

captain of his own soul but belongs to his Country. All the pretty clothes that have been saved up for this happy time will be brought out and enjoyed. Our men do love the contrast of pretty things when they emerge from the mud and dust of the battlefield. After he goes the wife returns patriotically to her work, and starts out all over again looking forward to the next time.

My Nova Scotian friend has always vowed that by the time peace comes again she will be returning to Canada in an aeroplane. She avers that all available ships will be pressed into service for the transportation of our soldiers back home, and that the poor wives will have to shift for themselves. Recent events seem to point to a fulfillment of her prophecy, for the papers tell us that Handly Page has plans made for the voyage of some of his machines across the Atlantic. When I recall the long boat journey so many days without sight of land, I shudder at the mere thought of such a proposal, though so many apparently unsurmountable difficulties have been overcome since war began that one must not be surprised at any wonderful feat. If Jules Verne were living to-day I am sure he would experience great satisfaction at the realization of so many of his dreams.

The courage of our airmen is one of the most wonderful developments of this crisis through which we are passing. I have just had a heart-broken letter from a Canadian woman in response to a note of sympathy I had sent her on the death of her only son during an air fight somewhere in France. His father, also a

think I must have found favor in the eyes of our grocer—or rather groceress—for when I went this morning to do my shopping she whispered to me, "I have some raisins for you." I first thought she was joking. She said that she just had a consignment of twenty pounds and that she had laid aside a parcel for me. I had not seen raisins for almost two years and I forgot everything else, and hurried home to exhibit my prize, calling to my friend as I opened the door, "What do you suppose I got this morning?" She made several guesses such as chocolates, fresh fruit, strawberry jam, and various other things that looked very good to us nowadays. I enjoyed the expression of incredulity on her face when I triumphantly announced "raisins!" Now we await a very special occasion to use the raisins.

A Canadian lady was telling me of a Red Cross fête in connection with a well-known London hospital which she attended this week. It was held outside and rain poured down at intervals, but that made no difference. She took a small box of fudge as an offering, and it was so greatly in demand that it was raffled most successfully. Almost everyone over here seems to have heard of Canadian fudge and some have tasted it (and pronounce it "absolutely ripping!") Thousands of parcels of it must have crossed the Atlantic since war began. I was most interested in hearing of the numbers of puppies and kittens offered for sale. Poor puppies and kittens! Even their most ardent lovers were afraid to buy anything which demands feeding. Newspapers have many advertisements offering well-bred pets to anyone who

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Keeping in Love.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—I Cor. 13:13.

"And now abideth. . . love." The kind of love which only rests in a heart for a short time, and then flies away to seek another home, is very poor and valueless. R. L. Stevenson said: "Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks, but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring both kindness and good-will." And yet novelists are apt to write as if the only interesting part of love-making were the beginning. A young man gets to "the neck-tie age," when he dresses carefully to please some particular woman; or a woman uses all her arts to win the heart of the man she loves. That is human nature, and neither war nor business can kill human instincts. But why should the exciting adventure end as soon as the honeymoon is over and ordinary life begins? Or why should the old maids and bachelors miss the great adventure of loving?

St. Paul seems to think "keeping in love" is the one great business of everybody. Even the philanthropist, who gives all his goods to feed the poor, and the martyr, who dies for a great cause, are failures if they have not love. That is St. Paul's statement.—I Cor. 13:3. He

A modern writer declares that when he sees people striving after power and influence, he longs to tell them that among the thousands he has met there has only been one before whom his whole soul bent in reverence and adoring love, "and she was the quiet wife of an East End parson, in a dingy London square, who would have laughed at the thought of influencing anybody."

If we are going to "keep" in love we must make loving the great business of everyday life from Sunday morning to Saturday night. We must use our company manners in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. Sometimes a person who is charming with strangers uses his own family as a safety-valve, letting loose on the unfortunate heads of his relations the stored up irritability (they naturally call it "crossness") which he has hidden away while visitors were near. I remember once trying to make my knocking at the door audible when a family row was going on inside a house. At last they woke to the knowledge that a stranger could hear, and instantly the storm changed to calm and the furious woman whose words to her own relations were anything but choice, was all smiles and pleasantness.

Love is, after all, the great adventure of life, the thing we are in this world to give. Are we showing the outward signs of a love that never fails? If our nearest relations—those who know best what we really are—were to tell the exact truth about us, what would the record be like? Would they say that we never got cross or snappish, even when everything was in a muddle, when the clean clothes fell in the mud, when the oven refused to bake, and when everybody was aggravating?

It is useless to try to win others to Christ if we are all the time making them think that Christians are conceited and disagreeable people. We are called to "adorn" the doctrines we preach, "in all things." Our Lord is watching us all the time. He is delighted when we win a real victory over selfishness—especially if it is a victory no one else notices—and He is disappointed when we fail. But His love never fails.

In these days of anxiety it is everyone's duty to be as happy as possible. Not very long ago a man said to me: "It is a crime to be unhappy in these days." His own bright face certainly did not draw attention to the fact that several of his sons were at the front. To really love, and keep on loving—returning good for evil and kindness for insult—is not only a great but also a hard thing. We need to go to school to the Great Lover, and say humbly: "Lord, teach me to love as Thou lovest." We want to live with Him constantly so that we may catch His spirit, and then people will see something Christlike in our daily lives. His Name is as ointment poured forth. As some aromatic earth in an Eastern fable exclaimed: "I was common clay till roses were planted in me."

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Christ dwelleth in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems
around it thrown."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Gifts for the Needy.

I arrived in Toronto yesterday, and found my desk piled with gifts of reading matter for the "shut-in" and with donations for the needy. I have not yet had time to open all the parcels but acknowledge with thanks the following donations of money—fifty cents from a rural friend, two dollars from Mrs. J. W., and five dollars from Mrs. B.

The Q. H. P. is very full and I must go to work and try to prevent stagnation. Certainly the charity of Advocate readers never faileth.

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

"Millions of the people of Germany are firmly convinced, even if they do not dare to speak of it openly, that the defeat of the present autocratic Government would be a blessing for them and their posterity. They have at last seen through the motives of their rulers, whose purposes are selfish and aim at the suppression of the ideas of liberty and the forcing of their hated Government upon the whole world."—New York Staats-Zeitung.



With Our Troops in Mesopotamia.

Scene at the entrance of the Bagdad sporting club, showing soldiers walking across the desert to the races, with Bagdad girls awaiting the gates to open.

soldier, was near at hand, if not an eyewitness to the lad's tragic feat—and was there to tenderly care for all that was left of his darling. He is now plunging harder than ever in his work trying to forget. The broken-hearted mother wrote "He was our all, and so young to die, but he died fighting, as he would wish to. I am back at my work again in the hospital doing what I can for the wounded boys." It was all so pathetic, and so brave, too. Who will say that Canadian women are less strong than their English sisters? Have you heard of the brilliant piece of work that was performed by the air service on July 17th in a certain part of France, where a French battalion found itself cut off from the main body of the French forces? They determined to hold out, but where were the necessary supplies to come from? After some discussion it was decided to try to get what they required by aeroplanes. Not long after bread, biscuits and over two hundred and fifty boxes of preserved beef were dropped from the heavens like Manna. Next day the exploit was repeated, and as the battalion signalled that they were running short of ammunition, quantities of cartridges were dropped for them. By these means the battalion was able to put up a desperate resistance while waiting to be relieved by counter-attacks. These succeeded by the next evening, when the battalion was set free from the perilous position in which it had held its ground.

CAN you imagine anyone being terribly excited over the purchase of a pound of raisins? I was in that frame of mind this morning. I

will provide them a good home. The flower booths were a gorgeous sight, and there was the usual "fish-pond" where my friend drew a box of sardines. Then there was the table laden with articles which people brought to get rid of, and which others ardently longed for. But this one is always the centre of a big push, so she failed to get near it. There are always Red Cross sales, and strange to say the crowds are as big as ever. Is it because there are so few social functions nowadays, or are people becoming more generous all the time? There is a flag-day every Saturday in every English town and village. We always expect to be tagged if we appear out of doors on that day. The ladies who stand on the streets and ask passers-by to take one deserve a medal, but if they have grown weary one would never detect it.

SIBYL.

When the Game is Done.

GRANTLAND RICE, IN COLLIER'S.

Who shall say when the Game is done
What man lost and what man won?

Who shall say that the victim fought
With smaller courage for his part?
Who shall say that the victor wrought
With braver soul and finer heart?

Who shall say that the gleaming stars,
Radiant on the winner's scroll,
Will shine more brightly than the scars
Of him who fought to a hopeless goal?

Who shall say when the Game is done
What man lost and what man won?

follows up that startling assertion by drawing a picture of Love, so that we may recognize it without a possibility of doubt. Love is patient and considerate, modest and generous, eager to give rather than to get, distressed when others fail and delighted when they succeed. Study the picture the apostle paints and you will feel that Love is indeed a priceless and beautiful grace. But one of the finest things about Love is that it will last eternally. "Love never faileth" and "now abideth. . . love."

You see that unless we "keep" in love we have failed to win this priceless treasure. The things which fail may be more grand and showy in appearance, such as prophetic gifts or the power of miracles, but they are not love. Real love "never faileth."

We are apt to overlook the things at our side, though we have very quick eyes for anything new and unexpected. I think it was Chesterton who said that few people know the pattern of their own wall-papers.

God pours out love upon His children in thousands of ways, and we forget to notice and return thanks because His love is so unending. When I was travelling between Boston and Montreal, the other day, I watched with eager pleasure the beauty of hills and streams along the way. Probably the people who live there take the beauty for granted, as we are apt to do with the scenery we see every day.

We forget to thank God for health, eyesight, hearing and many other good gifts, until—for some deeper reason of love—these "common" blessings are taken away. Then we discover their value.