

JUNE 15, 1900

even, who have never for years communicated with their homes in England. Formerly, of course, there was expensive postage and slow transit—all so different now—but out here in Australia nothing can make the journey really short, and thus it is that you meet many who are, as it were, cut off from their people in the Old Country far more than are we in America, and although, of course, many never lose sight of their home and people, but keep up constant communication, amongst the average class of people, Australia has become not only home, but world to them.

All who have visited Australia seem to agree that never was there a more hospitable country, the people seeming to vie with each other in showering good things upon one. Their lavish generosity, when any public call for help is made is characteristic. They have given immense sums towards the war in the Transvaal, although the home calls upon the purse have been most urgent. Within the last few months disastrous bush fires have destroyed hundreds of miles of property, sheep, cattle and crops, and rendering many families homeless and penniless. But all calls seem to be responded to, and, after all, is there any country, at least that one knows anything about, where generous help is not ready? "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." There lies the keynote—sympathy—human, God-given sympathy.

Historical.

GREAT WARS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

Although war, as moralists teach us, is the last argument nations should resort to in settlement of their disputes, it has frequently been brought about by trifles light as air, little incidents from which have resulted awful sacrifice of life.

"With what streams of blood has the failure of a few drops of ink been avenged." Those were the words of a great writer lamenting the bitter war between Poland and Sweden in the 17th century. The King of Sweden, in reading a despatch from the King of Poland, noticed his own name and titles were followed by two "et ceteras" while three were appended to the name of the King of Poland. He took this in such bad grace that he declared war, and the strife was carried on for six years.

It has frequently been stated that the accidental spilling of a glass of water caused the wars of the Spanish Succession. The circumstances of the occurrence were as follows:

At a great State ball in Paris, Mrs. Masham was holding in her hand a glass of water, which was spilt over the Marquis de Torey, whereat he, thinking this premeditated, took umbrage. Recriminations followed, disaffection set in between the English Ambassador and the French Government, who came to loggerheads. Hence the war.

The loss of a teapot once plunged the Empire of China in civil war which lasted for nearly a hundred years, devastating the land, and causing the destruction of thousands of lives. A great Chinese potentate was traveling in an obscure region of the celestial domain, and he, like the man going down from Jericho, fell among thieves, who robbed him of everything, including his beloved teapot. An appeal to the Chinese Emperor resulted in the speedy return of all the goods except the teapot; but having great influence at the Court, the nobleman persuaded the Emperor to send a body of soldiers to recover it. When the soldiers arrived, the inhabitants of the districts which the bandits infested took sides with the latter, and, the faction spreading, the whole country was ablaze.

The fact that the Venetians at one time chose to shave their chins was primarily responsible for a war with Turkey. The Turks swear by the beard of Mahomet, but when the Venetian Ambassador who was to sign the treaty ceding the supreme power over Candia to Turkey was asked to take this oath, he replied that it was not the oath of his countrymen, that in Venice the men wore no beards. "Neither do the baboons," was the astonishing answer. It so stung the Venetian that he refused to sign the treaty, and in the bloody protracted struggle which followed as a consequence, the lives of more than a hundred and fifty thousand people were sacrificed.

A Gorge in the Rockies.

At this time of the year a "scenery" picture always seems appropriate, and where can one find more beautiful scenery than amongst the Rockies? This picture gives a graphic view of the grandeur of the awful grandeur (to use a well-worn term) of these districts. During the past few months the "Travelling Notes" in the ADVOCATE have described so much of the Rockies "scenery" that we feel sure this picture will be doubly interesting. There is a saying, "What would the world be without books?" and one might easily add, "What would the world be without pictures?" The rugged rocks, the lofty trees, the rushing torrent—all are brought before our eyes in this picture with wonderful vividness and truth.

"Do people ever have corns anywhere except on their feet?" "Why, yes: farmers have corn in the ear."



There's Room for Two.

"Trudging along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet
And hands numb'd by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway."

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold.
'Tain't very big, but I think 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry!"

"The garment was small, and tattered, and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain."

"Stretch it a little! Oh, girls and boys,
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys,
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,



A GORGE IN THE ROCKIES.

Your gifts of service and gifts of gold;
Let them stretch to households manifold."

A Lookout Regiment.

Do you remember the story of the Magic Mirror in our last number? Now, to make sure that none of you use any of the glass from that mirror, either as windows or spectacles, I am going to start a new society.

Of course, you are all anxious to be soldiers, in these warlike times. How would you like to enlist in a corps called the Lookout Regiment?

Here are the rules:
1. Each soldier must be on the lookout for a chance of doing a kindness.
2. Each soldier must be on the lookout for good qualities in other people.

There are only two rules, you see, and surely they will not be hard to keep. If you want to enlist, send me your name and address and two one-cent stamps for a ribbon badge, which you can wear.

Any soldier who is under fifteen years of age may compete for a prize. The first prize competition will close on the last day of August. Prizes will be given for the best letters telling about some act or acts of kindness done by some of your acquaintances, not by yourselves. I don't want you to make your own kind actions public. Address your letters, your own kind actions public. Address your letters, Cousin Dorothy, Box 92, Newcastle, Ont.

I will publish the names as they come in, so you will be able to see how our army is growing. Any one may join, and I hope you will hunt up recruits among your schoolfellows for our Lookout Regiment. The more the merrier. You will find plenty of kindnesses to write about, if you are on the lookout. I don't want out-of-the-way subjects, just everyday things. If God is not too great to

notice and reward even such a small kindness as the giving of a cup of cold water, we ought not to forget to say "Thank you" when people are kind and thoughtful to us. Do you think your mother stands for hours working in a hot kitchen because she likes to work? I think it is because she forgets herself altogether in making things comfortable for others. Why does your father get up so early and work hard all day? Is he working for himself, or is he trying to provide you children with clothes and bread and butter? Some people grumble because roses have thorns. Other and more sensible people are very glad to see that thorns have roses. There are plenty of pleasant things to be found in the world, if you are on the lookout for them.

"There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still:
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

I am not asking you to look for nettles or clouds, but rather for the beautiful flowers of kindness, which bloom everywhere. Keep your eyes open and a scribbler handy, and you will be able to collect enough material in a month to fill a dozen letters.
Don't forget my new address.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

A Little Boy's Plan.

"If I had made the calendar," said Bobbie yesterday, "I sort of think I'd have it fixed in somewhat different way. I'd not have put the Christmases so very far apart: I think that six months 'tween 'em would please any youngster's heart."

"And scattered through the other months I'd have a lot of times
On which we'd decorate the house and gayly ring the chimes;
On which we'd have, not Santa, but some other Saint like him,
Who'd go about and gratify our every little whim."

"Who'd bring us cakes and candy in the middle of July:
Who'd bring us cars and wagons when the June sun's in the sky;
Who when September came about would bring us lots of things
To make us all as happy as a band of Brownie Kings."

"It wouldn't be like Christmas altogether, for, you know,
July would find the country warm and without any snow,
The man for June could enter by the coal hole, just as
Expect dear Santa Claus to come in by the chimney."

"In this way we'd have lots of things a-coming all the year,
And waiting for the Christmas-time would not be long and drear,
And best of all, we'd not wear out our toys, and I am sure
The old ones would be newer when we gave 'em to the poor."

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Grand Motive.

"Strange that we creatures of the petty ways,
Poor prisoners behind these fleshly bars,
Can sometimes think us thoughts with God ablaze,
Touching the fringes of the outer stars,
And stranger still that, having flown so high,
And stood unshamed in shining presences,
We can resume our smallness, nor imply
In mien or gesture a hat that memory is."

What a constant struggle some lives are, a weary treadmill existence of monotonous duties performed over and over again. To do the same work every day, apparently making no progress, with no particular object in view, with nothing to look forward to, unless it may be the hope that death may put a stop to this drudgery. What a deadening existence for an immortal soul which is made in the image of God!

"It is all very well to talk," you may say, "but what can we do to ennoble and uplift such a life of toilsome work?"

Did you ever hear of the terrible "sweat-shops" where men, women, and even children toil frantically year after year, without pure air, without exercise, without the smallest change of work to rest tired muscles or refresh aching hearts? They are not cheered by the beauty of God's changing world, as you are. They only see the bare ugliness of a cramped world made by man, a world that never varies in its dreary monotony. Even the never varies in its dreary monotony, to brighten up the sunshine can hardly force its way in, to brighten up things a little. Such a life as you can hardly conceive of, you who fly from one task to another, drinking in, all the time, the beauty and fragrance of the country.

Are those lives always utterly joyless and miserable, then? No, thank God! One kind of sunshine can creep in even there and beautify everything. Sometimes the pale face will flush with pleasure, the weary heart will beat faster, the dull existence brighten. Not a single change may have been made in the work or surroundings, and yet the fair blossom of love can bring true joy even there. Love is a great magician, able to change anything to gold. Human nature is the same to-day as it was when Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

But there is a higher love that can do greater things still. A love which has made men and women rejoice in the midst of sufferings too awful for description. This is not a sentimental fancy, it