

which have dazzled us with their glory, have proved the deep truth of our Lord's saying: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A man whose chief ambition is to pile up wealth for himself, is—in the fierce search-light of this awful war—plainly revealed as a "shirker." Place him beside the man who counts not his life dear unto himself, if only he may help and save others, and we see that the Great Leader of men understood our human nature perfectly, for he said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." We look with reverent admiration at the countless heroes, who—even within the last two and a half years—have undauntedly faced death, and we are sure that the "last enemy" did not conquer them.

All of us would like to live nobly and die splendidly; but to "desire" a thing is not always to "will" it. Our King sends His servants here or there as He sees fit. Our business is not to win a great name for ourselves, or to do some work which seems vitally important, it is simply to do our duty in that state of life in which He is pleased to place us. We don't know what duties may lie ahead of us in the future. The British army—which has amazed us all by its efficiency—was hurriedly gathered from farm and shop and office. Soldiers—splendid soldiers—were made out of all kinds of human material. H. G. Wells has declared that this war has caused him to "fall in love with mankind." Perhaps the wonderful love of God for mankind springs partly from the fact that He could see the sleeping hero beneath the disguise of ordinary manhood.

St. Paul reminds us that we are like soldiers on active service, like runners in a race, and must not load ourselves down with unnecessary encumbrances. We don't present elaborate dressing-cases to soldier friends. We know they are not asking for luxuries, but are content with necessities, when the king's business is calling them forward to face hardships and danger.

Some one has remarked that, in times of prosperity, we are like children on a holiday excursion. They load themselves with heavy and cumbersome treasures—pretty stones, shells, branches covered with bright leaves, wild flowers, etc. They fret over the quantities which must be left behind, and they weary themselves by dragging home fading, dragged treasures, dropping many as they go, and "finding at last that what they have spent strength and time on is only rubbish after all, and has to be thrown away. Meantime there have been sharp words spoken; everyone has been tired and cross, and nobody has noticed the sunset sky and the evening light upon the hills; and all this for the sake of things not fit to be brought into the home."

Perhaps, when the door of our Royal Father's Home is opened for us, we may find that the treasures of earth look tawdry and worthless in the Light. The real treasure is Love, and our great business here (our Father's business) is loving.

Perhaps you think your part in the world's work is too unimportant to count for anything. So—if it could speak—might a newspaper say, yet—Listen!

Yesterday I saw a circular, sent out by The Canadian Red Cross Society. It was headed, "Save your waste and save a soldier." One statement was this: "If all the daily papers published in Toronto were, after being read, turned in to the Red Cross Society warehouse, the Society would have 70 tons, which would bring \$700 a day." Newspapers are valuable after all.

The King's Business should be ours, whether we are worshipping on Sunday, washing clothes for His glory on Monday, or sweeping the rooms for him on Friday. This has often been called a money-making age; and yet thousands of men have dropped their lucrative business and cheerily accepted terrible hardships when their earthly king's business was urgent and required their full attention. Many men in these days might echo the great missionary's reasonable statement; "I have no time to make money."

What shall it profit a man to die rich, if he must appear in the Presence of the King of Kings with empty hands? It is possible to be "busy here and there," and yet be completely ignoring the Business of the King.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it:
'Tis God's Gift."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Christmas Gifts for the Needy.

Two old friends have this week sent me Christmas donations "for the needy." Two dollars came from "A Puslinch Friend," and five dollars from "A Country Woman" (whose gift of \$2.00—sent anonymously several years ago started the "Advocate purse.") I have written to thank these kind readers; but my last letter to "Country Woman" was returned to me by the Dead Letter Office,



Britain's Champion Airman.

Flight commander, Albert Hall, D.S.O., M.C., has brought down 29 Hun planes. He is 30 years old. He is seen holding the steel nose-cap for his plane. It is painted red, and when the enemy airmen see it they know what confronts them. The propeller is his favorite souvenir. It belongs to the first machine that he brought down.
Underwood & Underwood.

and this one may also fail to reach her, so I wish to express here my gratitude for her continued kindness to my sick and needy friends.
HOPE.

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

Dear Ingle Nook Friends.—Now that Convention reports are all disposed of there is a chance to have a good old Ingle Nook *seance* again. Indeed I've been "dying" to have a talk with you over those very Conventions, not officially, but in the cozy way in which we have the privilege of doing things in the Ingle Nook.

In the first place, both in London and Toronto, the outstanding impression that one had in regard to the "Institute," was a sense of its *power*. It has assumed momentum. It is *doing* things, and doing them, too, in a quiet unostentatious way, for the most part. I have been at women's meetings where very confident speakers seemed to be, above all things, conscious of themselves, conscious of I-do-not-know-what, — their clothes, social position, their own cleverness? Something of all this, perhaps, little marks revealing that self possibly meant more than the objects in hand. But at the two big Conventions there was almost nothing of this. The women seemed to be filled with the things they were doing, or taking in hand to do; they seemed to be absolutely "out" of themselves, thinking of themselves not at all. And this was surely a guarantee of the bigness of their work.

I was not the only one among "outsiders"—for I suppose that as a mere reporter I must be among the "outsiders"—I was not the only one who thought this. Speaking to me, after the London Convention, Mrs. A. T. Edwards (who, you will remember, spoke to you on the work of the Canadian War Contingent Association) said: "As I listened to those women speaking I thought they were the cream of the earth, and I said so to the Mayor."

Now, I wonder if I am giving you too much praise. There is always a danger that too much praise may make people

smug—and from smugness, as well as from all other sins and foolishness, "Good Lord deliver us!" There are few things more tiresome, and snobbish in the country is just as shortsighted, and ridiculous and silly as snobbish in the town. But, on the other hand, a little deserved praise is by no means to be despised. It puts heart into sensible people, spurs them to further effort, gives them thankfulness and quiet joy. And so I don't think this passing on of praise will harm many of you.

Of course just at present the work is nearly all war-work, and love and gratefulness to the boys out there in the midst of the battle-smoke is being tucked in with every dollar collected for doctors' supplies, every stitch put into gray wool for trench-cold feet. Until the war is over nearly all of the talk at the Conventions will be of this. But there were inklings too, of other things, signs that already the 30,000 women who belong to this organization are looking forward into the future, when the cannons have ceased to boom, seeking what shall be done for the good of the race.

Foremost among these things was Medical Inspection of Schools, so ably presented by Miss Hotson of Parkhill and others,—surely a most important subject now that child-life is the nation's most important asset. It always was that, of course, but it must be recognized as such now, since each lad will soon have to fill the place of someone who sleeps beneath the poppies of Flanders, or of some other who, having given to the Empire his best, physically, has no longer his best, in that way, to give.—Each lass, too, has her part, since the lasses will have to step into many breaches, doing work that, as Dr. Backus said, "We had always been told women could not do."

Another note struck quite frequently was, of course, the High-Cost-of-Living question. Once and again the marvel was expressed that whereas the farmer who lives at any considerable distance from a city gets comparatively little value for his hard work, the consumer in the city has to pay so very much for it. As Mr. Putnam remarked, it seemed unfair that when apples were being sold 20 miles from Toronto for \$2.00 a barrel, they should be retailed in Toronto at \$6.50 or \$7.00 a barrel. Hearing him say that, and thinking of all the other things that, no doubt, are being manipulated in the same way, one wished devoutly that a few of the middlemen would get out and work in other ways for a living.

Of course it's all a dreadful tangle, this



A Bit of Real War.

The photo shows a French armored motor car near Guillaumont on the French front. By the roadside are French and British wounded. Beside the armored car are English officers and a Chaplain. Back of them is an ambulance. The countryside has been torn by shell fire.
International Film Service.