

We let him choose upon his own account so long as he is consistent with his choice. But certain points, left wholly to himself, when once a man has arbitrated upon, we say he must succeed there or go hang."

Tennyson has the same idea in his philosophy of life expressed in those well-known lines, "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Who shall arbitrate, then, but a man's own conscience? A man's choice is but the expression of his whole makeup. It is the verdict of his ill- or well-governed will, his feeling, and the strength of intellect that has been called in question. To love, when at heart I hate, is not a realization of self, is deceptive, and a violation of the old maxim, "Know thyself," or similar adages bequeathed by the sages.

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STUDY III.

"Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate."

In the years gone by, men were ever ready to avenge political or social wrongs by the use of the sword or other similar weapons. Even a petty quarrel or seeming insult resulted in a challenge which in turn ended in a duel. Those days are past and gone, and now the one who is wronged brings his accuser to judgment. Sometimes it is left to one to decide, sometimes to a number, but whichever be the case, we seldom see the decision accepted without comment and criticism. The judge and jury who have sentenced a prisoner to penal servitude, or even death, are severely censured by some who have seen some good in the man, and some excuse for his fall. Great political questions, too, are left in the hands of a chosen number, and thousands are dissatisfied with the result of their agreement. In social life, judgment is passed from mouth to mouth, until a man or woman, as the case may be, finds himself or herself ostracized or lionized as the populace see fit. Even in our quiet home life this goes on. Almost unknowingly we decide questions by conferring with one another; in short, by arbitration, and as in more important problems, someone has to let his or her opinion be overshadowed by the majority, or by the strongest argument.

Whence comes this right to pass judgments. We read in the Book of Books, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know; One believeth that he may eat all meats, another who is weak eateth herbs; one esteemeth one day above another"; and to quote Emerson, "One man's justice is another's injustice, one man's beauty another's ugliness, one man's wisdom another's folly, as one beholds the same objects from a higher point of view." The man who pays his debts looks with scorn on the one who is remiss in this, while the latter may be doing duty neglected by the former, and in his sight, of more importance. Every man has his own mind, and his own method of doing things. We are all wise in our own way. The difference between persons is not in wisdom, but in the art of showing it, the skill and tact with which it is managed. The two elements of power and form are necessary to keep proportion sweet and sound, and proportion is required to keep even, the great pendulum of the world.

It is an old saying that "Half the world knows not how the other half lives." If, then, we are unaccustomed to their mode of life, their habits, temptations, and opportunities, what right have we to censure them for their actions. One man does what he thinks fit, and abstains from what is unfit, and often in this he and his neighbor agree; but let one undertake the direction of the other, and false relations are soon set up. Undertaking for one another is the blunder which sets the world in general at cross angles.

"Ten men love what I hate." One man can take his drink, and uses arguments to show that it is beneficial, but we know all too well, that this beverage which may not harm him, is the ruin of thousands. The student loves his books, the mechanic his tools, the musician his instruments, and each calls into play the different thoughts and actions of man. The man of money is a

target for the Socialist, and the poor man, yet each is necessary to make up the world. The same trouble is to be found in church matters. Although the great question of Union has been discussed, we are still far from it, for do not the Anglicans think the others should unite with them, and the Baptists think their creed the correct one, and so on, with all denominations. But if we would stop and think, we would ask, "Are we not all wrong?" for in the Great Beyond there can be but one church, and who will dare say which it shall be?

Questions of great political or judicial importance are usually given careful thought, and the decisions given are accepted as final, but it is in the smaller questions of life, that the habit of passing opinions and deciding when, where, why or how often causes us to reconsider and regret our words. A rumor is started concerning a new resident. It is passed on, and very soon the newcomer finds himself or herself welcomed or shut out as the gossips see fit. How often their verdict proves wrong, and we see those same persons trying to undo what their slander has caused. We are often compelled to recall the words of the poet:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

And we wish we could cover the blunder by recalling the words of criticism and judgment, which we, in our folly, allowed ourselves to say.

So we might go on indefinitely naming things which are meat to one man and drink to another, but the great question which confronts us, is, what right have we to decide what concerns others. To judge a man aright, we must know his innermost thoughts, his motives; we must see his heart, as it were, and with man this is an impossibility. We cannot conceive the temptation of the man who has fallen. We cannot follow the thoughts of the genius who is neglecting his duties, devoting time and energy to his invention. We know naught of the hereditary weakness the man with the craving appetite has. We do not know all the minor details and workings which finally entrap our fellowmen and place them in range of our criticism. Who shall arbitrate? For the answer, I would refer you to the second chapter of Romans, which reads, "Therefore thou art inexcusable O man whosever thou art that judgest," and to the fourteenth chapter, where we find, "Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

W. R. H.

STUDY III.

"Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate."

It is of the strong passion, love and hate, that the poet Browning asks this question.

Likes and dislikes may easily be arranged. They are amenable to reason. They are attached to things of minor importance, and can be controlled. We may dislike to go to bed at night, to get up in the morning, to take the necessary trouble of keeping up our personal appearance, but given a strong enough controlling motive, we quite lose sight of these dislikes. The mother's love for her child quickly puts aside any dislike of personal inconvenience. Love of property or possessions will rouse us quickly if these are endangered. Neighbor love will quickly respond if our neighbors' lives or property be in danger, while as to taking trouble about personal appearance, we will gladly do it to give pleasure to those we love.

Against love of good there is no need for arbitration, nor against hatred of evil. But when some of us love and others hate the same thing, something must needs be done, for there is nothing passive about love or hate. If we love or our hate call for action, and our action toward it will necessarily conflict with the action of those whose attitude toward the thing is the reverse of our own. Some of us must be wrong, and

trate?" Even the majority of ten to one does not prove that the ten are right. Ten men may love and one hate, wrongdoing. This does not put the one in the wrong. Ten men may hate, while one loves, the laws which govern them. Are the laws, therefore, wrong? The thing the one person hates may be better hated than loved, or, on the other hand, the thing ten persons love, it may be lawful for them to love. We only contend that majority is no indication of right or wrong. These lines suggest our rights as individuals, and more. They suggest our rights as individuals in relation to the rights of other individuals.

The time element enters into the consideration of this subject. Browning says, "Now, who shall arbitrate?" He is talking of the present. [Some take this "now" merely as an argumentative, introductory word.—Ed.] In the previous stanza, he spoke of the future. In the future, when age shall have revealed the truth, who of us, he wonders, will be proven right. Then the true stations of us in the past will be announced. But that will be when time has thrown its light upon what now seems dark, and as we cannot have this light in the present, to whom shall we go, or who shall arbitrate for us? We are all alike in having ears and eyes, says the poet, yet here the likeness seems to end, for we cannot reach the same conclusion regarding what we hear and see. Some follow what others shun. Some slight what others receive. Who is right? Who shall tell us? Since there is no one beyond the grip of our ruling passions of love and hate, no one dispassionate enough to calmly weigh and judge, let us turn to Him whose higher wisdom is ours for the asking. He sees the end from the beginning, avenge all things are in their proper perspective with Him.

MOLLIE O.

CROWDS.

Before our Roundabout Club session for to-day is closed, our members may be pleased to read an extract of a letter written to us by "Taps," who suggested the subject for Study II, "What I am in my heart aiming for."

"Shall I tell you where I got the idea?" He says: "It was from reading a notice in the book reviews of Gerald Stanley Lee's new book, (Crowds). So this winter, since the essays were written, I looked up the original volume in Hamilton Library. Just supposing you haven't read it, I'll say a little about it. In the first place, it is one of the strongest books I ever looked at. 'Crowds, a Moving-Picture of Democracy,' is the name, and as an illustration of its queerness after some five hundred pages of reading matter, where most authors write 'The End,' he has 'The Beginning.' He says, 'In a little while, five million people will be reading 'Crowds.' I would like to have an immense brass band heading a parade thousands strong with banners, march up Broadway shouting, 'Have you read Crowds!' And all through the book he keeps asking, 'Where are we going to?' 'What do we want?'—we as Americans, we as British, we as a world—and when one comes to think of it, people, individuals, masses, nations, don't seem to know any of these things. So he says if only a few earnest-thinking people could answer his questions and find out, it would be a step forward. So the Roundabout Club has answered it. The most interesting part of it all is that he seems to take the stand that most of our L. S. members did. 'I'm not afraid to be good, and say so to other people, and tell them to be good.' That is the substance of his words. If you have time, read the book."

I believe Study II was worth while, wasn't it?

Good luck to our Club, and best wishes to "The Farmer's Advocate."

"TAPS."

New Postal Regulation.

Take Note for Pattern Department.

By a recent order of the Postal Department, the sending of coin or bank-notes in unregistered letters is strictly prohibited. Stamps are not specified, therefore the price for patterns may be forwarded in stamps or by postal note. Send stamps for amounts under 20 cents, postal notes for over that amount; or send by registered letter.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

What Love Cannot Do.

He saved others; Himself He cannot save.—St. Matt. 27: 42.

"With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged, how quickly I complain!"

This week, true lovers of Christ are turning their eyes towards that awful mystery—the Crucifixion of the Incarnate Son of God. The Cross looms black before us, and ringing in our ears is that prophetic cry of Jeremiah:

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto
My sorrow, which is done unto me.
Whom the LORD hath afflicted in the day of His fierce anger."

It is indeed something to us, who cannot "pass by" indifferently, but are drawn by the great attraction of the King on His throne of agony. "Love is the greatest thing in the world"—is there anything love cannot do?

Listen to the glorious taunt hurled at our Master by those who triumph in their short and inglorious victory: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save!"

There is first the admission that He saved others. That could not be denied then, and it cannot be denied now. Multitudes which no man can number, sing the glory of Him Who has saved them from sin and misery, bringing them out of darkness into light and peace and joy. Christ has proved himself mighty to save others—He is saving thousands every day. After nearly two thousand years He is still the only Saviour of men from sin. What other name under heaven has ever saved from that worst evil of all—sin? There have been other great leaders—but to whom can sin-sick souls turn for salvation except to Him Whose very Name—JESUS—means "God the Saviour?"

The priests and scribes, even in their mockery, were forced to own that He saved others. Strange that they ventured—while acknowledging His power—dare Him to show it. "Let Him come down from the cross, and we will believe Him," they cried. "He trusted in God,"—another great admission of His character, which ought to have had weight with the religious leaders of a religious race—"let Him deliver Him now."

Think of the mighty power held in control by that silent Sufferer. His very love bound fast His hands and feet. There was one thing that He could not do—save Himself. If He had been tempted by those cruel, dangerous taunts to come down from the Cross and crush His foes, Love would have been beaten. If He had saved Himself, the taunt would have been terribly reversed, and our despairing cry—the cry of a sin-sick race—would have been: "He saved Himself; others He could not save."

Christ is our Example as well as our Saviour. It is not enough for us to trust in Him for forgiveness. Listen to His own solemn warning to His disciples: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." That warning was given when St. Peter tried to show his affection for his Master by turning Him from the Way of the Cross. He warned them that He not only could not save Himself, without disastrous failure in His great mission, but that they also—if they would come after Him—must be willing to deny self, and be prepared to lay down their lives for love's sake.

In the Collect for the Sunday before Easter, we look up to Christ on the Cross, and pray that we may follow the example of His patience. We dare not pray that we may be saved from pain—some of us right, but "who shall arbitrate?"