiers of Christ until they enlisted as soldiers of King George. Now they refuse to go with her to church, and answer her appeals by saying: "If you had seen the horrible sights we have seen you wouldn't believe there was a God of love." I tried to cheer her by telling her to go on praying in hope and trust. The seed prayerfully sown in their young hearts is not dead, but only buried out of sight for a time. The horrors of war have shaken away the faith which was only second-hand—only the imitation of their mother's faith—but the living seed will bear fruit in due season. The faith which will grow from a seed long hidden from sight, will not be the imitative faith of a child but the motive—force of a man's soul.

The Canadian Church is responding to the call of a great "Forward Movement." All who love the Lord Jesus should link forces in the great campaign to sow the seed of living faith in His great field—the world. But we can't all go out to distant parts of the field, where His Name is not yet known, to sow the seed committed to us in trust for Him.

It is said that a ship once signalled to another vessel: "Water! we are dying of thirst."

The answer was startling: "Cast down your buckets where you are."

The sailors were dying of thirst, not knowing that they had drifted into the great fresh water stream which the Amazon carries many miles into the sea. They never thought that what they wanted was close at hand. Don't let it be so with us. We can sow spiritual seed without going as a missionary into heathen lands. There are plenty of opportunities where you are—even though you may be living many miles from neighbors in a Western prairie. Yesterday I received a letter from one of our readers who spoke of "prairie loneliness;" but one of the best cures for loneliness is to try and cheer other lonely people. When the Light of the world has kindled the flame of faith in any soul, He expects it to shine in acts and words of love, giving light to all who are within reach. We have no right to hide our Christianity, or pretend that we do not care about Christ. We are disloyal to Him if we are afraid or ashamed to own ourselves Christians.

"Never think kind words are wasted;
Bread on waters cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day,—
Coming back when sorely needed,
In a time of sharp distress;
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless."

In due season the good seed sown in the hearts of children will spring up, but in the meantime God knows how the work under the surface is progressing. But sometimes the generous thoughts of a silent man will flash out and give a tremendous uplift to other souls.

Some soldiers in a base hospital were talking together, and one said bitterly: "If I could do it, I would poison with my own hand every living thing in Germany. I'd kill its men and women and little children, I'd poison its animals and blight its crops, and if I lost my soul in doing it, do you think I'd care? Not I!"

I am sure that embittered soul must have seen the ugliness of such unchristianity, when the beauty of generous kindness shone out in the quiet words of a boy with bandaged eyes who sat beside him. "I would rather die ten times over from such a murdering" (he spoke of the agony of being gassed) "than inflict it on the worst wretch alive," he said.

When God gives us seed to sow He does not intend that we shall go out in loneliness to scatter it. The Great Sower is working with and through us, if we are willing to accept Him as our Master and Companion.

A Welsh preacher, who was asked to address a meeting in a private house, requested permission to withdraw for a time before the service. After long delay a servant was sent to call him. She came back and told her master that she had heard Mr. Gryffyth say to someone