

THE QUIET HOUR.

Worshipping the Bible.

God spake, and gave us the Word to keep;
Bade never fold the hands, nor sleep
Mid a faithless world; at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By his servant Moses the watch was set:
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet."

The other day I saw an article on the recent English Church Congress, in which the critic rather ridiculed a statement made by one clergyman, to the effect that he did not deny the possibility of there being some mistakes and inaccuracies in the Holy Bible as we possess it. The writer seemed to think that the clergyman in question was very careful in admitting what he—the critic—considered to be a simple matter of common sense. On the other hand, many good Christians would be horrified by the admission, and fancy that the learned clergyman was almost an atheist. Which critic would be the most reasonable? Let us look this matter squarely in the face. To say we believe in the truth of the Bible, yet fear to examine its claims in the light of modern science, is to admit that we don't believe it can stand the test. That is a weak, cowardly kind of confidence, isn't it? Shall I startle you, my dear fellow-Christians, if I say that we have no more right to worship the Bible than the Israelites had to worship the brazen serpent. From the way some people talk, one might fancy that the Book had fallen down from heaven, printed in the English language,—as directly a gift from God as the Ten Commandments which he wrote on the tables of stone—although, even if it had, to give it divine honors would be nothing less than idolatry.

There is no doubt whatever about the inspiration of the Bible. I have not the time to go into that subject now, but no one can study it or its claims without owning that it has a perfect right to its title of the Bible—i. e., the Book—no other book can attempt to be its rival. Over and over again its writers assert that God is speaking through them. Our Lord declares that the prophecies concerning himself, written in the Old Testament, must be fulfilled. The marvelous way in which thirty or forty people, writing in different countries and different ages—through about sixteen centuries—described *One Man* in prophecies direct and indirect, in types and figures innumerable, is a proof that they were guided and inspired by one Mind. The Bible is a miracle in itself, both in its prophecies, which have been exactly fulfilled: in the living power of its words, which were written so many thousands of years ago, and in many other ways. It is never out of date, although some ignorant people may fancy it is. Out of date! Is there any other book of which millions of copies are sold every year? Why, one Bible Society alone has distributed more than a hundred million copies, and still sends out a million or two every year. This one Society has also translated it into several hundred languages, many of which had never been reduced to a written form before.

After this long digression, I come back to the question of worshipping the Bible. The writers of the numerous books contained in this volume "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Their words were truth itself; but has God promised that not one of the thousands of people who have copied and recopied their words should ever make a mistake? Not one word actually written down by prophet or apostle has come down to our day: we have only copies of copies. Even if we had the original manuscripts of these inspired men, written in Hebrew or Greek, what good would they be to us unless they were translated? Translating a dead language into a living one is not the easiest thing, especially when the MSS. are written without punctuation marks, or even divisions between words. It would be hard to read even our own language if all the words ran into one another, as the ancient manuscripts do. The translators had also to use their own judgment in selecting what seemed to them the most correct among a large number of manuscripts, probably no two exactly alike, and they had to supply a great many words to make sense, which they printed in italics. It would have been a continuous miracle, extending through thousands of years, if all the copies of the sacred books made by hand, remember had been without flaw. The Holy Scriptures have indeed been treasured up and copied far more carefully than any other book. We cannot fail to see that God has most wonderfully preserved them and kept them from any serious error; but the possibility of a few mistakes having crept into the text does not undermine our Christianity, as some nervous people say. There were plenty of loyal Christians ready to lay down their lives for their Master, before the New Testament was written; many of them hardly knew anything of the Old. The Bible does not give God credit for quite the other way. God gives us the Bible to use our hold on Him because His great gift to the world may have been slightly defaced by much handling, would be disloyalty of the worst kind. On the other hand, if anyone is troubled by doubts, let him study

this book, and the doubts will surely fade away.

As Pierson says: "If there is one candid doubter living, who has faithfully studied the Bible and the evidences of Christianity, he has not yet been found." Two clever men once agreed to make an attack on our religion. They began by searching the Scriptures, not to see "whether these things were so," but to prove that they were not so. What was the result? They both became zealous defenders of the faith they intended to attack. It has been said that this is a "book which has been refuted, demolished, overthrown and exploded more times than any other book you ever heard of. Every little while somebody starts and upsets this book, and it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other, and when you have upset it, it is right side up; and when you overturn it again, it is right side up still."

We need not be alarmed when storms of criticism assail this Book. It is just as safe as the little fishing boat was, on the sea of Galilee, and for the same reason—the Lord is in it. Now, as then, He rebukes our fears as showing want of faith. The Bible is unlike any other book, for its Author really speaks to us through it. It lives as no other book ever lived, for it not only contains the words once spoken by God, but it is still the Word of God.

"The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still."

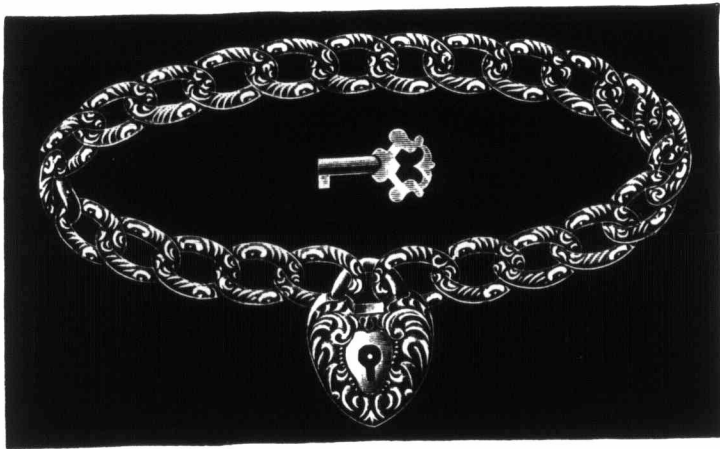
HOPE.

The Very Thing!

You're puzzling your brains every day to discover
A nice Christmas present for Maggie or Jean—
A dainty, bright something that's not too expensive—
To gladden the maiden of sweet seventeen.

But scarce are your quarters, it's very perplexing:
You hunt through your pockets, but cannot find one,
Then pick up the *Advocate*, glance through its pages—
Why, here's what you're seeking! Now isn't that fun?

This handsome link bracelet for two new subscribers,
A bracelet of silver, with padlock and key;
Another subscriber adds two silver pendants,
A token of friendship—two hearts, do you see?



The paper you drop, make a rush for the stable,
Hitch up the old mare without any delay,
Pitch a bunch of old *Advocates* into the buggy—
Get two new subscribers that very same day!

C. D.

Some Simple Hints for Keeping Healthy.

Flannel should be worn next the skin all the year round.

House drains must be carefully seen to, and kept in perfect order.

Sitting with the back close to the fire for any length of time is weakening.

Beware of cold or damp feet, or standing about in damp clothes or on wet ground.

Don't sit or lean against a cold substance, particularly if the body is overheated.

On going outside from a heated room, be well wrapped up; don't stand; and keep the mouth shut.

Sleep on a hair, straw, or spring mattress; abjure feather beds. The bedclothes should be well aired daily.

A warm bath ought to be taken occasionally, and a cold sponging of the whole body quickly done in the morning is well worth the trouble.

Most people, even the hard worker, are the better of some dumb-bell or other manual exercise, to develop the capacity of the chest.

Excess of every kind is incompatible with health. Worry, quarreling, or ill-temper are inadmissible. A hearty laugh is worth much.

A Cure for Rheumatism.

Three ozs. cod-liver oil, 1 oz. aromatic spirits of ammonia, 1 dram. oil of lavender, 5 grains of powdered opium; mix, and rub well at bedtime, before the fire, into the parts affected. Readers of the *FARMER'S ADVOCATE* afflicted with rheumatism should give this a trial, as it is an excellent remedy.

Scene—Railway Station. "How long does the train stop here," the old lady asked the brakeman. "Stop here," he answered. "Four minutes. From two to two to two to two." "I wonder," mused the old lady, "if that man thinks he is a whistle?"

The "Turkey Queen."

"I made \$2,500 last year raising turkeys," said Miss Arlita Martin, a young woman who is known in Texas, her native State, as the turkey queen.

"Because I live in Texas, however, you must not call my place a turkey ranch. It is simply a well-conducted farm, and other things are raised beside turkeys. Indeed, until five years ago we didn't raise our own turkeys even for Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"I began with five hens and a gobbler. You know, I suppose, that a turkey hen almost invariably lays thirteen eggs before she begins to sit, and also that she lays two 'litters of eggs' a year. Well, that first year, of the 125 eggs set in the spring, all hatched except five, and I raised 117 birds."

"In the autumn when my hens laid again, I followed my original plan of buying extra eggs, but was neither so successful in the hatching nor the raising, bringing up only 79. Yet 79 and 117 make 196, so when I tell you that I sold those turkeys at an average of 97 cents, you will see that I had a snug little sum for my trouble. As that was my first year, the food had cost me personally nothing, my father having told me at the beginning to go ahead and raise all the turkeys I wished to."

"However, when the second year began, although I started out with the same six birds, I determined to put myself on a business basis with the rest of my family, so I used a large part of my earnings of the year before in buying food, as well as building fowl houses and yards. Then I followed the plan of the previous season in every particular, excepting that I added five Brahma hens to my flock. These I set on turkey eggs, about the same time that I did my turkeys, and when they hatched out I gave all the little ones to the chicken hens to mother, and turned the turkey hens out into the pasture to lay another litter of eggs. They will generally do in the spring when not allowed to raise the first brood. That spring I raised 200 turkeys, and in the autumn 231 more. This time I did not sell all. Instead, I increased my stock to fifty."

"From that flock of fifty I sold 1,400, after increasing my stock to 100, and furnished the table with as many turkeys as the family cared to eat."

"Of course my methods have changed very much since the flock has increased from five to a hundred stock birds. I no longer used hens to hatch the eggs, but incubators. I buy the food by the quantity, and plant acres and acres of small grain to give them for green food. I plant whole fields of shallots and peppers, as well as corn, and I employ two women and several boys to attend to them; yet, in spite of all these expenses, last year I cleared more than \$2,500."

"The greatest trouble about raising turkeys is with dewes and rains, when they are young. Young turkeys should be housed at night in a house or covered yard, and not allowed to run into wet grass. As food for the birds, I use bread or unsifted, unsalted corn meal, into which a good quantity of red pepper is mixed. As green food for them until they are old enough to look out for themselves, I feed them the tender tops of shallots, chopped fine. After they pass their fourth month I treat them pretty much like sheep, feeding them twice a day, morning and night."

"My birds meet with ready sale, and always fetch good prices. I take orders for birds fattened on fancy foods, such as nuts, etc., which are supposed to flavor the flesh, and, of course, these turkeys bring high prices. I see no reason why other women should not succeed in the work, and would be only too glad to give them all the assistance in my power."—*Woman's Journal*.

Cousinly Chat.

The prizes in Contest I. are awarded as follows: Class I. (we are giving two prizes instead of one)—To Miss Agnes Laing ("Chrysalis"), Ancaster, Ont., and to Miss Lily Leveridge ("Lilian"), Skalholt, Man. In this class there were many excellent essays, and I am sorry we could not give each a prize.

Class II.—To Howard G. Miller, Alameda, California. The competition in this class was not so keen.

Class III.—To Verne Rowell, Bryanston, Ont., as announced last issue.

Owing to our limited space in the Home Department, we can only publish the first-prize essay in Class I. in this number. Perhaps in some future number we may be able to give another one.

The following little poem is by our old puzzle cousin, "Essex." Don't you feel proud of your clever coz? I do. I take his permission for granted and let you all have the benefit of "Essex's" nice verses:

Mingle Wine with Tears.

When the bells their joy are pealing;
When the air is rent with cheers;
When the burst of martial feeling
Welcomes home the volunteers;
When the minute-guns, replying,
Echo, million-voiced, command:
When the glory-rag is flying,
And the colors drape the land;
When the rockets, skywards ringing,
Vein the blue of Heaven's dome;
And the martial music, changing,
Beats the time of "Home, Sweet Home";
When is heard the thrilling story
Tale of valor, past belief;
How they kept, undimmed, the glory
Of the dear old Maple Leaf;
When the thoughtless throng is making
Loud rejoicing, with one mind;
Think of those whose hearts are breaking
For the loved ones left behind.

Cumberland, Ont.

—Chas. S. Edwards.

ADA ARMAND.

Wallop Him Well.

The head master of a denominational school in a certain English village recently sent out to parents of the scholars in his school, asking permission to administer, as he thought desirable, "corporal punishment or otherwise." The following would clearly show that in some instances it met with unqualified approval:

"Mr. Rattan:—Dear Sir,—Your floggen cirklar is duly received, and I hopes as regarding my sun Jon, you will flog him just as often as yew ken. Heas a bad boi, is Jon. Although I've been in the abit of teaching him myself, it seems to be he'll nevair larn anything, his spelling is spesilly otragrusly defisient. Wallop him well, sur, and you will receive my heartfelt thanks.—Yours truly, Mosas Spanker. P. S.—What accounts for Jon bein sich a bad scollar is, that he's me sun by mi ol woman's first husband."