

Professor Farley's balloon
a little jaunt of its own,
essor had safely descended,
recovered, uninjured, the
friend's lawn across the canal
the firework display one
amusing memories of how,
three or four, I had once
y in search of one of the
falling rocket and got lost.
oyed the fireworks as much
ng of last week as I did on
at a long time ago.
yet," is my opinion of this
and that I think is a
verdict than the antic-
of the girl who declared:
same old thing over again

de's Quiet Hour.

eat Companion.

with you alway, even unto
world. Amen.—S. Matt.

at the same yesterday, and
ever.—Herb. XIII. 8.

find within, O Soul, my

you find within?
that in secret came:
d hands within
a faint flame.
—EVELYN UNDERHILL.

go I was coming out of the
I heard two men talking
d behind me. One said:
ot many hospitals which
one!" The other answered
"Yes—I suppose that is
y the first speaker went
se, as soon as a hospital
s to be out of date."

As the signs of a progressive
As the Queen told Alice—
ur hardest to keep in the
f we don't want to drop a
nd we must push ahead.
y, think, "try to keep up
ession." A text book on
ect may be very valuable
published, but new dis-
ave it behind and almost
written it begins to be
As one medical authority
ext-books on his shelves,
s own special work, might
the cellar every ten years.
man nature is much the
thousands of years ago,
of man responds now
eat truths. People may
ne Psalms are antiquated,
from them wearily as
But let real trouble come
(some of them, at least)
ey had been written on
troubled soul reading out
kness to find the hand of

me about the question
was only a great Teacher
was divine. Why, look
young Peasant, from a
of despised Palestine,
med to be the Light and
orld, to give rest, joy and
faithful disciples and to
or a lifetime of service
word of praise. He de-
go be the Way—the only
father and to have the
all the men of all ages
lim. And, as a crowning
romises His companion-
unto the end of the world,
all authority in heaven and
en given to Him.
ever dared to offer such
as ever offered his friend-
eat prize of life. This
one in His claims, and—
centuries—He has fully
s words and shown His
en may win the allegiance
for a time. But in a
are out of date and the
houting "Hosanna" for a
Even during the war we
y one who was the idol
uld be pushed aside and
any case, the favorite
n must make way for his
n after generation passes

and still Christ offers Himself royally
and confidently as the satisfying Com-
panion of every soul. And still He makes
good His tremendous offer. Those who
have accepted Him as their Brother and
Lord may be old or young, black, white
or yellow, ignorant or learned, but their
witness is one. They may come to Him
for various reasons, they may wor-
ship Him in widely different ways,
but have you ever heard of one who
regretted choosing His service? You know
there are multitudes in the world to-day
who gain courage and peace from the
promised presence of the Great Com-
panion. And as it is to-day, so it was a
hundred years ago, and a thousand years
ago. Other men may be out of date,
but this Man is abreast of every age.

Is He divine? If not, what explanation
can you give if that the amazing fact that
in every country where men know about
Him there are multitudes who consider
that His commands rank infinitely
higher than the commands of king or
president? Can you explain that still
more amazing fact that in millions of
families (in many countries) He is loved
more than father, mother, child, husband
or wife? Can you explain the fact that
His companionship is the greatest prize
in the opinion of adventurous boys and
gentle-hearted grandmothers, of char-
women and professors, of business men
and poets? Unless He is divine how is
that in all ages He draws hearts after
Him? How—with death facing Him—
was He so confident that the Cross would
lift Him to the height of the One loved
by all races until the consummation of
the age? He knew that He would do
this tremendous thing, and He has done
it—He is still doing it! Every moment of
every day many hearts are lifted to
Him in love and trust. Any infidel
who attempts to break the cord which
binds the Heart of Jesus to the hearts of
men, women and little children, might
better set himself the easier task of
blowing out the sun in the sky.

Even as I write I know that many
readers of this Quiet Hour have given
their best love to this mysterious Com-
rade, whom they have never seen, whose
voice they have never heard. Some
readers—it may be—are groping rest-
lessly in dissatisfaction, just because
they have not surrendered themselves
to Him. Will they find rest for their
souls and a joy that no man can take
from them? I don't know. But it is
pretty safe to predict that they won't
find peace and joy that will last, if they
turn away from this one Man who has
offered it to them.

One person, who rejected Christ, was
very conscious of the loneliness of the
world without Him. "The Great Com-
panion is dead," he wrote in deep sadness.
But He is not dead. He exerts in-
finitely more power in the busy world of
to-day than any emperor ever did, for
He not only controls men's acts but their
thoughts. He not only wins obedience
but love.

When a clear-sighted native of India
was trying to explain how forty millions
on the other side of the world were able
to govern nearly three hundred millions
in India, he said: "It is Christ Who
rules British India."

Some people try to think that the
Gospel story is a myth, and even say
that it is doubtful whether Jesus Christ
ever lived. Yet it is a self-evident truth
that He lives and rules in the world to-
day. Those who have never met Him
in real fellowship may doubt His existence;
but no one is insane enough to deny that
multitudes of people love and serve Him.

As I wrote those words I was told that
the street-cars were standing still, un-
able to move an inch. Why? It is be-
cause the power is cut off—the electricians
have gone "on strike." No one has ever
seen that power which we call electricity;
yet no one is foolish enough to say the
cars run without any power. When
there is no power they stop. What else
can they do? Yet there are men so foolish
as to say that the mightiest power in the
world, the invisible power swaying
multitudes of hearts and controlling
multitudes of lives for nearly two thousand
years, is no power at all! The Great
Companion is not dead. He is every
day drawing more and more hearts unto
Him in enthusiastic devotion. No
unbeliever can deny that. Can any
unbeliever explain the mystery?

If you study the Gospels to discover
how Christ changed and transfigured men
and women, when He walked visibly
among them, you can study history—

past and present—and see how He has
changed lives since. Just try to imagine
how different the world would have been,
how different public opinion would have
been if that one Man had never lived
stainlessly, taught divinely and died
gloriously! Cut out of the world all
charities which have sprung from faith
in Him, all music, paintings and books
which have been inspired by Him. Don't
you think earth would be poor and bare
if you could do such a desperate thing?

Thank God! No one can blot out the
Light of the world. The Great Com-
panion is beside you now. It is a joy to
know that He is beside me, too. I turn
from you to greet my Master and King.
"Spirit with spirit can meet."

"What would you do within, O Soul, my
Brother?

What would you do within?

Bar door and window that none may see:

That alone we may be

(Alone! face to face,

In that flame-lit place!)

When first we begin

To speak one with another."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook

Rules for correspondence in this and other
Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of
paper only. (2) Always send name and address
with communications. If pen name is also given
the real name will not be published. (3) When
enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place
it in a stamped envelope ready to be sent on.
(4) Allow one month in this department for
answers to questions to appear.

Observations.

WE were sitting on a bank beside
the Art Building at the Western
Fair, in London, Ont., looking
at the kaleidoscopic crowd, and, be-
tween times, at a dear little fat pudgy
baby near us, whose father, so he told us
had been at the front for 23 months;
he had come home last spring and was
now finding it very hard to settle down,
because of his nerves. He almost hated
to go to bed at nights, he said because
he kept "dreaming it all over again."

But this story has to do not with the
daddy but with the baby. Perhaps
babies were something of a novelty to us
newspaper women; at any rate we could
not help being interested in this one,
it was so good, and so solemn, and so
very baby-like in its calm indifference
to everything beyond its immediate
vicinity. It reached for its mother's
fingers and its daddy's necktie; it reached
for the grass; it reached for our pencil;
—in the short it reached for everything
in sight,—which is, of course, what every
baby does.

"After all," said one of us, "that is
just what we keep doing all our lives,
—always reaching for something new."

And isn't that true? As soon as we
have one thing we reach (if we want to
be happy) for another—things, learning,
friends, inspirations, power to do. Prob-
ably that is what we are out for during
all eternity, so that the best thing we can
do is to sprinkle our rest-times along as
we go. Rest is really a sort of time for
re-charging our batteries so that we
can continue doing;—not merely a
reward for having done—and it's our
own fault, usually, if we don't navigate
so that we can have enough of it to serve
our purpose.

After all it's a good thing for most
of us that we get out of having too much
rest. If we had nothing to do we should
probably hate living.

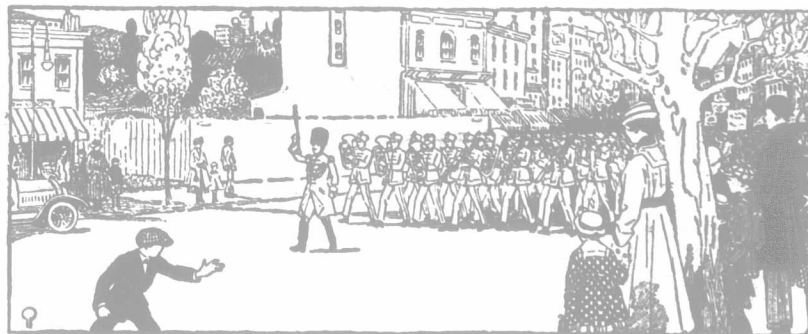
—So our "baby" story has ended in
a lesson! —But the baby is just as sweet,
all the same.

A bit more about the Fair, and then
we shall leave it for another year.

The Western Fair was a great
success—no doubt about that—but one
wishes that the Board of Managers may
have, before next year, some good friend
who will be candid enough to suggest
(and influential enough to be listened to)
that it might be a good idea to have
tickets for every seat on the grand stand
and no more. This year scores of people
paid their good 50 cents, got in,—and were
obliged to stand during the whole per-
formance.

At the beginning of the afternoon upon
which we were there, most of these
unfortunates stood on the ground below
and on the steps leading thereto. Then,

"Here They Come!"



It is the cry of the children when a band is
heard far down the street. Nearer and nearer it
draws until each note becomes clearer and clearer.

To those in the city this is a familiar picture.
But to those residing in suburban towns stirring
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