

the war first started a lot was said about that phase of it,—what effect it would have on our civilization. Now we seem to have forgotten everything except that the war is on. The thing itself is so immense that we are not bothering much about what will come after.

One thing there is which must come. This must mark the beginning of the end of all war. Peace shall come. Lasting international peace will yet enfold the world: Of course, the Allies must triumph, but it will be at such a cost that everyone of them will have learned its lesson well and be ready to say, "We shall have no more of it." We have heard rumors of a movement that is spreading over Russia, that that great country is awakening. The prohibition of the sale of vodka appears to be a sign. They tell us that China and India are now both in the plastic stage. That is also the impressionable stage. May they with their millions learn Europe's lesson, too! Surely the remnants of Germany and Austria-Hungary will be done with war. This world, in a sense, is controlled by the desires of people. What people really want, the things people want most, and the people who want things most, are the causes of the outstanding features of our life. What we want after this war we shall have, more or less. If we, a few hundred millions of us, rise up and say, "There must be no more war," it will be a long distance covered toward permanent peace.

I like that plan of the British fleet being turned into a fleet to police all the oceans. Don't mistake the idea. Policemen don't pick quarrels; neither have the ships of Britannia in the past. They stop them. There should also be a land force of ample size maintained to be transported anywhere in the world to stop a possible outbreak. Practically all armament factories, as they are today, should cease to exist. Not being prepared for war makes very largely for peace.

Someone has said that now is a poor time to be talking peace. On the contrary, now is the very best time, when men everywhere are horrified and sick at thought of the terrific immensity of the war, to be laying our plans for permanent peace for the future. It may be necessary to our honor to finish this war to the only possible conclusion, but then, what? We must be ready. Everything will be unsettled. The most humdrum will be shaken out of their ruts and say, "What now?" Then will be the time to float the banner of "Peace at any cost." There must be no more war! There must be disarmament and disarmament and dissolving of these great military systems! That will come. After that, however, it will leave a great vacuum, and men must be ready, the thinkers, the leaders, to say then what shall be. There should be strong, big-hearted, clear-headed leaders of the masses with constructive, up-building, on-leading plans for the future. (H. G. Wells has said some worth-while things on this line.) Then will be opportunity as never before for the lopping off of great evils. We must not be so childish as to not profit by our lesson. The time will be when the final treaties are to be signed. Then we must be ready. TAPS.

"The Dollar Chain".

To-day it is satisfactory to make the announcement that "The Dollar Chain," during the three weeks ending with Feb. 19, shows a total of \$597.25, an amount sufficient to carry much comfort, so far as it goes, but it must not be forgotten that even many times that amount would be only a drop in the bucket of the woe in Europe because of the war; nor will the need end as long as the fighting lasts.

The following are some expressions of sympathy from this week's contributors: "For the brave Belgians, hoping your chain will never have a missing link."—"Bonny Doon," Stanstead Co., Que.

"Find enclosed \$2.00 as a link in your 'Dollar Chain' for the poor little Belgians, and those who suffer for our Empire."—Frank Hellyar and Mrs. Hellyar, Rothsay, Ont.

"Another link in the 'Dollar Chain.' I hope to forge one each week while the great need continues."—Name not given, Toronto.

"Our salvation is sure in doing His will by the light of truth, that our faith may be seen by our works of right-doing in activities of love."—J. Broadfoot, Brussels, Ont.

The list this week is as follows:

Amounts over \$1.00:—

Edw. Twedle, Vinemount, Ont., \$2.00; Wanstead Farmers' Club, Wyoming, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. L. Parkinson, Rockwood, Ont., \$2.00; W. J. Dolson, Chatham, Ont., \$5.00; Alfred and Ernest Baker, Lambeth, Ont., \$1.50; "W. C. W.," Hawkestone, Ont., \$2.00; Wm. Finnie, St. Mary's, Ont., \$2.00; Wm. W. Matta-tall, Bayhead, N. S., \$3.00; W. H. Tracy, Massey Station, Ont., \$5.00; Fred Snary, Croton, Ont., \$2.00; Oswald Attwater, Charlton, Ont., \$5.00; Jos. McFarland, Mono Mills, Ont., \$5.00; Robt. Brown, Wilton Grove, Ont., \$2.00; Miss A. Proudfoot, London, Ont., \$5.00; Geo. H. Bock, Manitoulin Island, Ont., \$2.00; Willerton Barton, Weston, Ont., \$2.00; Robt. Menzies, Listowel, Ont., \$2.00; Oscar and Lorne Twedle, Vinemount, Ont., \$5.00; D. W. and Mrs. Lennox, Stroud, Ont., \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Russell, Thedford, Ont., \$2.00; Oak Bay Sunday School, Oak Bay Mills, Que., \$5.00; John and Alex McEwen, Clinton, Ont., \$5.00; Jos. Dunkin, Dundas, Ont., \$2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Alves, Shebshekong, Ont., \$2.00; A. E. Rumbald, Bridgen, Ont., \$1.50; "A Friend," Langdon, Ont., \$2.00; "R. B. O.," Brown's Corners, Ont., \$2.00; "Subscriber," Mt. Brydges, Ont., \$2.00; Chas. H. Huntington, Ross Mount, Ont., \$5.00; Robt. Gifford, Glenwood Station, Ont., \$5.00; Wilson Hutchinson, Banks, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. Joseph Matthews, Meaford, Ont., \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. John J. McEwen, Maxville, Ont., \$2.00.

Amounts of \$1.00 each:—

Thos. H. H. McQuade, Omeme, Ont.; Andrew R. McQuat, Lachute, P. Q.; Donald Cameron, Watford, Ont.; "Edgar J.," Putnam, Ont.; "Angus Mc.," Putnam, Ont.; Mrs. Harry M. Hyde, Cornwall, P. E. I.; John L. Hardy, Maudamin, Ont.; Mrs. Jos. McMillen, Proton Station, Ont.; L. L. Price, Mountain, Ont.; David Buttar, Jr., Cobourg, Ont.; Mrs. S. H. Mattatall, Bayhead, N. S.; Alexander Bonyman, Bayhead, N. S.; Miss Kate Bonyman, Bayhead, N. S.; J. M. Mackenzie, Bayhead, N. S.; Henriette Radford, White Rock, B. C.; Miss L. Murray, Hagersville, Ont.; Warren Graham, Dutton, Ont.; Thos. Rogerson, Acton W., Ont.; "B. S. W.," Stouffville, Ont.; Margaret Kessen, McNab, Ont.; Barbara Kessen, McNab, Ont.; "J. McL.," Beachburg, Ont.; Mrs. Sam St. John, Sunderland, Ont.; "Mt. Carmel," Ont.; name not given, Toronto; J. E. Walter, Kilsyth, Ont.; Wm. Kennedy, Chesterville, Ont.; Miss S. Bogue, Strathroy, Ont.; "F. A. F.," Thorndale, Ont.; "Bonny Doon," Stanstead Co., Que.; A. G. Palmer, Florence, Ont.; Mrs. A. M. Munro, Glenworth, Ont.; "Lobo Farmer," London, Ont.; Winnifred Richmond, Chesley, Ont.; "A Sympathizer," Mildmay, Ont.; Mary and Evelyn Taylor, Massie, Ont.; Margaret E. Baird, New Hamburg, Ont.; "A Friend," Shakespeare, Ont.; Norval D. Kilgour, Shawville, Que.; Wm. Williamson, St. Mary's, Ont.; Arthur Richardson, Embro, Ont.; Thos. Young, Oak Bay Mills, Que.; Henry Young, Chapstow, Ont.; Marilyn Shaw, Vars, Ont.; Mrs. Wm. Fell, South Orillia, Ont.; J. W. Maguire, Glenmeyer, Ont.; M. J. Walsh, Schomberg, Ont.; Mrs. D. A. Anderson, Rossmore, Ont.; Sam Moule, Latta, Ont.; "A Reader," St. Thomas, Ont.; "London Old Boy," Washington, D. C.; Mrs. B. Partridge, Chatsworth, Ont.; Joseph Spring, Allenwood, Ont.; Sara L. Simson, Gorrie, Ont.; B. Moralee, Hyde Park, Ont.; Mrs. J. T. Kitson, Stayner, Ont.; "Subscriber," Odessa, Ont.; Jessie Patterson, Caledonia, Ont.; Richard Yellow, Hay, Ont.; W. B. Gardiner, Camlachie, Ont.; Gordon Wingrove, Campbellville, Ont.; Mrs. A. Higginson, Hawkesburg, Ont.; "Marine," Meaford, Ont.; A. A. Alvinston, Alvinston, Ont.; Mrs. Geo. Lee, Vasey, Ont.; C. A. Armstrong, Wawrig, N. B.; Harley G. Jolliffe, Springfield, Ont.; Richard Robinson, Niagara Falls S., Ont.; "Evergreen," York Co., Ont.; Jos. J. Totten, South Woodslee, Ont.; Alex D. Smith, Gadshill Station, Ont.; "M. J. B.," Cartier; J. D. Sowerby, Oak Bay Mills, Que.; "M. C.," Beachburg, Ont.

Miscellaneous Amounts under \$1.00:—

Herbert Walsh, Schomberg, Ont., 50 cents.

Previously acknowledged\$418.25

Total up to Feb. 19th.....\$597.25

Kindly address all contributions simply to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

To Forgers of "The Dollar Chain".

By R. W. N.

Men in the trenches, so steady and brave,
Steady and brave, through the clamors
of hell,
Noise from the throats of the monsters
that gave
Death when the towers of Belgium fell.

Men in the trenches and ready to die,
Ready to die for the freedom that
yields
Safety to thousands who peacefully lie
Under the dome of their shadowing
shields.

Men in the trenches, where hunger and
thirst,
Peril and pain kiss the edge of the
sword,
Edge of the sword that with blood is
accursed,
Blood of a brother by brother out-
poured.

Men in the mart, in the factory, store,
Tilling the upland or felling the tree,
What will you do for the heroes of war
There in the trenches befriending the
free?

Hope's Quiet Hour.

God's Fellow-workers.

We are God's fellow-workers: ye are
God's tilled land, God's building.—1 Cor.
iii: 9, R. V. (margin).

Build to-day then strong and sure
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.
—Longfellow.

There seems to be a very common idea amongst us that God is prepared to accept eagerly any gift men may choose to offer Him, and yet from the very beginning of the world's history this idea has been shown to be a mistaken one. Cain and Abel each presented gifts; but the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering, while unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the explanation is given that Abel's offering was the expression of his "faith," and God's acceptance testified to his righteousness of life. The prophet Malachi warned his people that it was a dangerous thing to bring contempt on God's altar by offering polluted gifts, or bringing for sacrifice the blind, the lame, and the sick. "Offer it now unto thy governor," he says sternly, "will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the LORD of hosts."

Shall our offerings witness against us?
"I was not good enough for man,
And so was given to God."

We need to be constantly reminded also that it is not so much the work we are doing, as the spirit in which it is done, that makes the difference between one of God's servants and a "man of the world." The task may be the same, but God regards the workers very differently. Our Lord has told us that in the Great Day, when the Son of Man shall openly reveal Himself, there shall be two men working together in the same field: "the one shall be taken, and the other left." Two men shall be in one bed, two women performing their everyday household tasks, "one shall be taken, and the other left."

The same rule holds good even now. Two people in the same pew in church may each place the same amount of money on the plate. The one gift may

be accepted by God and the other rejected. Two may be working side by side, in the field or in the house, doing the same work in the same way—as far as outward appearance goes—yet one may be faithfully serving his unseen Master, while the other may be intent on selfish, earthly success. The outward building may be apparently identical, but—as St. Paul told the Corinthian Church, long ago—one person is building with gold, silver, or precious stones; while the other is devoting all his energies to the work, and yet is using most perishable materials—"wood, hay, stubble." Even then—though the testing fire which shall try every man's work may sweep away the labor of years—the laborer who has built on the imperishable foundation (Jesus Christ Himself) shall be saved. The work may be worthless, yet the worker is very precious, being God's "tilled land," God's "building."

We are given a high privilege—the opportunity to be fellow-workers with God. The work itself may seem to be of little consequence—just a daily round of common tasks, which will have to be done over again to-morrow, leaving nothing to show for all the energy expended. But the real work is the building of character, and that is going on steadily, under the surface, all the time. God is building a holy temple for His glad dwelling (if we are not hindering His work—1 Cor. iii: 16). Our souls are His "tilled land"—His watered garden (Jer. xxxi: 12)—in which the Divine Husbandman daily weeds out sins, plants seeds of beautiful and fragrant graces, and prunes His precious plants.

We are not to be passive recipients of this loving care and watchful attention, but are called to be fellow-workers with God. The question of vital importance to each of us is whether the kind of character we are building, by means of the little commonplace duties and pleasures of every day, will fit us for our special niche in God's eternal Temple. Our real life is secret, hidden from all eyes but those of our Master—eyes "like a flame of fire." Our Fellow-Worker knows whether our gifts of money or service are the outward expressions of loving kindness or are only intended to win for us the coveted approval of our world.

There is an Italian legend which tells how people were once told to bring gifts to the Lord, who would signify by a sign His pleasure in an acceptable offering. The rich walked proudly up to the altar in the cathedral, bearing offerings of gold, silver, and jewels. As their hands were outstretched to lay down these gifts they were suddenly seen to be empty—the costly offerings vanished like a dream. Terrified and humbled, they went sadly away. Then a poor maiden went humbly up to the altar and knelt there. The watching people saw her reach out apparently empty hands, as she offered herself to God. Then she rose and went out into the sunshine, with a look of peace and joy on her face; but in the place where she had knelt two lovely lilies bloomed, filling the church with fragrance.

Every life that is considered wholeheartedly to God grows daily more beautiful and fragrant. Why don't we always offer acceptable gifts? God stands waiting to receive them, and to pour out Royal gifts in return, yet how often we miss the opportunity. Perhaps this may only be because we are carelessly forgetful of His Presence, perhaps it may be because we are serving other masters and seeking their approval. We abhor the title of "hypocrite," yet it is hypocritical to make a show of generosity if we are simply trying to buy praise and admiration with our money or work. The time for earthly service may be very short, but every hour brings its own opportunity. We may win a battle over distrust, and go on our appointed way rejoicing in our Lord's companionship. We may cheerily do some disagreeable task or bear some painful cross, trying to walk in the steps of Him Who "pleased not Himself," and Who has taught His servants how to suffer and to die. He is our Leader and Commander, watching to see how we are acquitting ourselves to-day in the battle of life. We are always compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, deeply interested in our progress. Are we interested our-

elves, or do only like you bility of glory will certainly than we were it be?

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