

such an art here that even the meat shops get up displays that draw crowds. Whenever I see a group of hypnotized men in front of a store window I know they are gazing at sausages, of which there are hundreds (perhaps thousands) of varieties in Germany; whenever I see a group of women in ecstasies before a huge plate-glass window, I know instinctively it is costumes or hats they are looking at; but whenever the group is mixed, I am positive it is an art store. One does not need to go to the art galleries in Munich to see the great masters; the streets are lined with them—reproductions of all sizes and prices, from postal cards up. Never saw so many art stores; seems to me about every fifth store is dedicated to art. And, by the way, one of the most popular of the modern pictures, one that is seen in almost every window, is by a young Canadian artist—Paul Peel, of London, Ontario—who unfortunately died just as he was becoming famous. The picture referred to is called "After the Bath," and depicts two charming little nude girls warming themselves in the bright glow of an open fire. They are said to be the artists' own children.

There is one special art store in Munich which always has a crowd in front of it. It is the place where the latest pictorial atrocities in Futurist and Cubist art are displayed. Gazing at that window has become a perfect obsession with Uncle Ned. He will stand in front of it spellbound for half an hour, and then go back and take another look. It is not because he likes the things exhibited—oh, no!—but because they are so baffling. They keep him guessing. I don't believe anyone except the artist knows what they are meant for. Every few days the pictures in the window are changed, so one's interest never flags. At first the pictures strike you as hideously ugly, regular color nightmares, great dabs of paint splashed on the canvas as if done by a blind lunatic in a state of frenzy. But, after you have studied the pictures for a while, you really begin to see things; and then you see more things, and if you have any imagination you can sometimes really believe that you see something. The trouble is, no two people seem to see the same things in the pictures. Uncle Ned and I fell into quite a hot dispute one morning over a glaring canvas in the window. What he thought was a landscape with a gorgeous sky, and a reflective cow in the foreground, seemed to me to be quite unmistakably a woman hanging out clothes in a back-yard. Finally, in order to prove that he was right, he stepped inside and inquired, and was told that the subject of the picture was "Early Spring in Bavaria." However, he still insists that the woman is a cow.

Aunt Julia's rheumatism and temper are getting worse every day, and I feel sure we will be headed for Wiesbaden before many days. I wish there was a sanatorium where people could go and get their tempers cured, because I have an idea that it isn't the rheumatism that causes the temper, but the temper that causes the rheumatism.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Giving Thanks Always.

Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things.—Eph. v: 20.

"Thanks be for life that lives  
Stronger through strife;  
Thanks be for death that gives  
Ending to life.  
Song of the silence born  
Freedom of thrall,  
Spirit from flesh outworn—  
Thanks be for all."

A few weeks ago I heard a brave sermon preached in the Toronto General Hospital. The preacher looked tenderly at the congregation of sick and suffering people, and urged them to rejoice always. It takes courage to endure pain without a murmur, but how much greater courage it takes to be glad in and for the pain. He was a brave man to even suggest such a possibility—and I told him so—

how much braver are those who rejoice when called to share in the sacred fellowship of sufferers.

It is easy to see the glory of the martyr—it is far from easy to endure martyrdom with a true martyr's joy, and to say:

"For the glory and the passion of this midnight,

I praise Thy name, I give Thee thanks, O Christ!

Thou that hast neither failed me nor forsaken,

Through these hard hours with victory overpriced;

Now that I, too, of Thy passion have partaken."

A few days ago a sick man said to me: "Look at that man over there! He is perfectly strong and well, and, of course, he is happy. Anyone who is well has nothing to complain about." There was a great deal of truth in the remark, and yet it is possible that the man he was envying thought he had his full share of troubles and worries. If we are going to wait until the whole world

is said: "The spirit of our men and women in California during this trial has been superb. It was almost worth while to have such a disaster to witness the resurrection of such a spirit."

It is almost always so in the time of severe testing. Human nature responds splendidly to the demands made upon it, and heroism is far more common than we are apt to think. But great occasions don't come very often, nor last very long. Our chief business is with the commonplace days. Why shouldn't we polish them up and make them shine?

The sick man need not wait for health, the troubled heart for relief from care. Anyone can give thanks for pleasure; as Christians we are called to a grander task than that—to give thanks for the discipline through which God is shaping character.

I remember once sitting beside a woman who was dying of cancer. She talked eagerly about the new life ahead, and even spoke cheerfully of the dark passage. Her hand was clasped closely by her loved Master, and she was overflowing with joy at the thought of seeing

him. Perhaps she wonders why her husband and children seem glad of an excuse to get away from home. She complains that other people have good times, and nothing pleasant ever comes her way. And yet it is only the habit of faultfinding that has enslaved her. Probably she is not really as unhappy as she thinks. She certainly is not proving herself a "great woman," like the washerwoman who did not grumble when her line broke and the clean clothes went down in the mud. There is some "credit in being jolly" when good work has to be done all over again.

Let us open our windows and let the glad sunshine stream into our lives—the radiant light of joy, reflected from the face of the God of Joy. Dull lives are not only a misery to the people who live them, but they depress other people and injure their soul-growth. No one can tell how far his light may shine, nor how many people are cheered by his happy face. A woman was starting off from her city lodging one day, when she heard a child's pleading voice from a fourth-story window opposite: "Please don't forget to light your fire to-night." There was a sick child, in a bare little room, who was alone all day and got more lonely as the dark came on. Every night he watched for the light in the room opposite, and when it failed to appear he found darkness dreary. It is not always easy to keep the fire of glad thankfulness burning, but those who insist on being happy always send warmth and brightness into other lives.

We all can be happy if we try hard enough. "The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do." If we can't learn to like it, at least we can always thank God for it. Our business in this world is not to have a good time, but to grow daily more Christlike. How thankful we should be to the Great Refiner Who will not allow His precious jewels to remain uncut and unpolished, and Who holds His gold in the fire until the dross is burned away. Let us try to learn the joy of the martyr:

"Who lying in God's arms hast learned  
to bear  
The slow, sad hours with smiles, and set  
thy face  
Still as an angel's to the bitter grace  
Of the sharp strokes wherewith He chasteneth  
His best-beloved . . . . .  
God hid His face, but held him by the  
hand."

DORA FARNCOMB.

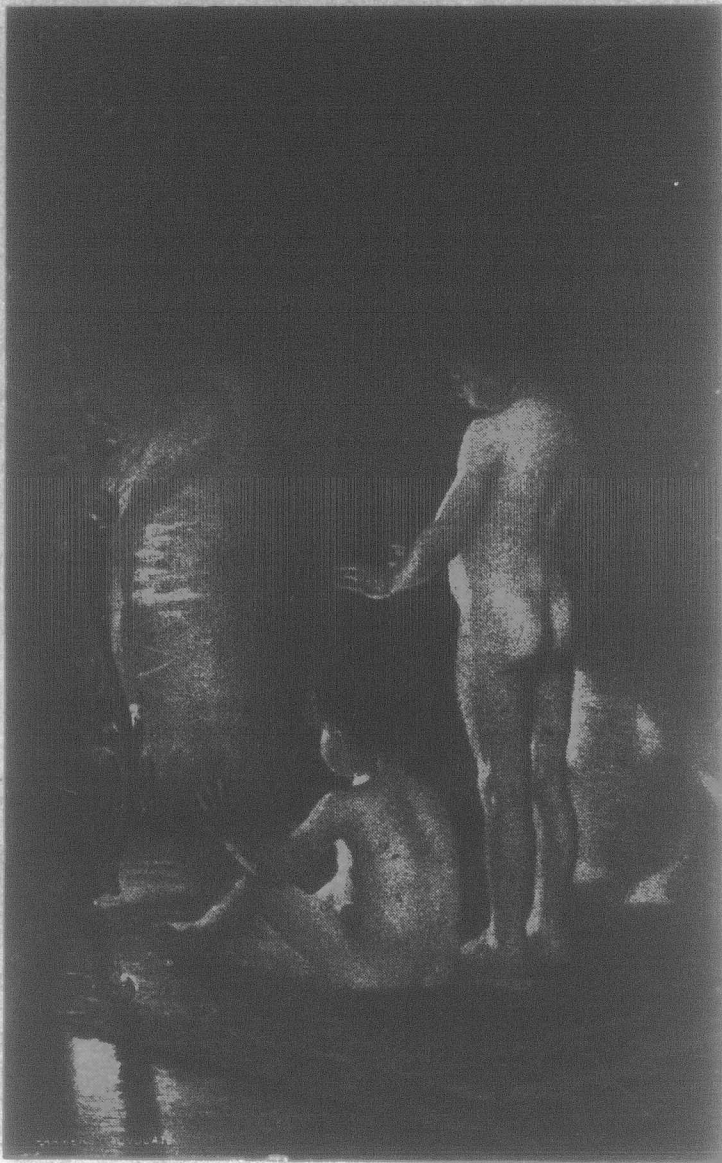
### Rural Districts Neglected.

Wealth gravitates to and accumulates in cities, and money for the relief of distress and for social uplift is spent there also. The consequence is that there is much suffering and misery in rural districts that is not attended to, and conditions that are manifestly wrong, drift on for years until children grow up to be a life-long burden on the community, and to perpetuate in their offspring the only life they have known. An appeal was made to a city benevolent organization for some clothing for a family in a neighboring district. The request was refused on the ground that the city poor needed all they could get. Much clothing and relief distributed in the city goes to families where the chief cause of distress is drink, and it is always difficult to properly investigate the history of city families, and prevent indolence and fraud. Strange to say, also, well-to-do people in the country send their charitable contributions to large city charities, ignorant of or indifferent toward the wretchedness they might substantially relieve in their own villages. There is need for organized social work in rural districts, and a judicious expenditure of funds. How can this be brought about, is the problem.—J. J. Kelso.

### "In the Garden With Him"

By Dora Farncomb, author of "The Vision of His Face." Cloth, with gilt lettering, 75 cents; postage 5 cents. The William Weld Co., Limited, London, Canada. English Edition, with introduction by Bishop Watts—Ditchfield. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. London: Robert Scott, 62 Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Rt. Rev. J. E. Watts—Ditchfield,



After the Bath.

By the London, Ont., artist, Paul Peel. A favorite picture in Munich.

is arranged to our liking, before we learn to be happy and thankful, there is small chance of our finding happiness in this world.

Perhaps we had better begin at the other end, and count our blessings instead of our troubles. When they are all remembered, and God has been thanked for each, it will be time enough to count up our troubles—probably there are only half a dozen, at the outside, while the blessings are innumerable.

There is the great blessing of health, which so many of us accept day by day without a word of thankfulness to the Giver. After the terrible earthquake in California, many who had lost all their property would be ready to echo the reply of an old sea-captain, who was asked about the welfare of his family. He lifted his cap reverently and answered: "All well, thank God!" When a family escaped, with its ranks unbroken, the loss of property seemed a comparatively trifling matter.

One who witnessed the great catastro-

We are all bound by our habits, therefore it is important to form good habits and conquer bad ones. I don't often preach about self-examination, but it certainly is wise to take stock of ourselves sometimes so that we may know the enemies we have to fight. It is not easy to break a habit of faultfinding and to establish the habit of thankfulness, but it is possible by persistent effort.

Ingratitude is a hateful sin; let us be careful lest we fall into habits of ingratitude unawares. Do we grumble over a day or two of unpleasant weather, forgetting to thank God for many fine days? Do we make a fuss if anything goes wrong in the household arrangements, taking the daily work of the busy housekeeper as a matter of course?

The woman who makes the most of every trifling ailment or discomfort, insisting on sympathy from everybody if her head aches or if a teacup is broken, does not know how this apparently harmless habit is poisoning the home atmosphere, nor how small her soul is grow-