



Jim.

Not so long by I was out with Jim;
We worked the boat together, me an' him.
Wasn' it good, seein' the strength of him,
Heavin' the ballast, keepin' all tight an'
trim?
You'd reckon his heart was happy, lookin'
at him,
An' 'tis right, you'd reckon. I've pulled
some miles with Jim.
News came round. War, sudden an'
grim.
An' we talked it over together, me an'
Jim.
Next it was women shattered, life and
limb,
An' babies tortured as well. That set-
tled Jim.
"Jack," he sez, lookin' awisht an' grim,
"I'm goin'." He went. 'Twas so like
Jim.
Sudden, an' in the dark! No chance to
swim!
An' down so deep lies all that is left of
him.
An' when I think of the joy an' the
strength of him,
I'm always wishin' an' wishin' I'd gone
with Jim.
Not so long by I was out with him—
Jim.

—Bernard Moore.

Among the Books.

THE POWER OF THE MIND.

[From Bouck White's "The Carpenter and the Rich Man." Doubleday, Page Pub. Co., Garden City, New York.]

No psychologist from that day to this has approached Jesus in the vividness with which he detected the thaumaturgic power of thought. Because the "heart"—the word he employed for the mental universe—is unseen, the average person is unsuspecting of its existence. And he goes blundering along amidst human beings, making no contact with this viewless realm that is in every person; content merely to abide in the outworks; and then wonders why his days are so scant of results. Not so, the Carpenter. He perceived that the mind is the place where the real happenings transpire. There, battles are fought, opposing forces meet in death grapple, defeats are inflicted, triumphs are gained, greatest issues are decided. Society's outward show is but a kind of magic-lantern projection of the things that are happening, or have happened, inside of us; the world's recorded history is a registering of the history that is being made day by day in the Within.

That illustration of the mind of man as an arena where opposing ideas fight for the mastery and determining by the issue of that combat the man's destiny thenceforward, was not mine. It was coined by Jesus Himself. To attempt to use a person, before you have mastered his mind, is like making assault on a strong man's goods while he himself is in the house, and resisting. He will keep you out. The only way is to get inside of him. Put into his mind your own idea, and one that shall be more strong-armed than the idea there resident. Thereupon those two ideas will have it out between them like fighters; your idea, since it is the ruggedger of the two, will win the combat; will thereby gain possession, and open the doors to you from the inside: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger man than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

Though the materialists laugh it to scorn, no truth is clearer, none more amply confirmed both by the accumulated experience of the race, and by the daily recurring lessons of life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. As the world at any one age thinketh in its heart, so it is. The only way to change a civilization, is to change the ideas that are back of that civilization. Thoughts are the shapers of deeds. The maker of ideas is the maker of history. Not only is the mind the measure of a man. Mind is the maker of an era. And men are the makers of an era. Be the tyranny of the status quo never so oppressive, an Idea is the rebel that shall slay it—an Idea, at whose touch the mountains melt, and the hills are as nothing before it; the rocks vibrate to its footfalls, and solid earth trembles at its advent.

Jesus put great store by the almightiness of an idea, once it is properly planted. That is why he was so careless of any written report of his words. He wrote them on the fleshly tables of the heart; confident that there they would

the shops which now sell wines and spirits filling their windows with Perrier and Grape-juice and non-alcoholic champagne; all the restaurants putting away their wine-cards and offering with lunch, dinner, supper, nothing stronger than cider or ginger ale.

That is the state of things in Russia. Strange it seems indeed, yet there is one thing stranger. Nobody makes any audible complaint.

If such a suspension of the sale of all intoxicating drinks were to be ordered in England, think of the newspaper war there would be about it. Think of the numberless letters which would be written. Think of the meetings which the members of the trades affected would hold—brewers and publicans, hop-growers and wine merchants, bar-keepers and restaurateurs.

Here there are no meetings, no letters to the newspapers, no controversy. Breweries are idle, beer-shops stand shuttered and cheerless. Wine-shops, if they keep open, keep open at heavy loss. In the famous and fashionable restaurants,

that God is pleased with them and will favor their armies. Others are glad to have put out of the way temptation which they lack strength to resist. Others, again, who never drink too much, are happy to feel that they are called upon to sacrifice something when so many are sacrificing all.

Add to these the teetotal party, which hopes never to see the suspension repealed, and you have a solid block in favor of, at all events, temporary prohibition, a block against which the forces of opposition fight in vain.

The prohibition argument is strong. Crime has become rarer. The records of the courts prove this. Savings-bank deposits have increased enormously. The number of patients in Petrograd hospitals has fallen in a surprising degree. There are fewer accidents, as well as less disease. In the towns workmen who used to spend their wages as soon as they got them are setting up in business for themselves. Peasants who, in vodka days, never put by a copeck, are buying good ploughs and drills and harvesting machines. There is work for all, and wages are rather higher than they were before the war.

In all ranks there are many (women as well as men) who are the better for their enforced abstinence. Brightness has come back to eyes dulled by over-indulgence. Cheeks which were gray and flabby have color in them again. The owners of these cheeks and eyes would pay a ridiculously high price for vodka or whiskey if they could get it. I have heard of whiskey changing hands at thirty shillings a bottle. But the stocks which were laid up in cellars or cupboards are mostly exhausted. Private vendors are very hard to find now, and to buy otherwise than in secret is out of the question. There are no "blind pigs," as in Canada; and the druggists who in the United States will usually "oblige" with spirits sold as medicine are so terrified here that if you take them a prescription with alcohol in it they ring up your doctor to make sure you are not a fraud.

A Plea for World-wide Peace.

True to its traditions, the Society of Friends, fundamentally anti-militarist, is engaging itself in an effort to establish a foundation which will ensure that never again can war, with all the atrocities connected with it, occur on this earth, so fitted by Nature to be a sphere of peace and plenty. As an initial step, the Society has issued the following plea, kindly sent us by one of its members:—

Seeing that all past plans have proved unavailing in establishing peace in the world, it behooves "The Powers," at the conclusion of the present struggle, to unite in some sort of international federation that shall bind all the nations into a lasting peace. The world is fully ripe and ready for it.

The recently popular idea that "peace can be maintained only by being prepared for war," has been suddenly exploded. The intrigue of armament manufacturers in inciting nation against nation for selfish ends is all too patent. The absolute power of one ambitious monarch, with arms and the men at his bid, is constantly a menace to the rest of the world.

Any scheme to be adequate and successful must strike at these defects and menaces.

We sanction and advise the following, to take effect and be applied, as a part of the stipulations in the readjustment of international relations at the conclusion of the present war.

There shall be:



Using the Heliograph, Exhibition Park, Toronto.

They are using signals between Toronto and Hamilton, over forty miles.

find ineffaceable record. And he was not deceived. No orator was ever less reported than Jesus of Nazareth. Yet no orator, whose utterances have so filled the world.

Russia Absolutely Teetotal.

(By H. Hamilton Eyfe, in the Daily Mail, London.)

I wonder if you realize in England that Russia has really become a teetotal country.

Try to imagine all the public-houses in London and in all the towns and villages throughout the British Isles closed; all

the Bear, the Cafe de Paris (managed by a former "chef" to the Czar), the Astoria, guests drink non-alcoholic "kvass" at a shilling a jug, and profits dwindle to vanishing point. Yet there is no agitation. Those who grumble, grumble behind closed doors.

Partly this is because Russians accept anything that may be ordered as a decree against which struggle is useless. But fatalist obedience does not fully explain the readiness of the nation to give up its vodka and its sweet champagne, its light Caucasian wine, and harmless, refreshing beer. The truth is that nine-tenths of the nation are convinced of the benefit of giving them up. Some believe

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