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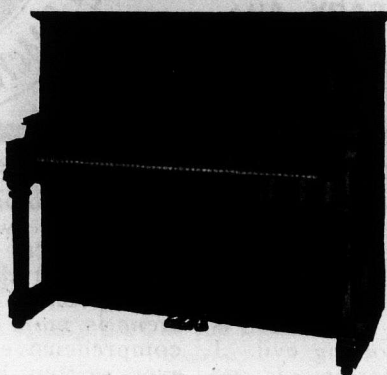


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Enclose 3 cent stamps and Address **MRS. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**

ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Drug Dept

lation of wealth. We cannot much longer delay consideration of the ethics of money-making. That many of the enormous fortunes which have been accumulated in the last quarter of a century are now held by men who have given to society no adequate service in return for the money secured is now generally recognized. While legislation can and should protect the public from predatory wealth, a more effective remedy will be found in the cultivation of a public opinion which will substitute a higher ideal than the one which tolerates the enjoyment of unearned gains. No man who really knows what brotherly love is will desire to take advantage of his neighbor, and the conscience when not seared will admonish against injustice. My faith in the future rests upon the belief that Christ's teachings are being more studied today than ever before and that with this larger study will come an application of those teachings to the everyday life of the world. In former times men read that Christ came to bring life and immortality to light and placed the emphasis upon immortality; now they are studying Christ's relation to human life. In former years many thought to prepare themselves for future bliss by a life of seclusion here; now they are learning that they cannot follow in the footsteps of the Master unless they go about doing good.

But this Prince of Peace promises not only peace, but strength. Some have thought His teachings fit only for the weak and the timid and unsuited to men of vigor, energy and ambition. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Only the man of faith can be courageous. Confident that he fights on the side of Jehovah he doubts not the triumph of his cause. What matters it whether he shares in the victory? If every word spoken in behalf of the truth has its influence and every deed done for the right weighs in the final account, it is immaterial to the Christian whether his eyes behold victory or whether he dies in the midst of the conflict.

Only those who believe attempt the seemingly impossible and, by attempting, prove that one with God can chase a thousand and two can

put ten thousand to flight. I can imagine that the early Christians who were carried into the arena to make a spectacle for those more savage than the beasts, were entreated by their doubting companions not to endanger their lives. But, kneeling in the center of the arena, they prayed and sang until they were devoured. How helpless they seemed and, measured by every human rule, how hopeless was their cause! And yet within a few decades the power which they invoked proved mightier than the legions of the Roman emperor and the faith in which they died was triumphant o'er all that land. It is said that those who went to mock at their sufferings returned asking themselves, What is it that can enter into the heart of man and make him die as these die? They were greater conquerors in their death than they could have been had they purchased life by a surrender of their faith.

What would have been the fate of the church if the early Christians had had as little faith as many of our Christians now have? And on the other hand, if the Christians of today had the faith of the martyrs, how long would it be before the fulfillment of the prophecy that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess?

Our faith should be even stronger than the faith of those who lived two thousand years ago for we see our religion spreading and supplanting the philosophies and creeds of the Orient.

As the Christian grows older he appreciates more and more the completeness with which Christ fills the requirements of the heart and, grateful for the peace which he enjoys and for the strength which he has received, he repeats the words of the great scholar, Sir William Jones:

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth.
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray,
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow."

Poor Tired Mother.

By Jane Hawley.

They are talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,
Of the wand'ring through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throngs;
And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy chair
(Father always was a master hand for comfort everywhere):
"What a jovial thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed
She was painting on a water jug, and murmured,
"Yes, indeed!"
And Marion, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,
And a "Yes, indeed!" repeated with a most ecstatic look,
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."