Cramps.

"Enquirer."—I have cramps in my feet and legs at night. I often have to get out of bed before I can get relief. Sometimes I am bothered in the day. I am a healthy woman past middle life. I am a very busy woman (being the housekeeper).

Answer.—Cramps in the feet and legs are usually associated with hardening of the arteries or Bright's Disease—arterio sclerosis. It is important that you should have your family doctor give you a careful examination, especially of the urine and blood pressure. Sometimes a dilated stomach or an irritable nervous system may cause cramps. You will get some relief by taking a glass of hot milk on going to bed. A hot sponge bath, too, will make you sleep better and quiet your nervous system. Ten grains of the bromide of potash is highly recommended by some, and is well worth trying. Take the medicine just before going to bed. For the treatment of high blood pressure see the article in the June 3rd issue of this paper.

Health Slogan.

Swat the fly before he gives you typhoid fever.

The Children's Poem.

On Getting Up Early.

I love to wake up early on a shining summer day,
When all the grown-up folks are still asleep;
And—though I really do not know what Nurse or Mother'd say—
I tiptoe to the window just to peep.

I love to lie in bed and watch the sun come creeping in,
And hear the birdies wake up, one by one;
And I quite agree with Granny when she says it is a sin
To get up late, for half your day is done.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Listen!

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches. —Rev. II: 7, 11,17, 29 etc.

Jesus stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be an hallowed hour.
Breathe the Holy spirit
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.
Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of the eternal day.
—Rev. Wm. Pennefather.

I have just been reading in the paper an account of the Hickson "healing mission." Those who saw the 'crowds of afflicted people hopefully placing themselves where Mr. Hickson could lay his hands upon them, must have wondered, I think. Is their faith centered in Mr. Hickson?—who has so earnestly explained that he is nothing but a channel for God's power, and that God only can heal (whether through doctors or medicines or any other means). When I read of those who were bitterly disappointed because they had not been able to obtain cards of admission, I wondered still more. Can the want of a card bar the way into the consulting-room of the Great Physician? If He can use Mr. Hickson, can He not use other people and other means? Christ healed by His own Divine power, and He still walks (invisibly) among us. His followers have no power of their own. Even SS. Peter and John could only say to the lame man: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk."

Once when a sick woman pressed through the crowd to touch the garment of the Great Healer, He perceived in Himself that the power proceeding from Him had gone forth (S. Mark V, 30—R.V.) He still knows when a hand is stretched out in humble faith to touch Him, and power still proceeds from Him. No want of a card, no distance from an earthly healer, can shut out from His presence and blessing any who are willing to place themselves unreservedly in His hands.

It is natural enough to say, like the children:

"I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around
me."

and yet, if our faith is a reality, we know that neither time nor space can separate us from Him Who is closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." Instead of imagining that you are showing faith if you are lamenting because you could not be one of the people on whom Mr. Hickson laid his hands in Toronto during the healing mission, lift up your heart in thankful joy because the Master of Mr. Hickson is close beside you in all His power and love. You can say, with St. Peter: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable."

"I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.
Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown."

Jesus is still the Word of God, He is speaking to us today as certainly as He spoke to friends and foes long ago in Palestine.

It was a message from Jesus Christ, the Lord of the seven churches in Asia, which St. John faithfully delivered long ago. And each of the seven messages ends with this command to us:: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches." The Bible is the Word of God. In it we read what the Spirit said to the churches during various generations. But God is our Father, and a father does not give up communication with his children, and expect them to think only of the words he spoke to them in their early years. A father who loves his children speaks to them often —in praise, rebuke, counsel and everday communion. We must study the Bible to learn what the Spirit has said in past days to the churches, but we must not refuse to listen to what He saith to the churches today. We must listen to our Father as well as speak to Him. We must keep silence before our Lord, as Mary did, or we shall miss many things He wants to tell us. God spoke directly to the child Samuel and He still speaks directly to listening, obedient, humble souls.

When Daniel needed special knowledge, he and his three friends asked God to reveal the secret of Nebuchadnezzar's forgotten dream. When the secret was revealed in a right vision, Daniel gave thanks to Him Who revealeth the deep and secret things.

In these scientific days men, in such a case, would talk learnedly about telepathy, and would probably say that Daniel,—with his mind concentrated in the forgotten dream of the king,—was able in his sleep to get into telepathic communication with Nebuchadnezzar's sub-consciousness. The dream was not really forgotten, of course, but only mislaid. The king remembered it when Daniel described the image which he had seen, and was amazed to find that God could reveal the secret. He may work through telepathy and get into communication with the sub-consciousness of men in a way recognized by modern science. We can't always understand how the Spirit of God speaks to the spirit of men, but the important thing is that He does speak and that it is our duty and privilege to listen to what He is saying to us.

When a blind man was healed by our Lord the religious leaders of the time felt sure they were showing reverent faith when they said: "We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this man, we know not whence he is." They put their faith in a messager of God, who had spoken with authority hundreds of years previously; but, when the Living Word of God sounded in their midst, they refused to listen. Leaders of the Christian Church have often acted in like fashion, but now they are taking a more teachable attitude. Like Moses— the great leader who was also a learner—they are saying to the people: "Stand still, and I will hear what the Lord will command concerning you." It was then that the Lord spake unto Moses."

New problems are pressing on the nations in these days of unrest. Instead of giving way to gloomy forebodings, let us try to listen to the still small Voice, earnestly desiring to hear what the Spirit's special message to our generation really is. As God ruled His people Israel,—using the many sore judgments of war, pestilence and famine, as well as the ease and plenty of a land flowing with milk and honey, to draw their hearts away from earthly idols nearer to Himself,—so the kingdoms of the world are still in His hand. If He rules them with a rod of iron it is only because our headstrong sefishness makes stern measures a necessity.

The Master had yet many things to say unto His disciples when He passed out of their sight, but He did not intend to leave those things unsaid. They should bear them as they became "able to bear them." They should be promoted from class to class in the Great School, learning here a little and there a little as children increase in wisdom and knowledge. "I have yet many things to say unto you," He said, "How be it when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak."

And so it comes to pass that each message of Christ to the churches ends with the reminder that we must be on the alert, lest we miss the Word which the Spirit is even now speaking. We look sadly at a world torn by strife between capital and labor. Nation is armed to the teeth against nation. The Christian Church is distracted by internal quarrels. There is one remedy for all these evils. Let us listen to our King's order and try to obey Him in sincerity —"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

We are, as yet, very far from that attitude—but at least we want to get nearer together. When I was young we deliberately magnified our differences, now we are trying to find points of contact. The Church is alive,—the Life of Christ thrills through His mystical body,—and life does not stand still. Someone has said: "It is the very condition of progress to be shaken out of grooves, for the difference between a groove and a grave is only a matter of depth."

God is always the "I AM"—abreast of each age and Comrade of each soldier. He is teaching us, here a little and there a little, as we are able to bear it.

"Who follows Him hath peerless Guide,
Who fights this fight fights by His side.

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.

I AM sure that a great many of you who love beautiful and inspiring things, including works of Art as well as the beauties of Nature, were much interested in an item of news that has been appearing recently in the newspaper, viz., that the Toronto sculptor, Walter S. Allward, is completing two pieces of statuary—one for Stratford, Ont., and the other for Peterboro, Ont.,—which are to be set up as memorials to the soldiers of Perth and Peterboro Counties who fell in France and Flanders. Both of these monuments express the same idea, but worked out in a different way—the triumph of Right over mere Might, of the Spiritual over Brute Force.

A year or so a Professor from the United States, who came to this city in connection with the Western University lecture course, gave a lecture on "Pergamos." . . . Now I suppose some of you recognize the word right away, while others have a vague idea of having "heard it somewhere." The vague idea may easily be clarified. First, read the allusions in the first chapter of the Book of Revelation, then, if there are maps in your Bible, turn to one that traces the journeyings of St. Paul. You will there find Pergamos marked as a city in Asia Minor, not far from the eastern shore of the Egean (or Ægean) Sea. . . Looking up the topographical reference you may find the following, or something equivalent to it:

"Pergamos, the capital of Mysia, was at one time the seat of a powerful dynasty and a centre of great wealth and luxury, and at length of pagan profligacy."

If you have an Encyclopædia Britannica at hand you can learn much more, part of which is: That the city was founded by colonists from Arcadia, Greece, but was not of very much account until the time of Lysimachus, who deposited treasures in its fortress under the charge of a eunuch, Philetaerus, who finally rebelled and conquered, so that, in B. C. 283 Pergamos (or Pergamum) became the capital of a small principality. Eumenes, nephew of Philetaerus succeeded him, and he, in turn, was succeeded by Attalus who won a great battle over the Gauls, who then harassed even Eastern Europe, and assumed the title of king. About this time the influence of the Romans began to make itself felt in the East, so Attalus promptly allied himself with them, and under their protection became very prosperous, while his Grecian soul led him to make Pergamos a great centre of art. Thus it was that the "Pergamenian School" of sculpture became famous then and for all time.

But Pergamos was pagan, and so its art was pagan in character, and the best art of its sculptors and architects found expression in the creation of a wonderful Acropolis erected in honor of the god Zeus, with a still more wonderful altar as its heart and gem. It was probably because of the fame of this marvellous edifice and the pilgrimages made to it by pagan worshippers, that the place became especially marked by the early Christians, to whom it became known as "Satan's throne," or "Satan's seat." With characteristic courage, however, those early followers of the Christ hesitated not even to dare Satan, as they considered, in his chief stronghold, and so Pergamos became the seat of one of the "Seven Churches."

In the 14th century the city passed into the hands of the Moslems, and finally, although the lower town continued to live, the ancient city fell into decay and became covered with the sands of the desert. . . About 1878, however, the Berlin Museum sent men to excavate, and the diggers were finally rewarded by coming upon the Great Altar of Zeus itself. Piece by piece it was taken out and sent to Berlin, where restored and mounted, it now stands under a lofty protecting glass roof.

Some pictures of this wonderful altar are in the Encyclopædia Britannica and are before me as I write. The Professor whose lecture I heard had a great many more, which he showed by electric lantern. By these pictures one sees the great altar flanked by pillared wings and approached by a broad, noble flight of steps, the whole worked out in stone. Graceful as the pillars of the Parthenon are the rows of fluted columns that support the roofs of the main structure and the wings—how perfect was the art, how unerring the architecture of those old pagans! But, perhaps even more interesting is the carved frieze that runs completely about the wall below. High above the heads of the approaching people, as they came up the hill to the altar, was the frieze, and when they looked up at it they saw a medley of figures—godlike heads and faces, rounded and muscular limbs, flowing draperies, uncouth crouching figures with terrible visages, coils of huge serpents, thrust of spear and gleam of armour! Here and there, too, might be seen a strange figure, part man, part beast, as though from a bestial nature a man was emerging or evolving. . . The whole represented a conflict of the gods with the beasts, and everywhere the gods were rising, superb, from the fray, while the beasts were being crushed below.

"Profligate," no doubt, were many of the ancients who rioted in the old heaten city, and yet surely the souls were not entirely dead of those who planned the frieze of the Altar of Zeus! And surely, among all those who came up the hill at the call of the bell and the smoke of incense arising from that pagan temple, there must have been one who caught the lesson of the conflict between the gods and the beasts!

Now, down the ages, our own Canadian sculptor works out something of the same