

"DO AND DAILY NOT."

In an old and dusty chamber,
Sheltering from the storm and rain,
Once I saw, in ancient letters,
Graven on the window-pane,
Words in fairest letters written,
Words which ne'er should be forgot,
Life is short, its hours are fleeting,
"Do, and daily not."

Far remote from noise and bustle
Was that chamber, dark and small,
With the scent of dust of ages
Lying thickly over all;
But at length through clinging ivy,
Shone the sun upon the spot,
Where upon the pane was written,
"Do, and daily not."

And it seemed me that the sunshine,
Lighting up those words with gold,
Was the spirit of the writer,
Though the hand was dead and cold.
Dead the hand for many ages,
But the message nought could blot,
Life is short, its hours are fleeting,
"Do, and daily not."

H. A. B.

The Windrow.**CANADA'S PROGRESS.**

That the year which has just closed has been one of unexpected prosperity is shown by figures of Canadian trade for that period. The aggregate will be a billion dollars' worth, which creates a record.

In January, the total was \$63,680,443. February saw an increase of one million, while by March it had jumped by \$23,000,000. The increase throughout the summer was steady, and October reached the total of \$101,277,469. November figures now being compiled will go three million ahead of this.

The grand total to November first was \$821,723,347, and, as stated, the total of the calendar year will be a billion.—Selected.

CROMWELL'S REAL NAME.

A masterly little volume, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, upon the principles of strategy, traceable in all the wars of which England has been the theater, contains the following footnote upon that "really great cavalry commander," Cromwell. "I would not fall into the pedantry of calling him 'Williams,' though this was, of course, his real name, and it was as Oliver Williams that he signed that financial document to which he attached most importance. The name Cromwell had been affected by his family for some years, as adding social distinction to the gigantic wealth which gave the Williams their position in the Eastern counties. It was as the cadet of this huge fortune, accumulated from the spoils of the church, that Oliver Cromwell was introduced to his great career in which we must never forget that he made another fortune by combining military with commercial enterprises."—The Australasian.

A QUESTION OF EUGENICS.

The most ignorant farmer knows enough to breed from the best cows in his herd, or raise chickens from pure-bred hens. The dog fancier understands that it would be the height of folly to breed puppies from some diseased mongrel, and yet the good public sits patiently and allows degenerates, defectives, and deliberate criminals to propagate their kind ad libitum, with the knowledge that individuals of that particular class multiply from two to five times as rapidly as the normal, and that a large percentage will become charges to the State or city institutions, and at public expense. Then, after all the money is expended on food and clothing and to educate them, they will be no good to themselves or those with whom they come in contact, and many will curse the day they were born.—Dr. G. L. Orson, Physician of the New Jersey Reformatory.

SMOKERS AS STUDENTS.

In The Popular Science Monthly, Dr. Frederick J. Pack has been studying the statistics of smoking in college. He finds that in college examinations 70 per cent. of those who receive the highest marks are non-smokers, while of those who receive the lowest marks, 70 per cent. are smokers. Taking athletes as another homogeneous class, he finds that

in the football trials only half as many smokers as non-smokers are successful; and in the case of able-bodied men, smoking was associated with a diminution of lung power by 10 per cent. In every case the evidence was against smoking. And yet college men meet in "smokers."

EDUCATION BY CINEMA.

The advent of the cinema will make education must faster and fuller and broader. The child will see in an hour what often a whole year of teaching might not impart, and the picture of things as they are will be absolutely imprinted on the young and susceptible mind. The idea that the impression will pass because fleeting is without foundation in my opinion, an impression never passes, it is hung in the picture gallery of the mind ready for use when wanted. The dull child who cannot be reached in the ordinary class of 40, 60, or 70 pupils, is immediately arrested by picture teaching; his attention is riveted without any effort on his part, and without tired horsewhipping from the teacher, which leaves him unmoved. Thousands of backward children in the schools will be benefited by the cinema. To the deaf and dumb, and to the mentally defective, education by picture means the removal of one of life's heaviest handicaps.—Walter Reynolds, in the Daily Mail.

THE PUTUMAYO RUBBER DISTRICT ATROCITIES.

Stuart Fuller, the American consul at Iquitos, who has been making an investigation in the Putumayo rubber district, arrived in New York recently. His report has been forwarded to Washington. His inquiries, it is understood, confirmed the charges made by Sir Roger Casement. He saw and questioned many witnesses or victims of the barbarous conduct of the rubber company's officers. There is abundant proof that natives were burned alive for petty offences. Many were decapitated, and their bodies given to swine as food. Ingenious and horrible tortures were devised for the punishment of natives whose work was unsatisfactory.—The Independent.

A State Factory Investigating Commission, which has been working of late in New York State, makes some astonishing revelations in regard to the age of children employed at such work as snipping beans or sorting peas. Miss Mary Chamberlain, one of the investigators, who worked as an employee in various canneries to get first-hand information, states that some of the canneries employ children of from four years up, many of these working regularly, during the rush season, from 4 a. m. until 10 p. m.

A new hotel in Philadelphia is to have a landing platform for aerial vessels on the roof.

It is a delight to recall that, amid the horrors of the Balkan war, an Englishwoman, Miss Alt, has been working in the cholera camp. She is over sixty years of age, and might have been resting quietly at home, for she has influential friends. Many years ago she was sent out by Lady Dufferin as a trained nurse to found an institute for Turkish mothers. Owing to local conditions this did not succeed. So Miss Alt remained as a governess in Turkish families.

She was with a family living at San Stefano when the cholera camp was established there. The distress touched her, and she plunged into the work, unaided by any other foreign assistance. She is spending her own money, earned by her own efforts, and is nursing the victims with her own hands.

That is the last word in noble service.

Various specimens of "Babu" English are quoted by Mr. G. Cecil in the "Academy," not new in style, but vouched for as authentic. The communication of an ailing ledgerkeeper who craved leave of absence to consult a doctor, has, we fancy, been quoted before: "Sir,—I most respectfully solicits your esteemed permission to absent myself this morning from your place of business

because I have boils as per margin.—Your faithful ledger clerk."

Within a carefully-ruled margin the ingenious sufferer had laboriously inscribed six circles of varying sizes, thus illustrating the painful malady which had overtaken him.

The following application for employment would be difficult to beat as regards mixed metaphor and ornate language:

"Civil Lines Lucknow, May, '09.

"Munificent Sir

"I entrust to your nobleness of character this my most miserable petition. It has come to this crawling worm's knowledge that your greatness has a vacancy for a merely fundamental post as dispatching clerk in order department of your old-established wine business which I am credibly informed maketh glad the heart of man. O enlightened and pitying Sir if you gifted with some bowel of compassion kindly be merciful to me a sinner, for which act of clemency I will never cease to pray unless prevented by cholera or plague. Fill my cup of sparkling happiness by giving me the job, and by hook or by crook I will make thee glorious by my pen. N. B. Of quite catholic religious tastes I can become Christian if desired. P. S. All my relations being non est I need no leave of absence for attending to obsequies of the defunct ones.

"Your grateful (an advance)."—The Australasian.

Hope's Quiet Hour.**Where is Your Faith.**

He said unto them, Where is your faith?—St. Luke viii: 25.

"Some bandy back and forth eternal verities: They say this thing and that, and look about

And prate their faith off pat, while other groping souls Reach up through yearning doubt.

"What is the faith that burns within the heart of man? Can it be summed and stated, spoke out quick Upon demand, as this, and this, and this, as we Might state arithmetic?

"Or is it some far deeper, sweet, diviner thing That will not lend itself to words—a cry, A broken sob, a hand-clasp in the dark, a glimpse Of JESUS passing by?

The day before Christmas I saw two boys with a hand-sleigh, who were earnestly discussing an important question, and took no notice of me as I passed them. The eldest boy said: "Do you believe in Santa Claus? I don't."

The other answered, rather apologetically: "Well, in a way I do. In a way I don't, but in a way I do." I passed on, thinking how the childish half-belief in Santa Claus was very like the half-belief of their elders in God. The boy who asserted his unbelief was evidently not quite sure—possibly he might be mistaken. And Santa Claus might be a real person, after all. So, the man who is daring enough to say: "I don't believe in God!" has some uneasy doubts about his unproved and unprovable creed. In the depths of his heart and conscience he knows that God may be a Reality.

Then there are others who believe in God "in a way." They dare not deny His existence, but they are by no means sure of Him. "In a way they believe, and in a way they don't." Such half-hearted faith is soothing to the conscience, but it is not enough to carry a soul victoriously through the hard battle of life. It is not enough to satisfy Him Who says: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth."—Rev. iii: 15, 16.

But our Lord will never quench the smoking flax of our weak faith. He knows that a faith which is tiny as a grain of mustard seed may grow into a

mighty reliance in God, able to remove mountains. Very tender was His gentle rebuke to the terrified disciples, which I have chosen as a text to-day. They were crossing the lake in a little boat when a sudden tempest lashed the calm waters into raging waves "which beat into the ship, so that it was now full." JESUS was asleep, and He was their only hope, so the disciples woke Him. St. Luke records the hopeless cry of some: "Master, Master, we perish!" St. Mark tells of the despairing appeal to His sympathy: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" St. Matthew notes the faith which cried: "Lord, save us: we perish." In the three accounts given us, our Lord's answer varies. To the cry: "Lord, save us: we perish!" He answers with the loving and gentle rebuke: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The despairing appeal for sympathy: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" calls forth, first the deliverance from outward danger, and then the surprised question: "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" The hopeless cry of absolute despair: "Master, Master, we perish!" is also answered by the sudden calming of wind and water, followed by the question: "Where is your faith?"

They had some faith—their very turning to Him in their distress proved it—but it was not the tower of strength and safety that it should have been.

Perhaps while nothing troubled them—they thought that they had perfect confidence in their Master. While He was with them no danger could make them afraid. Possibly that was the very reason they were called upon to face the unexpected storm, so that they might find out the weakness of their own faith and bring it to God that it might be strengthened.

Storms of pain, sorrow, or anxiety, sweep over us sometimes. Perhaps we believe in God, "in a way," but make little daily use of the shield of faith. When we say to our Master: "Carest Thou not? Is our pain nothing to Thee?" or sink down in hopeless depression under the heavy cross, instead of taking it up with cheery, resolute goodwill, He still asks in wondering tenderness: "Where is your faith?"

The road looks dark ahead, perhaps, and we see no way out of our overwhelming difficulties. Is there any need for us to indulge in the nerve-destroying, faithless habit of worry? Our Master may seem to be asleep, may seem quite indifferent to our troubles, but it is only seeming: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Perhaps the troubles may seem to spring from faith itself. A mother or wife may almost be ready to despair because her child or husband scorns the faith which is all the world to her. If she did not believe in God herself she would not be broken-hearted about the unbelief of one she loves. But it is the weakness, not the strength, of her faith that causes her despair. God loves His prodigal son far more than she can do, and is All-mighty to save. Sometimes a soul strays so very far from holiness and the Father's home, that the resulting misery sweeps away all barriers with a rush. When sin is an open disease, making the sinner to be abhorred by his fellows and himself, and when only One Saviour in all the universe can be found offering to cleanse from the hateful impurity, the instinct of self-defence may draw forth the cry our Father is so ready to answer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Men and women who are working among their "submerged" brothers and sisters have their faith in Christ's power to save the lost constantly strengthened by marvellous rescues.

The other day I read an account of "The Inasmuch Mission," which was started about two years ago—in February, 1911. Its avowed object is to minister, for Christ's sake, to all who are needy in soul or body. It was started in the very worst district of a big American city. Who began this work, which has already ministered to the souls and bodies of many thousands of despairing people? Strange to say, it was started by four men who had lived for years in open contempt for the laws of God and man. Three of them had been given a good start, but drink and other vices had dragged them down to the level of the lowest tramp and