

# A PAGE FOR THE FIRESIDE HOUR.

## Selections From Cowper.

### HOME DELIGHTS OF A WINTER EVENING.

(From "The Task.")  
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

O winter, ruler of the invested year,  
I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

But here the needle piles its busy task;  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn.  
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;

A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.

The poet's or historian's page by one  
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;  
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,  
And in the charming strife triumphant still;

Beguide the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry; the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.  
The volume closed, the customary rites  
Of the last meal commence, a Roman meal;

Such as the mistress of the world once found  
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
Enjoyed—spare feast!—a radish and

an egg.

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,  
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of measures up his bright designs.

Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
Who deem religion phrenzy, and the gods,  
That made them, an intruder on their joys.

Start at his awful name, or deem his praise  
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand

That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have escaped, the mercies  
That have saved us, the mercies that have saved us,  
The disappointed foe, delirious found  
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restored.

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love,  
"O ev'nings worthy of the gods!"  
exclaimed  
The machine band. O ev'nings, I reply,  
More to be prized and coveted than yours.

As more illumed, and with nobler truths,  
That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

### GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye faithful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweeter will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

## The Six Stages of Sin.

The Steps by Which the Goal of Wickedness is Reached.

There is only one absolute ideal—says Dr. D. W. Sifton in the "London Quarterly Review"—the absolutely good. From this there are six steps constituting the Logic of Sin, which lead to the final goal of wickedness.

I. The first step in moral evil, that is, in sin, is taken when a lower good is chosen in preference to one that is higher. The thing chosen is in both cases good; it may be a question either of degree or quality.

1. The choice of a good lower in degree rather than of one of a higher degree.

Men fall into this sin when they indulge to excess in anything that is intrinsically and enjoyed in moderation, actually good—good, too, meant for human enjoyment. The most common forms of such excess are eating, drinking, amusement, pleasure.

2. The choice of a good lower in quality rather than of one of a higher quality.

Men fall into this sin when they choose a lower sensual or physical good in place of a higher, as when good food is sacrificed for good to-bacco, or plain, nourishing food for food that is more tasty but not so nourishing; or when fine clothing is bought instead of warm or useful clothing; or when the stomach has needlessly to pay for the back, and in numerous other ways.

II. The second step in moral evil is the employment of wrong means for the attainment of real good.

This sin is committed, for example, when a hungry man obtains food by means of theft; or when a man escapes danger or inconvenience or loss by means of a lie; or when he deceives in order to secure some sort of

advantage, as in bargaining, whether as buyer or seller.

III. The third step in the development of sin is taken when good is left undone or wrong is done, notwithstanding its being seen to be wrong. The trick of the cuttlefish, which darkens the water in which it is swimming when its foes are at hand; even so men rouse their passions, or stir up their prejudices, or create a cloud of doubts, which for the moment dims their vision and sets them free, or rather subjects them to constraint to do or leave undone what conscience forbids or commands.

IV. A still further step is taken when wrong is done because it is wrong; when men choose not only what is wrong as means, but what is wrong as end.

Are there not men to whom mischief is a pleasure; who find gratification in the corruption and sin of others apart altogether from any personal participation in it.

V. A fifth stage of sinful development is reached when a man deliberately usurps the function of moral lawgiver.

That which begins in caprice, in surrender to the whim of the moment, tends to ripen into a more and more conscious and determined refusal to be bound by any law whatever.

Persons of this kind are prone to refuse to be bound even by their own promises, their own inclinations, their own needs; nay, even their own obvious and recognized interests. Nothing binds them; they won't be bound.

VI. The final stage of sinning is reached when man consciously rebels against God, defies Him, and blasphemes His holy name.

## Great Thoughts.

Eden is yours! would you dwell within it?  
Change men's grief to a gracious smile;  
And thus have heaven here this minute.

—Nixon Waterman.

### The Camel (by a Beginner.)

"It's nest is a very mean one, made of twigs, leaves, etc. It has a large body, and it is able to carry it full of water. It has two humps of fat on its back, on which it is able to feed when it is hungry. Its feet are webbed, in which it is able to cross

the desert. Its hair is used to make brushes which are used for painting. It also lays eggs. It eats worms."

### The One Thing Necessary.

Venerable Archdeacon: "Now, my dear children, I will ask you a few questions in your catechism. Which of you can tell me the two things necessary in Baptism?" "Quite right," "Water." "Water is one thing, and what is the other? What! can none of you which what else is necessary? Well, little girl, what do you say?" Little Girl: "Please, sir, a baby."

NOW is the time. Oh, Friend, no longer wait to scatter loving smiles and words of Cheer to those around whose lives are now so dear. They may not meet you in the coming year. Now is the time.

## Walking.

(E. W. GAGE.)

When we start for a walk, make walking as well as breathing a beatitude. It makes a difference what we think as we walk; joyousness and gladness will respond to good thoughts and you will find yourself walking as the command of old demands—"walk as the children of light." It takes the heaviness out of the feet and makes it possible for walking to become a beatitude.

The style of walking that I admire most is moderate in velocity, rhythmic, arms swinging naturally; no conscious exertion while there is no force thrown to the winds. Self-conscious persons give the impression that their arms are a trouble to their body, holding them stiffly, or swinging them in some meaningless way; a waste of nervous force.

Good walking, the kind that becomes a beatitude, demands elasticity and flexibility in the toes. Persons who walk in a flat-footed fashion, or in a heavy manner, or who go along pounding the heels, become tired and fail to enjoy the exercise. They do not experience the benefit that comes from a light, free, easy walking and so miss much real joy in life. It is possible to cultivate gladness and happiness, to find joy in whatever one does instead of finding it a drudgery.

Good thoughts encourage cheerfulness as well as self-control. One should take advantage of anything that makes for health; anything that tends to the shaking off of mental inertia that accompanies so many ailments; anything that can be supplied in connection with other means to maintain, or restore health; anything that makes for complete living—Health Culture.

## The State's Duty.

If the worth of education were appreciated as it should be, the educational system would give to every child a place in the world. The school would include a whole training right through to a college degree. That is idealistic, but not impracticable when you come to think of it. Here is a proposition, to expend, say, thirty millions of dollars, upon a new canal. Improved transportation is necessary, we are told. Why does not some one get up, and say, that an improved system of national education is also necessary? Thirty millions of dollars would go a long way towards inaugurating a system perfectly in line with what I have suggested. What do the teachers say to starting a campaign of education along these lines? Preach the money value of a finished educational system to the state at large, picture what the country would be, if it stood first among the nations in this respect, as it might. It will come to pass in time this ideal. Teachers have it in their power to hurry along the day of its approach. Is there any reason, why the state should not make it a matter of the first concern, that all its citizens should have an equal, and a certain right to an education, which would take those who were fitted for it, right through to where they could reach the terminus at present set to scholastic education?—Exchange.

## True Love.

The love that measures giving and receiving is not likely to be lasting. True loving gives its best freely, and keeps no niggardly account of how much it gets back. We never shall have deep friendships and close ties so long as we insist on just so much recognition and return for everything we do. Love does not bargain; it gives; and its highest symbol is the Cross, where Love Absolute poured itself out for half-comprehending and slow-hearted man.

## Is it Any Wonder?

"Him wuzza tootest little-bitsle peccous love lamb,  
And him dee a sweetest little-ittle single, yes him am,  
Wis 'im 'tunnin' little footsie, an' him says 'Doo-goo-goo!'  
Him was him muzzer's ownest lamble boyisle—cootale-cool!"

To this the baby listens by the hour and day and week—  
And yet his mother wonders why he doesn't learn to speak!

## The Quickness of Woman's Eyes.

Women are quite accustomed to compliments on their quickness. The way they jump to conclusions and catch the gist of things before mere men has had time to take in all the bearings of the case has become proverbial. Many a man is glad to lay a matter he is undecided about before the mind of a woman, just to see how the affair strikes her at first sight and at the moment. Her judgment is often surprisingly sound. Without stopping to reason about it, she seems to see the thing all round—her answer comes at once. Perhaps if she stopped to reason it out she would be less certain. This quickness is a great asset in woman's character; the way a husband will sometimes avail himself of it is flattering.

Women have the most extraordinary facility for seeing a great many things at once. For instance, they will remember every detail of a person's dress, manner, and personal appearance, even to the color of the hair and eyes, after a mere glimpse. This power is rare with men in general though some have cultivated it. The gift belongs pre-eminently to women, however, who will often, without effort, take away the most vivid impressions of people they have travelled with for a short time only and have never spoken to, or of people they have met by chance in the street.

Woman's eyes need be as keen as they are kindly. In her household all depends on them. Woman is the first to notice any little rift within the lute of home life, and failure in the health of those she loves and has the care of, any lapse from the accustomed, any trouble unexpressed that is making any one unhappy. More delicately balanced, more sensitive than man, her nature receives impressions which to those of a different, perhaps coarser, fibre would simply have no existence. Her intuition is at times divine.

The eyes of a good woman! How gently, how clearly, how truthfully they look out on life! How pleasantly on those they guard! Happy the homes that dwell in peace and security beneath the loving care of a true woman's eyes.

## Failure.

Failure is a rocky hill;  
Climb it! Climb it with a will!

Failure is a broken bone;  
Set it! Grin, and do not moan!

Failure is a tangled string;  
Fuzzle out the knotted thing!

Failure is a river swift;  
Swim it! Swim and do not drift!

Failure is a black morass;  
Cross it! There are tufts of grass!

Failure is a treacherous pit;  
Scramble! Clamber out of it!

Failure is an ink night;  
Sing! Expect the morning light!

Failure is an ugly coal;  
Fuse it to a diamond soul!

## A Prayer.

Our Father: Thou art the Source  
And Cause of all that exists in this vast universe. In Thee are all power and wisdom. And thou dost love. Thou art Love. As the body breathes in the atmosphere in which and by which we live, so may we breathe in the Thy Wisdom and Love and Power. May we be inspired and dominated by Thee. May we be brought into perfect harmony with Thee, as we think and pray and resolve and love. And thus may we become the consenting and controlled medium of Thy Spirit. Great, good, and gracious God, thus take possession of us. Dwell within us. Illuminate and control us. And teach us, by a living experience the full meaning of that strong and wholesome and inspiring word: Salvation. Thus shall we find strength and health and peace in Jesus Christ our Lord.

## Great Men and Women.

WILLIAM COWPER.  
(1731—1800)

Cowper, one of the most charming of poets, and most unhappy of men, is best known by the poem "John Gilpin," which he liked least of all his voluminous verse. It is a strange irony of fate that the pious recluse of Olney, whose mental malady thrice overturned his reason, making his life so wretched that he repeatedly sought to find refuge in a suicide's grave, should now be chiefly remembered for the jolly jingle of "John Gilpin," and the sublime confidence in Divine Providence expressed in "God moves in a mysterious way." The interest in Cowper's life lies chiefly in the development of his mind as exhibited in his letters. His mind in childhood exhibited that gentleness, timidity, and diffidence, which ripened into such bitter fruits in his after life.

In his chambers in the Inner Temple, when called to the bar, there was more of "rambling in the primrose paths of literature," than in "the thorny road of jurisprudence." He seems to have mingled cheerfully in the gaieties of the literary friends with whom his nominal profession connected him. When they procured for him the situation of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords, then occurred the first terrible development of the disease, so often manifested in the nervous frame of those gifted with the "diviner soul," which, slumbering beneath an external surface of gaiety or even of wild jollity, rages like a volcano in the mind's inner depths. On his recovery renouncing all London prospects, he settled eventually at Olney in Buckinghamshire in 1767, with Mrs. Unwin and her daughter, where in the society of a devout and amiable circle of friends the "wind was ever afterwards tempered to the shorn lamb." At length, at the age of nearly fifty, the found-

tain of his poetry, which had been all but sealed since his malady, was reopened. His first volume, "Table Talk, etc.," appeared in 1782. In the preceding year he had become acquainted with Lady Austen, to whose suggestion we owe the story of "John Gilpin," and "The Task." The story of John Gilpin's ride, we are told, caused Cowper a sleepless night, as he was kept awake by laughter at it. During these restless hours he turned it into the famous ballad.

During these years Cowper was engaged on his translation of Homer, varied by his delightful correspondence with Lady Hesketh, his cousin, and others. His disease burst forth with renewed violence when the infirmities of age prevented his kind nurse, Mrs. Anwin, from ministering to him and the year 1800 terminated his sorrows.

Of no writer's mind, character, sorrows, joys, habits, down to his hind cage making and his here taming do we know more; his whole heart and soul blossom in their beautiful hue in his poetry and letters. His portrait is familiar to every eye, and pilgrims repair with interest and compassion to the scenes among which his footsteps wandered, and which his pen immortalized in song. How much that was marvellous, pious, glorious, and hopeful, sprung from a spirit overwhelmed in the despair of hopeless separation from his Maker is an enigma in the dispensations of Providence. His principal poems include "Table Talk," "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Exposition," "Hope," "Charity," and the discursive "Task," written from the theme of the "Sofa," set him by Lady Austen. His hymns include the well-known "Oh! for a closer walk with God," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," "What various hindrances we meet," and "God moves in a mysterious way."

## Scientific Discoveries.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

(From Address to British Association, 1913.)

"In justice to myself and my co-workers, I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going farther and saying with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence to my mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps aetherial, existence and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm." A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent. Yes, and there is more to say than that. The methods of science are not the only way, though they are our way, of being piloted to truth. 'No finere non potest perveniri ad tam grande secretum.'"

I am convinced that those on the other side are trying to speak to us, and that they are doing all in their power to help us."

## She Saved a Quarter---But?

Mrs. Armes handed \$1.25 to the girl of the glove counter in payment for her purchase.

"Even change," she said. "Need I wait for the sales slip?"

"We are not allowed to deliver the package until the cashier sends back the voucher," the girl explained. "Here it comes now."

She caught the box as it fell from the tube, and pulled out the slip. A quarter fell out with it. The girl glanced quickly at her customer.

"I am very sorry, but we cannot take this quarter," she said. "It is not a good one."

Mrs. Armes frowned. "Isn't that a bother!" she exclaimed. "Of course, I have not the remotest idea where it came from. I shouldn't know the difference. I wonder if my dimes are counterfeit, too! It makes one feel so doubtful."

The dimes and nickels, however, proved good, and a moment later her purchase was handed. Mrs. Armes took it absently. Her mind was still busy with that quarter.

"I've got to get rid of it somehow," she reflected. "I can't afford to lose it. I'll try the little corner store. I'll get some thread there."

The little corner store was a tiny, pathetic place, kept by an elderly woman whose face showed how difficult the struggle had been. She never had more than one assistant—always young and inexperienced. To-day the girl was a new one. She accepted Mrs. Armes' quarter without question and that lady, with a sigh of relief, hastily put the thread in her bag and left the store.

Five minutes later Miss Earle happened to go to the cash drawer, and her fingers touched the spurious coin; she drew it out at once.

"See, Lucy, this is a counterfeit," she said, and she showed the girl how it differed in weight and "feel" and ring from a genuine coin.

"You won't make such a mistake again, I'm sure," she went on. "I'm sorry, but I shall have to take this from your pay to-night. I can't afford to lose it; my profits are too small."

The girl's face darkened. She made no protest for she knew the meagre profits of the shop, only—it seemed so cruel! Twenty-five was all that she was allowed to keep out of her scanty wages, and this week she had been planning a tiny treat for little sick Jack's birthday, and now—the hot tears filled her eyes.

But Mrs. Armes had "saved" her quarter!

LONG PASSAGE.—The ship, Checkers is now 49 days out from Oporto. She is evidently detained on account of adverse weather which other vessels that recently arrived met.

ORGANS.—We are showing a nice lot of Mason and Hamlin and Nestham Organs at greatly reduced prices. Get one for Xmas. CHESLEY WOODS, Piano and Organ Store, Water St.—n25,14

## BANK

### Statement

Balance of Profit and Loss  
Profits for the year ended  
provision for all

Quarterly Dividend 2½ p  
Quarterly Dividend 2½ p  
Bonus 1 p  
Quarterly Dividend 2½ p  
Quarterly Dividend 2½ p  
Bonus 1 p

Provision for Bank Premises

Balance of Profit and Loss

NOTE—Market price of Bank

Capital Stock  
Rest  
Balance of Profits carried

Unclaimed Dividends  
Quarterly Dividend, payable  
Bonus of 1 per cent. payable

Notes of the Bank in circulation  
Deposits not bearing interest  
Deposits bearing interest  
Balances due to other Banks  
Due to other banks and banks  
Bills Payable

Acceptances under Letters

Gold and Silver coin currency  
Government demand notes  
Deposit in Central Gold Reserve  
Deposit with Dominion Government  
Central bank note circulation  
Due from banks and banking  
Call and Short Loans in Great

Dominion and Provincial Gold  
Railway and other Bonds, Loans  
Notes and Cheques of other

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other assets  
Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities  
Debts secured by mortgage of  
Overdue debts not specially

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