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Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat. And they say unto Him, We have here but five loaves, and two fishes. He said, Bring them hither to me. He blessed, and brake and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat, and were filled; and they took up of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, beside women and children.—S. Matt. 14.

That old story must have come often to the minds of workers among famished men, women and helpless little children, in these years of strain. Think of Hoover and his assistants facing the hungry millions in Belgium, with supplies of food on this side of the Atlantic! Yet he did his best, in faith and hope, and the millions were fed.

Canon Burroughs, writing before the war was over, said: "Peace will not end the real work of the war. In a sense it will rather be the signal for tackling it. The real work of the war awaits the survivors—the rising generation of to-day. And it will be the harder work for being less heroic. There will not be the novelty, the excitement, the heartening sense that everybody else is doing it. For that very reason most people won't do it. Most people only do things so long as they are 'being done.' He goes on to say that after the war there will still be 'fighting jobs' for the asking—work and adventure and sacrifice for all; and those who live selfishly will be the true shirkers—'after the war.'"

That message is repeated everywhere. We look out over the world and we see vast multitudes in need—they need food for bodies, minds and spirits. They need homes large enough for decency, they need education and a thousand other things. Most of all they need to know the love of our Father, and the Comradeship of our Elder Brother, and the indwelling Spirit to give them peace in the midst of strife and joy in darkest hours of sorrow. We turn to God, in our helplessness—as the disciples turned to their Master in that crowded desert place—and ask Him to supply the need of men, women and little children. How startling was the answer they received that day: "Give ye them to eat!"

Their prompt reply seemed conclusive: "We have here but five loaves, and two fishes." Their five tiny bun-like loaves and two little fishes would hardly be enough for one person in the crowd. They were not worth considering in the face of so many thousands of hungry people.

But Christ never despises a small offering. Even a cup of cold water, willingly given, is a treasure. He values and uses. We live in a world of miracles. You take a handful of wheat and cast it into the ground. It is lost to your sight, but God works with and in it until it is marvelously multiplied. Year after year the increase goes on, until your little handful is enough to feed millions—and it still goes on!

When I sit down at my desk each week, thinking of the many readers of the "Advocate" who are hungry for spiritual food; I am well aware of my own spiritual poverty. My Master says, kindly but compellingly, "Give them to eat!" I long ago gave up saying hopelessly: "My supply is not enough for my own soul's need, how can I give real help to other souls?"

Of course, the answer to that discouraged question is: "You can't feed them. Bring all that you have to Christ." If you read our text carefully you will see that the loaves and fishes were first given to Christ, then He gave to the disciples and the disciples to the multitude. Because the supplies were laid in His hand there was enough for everybody, and twelve baskets of fragments were gathered up for future use.

How glad the giver of those loaves must have been afterwards—the little lad, who must have thought his coarse barley cakes were not worth anything to the great Prophet he had followed in wondering enthusiasm. Laid in the hand of Jesus they were sufficient to supply the physical need of that hungry crowd. But that was a comparatively small

result. Only God can number the millions who have been helped spiritually because that boy unselfishly gave away the food he had been wise enough to provide for himself. If he had only shared it with his neighbors it would not have been enough for two, but, because it was put in the hand of Christ, there was plenty for everybody and the boy himself did not have to go hungry.

Let us give up the faithless and foolish attitude of false humility, which is the position of a "slacker". No one on God's earth has a right to say: "I am so weak and powerless that it is useless for me to try to help in the tremendous task of world-reconstruction. Everybody is helpless (in his own strength) if it comes to that! The greatest leader on earth to-day has only the powers of mind and body which God has seen fit to trust to his keeping. We are called to take stock of the things committed to us, as the disciples were sent to find an answer to the searching question, "How many loaves have ye? go and see." When we have found out something of our own abilities and opportunities, our first business must be to place them unreservedly in the hand of God. Consecration is not an easy thing, and we find it is necessary to renew our self-dedication every day, lest we selfishly take back the lives offered to God. Each of us must face self and say:

"Yield thy poor best, and mind not how or why,
Lest one day, seeing all about thee spread
A mighty crowd marvellously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry:
'I might have furnished, I, yea even I',
The two small fishes and the barley bread."

We have nothing to say about the use God will make of our offered lives. One soldier, who offered his life to his country, was kept in Canada doing unexciting routine work, while others were sent into the front line trenches. A soldier's business—and a Christian's—is to go where he is sent. It is never our business to complain because our post is less exciting—or even less important (apparently)—than that of other people. No man can judge the value of his own life-work. Even our Leader,—with His panic-stricken followers turning their backs on Him, and His loved people delivering Him up to a horrible death in the full vigor of His splendid manhood,—seemed to have made a failure of life. Success of the best kind often comes too late for a man to see it in this stage of existence. The seed sown plateously and prayerfully may not spring up until the sower has passed out of this field of God's vineyard. But the seed is not, therefore, wasted.

How many loaves have you? That is a question which only you and God can answer truly. Perhaps you have many talents which you yourself have no idea that you possess. One thing has been pretty certainly settled, and that is that no two people make exactly the same finger-prints. If, in such a trifling part of our make-up, we are unique, it is not likely that any person on earth is exactly like any one else in any particular.

If that is true, then each person who reads this has some distinctive offering to make. You can place in the hand of God something which no one else can give. You need not fret because you can't do the splendid work another of His servants is doing. Remember that no one else can do your special work as well as you can do it—if you are willing to work with God in humble obedience.

A friend of mine who spent last Easter in Spain, wrote about the lettering running all through the Alhambra: "There is no Conqueror but God." She said that "this repeated message, with its quiet assertiveness, proved a positive comfort to constantly remember."

We have seen how the mighty power of Germany was shattered. Right has again proved itself stronger than might. "One with God is always a majority." Life is a glorious opportunity of service; and, if we want to make our lives worth while, of course we do—it is utter folly to work alone. There is no Conqueror but God, and God will certainly Conquer. Right is Might, and "he always wins who sides with God." Don't waste the precious opportunities of life; for Christ is graciously saying: "Bring them hither to Me." We are helpless; but He has all power in heaven and in earth (S. Matt. 28:18). We can draw on His power for