

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Keep the door.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.—Ps. 141:3.

St. James is certainly discouraging when he says that every kind of beast, bird, serpent and fish can be tamed, "but the tongue can no man tame." And yet he declares that any man who seems to be religious is only deceiving himself unless he achieves this impossible feat of bridling his tongue. The tongue is small but mighty. It is like the bit in the horse's mouth, which controls the whole body. It is like a rudder, by which the man at the wheel can turn the ship in any direction he chooses.—St. James 3.

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body," declares the apostle. If control of the tongue is a proof of perfection, and yet no man can possibly tame this little member which boasteth great things, we may well appeal to Him with Whom nothing is impossible. Let us earnestly pray with the Psalmist: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

If God will act as the Door-Keeper, challenging each word that is uttered and barring the door against any which He disapproves, then we are safe—not otherwise.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:

You cannot do that way when you're flying words,

'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know:

'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

Yesterday I was reading one of Tolstoi's stories, called, "Neglect a fire, and 'till not be quenched." The plot of the story is this. Two families had long lived side by side in peace and happiness. Then, one sad day, a hen (which was laying an egg every day in the winter—when eggs were precious) flew into the neighbor's yard and cackled there. Its owner went over and asked if the hen had laid an egg in the other yard. The answer was rude, and roused the anger of the questioner. The quarrel was taken up by all the members of both families until it became a feud, and was the talk of the village. From bad to worse it went—angry words pouring oil on the fire—until at last the flame of anger kindled material fire, and one of the men set fire to the barn of the other. The flames spread from the barn to the house, then across the way to the buildings of the man who had recklessly tried to injure his neighbor; and it was not extinguished until half the village had been destroyed. Then—but not till then—did these men realize the sinful folly of their behavior, and seek to be friends. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" exclaims St. James. Of course, Count Tolstoi's story is intended as a parable; but we know how often a miserable quarrel will begin with a trifling injury and be encouraged by angry words until it is changed into a mountain from a mole-hill. Both sides soon become utterly sick of the strife; but it is not so easy to put out a fire as to start it. There are few nations in the world uninjured by the Great War; yet very few of them were especially concerned in its ostensible cause. Our fierce enemies used to be our friends—and how much better it is for the world when neighbors are friends instead of foes. As it was in the Russian parable so it is in the world to-day. More and more people are drawn into the quarrel, and God knows when it will—like a fire that has no more fuel to burn—die down into desolate exhaustion.

Here is a story from the trenches, which I read in the Boston "Transcript" yesterday.

On the far side of "No Man's Land"—thirty yards away—appeared a black-board. On it was written: "The British are Fools!" The board was instantly riddled with British bullets. It was withdrawn, to appear again with this inscription: "The French are Fools!" This statement also drew a fierce retort in a hail of bullets. Then came "The

Russians are Fools!" which also roused the wrath of our soldiers. The next inscription was: "The Austrians are Fools!" and this roused sudden laughter from the spectators. Then came: "The Germans are Fools!" received with cheers, followed by the startling announcement: "We are all Fools!"

I don't think there was much laughter at that statement of condemnation. "Fools!" How gladly we would go back three years—if that were possible—and try to settle our differences without forcing such a wholesale sacrifice of the noblest of the human race. Whose fault is it? Each side throws the responsibility on the other.

We cannot put the hands of Time's clock back, we cannot heal the open sore of the world; but at least we can take warning by this exhibition of the awful results of encouraging a quarrel. If we can't bridle our own tongue, when a sharp retort flashes up from a wounded heart within; we can ask God to keep our tongue from evil-speaking. The worst of it is that we usually don't want our words controlled, when the volcano within is eager to scatter its firebrands. It seems to us—you know—that Germany refused peace when it could easily have been secured, though she may be very anxious now to win that priceless treasure which she threw away so recklessly.

It is usually the same way with us in our private quarrels. We are very anxious to give one who has offended us "a piece of our mind." We discuss his misbehavior with our friends and neighbors (who often act as tale-bearers) and only when the breach has become a chasm which we cannot reach across do we regret our sinful folly.

Think of all the quarrels you have been mixed up with, or have known. Have not most of them been caused, or at least fed, by words? One person has said something unkind or spiteful about another—behind his back—and some officious "friend" has hurried to report the words (magnified, probably) to the person abused. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Fires of anger and hatred, which destroy peace, happiness and friendship, are usually started by words; and more words are constantly heaped upon the fire.

What about ourselves? If we don't often start such a blaze, do we never add a few sticks to it by discussing the matter? We know that such discussion can do no good and is pretty sure to do harm. We resolve to hold our tongues—and fail again and again. Perhaps we make the mistake of thinking that we can bridle our tongues by our own unaided power. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

The trouble begins out of sight, in the heart. It is of little use to keep silence if love is not permitted to rule our thoughts. Let us turn to God, in peni-

tence, and ask Him to show us where we are to blame. Then let us obey His orders, even though it may mean humbling ourselves to make an apology. Too often we set Pride to act as door-keeper, and he refuses to let us own ourselves in the wrong. Let us dispose of Pride—the lawless tyrant—and put ourselves unreservedly into the hands of our lawful King—the God who is Love. It is not well to start another year with unpaid debts accumulating. During this year many neighbors have passed beyond our reach—perhaps before 1917 draws to a close we may be sadly wishing that we had been wholeheartedly kind while we had the opportunity.

"If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Christ's Invitation.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17.

Freely, freely, Christ hath given,
The water of life for all
The only way to enter Heaven,
Oh! hear the Saviour's call.

The Spirit and the bride say come,
Unto the Saviour's feet,
And He will guide thee safely home,
The joy will be complete.

And let him that is thirsty come,
Unto the living well,
It is the only way to shun,
The awful gates of Hell.

Christ knocketh often at the door
Of every sinner's heart,
And calleth both the rich and poor,
From worldly ways to part.

Oh! hear His voice and let Him in,
Lest it will be too late
For those who die at last in sin,
Must meet the sinner's fate.

But if we give our hearts to God,
He'll lead us by the hand,
And guide us on the narrow road,
Unto the Happy Land.

Where there are neither tears nor pain,
For Christ Himself is nigh,
Who for our many sins was slain,
Now dwells with God on High.

WILD ROSE.

These verses, by one of our readers, can be sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Beaver Circle

Limerick Competition.

Our Limerick Competition seemed to set all the Beavers busy. Letters came in by the score, and it was very hard to decide which were the very best Limericks. After much pondering, however the prizes were awarded to Eva Taylor, Bobcaygeon, Ont., who sent two very good Limericks; Kathleen Beavers, R. R. 1, St. Mary's, Ont.; Ivan Hardy, Oakville, Ont.; Ivy Graham, R. R. 1, Grenville, Que.; Charlotte Carmichael, R. R. 3, Ilderton, Ont.; Gordon Henderson, R. R. 4, St. Mary's, Ont.; Elden Stoltz, Auburn, Ont.; Dorothy Schwalm, R. R. 3, Mildmay, Ont.; A. Dowd, Britton, Ont.

Honor Roll.—Dorothy Johnston, Navan, Ont.; Lila Toole, Mount Albert, Ont.; Evelyn Thaler, Breslau, Ont.; Vivian Lawrence, West Shefford, Que.; Margaret Ford, Portneuf, Que.; Mary de C. McNish, Lyn, Ont.; Jean Currie, Orangeville, Ont.; Rae Andrew, Auburn, Ont.; Ellinor Lyons, Cheltenham, Que.; Elizabeth Lyons, Cheltenham, Que.; Eva Smyth, R. 2, Pembroke, Ont.; Arthur Carter, Port Lock, Ont.; Irene Seburn, R. 1, Longwood, Ont.; Joyce Douglas, R. 2, Caledonia, Ont.; Georgina Burgess, R. 1, Port Elgin, Ont.; Melvin Carter, Port Lock, Ont.

Some of the Limericks.

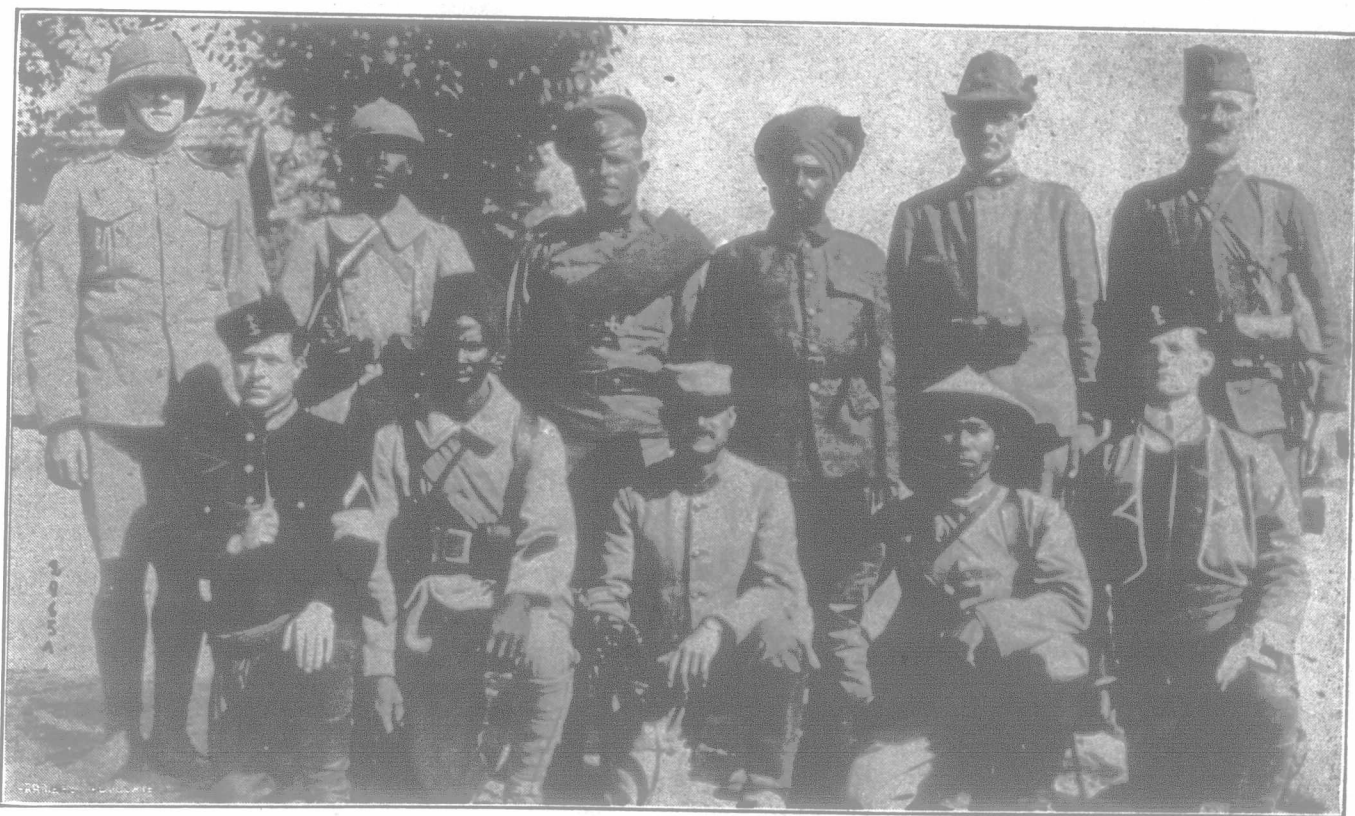
There once was a nice little frog,
Who joked as he rode on a dog;
They returned on the tide,
With the froggie astride,
And a wet coat of hair on the dog.

Yours truly,
Britton, Ont. A. DOWD.

There once was a nice little frog,
Who was croaking away in a bog.
But his croaks were soon drowned
By a terrible sound,
And on top of him pounced a big dog.
Auburn, Ont. ELDEN STOLTZ.

There was once a nice little frog,
He made friends with a terrier dog
The dog went away,
For a year and a day.
And the frog went to die in a bog.
CHARLOTTE E. CARMICHAEL,
Class IV.
R. R. 3, Ilderton, Ont.

There was a young student called Mary,
Who was so very contrary
When told to wash dishes
She'd go and scale fishes,
And that was the way with Mary.



A Varied Assortment.

The cosmopolitan character of the Allied army on the Macedonian front is well illustrated in this picture, which shows: from left to right, back row—an Anzac, a Senegalese (French), a Russian, an Indian, and a Serbian. Front row—a Cretian (Greek revolutionist), another Senegalese, a Frenchman, an Indo Chinese (French) and a Cretian. A British soldier should have been added.

International Film Service.