

Sunday Reading

A Little Sketch

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds
Fewer words and better deeds.

Less of—"Thus and so shall you
Think and act and say and do,"
More of—"How may I be true."

Less of wrangling over text;
Less of creed and code, perplexed,
More of charity unvexed.

Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone,"
More of heart that will condone.

Less of ruling: "Here; you must
Hold this tenet, wrong or just;"
More of patient, hopeful trust.

Less of microscopic scan,
Of the faults of fellow-man;
More of brave, uplifting plan.

Less of dogma, less pretense,
More belief that Providence
Sanctifies our common sense.

More of chords of kindness blent,
O'er the discords of dissent—
Then will come the great content.

"To be good, and to do good,"
Simple, plain, for him who would,
A creed that may be understood.
W. D. Nesbit.

Build Higher!

(By the Late D. L. Moody)

When I was in England they told me about a bed ridden saint. There came two birds and they flew round a tree, and by and bye went off and got some hay and straw and began to build a nest. And the bed ridden saint said, "Build higher." She was sure a cat would destroy the nest. She was tempted to send out a servant to tear it down. She kept saying, "Build higher." I am trying to get people to build higher. Wake up. You will be disappointed if you don't build higher. Be rich toward God, and you'll be rich for ever. The nest was built, and one day she sent the servant out to see if there were any eggs, and the servant found them. By and bye there was little birds, and every morning, the first thing done was to look and see if the birds was there. But one morning the feathers were scattered all around. The little birds had been torn to pieces by a cat, and the old bird was chirping her mourning for her lost ones. Man, what a picture in life! What we want is to "build higher." Then it will be easier to live a higher life.

I remember hearing years ago of a rich man being stricken down, and he sent for a lawyer to make out his will, and he went on willing away his property, and his young child didn't understand what death was. She heard the father giving away the old home. He was willing that away. The little thing seemed troubled, as if he was going to give the home to mother, and said "Where are you?" She went up to the bed, and said, "Have you a home in that land where you are going to?" Oh, how these questions do come home to us! and how a child may ask a question that no philosopher can answer! Father, mother, have you a home in that land—that land to which you are going? What a horrible thing it must be to be a homeless and homeless soul for ever!

Now, come. Isn't it the height of madness: for a man or woman to spend all their time down here as many do, if they are going to live again? It seems to me that a man must get that thing settled; if death ends all, let us "eat, drink and be merry," and give up our churches and our Bible. But, if man is immortal, and going to live on, let us get ready.

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.—Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost-bite from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either there is no better preparation than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, as it counteracts the inflammation and relieves the pain. The action of the oil is instantaneous and its application is extremely simple.

The Uncongenial Task

Everybody in the world has to do some uncongenial work. This is one of the few rules in life to which there is no exception. Even those who are masters of their own time, who are high in councils of state, or world-famed for affairs or riches, do that which they do not like to do. Mr. Gladstone once said that the Premiership of England meant "three-fourths drudgery and one-fourth pleasure." The President of the United States spends hours in the tedious signing of the smallest Post Office appointments. The presidents of great corporations sigh as they sign their names, hour after hour, to cheques.

To do the uncongenial task is as much a part of daily life as are dull weather and dry seasons. It is true that for some everything they do—the whole task—is uncongenial. One of the saddest facts in our present industrial situation is the derisive laughter with which companies of working men receive the doctrine of the joy of work. They declare that they know nothing about it. Their work appeals only to their necessity to make a living, not to their ambition, not to their sense of solid achievement, not to their interest. But the difference—though a lamentably wide one—is mainly in degree. The uncongenial task is a part of the common lot.—The Girls Own Paper.

Two Significant Statements

The papers from the Cape just to hand contain reports of the meetings of the British Association which have been held in South Africa this year. Two of the members, Professor Sims Woodhead and Professor McKendrick, both of them well known for their work in regard to the medical aspect of the drink question, were entertained to breakfast at Capetown, and both of them spoke out strongly on the pathological effects of alcohol.

Professor Sims Woodhead said that he had been studying the drink question rather from the physical, and therefore from the economic standpoint than from the moral, and as a medical man, as one who was engaged in the study of disease, as one who, unfortunately, had to see the results of disease processes, and one of those who had to examine, as it were, disease from its inception, he had come to the conclusion that alcohol was one of the greatest factors in the production of disease in these modern days, either directly or indirectly, that we had amongst us.

Professor McKendrick said that alcohol had the most potent effect on our nervous system. It acted on the brain, and produced effects which, at first, were to a certain extent pleasurable. The fallacy that alcohol gave strength was almost exploded. They knew that it did not do so, and that the spurt which might be put on in consequence of taking alcohol meant the gain of a certain amount of energy for a short time, but only at the expense of the body itself. Many men took alcohol because they believed that it was good for them. He thought this fallacy had been largely exploded, because experience had shown all over the world that a state of perfect health and vigor might be maintained during a long lifetime without the use of alcohol at all.

Why he Did Not Drink

The other day four young men were riding in a car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said: "Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented; the other shook his head, and said: "No, thank you."
"What?" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?"

"No, fellows," he replied, "I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary, but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why. I had some business in the city with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood



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