

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.—Marcus Aurelius.

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True worth is in being, not seeming, in doing each day that goes by some little good, not in dreaming of great things to do by and by.—Alice Cary.

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Take courage; offer to God your pain incessantly; pray to Him for strength to bear it. Get a habit of living perpetually in His presence, and forget Him the least you can.

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This is a very dreadful world of ours by reason of sin. It was so to Jesus, and it is so still and will remain so to all who are His, and who walk in His footsteps.—Alexander White.

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He who puts on the towel of service, puts off a world of care. There is no surer and no readier remedy for our own cares than to try and lessen the cares of other people.—Mark Guy Pearse.

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Speak a shade more kindly than the year before, Pray a little oftener, love a little more, Cling a little closer to the Father's love; Life below shall liker grow to the life above.

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Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,  
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,  
Spread before God that wish, that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.

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Ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry: Doing good to all. Being patient toward everybody. Hearing before judging. Thinking before speaking. Holding an angry tongue. Being kind to the distressed. Speaking evil of none. Asking pardon for all wrongs. Stopping the ears to a talebearer. Disbelieving most of the ill reports.

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"I am going home some day;"

So moves the dream of all the roving world—  
The seekers of far-off lands who've lost their way,

God's countless aliens by the current swirled  
From out the harbor, and by the tempest tossed  
To unknown lands where they must roam.  
But this is all that makes life worth the cost—  
This endless dream: Some day I am going home.

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God visits a soul when He brings before it a new vision of truth or duty, a new range of opportunities, a new endowment of force as well as insight at some time to which all that precedes has led up, and from which all that follows depends in its solemn history. No divine visitation leaves us where it found us; it always leaves us better or worse; if not better, then certainly worse.—Henry Parry Liddon.

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It is impossible to doubt that our Lord means us to find both peace and joy in looking forward to His reappearing. Sinners as we are, with memories of so many transgressions clinging to us, we yet are invited to find our springs of comfort here. And therefore if we are, however insufficiently, yet truly loving Christ, and in the midst of all our shortcomings, faults, and failures are yet having our loins girded, and our lights burning, we may, nay, we ought, to rejoice in this blessed prospect: "Where I am, there ye may be also."—Rev. T. V. Fosbery.

## Spectator

### Comments on Matters of Interest from Week to Week.

The church parades of Camp are among the most impressive features of the soldier's life. In the first place, it is a congregation of men. It is such an unusual experience for a clergyman to speak to a large body of men only, upon spiritual things that he cannot fail to be deeply impressed himself and the emotions of his own soul cannot fail to reach his hearers. In the next place, these services are carried out with clock-work punctuality. There are no people strolling in late. As a matter of fact the chief difficulty is to keep many of the battalions from coming too early. When men have to stand too long they naturally become restless and when the service proper begins they are thinking of getting back to their tents. Finally the service is brief. The entire time from the beginning to the close is limited to thirty-five minutes. This gives not more than fifteen minutes for the address and not infrequently only ten. To address men effectively in ten minutes is not an easy thing to do. Everybody that is accustomed to public speaking knows how vain it is to cast the main message of his address too hastily upon his congregation. It takes a certain time, apparently, for the human mind to adjust itself for the intimate consideration of a subject. It takes time to draw the mind of the audience away from the incidents of the moment to the full contemplation of the thought of the speaker. Consequently, an atmosphere has to be created, the soil prepared for the sowing. In a military service it is assumed that as the officers punctually deliver the bodies of the soldiers into the hands of the chaplains, presumably their minds go with them and thus they have ready made the very conditions they are looking for. However, the difficulty that is so keenly felt at the outset gradually disappears, and as men become more and more accustomed to the service the more readily they enter into it. It is truly inspiring to hear three or four thousand men sing in the open, in the early morning sunshine, "All people that on earth do dwell," or "Stand up, stand up." The most careless of men under ordinary circumstances, love to sing old familiar hymns when they have proper leadership. There are abundant evidences that men who usually disguise their religious feelings are deeply touched by the messages of the Gospel simply and effectively told. Thus, these fifteen or twenty thousand men in Valcartier Camp are paraded off in four open air services every Sunday morning, and thus the higher things of life are ever kept before them in their arduous and trying life.

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Spectator met the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church a few days ago and was told that the Assembly had appointed a committee to give special attention to the needs of the soldier. This committee is to see that there is a fair proportion of Presbyterian chaplains selected by the Church rather than by political pull. It is to aid the chaplains through the Department of Militia by improved services, and finally, it may give assistance in the way of employment to returned soldiers. The attention of the Bishops of the Church is called to this with the hope that Anglicans will not be overlooked in the arrangements that may be made for the spiritual welfare of our troops. The House of Bishops could easily undertake this work with the Department of Militia, much to the advantage of the Church and of the public. At the present time I am in-

formed that there are twenty-four chaplains who have received appointments in some capacity or another in connection with the Camp at Valcartier. Only two of these, so far as Spectator knows, belong to the Anglican Church. The fact of the matter is that Anglican soldiers are for the most part ministered to by Methodist chaplains. We have already seen that the Methodist contribution to the militant end of the army is abnormally small. It would appear that its contribution to the staff of chaplains is abnormally large. This isn't a rebuke; it is an evidence of industry and alertness on the part of the Methodist authorities. According to recruiting statistics, Anglicans supply six times as many men to the army as the Methodists. This only needs to be forcibly and effectively shown to the authorities at Ottawa to see that a due proportion of Anglican chaplains is appointed to minister to them. And what is more, a watchful eye might be kept open to see that Anglicans are not overlooked in the promotions that are made. That, of course, is a matter within the army, but nothing is lost by chaplains having friends that see that their executive and other qualities are known to those in authority. Spectator is not suggesting that an unseemly scramble should be made for the good things of the army, but he does suggest that there is no use being fools.

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### THE HEATHEN CHILD TO THE AMERICAN CHILD.

If you had been born in a far-off land,  
Far over the deep, wide sea,  
And I in America had my home,  
In America, land of the free,  
If you were I and I were you,  
Do you know what I would do?

If you had been born with a swarthy skin,  
And people looked on you with scorn,  
When I knew nothing is black but sin  
And the soul may be white as the lily at morn;

If I had a chance to uplift you,  
Do you know what I would do?

If you were an orphan and homeless, too,  
And never had heard of the Lord,  
While I had been taught from earliest days  
To love and obey His Word,  
If you were poor and ignorant, too,  
Do you know what I would do?

I would save my pennies and nickels and dimes,  
And send them over the sea,  
That you might be fed and clothed and taught  
To worship the God Who is dear to me!  
If you yere I and I were you,  
That is what I would do.

I'd tell the boys and girls around  
Just what I was working for, too,  
And I'd never give up till I'd got them to help

Send the Gospel to needy like you;  
That is what I would do,  
If you were I and I were you.

—Selected.

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The power of God's Holy Spirit means a hopeful ministry and a joyful, peaceful life. St. Peter knew what perplexities and problems were, and when he closed that letter to the Roman Church he wrote: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Spirit." We need a hopeful ministry, a joy-filled life, a peace which means poise, an abundant and abounding life, which expresses the power of the indwelling Spirit of God.—John Timothy Stone.