

wonderful vision, and at last came to the conclusion that it was a direct message from heaven, and meant that the Holy Virgin desired a sanctuary in her honor erected on that particular spot. So the lofty height was secured, the chapel was begun, and in 1487 it was consecrated.

Ever since then, the devout and faithful have been climbing up the stoney steps to this mountain sanctuary, but modern sightseers, with weak hearts and flabby muscles, reach it by the funicular. The view from the loggia of the church is magnificent, but the air, at this time of the year, too arctic for this time of the year, too arctic for much lingering. Anything colder than the inside of the church I never experienced. My teeth fairly chattered. I looked at the kneeling figures fingering their beads and wondered how they could possibly be pious in such a frigid atmosphere. But I suppose the climb up warmed their blood.

I wanted to get a photograph of a shrine, so I walked down. There were not many people ascending that day, but I happened to snap a weary, breathless couple, who were struggling upwards.

This canton of Ticino is the only Italian canton in Switzerland, and I have often wondered how it came to be annexed to Switzerland, for it is really a bit of Italy, and the appearance of the Ticinese, and their habits and customs, are of the South. Formerly, Ticino belonged to Italy, but in 1516, Francis the First of France, who was anxious to conciliate the Swiss and retain them as allies, offered them their choice between 600,000 ducats and the possession of the stretch of country south of the Alps. They decided to accept the territory, and that is how Ticino came to be part of the Swiss Federation. But it gave them three centuries of trouble. The Ticinese were rebellious, and their German-Swiss rulers harsh, and the difference in language and nationality and religion made it difficult to adjust matters satisfactorily. Even yet there are many in Ticino who would prefer to belong to Italy; but the majority are now reconciled to Swiss rule, and the present President of the Republic is a Ticinese.

February 1st.

I am beginning to think I will have to revise my opinion of Locarno. Now that the sky is blue, the sun bright, the roads dry, and buds beginning to appear—I really saw some to-day—I can see that Locarno may develop many attractions.

The peasant women hereabout must have muscles of iron, for they carry such enormous loads on their backs, usually in great willow baskets; and to make locomotion still more difficult they walk on wooden shoes—just a sole with a leather strap across the toe. How they keep their balance on level ground on such insecure footing is remarkable, but to go up and down these steep mountain paths on such wobbly things seems bordering on the marvelous. When I was out walking the other day I passed an old woman who was evidently straightening out her accounts by the wayside. I hastily took her picture, and she never even knew it.

More Links are Needed.

While thinking deeply those who have contributed so splendidly through the "Dollar Chain" towards helping the suffering in Europe, we are constrained to remark that many thousands among our readers have as yet sent no link to extend this chain of mercy which might become so great. True, many people are helping steadily and munificently through other channels; but it is equally true that many others are not contributing at all. "There is scarcely a reader of the Farmer's Advocate," remarked a splendid woman the other day, "who could not manage to send something to the 'Dollar Chain,'" and surely this is true. Weigh anything one can give in the scale against risking one's life in the trenches; against the suffering there from cold, and mud, and lack of exercise; against the hopelessness of driven-out Belgians who do not know where to turn for food or clothes; against the self-sacrifice of the people of England who have been taking those refugees in at the rate of two thousand a day;—compare the scales, and surely the giving

of money, even at some small sacrifice, cannot seem more than one's right and privilege.

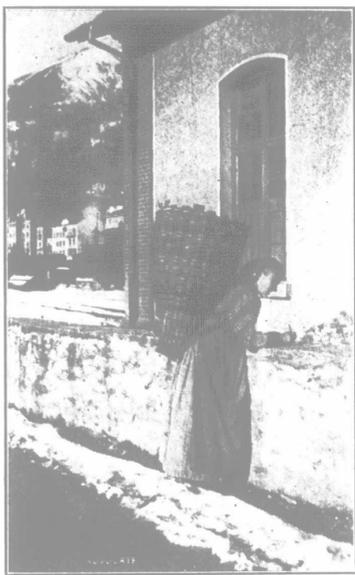
"But so much is being done," says someone. That is true, but it must be a very starving imagination that cannot see how stupendously "much" has to be done, and will have to be done for many months yet. You cannot feed millions of people on a few paltry thousands or tens of thousands of dollars.—You cannot keep up endless field hospitals on nothing.—Manna will not fall from heaven in the form of warm socks and shirts for soldiers.—"We came out of the trenches in rags," wrote an Englishman to this office recently.

So the good work MUST go on. It is all we can do, we who stand here and wait while others fight for us and suffer for us.

WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH THE MONEY

And now that you may see how gratefully your contributions are being received, and how much good they are doing, may we quote a few paragraphs from letters which have come in showing exactly what has been done with part of the money sent out by you as "Farmer's Advocate" contributors.

A considerable amount, as you will see, has been spent in helping to equip the "Baby Ship,"—with food, condensed milk and clothing for the little Belgian children, and their mothers.



An Old Peasant Woman Straightening Out Her Accounts by the Roadside.

"How can I find words to thank you," writes Mrs. Boomer, who is presiding over the Belgian Relief department of this city, "for once more sending us such help? It is too splendid and takes my very breath away! I wish I could see those dear people who have added link after link to your chain, and give them some idea of what has resulted from their generosity. The contents of our last car were very valuable, at least \$1,500 of milk alone, with foods and clothes, etc., up to quite \$3,000 altogether, (\$250 of this went from "Dollar Chain" contributors.—Ed.). We are now busy over another car, and earnestly hope to be able to send one of equal value. Your gift is a prophecy."

The following letter may also be of interest. It has been kindly sent to us for publication by Mrs. Boomer:—

59 St. Peter's St., Montreal Feb. 27, 1915

Dear Mrs. Boomer: We beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of Feb. 25th, enclosing bill of lading for car 203305, containing 5 cases of clothing, 11 cases of arrow-root, and 375 cases of condensed milk which you shipped from London, on Feb. 23rd, to Colonel Curran of Halifax.

We note that the outfits have been sent to you not only from your own city but also from workers in several sections of Ontario. We cannot tell you how grateful we are to all the kind hearted contributors for their very valuable and useful donations and for the trouble they

have taken in making these outfits for the Belgian children. If you can do so without too much trouble, will you please be so good as to thank each one of them in our name?

I am,

Yours faithfully,

H. Prud'homme,

Hon. Treasurer, Relief Work for the victims of the War in Belgium.

LIST UP TO MARCH 5TH.

Contributions of over \$1.00:—Miss M. McLean, Seaforth, Ont., \$10.00; Wm. J. Seabrook, Walter's Falls, Ont., \$1.50; Harold Maw, Dundas, Ont., \$2.00; D. C. Fletcher, Melbourne, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. F. McLeod, Burnstown, Ont., \$3.00; John Mount, Mountsberg, Ont., \$1.50; Marion Angus, Lochaber, Que., \$5.00; J. D. Galt, Ont., \$2.00; "Two Interested Friends," Crosshill, Ont., \$2.00; W. B. Grace, Toronto, \$1.63; William Baldwin, Lanes, Ont., \$5.00; J. L. R. Freilton, Ont., \$3.00; William Hoy and family, Carlingford, \$5.00; Vera and Eleanor Buttery, Strathroy, Ont., \$2.50; Wm. and Mrs. L. Wilton Grove, Ont., \$3.00; Thos. Anglin, Brewer's Mills, Ont., \$2.00; A Friend, Sheland, Ont., \$2.00; "In Memory of J. M. L.," Centreville, Ont., \$5.00.

Contributions of \$1.00 each:—Geo. C. Miner, Pinkham, Sask.; E. Crabbe, Scotland, Ont.; "Toronto"; Geo. A. Thompson, Kinnear's Mills; Arthur W. Wheeler, Bridgen, Ont.; C. H. Westbrook, Scotland, Ont.; John Wilcox, Glanford Stn., Ont.; S. W. St. James and family, La Tortue, Que.; Mrs. Emma Laur, Mossley, Ont.; Wm. Malpass, Mossley, Ont.; Chas. E. Patterson, Caledonia, Ont.; Mary I. Currie, Wingham, Ont.; Alex. McDonald, Mooretown, Ont.; A Reader, Sussex, N. B.; Hugh McNevin, London, Ont.; J. J. Robinson, Vasey, Ont.; Allan Green, Currie's, Ont.; Mr. John Patterson, Caledonia, Ont.; Mrs. John Patterson, Caledonia, Ont.; "Little Mary," Blenheim, Ont.; W. H. Sabine, Strathroy, Ont.; Iyell Beckett, Walker's, Ont.; "Scotia," London, Ont.; C. Blair, Kincardine, Ont.; A. D. C. Luard, Burford, Ont.; F. D. Awde, Vancouver, B.C.; A Farmer's Son, Sunnidale Cors., Ont.; William Myland, Tehkummah, Ont.; Hume Love, Milford, Ont.; Mrs. J. S. Musselman, Berlin, Ont.; E. S. H. Galt, Ont.; Mrs. John Crinklaw, Wilton Grove, Ont.; M. H. Rodney, Ont.; Alex. McLeod, Glen Huron, Ont.; A. G. Hull & Son, St. Catharines, Ont.; A Sincere Sympathizer; Wm. E. Badger, Parry Sound, Ont.; Norma Clayton, Blenheim, Ont.; Ed. Cassin, Castlemore, Ont.; Jno. W. Knister, Ruscomb, Ont.; L. H. Parker, Binbrook, Ont.; E. P. Flindall, Trenton, Ont.; Mrs. E. P. Flindall, Trenton, Ont.; P. L. H. Georgetown, Ont.; Mrs. N. D. Acton West, Ont.; Jas. H. Peacock, Milton, West; J. K. L.

Miscellaneous Amounts:—"Half of a Link," Maugeville, N.B., 50 cents; Henry Pybus, Kippen, Ont., 50 cents; "A. Z.," 50 cents.

Previously acknowledged, from Jan. 30 to Feb. 26th.....\$700.00 Total up to March 5th.....\$809.63

Kindly address contributions simply to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ontario.

Addressing Letters to the Troops.

The following note has been received from the Post Office Department at Ottawa:—"It is desirable that the correct method of addressing the troops, as per card herewith, should be given as wide publicity as possible.

ADDRESSING OF MAIL.

In order to facilitate the handling of mail at the front and to insure prompt delivery it is requested that all mail be addressed as follows:—

- (a) Rank..... (b) Name..... (c) Regimental Number..... (d) Company, Squadron, Battery or other unit..... (e) Battalion..... (f) Brigade..... (g) First (or Second) Canadian Contingent..... (h) British Expeditionary Force..... Army Post Office, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Together in Love.

That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love . . . for though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.—Col. ii.: 2, 5.

He went upon a journey,  
And she was left at home;  
And yet 'twas he who stayed behind,  
And she that far did roam.  
For, though he went by mountain,  
And wood, and stream, and sea,  
A little cot enwrapt in green  
He saw perpetually.  
And she, within the green leaves,  
Not knowing that he stood  
Forever by her, dreamed her way  
With him by mount and wood.  
Now, heaven help these lovers,  
And bring him safely home,  
Oh, lead him back along the track  
Where she, e'en now, doth roam.

—E. Wetherald.

This war is teaching thousands of hearts a new lesson. They have turned over a page in the Great Teacher's primer, and found themselves face to face with a problem which—at first sight—seems insoluble. How can two people, who are one in love, endure the pain of separation? How can a woman go on with the ordinary work of life when the man she loves is enduring hardships and facing awful danger in the trenches? Can those sorely-tired hearts "be comforted, being knit together in love?" Can one who is absent in the body be present in the spirit, rejoicing because he beholds the steadfastness of your faith in Christ?

The thing seems impossible to those who have not yet attempted to enter into the mystery of "the communion of saints." But this is not an age when we are justified in calling anything impossible.

I have read that when Morse, the father of the electric telegraph, first crossed the ocean, he wrote to his parents lamenting the impossibility of communicating with them swiftly. To send a message thousands of miles—in those days—meant weeks of delay. How could anyone believe that the space would one day be crossed with lightning speed? In these days of "wireless" communication we ought to cut the word "impossible" out of our vocabulary. With God nothing is impossible, and we are invited to be sharers of His life and users of His power.

St. Paul had no idea of the physical bridging of space, which is a commonplace to us. He did not know that men could ever—in this state of existence—converse with friends hundreds of miles away, or receive messages from the other side of the world on the wings of the lightning. But he did know that hearts could defy the tyranny of space, keeping close together always, though death itself should attempt to separate them.

As the poem given above reminds us, the woman at home can—in Christ—stand beside the man she loves, even though she does not know exactly where he is; and he can reach out—through Christ—and clasp her close to his heart. This is not imagination, but reality. The body is bound by laws of space, but the spirit is free to go where it will. I don't mean that we can be conscious, in any mystical or ghostly fashion, of the presence of one who is far away in body. Some may have such supernatural manifestations—I cannot say—but the comfort of being "knit together in love" is not for a select few only. God offers it to us all if we seek it in the right way. St. Paul explains his confidence in the possibility of being really—that is, spiritually—present with those he loves, by saying: "As ye have therefore received Christ JESUS the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Keep your hand clasped closely in the hand of the ever-present Lord, and within that clasp you can touch the hand of son or brother, of lover or husband.

"Christ with him and Christ with me,  
And so together still are we."