

JUNE 29, 1911

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

was supposed to be sent down directly from Heaven. Until the time of Charles I. the coronation robes used were those of "Saint" Edward, but when the unfortunate Stuart was beheaded, the robes were sold for a few shillings. Ever since, fresh robes have been made for each coronation.

Commenting on the strenuous endeavors now being made to utilize airships for military purposes, John Galsworthy says, in London (Eng.) Times: "If ever men presented a spectacle of sheer inanity, it is now—when, having at long last triumphed in their struggle to subordinate to their welfare the unconquered element, they have straightway commenced to defile that element, so heroically mastered, by filling it with engines of destruction. If ever the gods were justified of their ironic smile—by the gods, it is now! . . . Water and earth are wide enough for men to kill each other on. For the love of the sun, and stars, and the blue sky, that have given us all our aspirations since the beginning of time, let us leave the air to innocence."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

By the Side of the Road.

"He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that live apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their path
Where highway never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scornful seat,
Nor hurl the cynic's ban.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

One ideal of greatness is to stand aloof from the "common herd," looking down on them from a pinnacle of riches or wisdom or holiness. That is not the ideal which God has set before us. He did not stay far off in heaven, looking down in pity on men; He came down and lived with them. He did not live in a palace, with splendid grounds separating it from those beneath Him; but preferred to live in a lowly cottage, and to work in a little shop on a village street. He got as near to the publicans and sinners as was possible, identifying Himself with them so completely that the taunt was hurled at Him: "A Friend of publicans and sinners." What joy such a taunt must have given Him! How delighted He must have been when "the common people heard Him gladly." I am sure He still rejoices over the "common people," those who pray earnestly—though perhaps not very grammatically—and who look up to Him in the midst of toilsome work. The hands that are beautiful in His sight may be hardened and stained with work, the faces that give Him pleasure may be wrinkled and plain.

There was once a hermit who had stood on a pillar for twenty-three years, wearing an iron collar round his neck and an iron crown of thorns on his head. He fasted and prayed and endured the cold and heat and storm, hoping that by such severe discipline he might climb high on the ladder of holiness. He prayed that God would show him any man who pleased Him better, so that he might learn of him the way to heaven. An angel appeared and told him to follow the road to the third milestone and he should meet one who was farther advanced in the spiritual life than he, and should know him by a little girl of seven who helped him to drive geese. So the man who longed to be a saint came down from his pil-

lar and walked along the road. Soon he met a child with a flock of geese, and behind her was a young man blowing on a flute, which he had made from a reed. The hermit questioned him about his daily life, and found that he drove geese to market, sold them, and then went back to his home in the fens. That seemed commonplace work enough, so the hermit asked more questions. At last he discovered that this young man, when only a boy, had found a little baby in a lonely house by the roadside. Robbers had killed her father and mother, so he took her home, cared for her and taught her, desiring no reward but the pleasure of seeing her happiness. The hermit said: "O son, now I know why thou art so pleasing in the eyes of God. Early hast thou learned the love which gives all and asks nothing, which suffereth long and is ever kind, and this I have not learned. A small thing, and too common it seemed to me, but now I see that it is holier than austerities, available more than fasting, and is the prayer of prayers."

If we want to "serve our generation," being of real use in the place where God has placed us, then we must not make the mistake of standing in solitary grandeur or loneliness apart from our neighbors, let us "live in a house by the side of the road," remembering gladly that we stand on a level with our brothers and sisters. The highest title of each of us is "a child of God," and we have no right to look down on His other children. The nearer we get to people the more we understand their difficulties and temptations, and the more interesting we shall find them.



"A Sure Find."

The little things bulk much larger than the big things in every life, because they are so common—there are so many of them. We do most of our climbing on the ladder of everyday happenings, growing rich spiritually as the big departmental stores prosper—gaining small profits on an immense number of things, day after day and year after year.

A friend who would sacrifice great things for us may continually rub us up the wrong way by sarcastic or thoughtless remarks, or hurt our feelings very often by careless neglect or inconsiderate forgetfulness. Perhaps we are acting in that fashion ourselves, when we might be daily cultivating the delightful habit of being kind and thoughtful in hundreds of little ways.

And, when we have been inconsiderate or actively unkind—for no one is quite angelic at all times, here in this world—a great deal can be done to right the wrong, if only we can be big enough to conquer pride and "own up." It is not an easy thing to do, of course.

"A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go.
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago."

And sometimes it is necessary to do more than that, to ask pardon for the wrong, or accept a merited rebuke without getting in a temper or becoming sullen.

Perhaps the greatest triumphs in life are won by the people who are unfailingly kind even to those who are very difficult to live with. Solomon says that it is better to dwell in a desert

land than with a contentious and fretful woman. It certainly is not an easy thing to be always pleasant in tone and manner when one is constantly in the company of complaining, fault-finding people. But those who are called to walk in such a difficult way have the chance of winning many glorious victories over that giant tyrant, self, for "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

In spite of class distinctions and "race prejudice," in spite of the strong feeling expressed in many quarters against closer fellowship with our neighbors to the south, in spite of the hard feeling roused sometimes between laborers and employers, this age is peculiarly an age of brotherhood. This recognition of brotherhood has sprung from Christianity. We are children of One Father. Christ is our Elder Brother; bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. His life-blood is pulsing in our veins, His ideals and example are rousing us to follow in His steps. Just because He is your Brother and mine we are brethren and one with each other. He is the King before Whom the greatest kings of earth bow in lowly adoration, yet He was once the Carpenter in a despised village. He rules over the rich and joins hands with the poor, placing both on the same level. The king is a man, and the Son of Man has lifted the common humanity of ours so high that "Man with God is on the Throne"—therefore the title "man" is infinitely more glorious than the title "king." Kings only reign for a few years, but man is linked through Christ with the Eternal God. Therefore

Show each callous; be alert
For each deep line of toil.
Show the soil
Of the pitch; and the strength
Grips of helve give at length.
When night comes and I turn
From my shop where I earn
Daily bread, let me see
Those hard hands; know that He
Shared my lot, every bit;
Was a man, every whit.

Could I fear such a hand
Stretched toward me? Misunderstand
Or mistrust? Doubt that He
Meets me full in sympathy?
Carpenter! hard like Thine
Is this hand—this of mine:
I reach out, gripping Thee.
Son of Man, close to me,
Close and fast, fearlessly!

—Anon.

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

"Making the Dog Go Back."

Never a sign of Shep about—
Ah, what a threadbare ruse!
Down the lane, to the gate, and out,
Sorry the scamp is loose;
Visions of trouble close at hand,
Keeping one on the rack;
Hard for a boy, you understand,
Making the dog go back!

Whistled to come, day after day,
Lured with endearments fond;
Sniffing you up out in the hay,
Swimming with you in the pond;
Chasing your foe with bristling mane,
Hot on the rabbit's track;
Wonder it goes against the grain,
Making the dog go back!

Ha, there he is, low in the grass,
Only his ears in view;
Spying the way that you must pass,
Keeping his distance, too;
Heedless alike to wile and threat,
Sneaking away to tack;
Small returns for your pains you get,
Making the dog go back!

Another halt, a few rods on,
And a bootless chase the while;
The homestead disappears anon;
But, again, within the mile,
Shep's bland nozzle is peeking out,
The last gate's gaping crack;
Ready to call it quits, no doubt,
Making the dog go back!

Many a memory fond is there,
Dear days that now are o'er;
And ever the heart is fane to fare,
The old home-road once more;
Only in dreams I now may see
Old Shep upon my track,
And Morning seems unkind to me,
Making the dog go back!

—Kansas City Star.

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have never written to the Circle before, but as it is not too late yet, I will try. I wrote once before on a composition of "The Battle of Waterloo," but it found its way to the w-p. b.

I saw in the last issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" that the Senior Beavers could write a letter about interesting things done at home or elsewhere. I decided to write about "My First Swarm of Bees."

One cold day last week, as my father was walking through the fields to his work, he noticed a soft, brown nest of what he thought were worms. He went up a little closer to examine it farther, and found out at a glance that it was a swarm of bees.

He then walked more quickly toward the house to find something to catch them in. Just as the clock struck 12, we heard someone hammering in the drive-shed. I went out to see who was there, and found father making a long, rectangular box. He cut a hole the shape of a V in the side of one end.

All this time I was watching him with a puzzled expression on my face. I asked him what he was going to do with that

The Divine Workman.

In the shop of Nazareth
Pungent cedar haunts the breath.
'Tis a low eastern room,
Windowless, touched with gloom.
Workman's bench and simple tools
Line the walls—chest and stools,
Yoke of ox and shaft of plow,
Finished by the Carpenter,
Lie about the pavement now.

In the room the Craftsman stands,
Stands and reaches out His hands.

Let the shadows veil His face
If you must, and dimly trace
His workman's tunic, girt with bands
At His waist. But His hands—
Let the light play on them;
Marks of toil lay on them;
Faint with passion and with care,
Every old scar showing there
Where a tool slipped and hurt;