

The Upward Look

Peace

He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth.—Psa. 46: 9. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.—Psa. 118: 23.

BY the time this issue is in our readers' hands it is hoped that the greatest war of the ages will have ceased, and peace once more has returned to the earth. Even now while we write the sounds of rejoicing are in our ears, and though perhaps a little premature, it is expected that any minute the official confirmation of victory will flash round the world, and we can say that at last righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

What a wonderful change has come over the whole military situation during these last few months, and how the mighty have fallen. Only a few short weeks ago the Kaiser talked of a "dictated peace" by the mailed fist, and the writer heard Sir Robert Borden say in a recent speech that the Allies were seriously considering the giving up of either Paris or the channel ports during the summer campaign, as they could not hope to retain both. Now the most astounding successes have crowned the allied arms, and one by one our foes have been completely defeated and overthrown, and the arch enemy of all brought to see for peace. What is the explanation? We believe it has been given in a recent editorial by one of the large Toronto dailies in these words: "The British Premier rightly said that the main difference was undoubtedly due to the 'unity of command.' But very many would go further back than this, and, while not minimizing the value of the unity of command, would recall three simple facts: The American National Day of Humiliation and Prayer on May 30, the Canadian on June 30, and the British on August 4. And they would attribute the marvelous transformation to the Divine power which gave wisdom to the 'one in command.'"

This, we are convinced, is the secret of our success. "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit," saith the Lord. In the midst of our rejoicings it is well to remind ourselves of this, lest we forget.

We have heard much of late that this was a war for the end of war, and must be the last. Of that we are doubtful. While sin exists and the heart of the natural man remains at enmity with God, there can be no enduring peace on the earth, but wars and strife must continue as a natural result. "From whence come wars and fightings among you?" says the apostle. "Come they not hence even of your lusts that war in your members?"

It is just here that all our reconstruction schemes of social uplift and moral reform, our league of nations, and our higher education are doomed to failure as a preventive of war. If they fail to recognize this one terrible fundamental fact—the sinfulness of the human heart.—If men have not peace with God they will not live always at peace with one another. It is an utter impossibility.

Even as war is the fruit of sin, so we are told the fruit of the spirit is love, joy and peace, and the greatest contribution that any individual can make to the ushering in of that golden age, when war shall forever cease, is to get right himself with God and to tell others of the story of Jesus and His love. Christ, and Christ alone, can heal not only this open war of the world, but He is the panacea for all its innumerable ills, and in Him lies the solution of all its problems. Though weary centuries of sin, war and bloodshed have rolled on since the angel's song floated over the

earth, still we know that "this same Jesus" who came then is coming again to establish "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

Down the dark future, through long seasons, The sounds of war grow fainter, and then cease; And, like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace."

Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies; But, beautiful as songs of the immortal The holy melodies of love arise. J. H. H.

When the Kitchen Sink Clogs

MORE and more, we who live on the farm are having water systems installed in our homes. To have water on tap, both upstairs and down, is a wonderful convenience and one which no one cares to be without after it has once been installed. The sink in the kitchen sometimes gives us trouble, however, if it becomes clogged up. As it is rather inconvenient when living in the country to get in touch with a plumber who can remove the obstructions in the pipes, it is well to know of some method which we may try out ourselves. McCall's Magazine suggests the following method:

"Allow about two inches of water to flow into the sink. Then place an empty vegetable can or similar utensil all over the outlet—the open end down, of course—and move up and down quickly, causing suction. Nine times out of ten this will cause the water to flow out quickly. If this fails, then take the sink for an S-shaped pipe lying on its side. Remove the screw from the bottom of this "goose-neck"; place a bucket under it to catch the water, and probe for the obstruction with a piece of wire. This almost always proves successful. After removing the obstruction and replacing the screw, pour boiling hot water down the drain and there will usually be no further trouble. It is well to use the soda water frequently as it is almost impossible to keep some grease from going into the drain pipe. Coffee grounds, not pulverized, will not stop a sink, but, on the contrary, are quite beneficial if used with a great deal of water as they cut the grease. Chloride of lime should be used now and then as a disinfectant, but great care should be used to wash out the sink thoroughly afterward. Borax and hot water are perhaps safer."

Bury Fallen Leaves

WITH every gust the dead leaves fall, and the children plow through them with their feet to hear their rustle. Then with sticks they gather the leaves into heaps, cover each other with them, or play threshing machine, and have lots of good, healthy, out-of-door exercise. Let the children play gather the leaves. But instead of making a smudgy bonfire that smokes things generally, have the kiddies haul the leaves in their little wagons into the garden and bury them there. You want the front lawn neat, but why not use that plant food for your next year's garden crop? If the garden is sandy, the leaves will help to hold it together and provide humus for vegetable food. If the ground is heavy clay, they will help to open it. Fallen leaves are too precious to be wasted. In years when straw was very scarce, many people gathered leaves for bedding for horse or cow, and this made excellent addition to the manure heap. Try burying, not burning, the leaves this autumn, and help produce more vegetable food next year.—A. A. F.



There's Cheer in the Pictures from Home

To a homesick boy at the front, a picture of Dad waiting at the end of the lane while "Shep" brings up the cows is worth more than the Croix de Guerre.

Pictures of mother, how much they mean to him now! And of kid sister—perhaps she is "wearing her hair up" by this time—all the old familiar scenes around the farm, yes, and that little girl with the big blue eyes that lives down in the village—these will mean a world of comfort to the boy who is lonesome among a million strangers.

The Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and kindred organizations are doing a world of good in ministering to the bodies and minds of our boys. But in their hearts, homes are first. Cheerful letters and cheerful pictures from home—these will keep their hearts light and their courage high.

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