

ere of the O. A. C. same spirit to the We may meet with quarters where School except "innovations", ined teacher—where is a way, and before ly the rural school se of our cities and the rising genera- the most practical jects on our cur-

Quiet ur.

ompanion.

ord to Paul in the Be not afraid, but hy peace: for I am III: 9, 10.

wrote these deso- ve seen the spring empty heaven, to arth; we have felt hat the Great Com- o wonder he felt t sight of the Great lost hope of ever ut He is not dead! s were sent out to ever-present Lord, ges must remember usness to bear wit- moon lights up the ng no light of her light of the sun— ways into the face ousness, the Light her light shine by

tells the story of " both to do and in which He was (in the Acts of the e story, telling the second volume of Over and over the rule of the a matter of course, das must be filled nt, Lord was ap- o make known to He had chosen. theirs, but His. It dded to the Church being saved. It s persecuted when ght he was only men and women. atched the prayers ent His astonished famous persecutor ociety. Ananias o invite a fierce d naturally be ex- he was convinced given the order, ly; and gently ad- persecutor as g to him: "The ath sent me." ord carefully you ples went out and 'the Lord working

down the ages. made up of weak et the Lord has gh her. He still mise—the treaty disciples to gather dgment—"Lo, I am into the end of the

. Paul encouraged use his Master and Later on, when anded his death, at the Lord was ing, "Be of good

the midst of His companion is not many stories of which come from how chaplains of bear witness that e attention of the

soldiers if they can make them feel that the Living Jesus is invisibly present in the midst. Whether the stories of a visible appearance of their "White Comrade" be substantiated or not, they certainly show how closely linked together are the hearts of the soldiers with the heart of their Divine Companion.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee!" is the great promise that shines out in golden letters in the pages of our Bible, and it is flaming like a banner over this war-tossed world—though many of us refuse to believe the promise, and so miss the offered joy.

A clergyman on board ship aroused the amusement of some young people because he spent hours gazing earnestly out to sea. At last one of the asked him mockingly: "Doctor, what do you see?" "Nothing but God," he answered quietly.

It would be better for us if we were willing to spend more of our precious hours in quiet communion with our unseen Friend. It is not always necessary to speak to Him. Sometimes we gain more joy and strength by quietly leaning back on Him and looking into His face. The joy of God's Presence is the great need of this hour of danger. Rev. F. L. Vernon says:

"The joy of the Tabernacle must be shown: the joy of flying to Our Lord. When the heart is sad and lonely and puzzled and afraid; the joy of remembering that the absent boy knows where to find his Friend, in every city and village into which he shall enter; the joy that makes hearts brave again and arms strong."

As one soldier wrote: "Though we forget Him He will not forget us." Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, was once asked if he had great faith in the perseverance of the saints. He answered that he did not trust in the perseverance of the saints but in the perseverance of God. Our love for God may be a weak and wavering thing, but His love for us is infinite, and neither death nor life, things present nor things to come, nor the powers of evil in all their awful strength, "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. VIII: 38, 39.

It is not necessary to be constantly talking about one's deeper feelings. The Bridegroom says: "A garden barred is My sister, My bride."—Cant. IV: 12 (R. V. margin). The door is locked to all the rest of the world; but be sure He is given the key and the invitation: "Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His precious fruits."

If the invitation is given wholeheartedly, and no secret place shut against Him, then He will gladly reply:

"I am come into My garden, My sister, My bride."

How much we miss when we are too busy for daily times of quiet fellowship with our Elder Brother, Whose love is stronger than death. We can only grow Christlike by living with Christ. We can only do our part to light up this darkened world by keeping our faces towards the Sun and reflecting His Light.

"I would my friends should see In my glad eyes the beauty of His face; Should learn that in His presence there is peace, Strength and contentment, that can never cease."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Gifts for the Needy.

During the past week I received gifts for the needy—\$5.00 from "Grace" and \$1.00 from "The Farmerette," also many parcels of papers for the shut-in.

The Q. H. P. is still pretty full—owing to my absence for a few weeks—but probably your gifts will soon be distributed.

With heartiest thanks for your kindness to my needy friends.

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

For the Needy.

I am afraid a "Quiet Hour" m. s. has gone astray. In it I acknowledged two gifts of \$2.00 each for the Q. H. P.—from "a friend," Lakeside, and "one who wishes to help the needy," Udney, Ont. I hope the kind readers who sent these gifts have not been worried about my delay in acknowledging them. The money has gone out to help two poor widows, who were very grateful to their unknown friends.

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

A Suggestion for Autumn

BY ALIX THORN.

Theodora, perched upon a gray rock high above the pebbly beach, was looking out over the sunlit bay; and her gray eyes were very sober, while unregarded an August magazine lay upon her blue linen lap. A chance remark she had overheard that morning on the Inn piazza had straightway started a troublous line of thought, and this was what she heard: "My dear, it is not a bit too early to think about Christmas, not if your list is a very long one." Theodora had walked quickly away, her cheeks a deeper pink, rebellion in her girlish heart, leaving

of the girl's happiest duties to thus surprise and gratify her friends, many of whom had not pocket-books as well filled as her own.

But, now, now, and all in one short year, fickle fortune had turned her wheel, and Theodora and her widowed mother found themselves with hardly more than enough income to live upon, with but small allowance left over for extras; and alas! Christmas must be termed an *extra*.

A big pine cone falling on the ground behind her caused the girl to look around. Mechanically she lifted the brown, rosin dotted cone, and studied its symmetry. How gloriously such gathered cones blazed in the great open fires of the Inn,



Out-of-Doors Lecture on a Hot Day.

Summer School, O. A. C., Guelph.

the chattering lines of matrons and maids to the joys of fancy work and rocking chairs. Instinctively she turned down a winding path which led through young spruces and slender white birches, down to the water, and here, half hidden, was a leafy retreat that Theodora was fond of calling her "den." Straight to Nature she went to be calmed and comforted, but, somehow, to-day, Nature failed to comfort one of her devotees. A gay little motor boat chug, chugged by, proudly bearing its load of merry young people; a red-roofed bungalow on a distant island stood out like a beacon against its green background, and the balsam-laden wind audaciously blew the brown tendrils of

in these cool August evenings, sending forth their spicy, woody odor, afterwards glowing red and transparent as some Christmas tree ornament; and then Theodora sat up suddenly very straight, puckered her smooth brow, looked thoughtful, smiled, then nodded toward the rippling bay, and—"Why not?" said Theodora.

That very afternoon she rowed over to the little store on the next island, purchased several brown paper bags, said bags being two for a cent, feeling, as she laid down the needful pennies, very like a little girl again, selecting painstakingly a choice line of confectionery.

"Mother," she announced an hour later,



Class of Students Hearing a Lecture on Judging Vegetables.

A pleasant place for a lecture.

Theodora's hair. A quick sigh sounded above the noise of wind and water. Oh, it was too hard! Christmas was indeed coming, and how she had welcomed it in former years! Early in December she had gone gaily into the enticing stores and as gaily bought appropriate gifts; and it is but fair to say that Theodora gave thought to her holiday purchases, selecting wisely and well.

"You always seem to know just what is one's especial desire, Theodora," said a one's special desire, Theodora, "is it intuition, or only thank-you letter; 'is it intuition, or only loving understanding?' It had been one

spreading out her paper bags before Mrs. Dennison's astonished eyes, "Mother, here are the beginnings of some of my Christmas presents."

"My dearest child," began Theodora's mother, "will you have the kindness to explain!" and she laid down her knitting to raise expectant eyes to Theodora's mischievous face. So Theodora *did* explain, while every dimple came out, and her cheeks glowed as pink as the Maine wild roses. "You see, Mother mine," she said, "an illuminating thought came to your despondent daughter as she gazed

steadfastly over the bay, cradling in her hands a perfectly good pine cone, and musing over her fallen fortunes. This was the thought that sprang, Minerva-like from her brain, how delightful the pine cones were when dropped upon the burning logs in the fireplace! What an illumination, what fragrance they gave out and how desirable such cones would be, to burn at home, in winter; how they would recall the dear, vanished delights of the summer, and swiftly I resolved to gather bagfuls and bagfuls of the cones, pack them in a box, also supplied by the store, and freight them to New York. Once home, I shall put them away safely in a dry place till just before Christmas, and then—well, you'll see! Why, as I dwelt upon my ungathered treasures and what they might mean, I could imagine I heard the sound of chiming Christmas bells floating over the water, and, as I walked home along that dear, dim, wood way, the bunch berries at my feet were swiftly converted into gleaming holly-berries, such is the force of imagination."

"Well, Theodora," remarked her mother, returning peacefully to her neglected knitting, "your inspirations are generally good ones, if sometimes a trifle surprising. I shall gladly help you gather cones, the exercise will do me good, and I think I begin to grasp your idea."

Happy mornings the two spent under the giant pine trees, carefully selecting the larger cones, shaking them free from the brown needles, and placing them "almost symmetrically," as Theodora expressed it, in the convenient paper bags. Sometimes they paused to rest, Mrs. Dennison perched upon an overturned old boat, while Theodora curled up on the moss close by. The fresh salt wind crept up from the bay and cooled their cheeks, the cherry voices of campers sounded farther down the shore, and sometimes the white gleam of a passing sail was lifted high above the low growth by the steep bank.

At last the girl decided that enough cones had been gathered, and reluctantly they gave up their pleasant morning occupation. But the very next day Theodora began to clip the fragrant fir balsam that covered the island, choosing carefully the tender light green tips which spread out fan-like from the parent branch. The balsam cutting was a much more lengthy task than the gathering of pine cones had been, but not discouraged, day after day Theodora went forth, armed with a pair of old scissors and the omnipresent paper bags. The great trees murmured mysteriously of woodland secrets, the saucy squirrels racing from limb to limb chattered wildly as if vexed that a rash mortal should penetrate their secret haunts, and Theodora, nut-brown maid, hummed cheerfully at her task while the morning hours slipped away. Sometimes she added bayberry leaves to her opened bag, pausing to crush a few in her hand to inhale the odor, so like that of the rose geranium, while the leaves themselves were polished as is the laurel that New England hillsides know.

Early in September, Theodora and her mother traveled back to town, and beside their trunks went a roomy wooden box filled to the brim with layers of pine cones, as well as a number of unbleached cotton bags stuffed with balsam, and bayberry leaves, the result of Theodora's industry.

It was December, and the girl tripped merrily from store to store, never minding the biting wind that swept unexpectedly down side streets and around corners, for the Christmas cheer was in her heart, and she smiled at the tempting windows, and examined the gift-laden counters, without a trace of envy or unhappiness. Theodora's Christmas problems were settled; why should she not smile? For weeks she had shopped for inexpensive cottons in simple designs; all in deep greens and light greens, blue greens and gray greens, dim, tender greens—in fact, greens of every tone, and of these she fashioned her cushion covers, filling them with the odorous balsam. To some she added a handful of bayberry leaves, now dry and brown. Ten cushions in all were piled upon the low couch in Theodora's room, a carefully chosen Christmas card tied to each, and every time she passed the couch she could not resist patting some one of the cushions, just to show her appreciation of her own handiwork.

As for the cones, still they reposed in paper bags, twelve in number, paper bags yet with a difference. First, the bags