

an number the helped spiritually. If he had only abors it would not vo, but, because it Christ, there was and the boy himself gry.

ithless and foolish ity, which is the r". No one on to say: "I am so at it is useless for the tremendous struction. Every- own strength) he greatest leader nly the powers of God has seen fit g. We are called things committed ere sent to find an g question. "How ? go and see." out something of d opportunities, be to place them d of God. Con- sy thing, and we o renew our self- lest we selfishly red to God. Each say:

and mind not how

about thee spread lously fed, o a bitter cry: d, I, yea even I', and the barley

say about the use offered lives. One life to his country, doing unexciting others were sent ches. A soldier's an's—is go where r our business to ost is less exciting nt (apparently)— ple. No man can is own life-work. with His panicking their backs on ple delivering Him in the full vigor hood,—seemed to f life. Success of omes too late for stage of existence. ususly and prayer- p until the sower is field of God's d is not, therefore,

ave you? That is you and God can s you have many self have no idea ne thing has been , and that is that exactly the same ch a trifling part e unique, it is not on earth is exactly particular.

each person who distinctive offering lace in the hand ch no one else can t because you can't k another of His remember that no ecial work as well you are willing to ble obedience.

o spent last Easter ne lettering running bra: "There is no She said that "this its quiet assertive- e comfort to con-

the mighty power attered. Right has onger than might. ways a majority; rtunity of service; ke our lives worth —it is utter folly to no Conqueror but certainly Conquer. "he always wins Don't waste the of life; for Christ 'Bring them hither pless; but He has d in earth (S. Matt. w on His power for

doing His work, and the supply will never run short.

I write with glad hope, knowing that He Who has given me the privilege of clasping hands with you is with me now. Let us rejoice together in His Presence!

"Lowly we kneel before Love's mystery— Come near—come very near to us, great Christ—

For Thou in earth and heaven we seek— Thou art our one desire."

DORA FARNCOMB.

For The Sick And Needy.

The Quiet Hour Purse is still very full. If I draw on it for a few dollars (for the needy) the loss is made good in a day or two. Last week I paid out nine dollars and received seven. Two dollars came from a reader in Grand Valley and five dollars from an old friend, Mrs. Wm. T. J.

At this rate it will take some time to reach the bottom of the Q. H. P.

I send my thanks to those who have sent "Onward," "East and West," "Northern Messenger," "The Daily Mirror," etc., for the shut-in. Your kindness—like the Tree beside the river—yields its fruit "every month." Yes, and every week, almost.

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

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 a stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.

A FRIEND in the country closed a letter to me, not long ago, with these words: "I'm going to stop now and go out on the verandah and listen to the night sounds; they are so different from the day ones."

Now, anyone who could write like that, who feels like that, is a poet. There are many poets who do not write, you know, just as there are many rhymsters who do write but are not poets. The true poet is always an artist, but who can describe what it means to be a real artist? The thing must be felt, and can in no wise be realized by reading definitions.

Moreover, the close observation and feeling that could make one want to "go out on the verandah to hear the night sounds," must be a part of the mental and emotional equipment of everyone who really loves the country. If one sees only work (and certainly people should enjoy work) or the money that comes from it, necessary though that may be, one has missed the best tang and flavor of rural living. To get all of that, one must love one's family and comrades, and one must be able to thrill with the pink flush of dawn, and the white cloud-ships drifting over the blue sea of the moon-tide sky, and the piled up purple and gold of evening; one must know as one knows old friends, the shady little nooks of the neighboring wood, and one must hear the music that murmurs through the waving tree-tops, and the babble of the brook, and "the night sounds that are so different from the ones in the day."

—Have you ever noticed how the sounds seem to come to you in the night?—the tinkle of a cow-bell in a distant pasture, the "swoop" of a night-jar's wings, the shrill chirr-rr-rr of crickets in the grass, even the barking of two dogs, replying to each other away up the concession line (you wonder what they are saying in that doggie conversation), and, above all, the night-winds murmuring through the tops of the trees.

Perhaps you don't enjoy just sitting listening to sounds now and then; but, again, perhaps you do.

Speaking of music: I have just heard of an organist in a big city church (in Canada) who has recently added to his choir a first-class victrola, from which sacred solos and choir selections from the very best singers in the world will be given to the congregation. Personally I see nothing to frown down in the idea, although I do think I should like the victrola to be in a screened loft built for it high at the back of the church. If the screen were made of pierced woodwork in an ecclesiastical design there would be

nothing incongruous, and it surely would be something to hear sacred music sung, even once during a service, by "the best singers in the world." In some places it is hard to have first-class music, and, while choir and congregational singing should by no means be given up, a victrola might be a very welcome addition to lovers of music.

Did you read in the papers a few weeks ago a statement made by Dr. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., that his opinion was that the next war will be waged by disease germs thrown from airplanes? The fact that he mentioned such a thing shows its possibility, and it does not require an extraordinary vivid imagination to picture the ghastliness and horror of such a "warfare." The very possibility suggests the present and urgent need of supporting the League of Nations, the Children's Era Movement (see July 29th issue of this paper), and every other influence that can be brought to secure international sympathy and friendship—humanitarianism rather than mere chauvinism.

I saw in the newspapers recently notice of a proposal to found a scholarship in connection with Toronto University in honor of the late John H. Moss. Why could not this have been done during his life-time? Why not recognize the contribution of any man to the public weal while he lives instead of waiting until after he dies? Why do we persist in laying nearly all the flowers on coffins?

JUNIA.

Worth Thinking Over.

"We can never hope properly to raise the public standard until we elevate the individual standard."—Warren G. Harding.

"I suppose that the school histories of every nation are pretty bad. I imagine that most of them plant the germ of international hatred in the boys and girls who have to study them."—Cwen Wister.

Community Centres.

The following letter from Prof. S. B. McCready, of the Social Service Council of Ontario, may be interesting to more than myself:

"Dear Junia.—We have to thank you for a large number of inquiries that have come to our office regarding Community Centres. There seems to be a very wide interest in the matter. This morning's mail brought a request from a girl in Calgary to send a pamphlet to her mother at Tara. We have been getting a very fine response, too, to a questionnaire recently sent out dealing with this subject. Some time later we may be able to give you something more definite as the result. There seems to be good evidence of the awakening of a community consciousness in many places, and it is our hope that the letter and questionnaire may stimulate this even if we do not get a reply.

You may be interested in a rest-room that I saw a few days ago at Georgetown. One of the banks, (Merchants) has leased a suite of rooms adjoining the bank building, and had them fitted up very nicely indeed for the accommodation of all and sundry. They are used as much by the townspeople almost as by the country folk. No "strings" are attached to their use. The bank keeps itself very discreetly in the background and does not show any selfishness in its philanthropy. It is a great boon to country families. There is a nice rest-room, wash-room, and large rooms suitable for a committee meeting or even eating lunches for the women. The gift is warmly appreciated too. People come past other trading centres, it is noticed, just because they know that there is this fine accommodation. The men's room is very much used for all sorts of small meetings. The janitor service is excellent, the lighting good and the general atmosphere very pleasing. One rarely sees a municipal building kept as well. If any of your representatives are in that direction it might be worth while to drop in and see it. It furnishes a good object lesson. It should not be left altogether to banks to work out a simple social need like this.

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