

disloyal to our Lord and turned to Him, sorrowing, for forgiveness? When His kind words are for ourselves alone we keep them secret—as St. Peter did.

I think there must have been another wonderful greeting on that great day of joy, for Mary's Son knew how her heart was pierced on Good Friday, and He would delight in turning her sorrow into joy. That meeting is too sacred for strangers to intrude upon. When a mother, having mourned her son as dead, finds he is alive and near at hand, she wants him all to herself for a little while. What do they say to each other? Perhaps they don't say anything. Often words seem to hinder fellowship, for "the things best worth saying can't be said."

Do you think the Easter greeting of the Living Lord meant more to the women than to the men? Do you think that Christianity is more for women than for men?

You would be horrified if your mother or sister had no faith in Christ, if your wife sent no prayers after you when you were called to the firing line, if your son wished to marry a woman who never went to church. What of the men? Don't they need the Living Master as much as the women?

To-day I saw a big notice board announcing a Men's Meeting at the Y. M. C. A.—subject: "The Consciousness of the Presence of Christ." To be conscious of the Presence of Christ in our midst is to be filled with hope and courage. If He is with us no foe can really harm us. Death is simply the lifting of the veil which hides His face. Pain and sorrow may lift us to a cross—but His Cross is very near.

A brilliant French journalist—a professed atheist—watched the soldiers as they went bravely out to face death, and the war opened his eyes to the Reality of God. He wrote: "I have deceived myself and you who have read my books and sung my songs. I was mad. It has all been an awful dream! O France, France! Return to your faith and to your best days. . . . Oh! my soul, rejoice that thou art permitted to see the hour in which, kneeling, thou hast learnt to say, 'I believe, I believe in God.'" He found joy in believing—did you ever hear of anyone finding "joy" in atheism?

"Death" is a common word in these days. We stand, like Mary, with sad faces turned towards the sepulchre of young men. Why do we seek for the living among the dead? They are not dead, but rejoicing in new and wonderful life—those brave young men who have so willingly laid down their lives in defence of their country. "O change! stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod. The light eternal breaks, The new immortal wakes, Wakes with his God!"

Think of the young Canadian who said to the eight men under him: "You go back and I will cover your retreat." He did not come in, and his body was found with a bullet through the brain. "Dead!" do you say? Why he made one quick step over the threshold, from eager life here to fuller life beyond. St. Augustine declared that there was no such thing as death, because we are either on this side of death or on the other side.

If one very dear to you has been called away turn your thoughts from the grave, which does not and cannot hold the living. Turn to Him Who is "The Life" and—when He claims your attention by speaking your name—answer in whole-hearted loyalty, "My Master!"

Rossiter W. Raymond writes:

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence, as I prayed:
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled, "Be not afraid!"

Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know
Restore again to life, "I said,—
'This one who died an hour ago.'
He smiled,—'He is not dead.'"

'Yet our beloved seem so far,—
The while we yearn to feel them near,—
Albeit with Thee we trust they are
He smiled,—'And I am here.'"

DORA FARNCOMB.

For the Needy.

A small donation (\$2.00) from a reader of the Advocate who enjoys the Quiet

Hour—I often say the Quiet Hour is worth all we pay for the Advocate.

READER.

Thank you—my unknown friend—for your encouraging words; and for putting into my hands "for the needy" a larger sum than the Advocate costs—thus proving that you mean what you say.

HOPE.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Women After the War.

The other day in a restaurant I noticed a strong, able-bodied man whose only work seemed to be to take money at a desk and put records into a victrola.



Stewed Figs, with Charlotte Russe Cream.

Possibly he was beyond "military age," the fact remained that he was a big, physically capable man, doing work that any frail girl of sixteen could have done. In the face of these urgent times when there is an unceasing call for men, to go to the front, to make munitions, to raise crops, to do definitely productive work of all sorts so that the credit of the nation may be kept up and supplies under way, it was very hard to exalt him into a hero. Of course one cannot be too sweeping without knowing all of the circumstances.

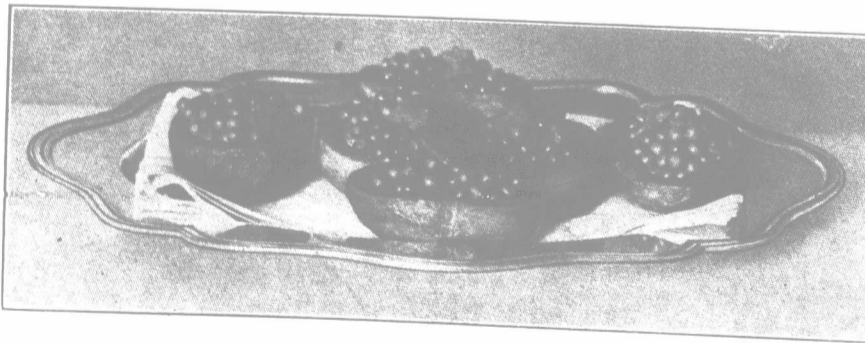
Watching him, however, as he walked with firm tread, ever and anon, to replace "Largo" with "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," or vice versa, I recalled a controversy that occurred a few years ago between a friend and her

ed. When the war is over, at least for the first ten or twenty years, there will be a vast preponderance of women in the civilized world. Add to these the great numbers of crippled and disabled soldiers who will come back from the war able to do only the lighter forms of work, and it seems evident that every fit man, who is a real man, will choose, himself, to do the work for which his strength fits him, leaving the lighter positions open for those less strong physically, than he. This does not mean at all that every strong man shall elect to do work that calls for a large admixture of manual labor in it. There is a strenuous brain-work which makes as strong demands on physical strength as any manual labor could do. Such must always call, and rightly so, to those whether men or women, who are divinely fitted for it. Manual or mental,—it does not matter a whit which. Both are necessary, yes, imperative.

To come down to the concrete, then: During the time which must elapse before the balance in the population of the civilized world adjusts itself,

the able-bodied men will likely elect to do all the heavier tasks and will choose according to their gifts,—to be farmers, to do the strenuous work in mills and factories, to be builders, to drift into all positions which call for heavy lifting and carrying, to engage in the not less exhaustive mental labors of all kinds that call for peculiarly masculine attributes. There will be ample opportunity for the really efficient in law in medicine, in preaching, in authorship, in scientific research; and more than ever before will there be a tendency for the half-men in these things to step down and out, and try something that is better suited to their powers. Nor will they be any the less happy for their choice.

To the women, then, and to the crippled



Potato Patties, with Canned Peas.

brother, a lad then approaching the time when it was necessary to make a decision in regard to what he should do in life. He wanted to be a jeweller, she wanted him to work in his father's shops. "You don't want to take a sissy job," she argued, "You are a big strong man, and you ought to take a man's work. You rebelled at anything that meant heavy brain-work, so you should choose manly, physical work. The jewelry business calls for neither. Any girl or any delicate man could do it."—She won out. She had thrown him, as it were, on his honor.

I think she was right, and I think that one effect of the war will be to establish the point of view for which she contend-

ed and weakened soldiers who have so splendidly done already the manhood's stint of their prime, will be left the things that they can do,—the various kinds of clerical work in offices and banks, the lighter tasks in stores and factories, the garden work, and poultry keeping, and all the other things possible to women and broken-down men. For the men task while there is "Men's Work" to be done.

Perhaps, after the war, there will be a sadder idea of work. Perhaps there will cease to be greater honor placed upon one kind of work than upon another, because all honor will be placed upon doing what one is best fitted for.

Could this be accomplished the whole solution of contentedness in the world must be pushed forward at one vast bound. Why can't we be sensible about such things?

Really I can't close without calling your attention to something that made me laugh out just now, here all alone in my den. I very seldom read over anything I have written after it comes out in print, but, somehow, I opened April 6th issue at page 620. The first thing my eyes saw was this: "You straightened up and stood, hands crossed, on the hoe handle," Oh that comma after "crossed,"—I swear I did not write that in my copy! The printer must have been working off an unconscious joke on me.—What a difference in meaning a thing so tiny as a comma can make!—Needless to say, dear friend, I do hope you haven't been standing on the end of the hoe-handle,—"hands crossed" too, quite piously. Now do you understand why I "snickered out" here all by myself?

JUNIA.

"Divine Discontent."

Several letters on this topic arrived, but the writers misunderstood entirely the meaning of the quotation, attempting to take a religious signification from the words. "Divine discontent" is a well-known quotation meaning simply that through discontent we often are impelled to make an effort to improve. Absolute contentment, on the other hand, sometimes leads people to rest on their oars, and so degenerate. It is only by effort that we grow in any way.

Kohl Rabi, Apple Butter, Etc.

Dear Junia,—I am ever an interested reader of your Ingle Nook and get many helpful suggestions from the same. I would like to see some benedict's answers to "A Cavan Blazer."

1. Could you tell me how to cook Kohl Rabi?
2. Give a recipe for making Apple Butter.
3. Is Spinach used for 'greens' or is it something like cabbage or cauliflower?

4. Last year I tried almost every seed store in our town for "Swiss Chard", but could not get it. They had never heard of it seemingly. I think it was in your paper that I read about it and that it was used for 'greens'. Could you tell me where I might obtain the seed or is that against your rules?

By the way I use the young 'silver weeds' for 'greens' and they're lovely. I think most people call it 'Pig weeds'. Anyway the underside of the leaf sparkles like silver dust might. I'm generally lucky enough to keep my garden so well hoed that I get very few of those 'greens' and so would like the Swiss Chard. Thanking you in advance and wishing you continued success I will close.

Halton Co., Ont.

MARION.

Kohl Rabi is a sort of mixture of turnip and cabbage. It may be boiled and served with butter, pepper and salt, or with a cream sauce.

To make Apple Butter, peel and core the apples and put them through a sausage grinder or food-chopper. To 9 pints of the apple add 4 pints sugar and 1 quart of good cider vinegar. Cook until thick. Flavor with cinnamon and other spices, if liked.

Another Method:—Slice the apples and put in a kettle, with alternate layers of apples and sugar, using 4 lbs. sugar to 25 lbs. apples. Cover tightly and let stand over night. Cook very gently, covered, for 5 hours, then add spices to taste.

Spinach is used for "greens". The "lamb's quarters" of the fields and gardens is wild spinach, and is quite as good in flavor. I wonder if they are the "silver weed" you mention. They are somewhat silvery on the under side of the leaves. Any seed-company that advertises in our paper can send you Swiss Chard seed. The developed leaves of Swiss Chard are cooked like spinach; the stalks or midribs of the leaves may also be cooked separately and served with butter, pepper and salt, or with cream sauce.

Dyeing an Ostrich Feather.

Would advise Mrs. P. M. to send her white ostrich feather to a professional

dyer to have shrink a little color is like Thanks, M in regard to

A Dear Junia is near again may this be I had not in now but in letters and again if an your name what the wr friend. But hold the pe how I did kind writers tried to kee sunshine son us it is sha perhaps we share of the is beautiful surely speak cheering us who remem shut in frie

Worm Will you pl paper what plants. The small flies ab worms in th yellow and d Que. The worms which event To be sure the fern, was rotting in kill all insect are different which may plants by sp tobacco solut Earthworms out by soak

Fly In reply to know how to With the w for fighting many homes, fact that man with them at There are tw (1) the tiny narrow, yellow fly about ver in the evening effort to "sm called "buffa a moth at a oval, with stiff blotches of b larva which do hence the nam In either cas mischief. The eggs, the eggs (larvae) that e or carpets, and enclosed in p metamorphosis takes place. breaks through the discarded I To protect th clothes' moth, and leave in the then put them bags tied up so cannot get in to may often be k plenty of naphth ed a mong th supposed to nee When buffal

pets take up th in the sunshine back have the f Gasoline will but I always h fear someone w ly it must not b which has doors neither lights n gerous even to le while the fumes explosion may if precautions a evaporates very further danger. to repeat in a w If a vacuum there will be li moths or beetles