

THE UPWARD LOOK

The Ever-Present Father

I AM with thee to deliver thee.
Jer. 1: 8.
A little girl was accustomed to meet her father on his homing. One night he was so late that it was quite dark, when he telephoned to get her ready. As he came down the street, he saw her, in the bright light on the corner, start several times and then turn back. Just then a neighbor happened to pass, offered her her hand, which the little one quickly and gladly took. When she got within seeing distance of her father, she rushed into his arms crying out: "Why father, father, were you there in the dark all the time? If I had only known that, I would not have been a tiny bit afraid."

How often we elder people are like that little child! Because we can not see our Heavenly Father in the great unknown, our souls cry out with fear; because we can not realize His invisible presence in the dark places, and in the dark hours, we dare not venture forth even though we know definitely that it is His will that we should; because we cannot feel His soothing touch on our brow at the time of greatest anguish, our souls refuse to be comforted. Yet He is there all the time, in the dark, as well as in the bright sunny paths, and if possible a little nearer.

He is in the centre of the black war-cloud, darkening over our whole world. He is in the midst of the home, lonely now, without one beloved presence. He is very close with those bring suffering in pain and anguish. He is holding out loving tender arms to all those who are coming to Him in the darkness of anxiety, cares, suffering or agony.—J. H. N.

The Poet of the Prairies

A Glimpse into "Kitchener and Other Poems."

"OUT West" in Calgary, dwells a poet. He does not wear his hair long, nor does he wander ad-eyed in lonely places. He is far too busy for that, for he is an Empire builder. And because he has helped in the building up of the Great Canadian West and is in close touch with both the business and farm life of that country, he is able to weave into his poems the hopes and aspirations of ordinary every day Western Canadians, and is able to impart to his poems the atmosphere of the prairie. Robert J. C. Stead is well known throughout the British Empire for his patriotic poems. Mr. Stead's poem on the death of Lord Kitchener, written a few hours after the announcement of the great war lord's death, has had an exceptionally wide circulation. It is probably the only Canadian poem that was ever incorporated complete into a telegraphic news service. It appeared not only in the leading Canadian papers, but in the English papers, and subsequently in the press of nearly all English-speaking countries throughout the world.

In his book "Kitchener and Other Poems," which has just been published by the Mueson Book Company, of Toronto, is to be found a collection of verse, on subjects referring to the war, and on subjects referring to his beloved prairie. His poems are stately in their measures and refined in their phraseology. He never allows his fervor to run away with his sense of proportion, and even in dealing with the glorious achievements of Canada's sons overseas, he is not extravagant in his eulogies. The best example of this perhaps may be found in "The Gull," in which he reviews the doings of Canada's men in these words:

And thou mine own, for whom my soul had feared,
That in that day thy heart should shrink and crawl;
Lest gain and getting, o'er endeared,
Should leave thee fat and visionless withal;
In peace thy vainer side was uppermost.

And seared with ends and aims of little worth;
In war, thy sons from coast to coast
Have made thy name a glory through the earth.

This volume in its title continues the strain of patriotism which has characterized so many of Mr. Stead's works. It testifies to the love and admiration of their author for our mother across the seas and her faithful allies and children who are standing by her in her hour of trial. The poem "Kitchener" will be of interest, not from the fact that it has been reprinted in every English-speaking country throughout the world, but rather because of the restrained passion which is to be found in it. We quote it here with:

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master-mind.

We hoped an honored age for him
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

One only vow above his bier,
One only oath beside his bed;
We swear our flag shall shield him here

Until the sea gives up its dead!
Leap, waves of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast,
For earth is envious of the Sea
Which shelters Kitchener's dead at last.

Articles Crowded Out

OWING to lack of space and such a quantity of other material on hand, two of the articles in connection with our contest, "If I Were Food Controller," have, up to the present been crowded out. "Better late than never," however, so they are appearing in this issue.

Castles in Spain

"Dreamer," Brant Co., Ont.
I F I were Food Controller! What a scope for the imagination! The subject certainly allows a person ample opportunity to build "Castles in Spain."

As soon as the honor of the position of Food Controller was conferred upon me, I should realize the vast responsibility which had been placed upon my shoulders, and I should determine to perform all the duties which had thereby devolved upon me just as efficiently as my ability would permit. At the same time I should firmly resolve to consider my country's welfare and endeavor to do my utmost to sustain and maintain it, consistently remaining firm in my convictions of right and wrong, of justice, and refusing to be biased by public opinion. Then, whether I gained the good will and praise of all of the people or not, I should enjoy peace of mind and conscience, being able to realize that I had done my best.

Having made these resolutions, I should carefully consider the matters which required my attention. These would be so numerous that it would be impossible for me to cope successfully with all of them simultaneously. I would ponder and weigh their importance and conclude that ~~my~~ apt-



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