

old house, the old home. Here he sees his father, strong, hearty, hard-working, perhaps a little exacting, but moulded in the form of the old reliable pioneer, the man of strong purposes and of straight dealings, the man whose word was as good as his bond, whom everyone respected and admired. There are the brothers with whom he played and sported, the companions of his trips to the woods and the fishing stream and the old swimming hole; and his sisters, bright, gay, rollicking girls, who were equally ready for the sleigh-ride in winter, or to go berrying in summer, or to help bind the sheaves in harvest. And, last of all, there was that one, dearest of all, she who, with gentle hand and kind word, directed all and kept the life moving sweetly and quietly; she who was patient with him in his boyish eagerness, kind to him in his trouble, ever encouraging him in his studies, and, by her example, instilling principles and precepts that gradually became acquired habits. The log falls in the grate and the noise awakens him. There is a smile upon his face, a new song in his heart, and that song is, "Home, Sweet Home, be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

"FOR HOME AND COUNTRY."

Women of Canada, members of the Women's Institute, you are the home-makers, the home-keepers, you have a mission that should inspire you. Men have done much; you can do more for this country, in which we have an honest pride. You have as the motto of your organization, "For Home and Country." Be true to that motto. Appreciate its meaning, and endeavor to live up to it. If you are true to your home, you will be true to your country; just as you improve the home, you will improve the country. Remember that the country of to-morrow is in the home of to-day, and that the best and highest mission of the young women of this country is not to become store clerks and factory employees, not to shine in society or to meddle in politics, but to become home-makers and home-keepers, and endeavor to inculcate those home virtues that surpass in importance learning, cleverness, and the acquisition of riches. For Home and Country! A country lacking in true home life will surely perish, but purity, sanity and strength in the home life will develop a country worthy of the devotion, the sacrifice and the hopes of her true womanhood.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Topic.—"It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?"

Judging by the papers submitted, the above topic proved a most attractive one. The best essays, written by H. J. Brillinger, Bruce Co., Ont., and Miss K. McDiarmid, Dundas Co., Ont., are given below.

Essay I.

I once heard a lecturer at a farmers' meeting say, "It would pay some farmers to get up on the rail fence and think seriously, 'What am I doing, anyway? What am I trying to do?' Don't sit there too long, though, for that won't pay; but decide on some aim in life, and then go straight to it."

That remark applies very nicely to this subject, as well. Let us get up on the rail fence, figuratively speaking, whether farmers or not, and think over the situation for a time. What are we industrious about? What are we doing and going to be? Making money, attaining fame, social distinction?—all most excellent things in their proper place, but they all have a sting with them. There is a longing for something more and better, more satisfying.

File up your wealth as high as a

stack, but are you the better man because of it? . . . Fame? Are you better on that account? Or are you just working away like a steam derrick, monotonously, with no particular aim or thought; arise, do so much work, or gain so much pleasure, and retire, to repeat the same things the next day in the same way?

Let us remember just here that all honest work is worthy and noble, whatever our position in life may be, but why do it like a machine? Are we doing it that way?

Are we doing anything at all that is really worthy of preservation? . . . What a terrible thought, that, when we come to the end of time, nothing worthy may be accomplished after working all the time.

Well, we mustn't sit here too long, so let us think of something that will be worth while, and then get down and go straight to it.

The most important thing is yourself. Not your selfishness, oh, no, but your manhood. The kind, the quality, the manner of man you are making of yourself. On it depends your real success. What higher riches, fame or social distinction could any man have than to have it said of him, "He is a MAN?" This life is not solely for getting a living or wealth; it is the time for developing the perfect man, body, mind and soul. The standard of success that this world uses largely is worldly gain, but it is a false standard. Often what this world terms failure, is, in reality, our greatest success. We are all building. The building is Character, and each act of ours is a part of the finished building. The things of time might be compared to the scaffolding. Some day, when we are through building, the scaffold will fall, and then the beauty or awfulness of our work is seen.

In that excellent little work of A. D. Watson's, "The Sovereignty of Ideals," is the following: "How commonplace are most lives! We are born, married—or not married—and die; that is all there is about us, unless, perchance, we have an ideal, in which case we cannot die. With far the most of us the drama of life is a dull and tiresome tragedy. Now and again we catch a glimpse of an ideal, and are inspired for a moment, but soon the brightness of heaven fades into the common night, and again we are alone with our commonplace lives, our accumulated wealth, our trivial pleasures, our anxiety as to what we have or have not, and our heedlessness of what we are; our white-robed guests have vanished, and we are dejected—a hopeful indication of our sanity. We are of no account, because there is no sacred flame upon the altar. Nothing can relieve the dullness of this prosaic life, but the inspiration of ideals."

Just so; we need ideals to make our lives different from the lives of ants.

Let us, then, work to help to nobler living here, and prepare for greater and grander work in the more glorious world; to be men in the true sense of that term. Work we must, if we would attain, for idleness leads to stagnation, decay and death. So, let us be industrious, not as the ants are, but as intelligent human beings.

H. J. BRILLINGER.

Bruce Co., Ont.

Essay II.

Patience is one of the grandest virtues of the finite being. It is that peculiar quality of heart and mind which seals complaining lips, soothes the wounded heart, and simply bides the time for the accomplishment of a purpose. But we should be careful not to mistake apathy for patience; waiting for something to turn up, like Mr. Micawber, is not patiently enduring the lot we were placed in. It is natural to think that this is a perverse and hopeless world, and to shrink back into ourselves, and let things drift. It is a weary, profitless life that waits for something to turn up, for lucky chances to come. The best

chances come only to those who take all the chances, good and bad, and make the best of them. Congested as the market may appear just now for unskilled labor in every line, it yet remains true that the market for skilled labor is never crowded; the supply of competent men and women who can do things, who can make things happen, is not equal to the demand.

Much is now being said about environment, and its important relation to the evolution of life. This is only a new name for the circumstances and conditions standing round about our life. But the life, not the environment, is really the important factor in the case. "It is in ourselves that we are thus and thus." We hold the power to transform and use the crude elements going to waste around us; circumstances are plastic in the hands of those who set themselves determinedly to make them yield; obstacles are only stepping-stones to higher heights, to ultimate success.

It is not an empty phrase, a meaningless assertion, to say that the world is not governed by gold, but by ideas; people without ideas, who are, as Charles Dickens said, so low down in the school of life as to be always making figures in their copy-books, and never getting any farther, never bestow any benefit on their friends or enjoy their own life in its broadest, fullest sense.

The chief agency for gaining success in anything—finance, education, religion, or home-making—is the mind. It is often said, and more often thought, that the greatest cause of success is labor, energy of body and strength of muscle. This is a mistake. Intellect is mightier and of more importance in gaining the highest degree of happiness than manual labor.

Success, and the enjoyment of life in its best sense, are not secured by unthinkingly doing a ceaseless round of duties because our parents did their work that way; more is required than simple earnestness and thrift. This is an age of activity and advancement; we must have the ability to utilize the forces around us, to fully comprehend current events, and turn them to proper account in the routine of daily life.

We should have an ambition, a definite goal toward which to bend our energies, that will lift our minds to the highest possible standard, and bring us into intelligent sympathy with the interests and needs of the world around us.

The supreme end of life is not in knowing or in being, but in putting the knowledge and life into action.

KATIE McDIARMID.

Dundas Co., Ont.

This essay is surely a slogan of endeavor. It is the word of the youth who, on the threshold of life, cries "Excelsior!" and presses bravely up the mountain-side. The ideal of "making things happen" is a good one; to its enthusiasm and dauntlessness has been due, perhaps, a great proportion of the progress of the world. And yet, in the broadest outlook of life, has not the deeper note been struck by Mr. Brillinger in his observation, "Often what this world terms failure is in reality our greatest success?"

Might not this question, "What constitutes success?" be a very good one for our next topic? Let us choose it—all papers to be received at this office not later than February 22nd. Look into the question from every side, and write us your opinions in regard to it in the brightest, pithiest way. Papers should not exceed 1,000 words in length.

If any little word of mine

May make a life the brighter,

If any little song of mine

May make a heart the lighter,

God help me speak the little word

And take my bit of singing

And drop it in some lonely vale.

To set the echoes ringing.

The Quiet Hour.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PRIVILEGE.

Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—St. Matt. v. 14, 16.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves."

The other day I heard a soldier of Christ declare the responsibility of privilege in St. Paul's words: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." He openly glorified in the consciousness of his own strength—a strength which he drew hour by hour from an Infinite Source. Knowing, beyond the possibility of doubt, that God was with him, he cared little though all the universe might be against him; but boldly announced that he could "do all things" in God's strength—or, rather, that God could do all things, using him as an instrument.

It is a wonderful thing, in this prosaic, matter-of-fact age, to see right into the secret chamber of a man's soul and find it ablaze with the glory of the ever-present GOD. It is an inspiration to hear a man frankly declare, for all the world to hear, that his greatest treasure—that which is dearer than life itself—is the absolute certainty he possesses that he is in daily, hourly communion with Christ, and that the manifest power and beauty of his life is consciously drawn straight from God. Such assertion of strength and power, felt and honestly acknowledged, is not a revelation of pride, but of deepest humility. Pride might climb to a mountain-top and look down on the weak, mounting no higher because it aims no higher. Humility can never be satisfied with attainment, but soars ever higher and higher, impelled by an unquenchable hunger and thirst after righteousness, reaching up continually after God, and filled with wondering joy at the knowledge of His mighty indwelling Presence.

But every privilege is balanced by responsibility. God does not give a man wealth for himself, but that—as a just steward—he may use it for the welfare of others. So, also, if God has given a man unusual powers of mind or body, it is no sign of humility to undervalue those gifts, or to try to shut his eyes to their existence. They are part of his equipment as a soldier and servant, not to be boasted about—why should anyone boast about things that are only entrusted to him—but to be recognized and used to the utmost, for God's glory and the good of men. We are told to let our light shine that men may see our good works, but the motive is of paramount importance. We are not to seek our own glory, but let our light be a revelation of the glory of God, a reflection of His light of love and perfect holiness.

God has seen fit to endow us with great and wonderful privilege. He has lighted us with the glorious light of Christianity. But no one lights a candle for its own sake. If it should shine for itself alone, it would be ignoring the very purpose of its existence, which is to give light to all within reach.

Do you think it strange when people who have the opportunity of living easy, comfortable lives shoulder responsibility and difficulty that they might have avoided? Do you think it unnatural for a man to plunge into the thick of a fight, going deliberately into danger when comrades are hard-pressed, instead of sitting serenely down and congratulating himself that he is not forced into the struggle? I think, from the beginning of history, we find that man's natural instinct is to dash to the relief of those who are in need of help. When Lot was taken captive, Abraham did not rest content because he was safe. No, without any hesitation, he took on himself the quarrel of his kinsman, pursued hastily after the enemy and rescued the prisoners. Then, again, the mighty men who endangered their lives in order to bring David a drink of water, may have been unwise, but they were not unnatural.