

When I was young most people seemed to consider it their duty to hold sternly at arm's length the people who worshipped Christ in a different manner from their particular sect. We were inclined to emphasize our differences in order to show our loyalty to the Master whom we—and they, also—loved. Now we are trying to enter into the spirit of His high-priestly prayer that His followers may be "one," in such open fellowship that the world may believe in His Divine mission.—St. John XVII. 21.

A few days ago I had the pleasure of attending a big "inter-church" meeting, which filled Massey Hall, Toronto. The chairman assured us that the meeting was not intended to help forward the cause of "Church Unity." But, whatever might be intended, it surely could not fail to further that great cause. The speakers might differ in their religious opinions, but they all were one in expressing loyalty to Christ.

Nearly a year ago I wrote a "Quiet Hour" on the burning question of Church Unity, and it went astray in the mail. Some day I hope to make another attempt. But at least I can say that we are growing more willing to see the point of view of Christians who differ from us. Instead of pointing cannon at them from behind our grim line of defense, we are trying to get into touch with them in order to unite our forces against our common foe.

In to-day's paper I read that British shell-fire could pierce the strongest armor-plate yet invented. There is one Name which can reach the heart of every true Christian, through the heaviest armor-plate of denominational exclusiveness. In Christ Jesus there is neither Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist or Roman Catholic. We can meet in Him if we disagree in a hundred other matters. It is not our business—as Christians—to adorn the doctrine of our own particular communion, but to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. He is the Commander-in-Chief of all the regiments, and we can't be loyal to Him unless we are willing to reach out in ready fellowship to His friends—and He has friends in many regiments of Christian soldiers.

A beautiful spirit can discover glory in the most unattractive kind of service. Florence Nightingale once declared that the work of angels was not scattering flowers—any rascal could do that—but that a real angel was ready to scrub dirty floors and carry slops. The great pioneer nurse herself was not afraid of service. Nothing that could make her suffering patients comfortable was "menial" in her opinion.

The world needs Christ, and we must do our best to make His beauty visible to troubled nations. One of the speakers at the inter-church meeting in Massey Hall, told of his recent trip through many lands. He said that China, Japan, India and other countries were eagerly seeking for light. Heathen religions could not give needed help. If we—who call ourselves Christians—were faithful reflectors of our Master's beauty of holiness the people who do not know Him would soon be won. When we show them ugly selfishness, instead of attractive loving kindness, they turn away—turn away from our Master.

It has been beautifully said: "The face is made every day by its morning prayer and by its morning look out of the windows which open upon heaven." Let us see to it that our first look every morning is through a window which opens upon heaven. If our face is to shine like the face of Moses—the friend of God—then we must speak to Him face to face as a man speaks to his friend.

"Come to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break."

I opened my hymn-book to find a verse to close with, and the book opened at the hymn which begins with those two lines—a hymn of invitation to our Divine Guest. Was that accidental, do you think? I think those words must have been intended as a special message from your Friend to you.

DORA FARNCOMB.

Gifts for the Needy.

A donation of five dollars from an unknown friend arrived this week. The postmark was "Essex, Ont.," but I have no clue to the identity of the giver. A package of papers arrived to-day. On Sept. 18, I sent a MSS. to the "Advocate"

office which failed to reach its destination—perhaps I forgot to stamp it. I think that a donation of \$2.00 from "Puslinch Friend" was acknowledged in that last "copy."

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

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.

DEAR Ingle Nook Friends.—I want to talk about some things from which lack of space shut me off in Dec. 4th issue.

Weren't you glad to see that one of the things specifically mentioned by Premier Drury as slated for immediate attention, was the improvement of the common school? And surely he put the matter very forcefully when he said that the development of these schools is even more important than that of the Universities, because 90 per cent of the people have to depend upon them for all the educational instruction they will ever get. He did not mean, of course, that the Universities should be neglected in the least, but only that they should not be pushed on at the expense of the public school.

If the "People's Government" in Ontario does nothing more than carry out this idea, it will have justified itself, for really, "when you come to think of it," education—right education for everybody—is the solution of almost every problem that now confronts the world.

We need to get away from the notion that education has to do only with books. Books are, of course, very essential,—in the best of them may be found the boiled-down wisdom of the ages,—they not only instruct, they inspire; but one may very well read, indeed, and very little anything else. . . . To be truly educated means to know how to live to the fullest and sanest degree: To know enough about the body and the laws of health to keep physically fit and mentally buoyant.

To have the judgment trained so that one will know the wise path from the foolish one. To have the imagination and sympathies developed so that one can put oneself in "the other fellow's shoes"—the secret of all unselfishness. To know enough about other countries and peoples to make one humanitarian. To know enough of many things to keep many doors of interest open, while, at the same time, specializing upon the one thing for which one is best fitted, and by which one makes one's living. To realize that useful work is the only way to happiness.—Is not all this to be "educated", and to find the hours filled with interest and the days all too short to accomplish the things one wants to do?

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VERY truly it has been said that we are always in the state of "becoming"—our education never ends but is continued all through our lives, a little "in spite of us", a great deal more rapidly if we try, there is nothing like keeping wisely busy to bring about advancement. At the same time we must remember that it is very important to get a good start. Many a man or woman travels along all through life on the dead monotonous level, simply through having had no impetus in early years. Many another man or woman leads an interested, energetic useful—perhaps brilliantly useful—life, because of the inspiration given away back in the little home school by some teacher who understood her responsibility and had vision and the power to inspire.

Realizing all this, we must see how necessary it is to have the best and wisest teachers that can be found in the public schools. Teachers, as well as parents, certainly mould the children more than is generally recognized.

And when we have found the best and wisest teachers that can be got it is surely up to us to see that they are not hampered by lack of equipment.

Of course the Consolidated School is the solution of the improvement of the rural school. Its advantages are un-

questionable. It opens the way for experts—specialists—on the teaching staff. It broadens the "section" to the "community". It demands better (more sanitary) buildings, better equipment, better everything,—all of which the children should have.

The only block, so far, has been the expense, not only of building and equipment, but of keeping up the vans to carry the children, morning and evening, and it must be confessed that, for the present, this is something that must be well considered. In the long run, however, it appears that the Consolidated School must pay, even in dollars and cents. Wherever one is established, one of the teaching staff should certainly be an expert in agriculture and animal husbandry; or such a man might be engaged to go from school to school within a certain radius. With such teaching it is not hard to imagine the improvement that might be brought about in the whole crop and animal receipts of many a community even within a generation. . . . Proportionate, under right stimulus, must be the advancement in other things.

At all events, surely the obstacle is not insurmountable. There was a time when many farmers thought the country could not afford a telephone and the rural mail-box; now very few would care to be without either. It may be the same way with the Consolidated School. People did such wonderful things during the War that they learned their strength and now are afraid neither to conceive big things nor to carry them through. Perhaps the Women's Institutes and U. F. W. will help, and everyone knows what they accomplish. Perhaps the Dramatic Clubs will help.—Oh there is little cause for anyone to complain of the tameness of things nowadays,—there is so much to do.

I am not greatly enamoured of the idea of having the school and the Community Hall all in one. It seems to me that it is better for both children and teacher to be away, out of school hours, from the atmosphere in which they spend all their days. But I may be mistaken. The opposite certainly would be true if the school were so attractive that both teacher and children loved the spot with all their hearts,—loved it enough to make them want to come back at nights.—And certainly the financial saving in having school and Community Hall in one would be very great. Perhaps, after all, the idea is well worth working out. I should like to hear your idea about it.

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SPEAKING of Community Halls of course brings up the question of community work in general, and may remind some of you, who attended the Women's Institute Convention at London, of Miss Chapman's suggestion that adjoining communities should "mix up" more. It seems to me that that is an idea well worth working out, and not only for the reason she stressed,—that by such sociabilities the number of "old maids" and "old bachelors" might be lessened,—there is another that counts for quite as much.

"Oh yes, we have a good time here," said a village woman not long ago, "and the people are all nice, but we get almost sick of looking at each other. No matter what we get up it's the same old crowd. A visitor to this place is a perfect god-send."

—There you are.

It's not necessary only to get all the girls and boys paired off, but also to keep everybody interested, and so happier.—all the middle-aged men and women, who are doing the real work of most places, and all the old men and old women, whose hearts are as young as ever they were.

I have lived in both country and city, and I know the advantages of both: for although there are advantages in the country that the city does not have, there are also disadvantages in the country that the city does not have, and vice versa,—which all goes to show, I suppose, that we can't have everything all at once. We can, however, have a greater share of everything all at once if we try hard, and I don't think we should let a single chance slip that means reasonable broadening of our interests. That means greater happiness,—and we work so much better when we are happy, don't we? Upon the whole I think the country can—if it will—have more advantages all

the way round than the city, but one thing the city certainly has as yet "over" most country places, is the continuous ripple of interest that comes of meeting new people.—You never go into a drawing-room of an evening without running the chance of becoming acquainted with someone who may prove a close friend. For we really do go in "circles," as Pierre de Coulevain said, do we not? And we know our own almost as soon as we meet them.

Now this continual meeting of new people is just what the inter-community movement promises for the rural districts, and now that there are railways and motor-cars everywhere the thing should not be hard to manage. Try an exchange of concerts, and, perhaps, library books; have inter-community debates and games and folk-dances; plan for a big picnic, with speakers, every summer; have ice carnivals every winter (unless the Gulf Stream is driving away the ice) and give prizes for the best costumes from each community. Couldn't you, also, work up a dramatic company in each community, and have it go about during the winter, when the farm-work will not be interfered with, to all the communities within certain radius—each company to be entertained at supper (with speakers) before or after the play?

All these sharpen people up, give them more poise, and fit them better for other broader public work which must be done.—"Must be done," for the world is no longer a series of isolated villages—it has become one closely connected whole, and no individual in it can any longer, rightfully, live unto himself.

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I had written the above, right down to the last sentence, when I went to hear a lecture given by Prof. Conklin of Princeton University, who had come here under the auspices of our Western University. I wish I could give you every word of his two lectures—they were so fine. Towards the close, however, he elaborated upon the same thought that had made me write the last sentence of the paragraph immediately preceding this.—Henceforth, he said, because the means of transportation have become so perfect, we must learn to consider man's duty to man, nation must learn to co-operate with nation, else this whole planet is in danger of dire calamity. At this very time, he said, there are newspapers in the control of big interests that are deliberately trying to stir up hatred against and strife with other nations. (If you keep informed on current events you will not need to be told their names.) This sort of thing, he declared, must stop, else war will be inevitable within a very few years. Men must learn what real brotherhood means, and be more anxious to serve than to acquire, else they must pay the penalty.

—But how will such a lesson be learned except through the heart?

Now I must stop. This will reach you before Christmas—the heart time, and so I wish you a Merry Christmas.

JUNIA.

Where To Send.

Those who wish to send parcels of clothing and food directly to Southern Alberta, should address them to the "Alberta Provincial Police Headquarters, Lethbridge, Alberta," marked on outside of package "For Relief Work." A distributing center has been established at this place, and all possible measures are being taken to prevent over-lapping. Be sure to prepay express charges. Mrs. McCra, Regina, sends us word that the situation is well in hand at that place. She thanks the many of you who sent parcels and money, mentioning especially "E. A. J.," who sent \$10.00, and "Mrs. C. G. S.," who sent \$1.00, neither giving any further address.

Worth Thinking Over.

"That is religion to me—Christianity."—Gipsy Smith.

"If we are ever going to develop a decent human civilization here in Canada we shall have to hold some higher ideal than the base commercial one of taking all we can get from our fellow-citizens."—A. Stevenson. London (Ont.) Normal School.

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