

Europe. So is Zurich. So is Berne. So are the resorts. It's shameful! And something ought to be done about it. Switzerland must protect herself."

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Walking with the King.

They shall walk with Me in white.—Rev. 3:4.

"I would not keep my fairest thought,  
Like folded garment, laid away,  
With 'brodered imag'ries enwrought,  
Too fine for simple song to say;

"I would not put emotions by,  
Ethereal, remote from deeds,  
Like robes in lavender that lie  
Awaiting death or bridal needs;  
But I, adorn life's travelled way,  
Would wear my soul's best everyday!"

Last Sunday was a very hot day, and I said to a gentleman who was enduring the discomfort of a high, stiff collar: "For once we women have the best of it. This weather takes the starch out of collars and it must be a great expense to have them done up so often."

He answered smilingly: "It was only yesterday I was remarking that nearly every woman on the street was wearing a white dress. What a lot of work and expense all those white dresses must entail."

I was silenced, but his retort set me thinking. "All the women on Saturday were wearing white!" and quite right they were to do so. What can be better for hot weather? It does entail a lot of work, of course, but we are not put into this world on purpose to avoid work. One great outward difference between a savage and a civilized person is—clothes.

Then my thoughts flew to the lovely promise our Lord sent through St. John to the few disciples in Sardis who had not defiled their robes: "They shall walk with Me in white."

That promise involved great expense—only the blood of Jesus could cleanse from any sin, and His great Offering of His own Life is enough to cleanse from "all sin."

The whiteness also involves work. We read in Rev. 19 of the great rejoicings over the marriage of the Lamb, when his wife hath "made herself ready," when she is arrayed in fine linen, clean and white—the righteousness of saints." Rev. W. L. Watkinson has beautifully said:

"The emblem of righteousness is bridal attire, wrought with flowers, bedropped with gold, lighted with jewels. The convict's rig, the hair shirt, the poisoned tunic, the mourning weeds, the shroud—they are not in the wardrobe of the Church of God at all. These ghastly things are worn by Passion and Fear, by Avarice, Selfishness, Pride, Lust, Ambition, outside the Christian Church. All our garments smell of myrrh. We walk in white, our heads anointed with the oil of gladness."

Let no one make the mistake of thinking that those who follow the Great Leader, "clothed in fine linen, white and clean," have turned their backs on earthly happiness for the sake of future joy. Joy is one of the great gifts promised by our Lord to His disciples—and He still gives it to those who love and trust Him, to those who obey His counsel to the church of Laodicea and come to Him for white raiment (Rev. 3:18).

What then? The fine linen, which is "the righteousness of saints," so soon loses its beauty. It is hard enough to walk in white on Sunday, but to keep our lives spotless and our thoughts sweet and pure every day! Is it possible? What of the sins—sins of thought, word and deed—of the past! What of the unkind words we have spoken, the failures in duty, the selfishness, laziness about spiritual things, cold and careless prayers, loss of temper, untruthfulness, dishonesty—the list grows as we think about it, until we are driven by shame to accept the great offer: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

It is when we see the ugliness of our own sins beside the beauty of God's perfect holiness that we turn to Him for cleansing, and for strength. Our Lord's enemies were speaking the truth when they said that only God could cleanse a soul from sin. Think of some hated sin which is hidden away out of sight in your past life. Can you get rid of it by your own efforts? You cover it up and try to forget it, but sometimes—perhaps in the silence of the night—it lifts its ugly head and you are helpless to purify your soul from its foulness.

Hezekiah said: "Mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Then he exclaimed in his joy: "Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back."

If we put our sins behind our own back—as we are inclined to do—they will spread, like a foul disease, destroying our own souls and infecting other people. If we really repent and "confess our sins," He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Of course, it is not real repentance to confess our sins and then make no attempt to do better. Our text to-day is a short one, but the pivot words are the three in the middle. "Walk with Me!" is the invitation of our King—and a king's invitation to a subject is also a command. If you live every day with a noble earthly friend, trying to catch his spirit and walk as he walks, you will grow more and more like him. The twelve apostles walked with Christ for three or four years, then eleven of them went out in His strength to make disciples of all nations, and tell out the glad tidings of the forgiveness of sins. The parable of the Prodigal Son has been called "the gospel in the Gospel." It tells of one who dragged his white robes in the mire until he grew too ashamed to endure it any longer. He remembered his father's home and his father's love, and cast himself upon that love without offering any excuses for his folly and misconduct.

You remember how he was greeted. Instead of a severe rebuke he received a glad and eager welcome. Not a moment was wasted in examining his rags to see how dirty they were, or in asking his motives for returning. "The father said to his servants, bring forth quickly the best robe and put it on him" (St. Luke 15:22, R. V.). There was no delay. He entered his father's house as a dearly loved and honored son, dressed in the best robe the house afforded; although he had no claim on anything, having recklessly wasted his portion.

The King's sorrowing disciples were to be strengthened and cheered by His unseen presence. "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you," He promised. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me."

That great promise is still faithfully kept.

A friend in England sent me the following story about Lord Kitchener. When he was in India a certain chaplain—who was troubled about the amount of drinking in the Indian army—wrote to Kitchener asking if he might have a few minutes to put certain plans before him and some of his staff. The meeting was arranged. "Hope you have got it all cut-and-dried," said one of the officers; "K. can't stand palaver."

"Well, what's the business?" asked the General, as he took his seat. "It is the King's business," said the chaplain, and I think we ought to ask the King's guidance on what we shall do."

"You mean prayer?" was the answer.

"Yes," said the chaplain.

"Right you are!" said the chief, and he and all present knelt down while the chaplain prayed for God's blessing on his plans. Then Kitchener gave his whole attention to those plans for two hours, and the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

"Kitchener believed in a man who believed in his belief," who took his daily orders straight from his King and was not afraid to own the fact.

On the surface, our lives may seem very ordinary and commonplace, but in secret we may—if we will—meet our Master in the "little sanctuary" (Ezek. 11:16) where He is always ready to welcome his friends. The

key is in your hands—do not let it grow rusty through disuse. You may lead a very busk life, but you can always find time for—

"A hand-clasp in the dark, a glimpse of JESUS passing by."

DORA FARNCOMB.

### Gifts.

"They presented unto Him gifts." Again "gifts for the King" have been laid in my hands to pass on to His needy "brethren." Your dollar (R. F.) is going on a mission of good cheer to one who is also very lonely. Like the moon, you are reflecting the light of the sun to brighten another life; and the gladness you bring to her will shine into your own sad heart and gladden it.

As for your dollar, my good friend in Alberta, it will go to-day (God willing) to a poor woman who has been sick and helpless for more than three years.

The "Advocate purse" is seldom empty—thanks to our good readers.

HOPE.

## 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 stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

It was a group of exceptionally pretty and well-dressed women who sat on a vine-draped verandah last evening enjoying the "coolth," as Kipling calls it, of after sundown. Almost too summery and flower-like they looked in their airy muslins to be connected with cookstoves and meats and preserving, and yet one could not help noticing how often the talk drifted back and back again to—just cookery. And this was quite as it should be. The cookery question is indeed an important one for the woman at the head of every household. Upon her provision of eatables that are at once nutritious and appetizing so much depends. After all "human folk" are just animals, so far as the physical is concerned. They need nutritious foods for body-building, appetizing foods in order that they may eat enough, and bulk foods to provide the necessary rapidity of movement through the intestines. If anyone of these necessities is ignored the body suffers; and when the body suffers, work suffers. Inefficiency has often been laid—and rightly so—at the door of inadequate feeding.

It is not sufficient to provide "enough" of one thing or another for each meal—the quality must be considered. Indeed catering for a family is a fine art, and a pretty art too, as anyone must realize who looks at a really well-provided and well-set table with its flowers and delicious-looking salads as well as nicely served meats and other "substantial" things.

By the way, what a difference there may be in the appeal of meats and fish, according to the way in which they are served. Take a stew, for instance. Put it on the table in any kind of dish with a spoon stuck in at any angle, and it does not greatly induce to appetite. But put the same stew on a hot platter, with a border of mashed potatoes or buttered biscuits around, sprinkle the potatoes with dots of butter and a dusting of paprika, and put a few bits of green parsley over the stew, and what a difference there is! Similarly, a baked fish with hardened skin laid on a platter is not especially attractive, but if the fish has been basted and dusted with cornmeal, and if it is garnished with a few slices of lemon and some parsley there is a different story.

—So it is quite as it should be that pretty women—no matter how dainty and summery they look—should talk, and think, more than a little, about such an every-day and prosaic, yet interesting and suggestive subject as cookery.

The talk had turned on "Optimism."

"Did you ever hear" said Polly, stabbing away at the buttonholes she was working on a pair of war pajamas, "that very clever remark made by someone that 'a pessimist is a person who lives with an optimist'?"

"And there's just a whole lot of truth in it," exclaimed Perdita, with enthusiasm, "Of all the people who would drive one to drink give me the inanely eternally delighted individual! It makes me think of Jack, you know, when he said he didn't like Miss M. She was 'too demnition cheerful.'"

Polly laughed, then suppressed a little yawn born of the heat of the afternoon.

"After all," she said, "there are optimists and optimists, aren't there?"

"Oh yes," agreed Perdita, readily enough, "there are about a dozen kinds of almost everything. But as Purinton said not long ago, in The Independent, 'Optimism is not talking or even smiling—but knowing, doing, waiting.'"

"Especially 'waiting,'" nodded Polly, "the most of us are so impatient; we want everything hurried. It has seemed to me for a long time that optimism consists in just being confident that somehow, sometime, everything will be all right."

Perdita glanced at her friend.

"But that is a very different thing from insisting that everything is all right now," she said.

Polly smiled again. "Why, certainly. It is only a very selfish person, not an optimist at all, truly, who insists on turning away from everthing disagreeable. The real optimist, I believe, sees very clearly, and works very hard to correct wrong conditions. His salvation lies in the fact that while the pessimist thinks everything is going to the dogs, and the world growing worse all the time, he believes that really things are becoming steadily better—that even present catastrophes help to that end—and that so, some day, the world's existence will be justified."

Perdita was looking far away, dreamily, seeing far past the nodding clematis tendrils on the verandah post. "Catastrophes," she repeated, "Even the war."

"Yes, even the war," said Polly, holding up the pajamas for a last inspection before sending them off for "the front." "If the horror of this war teaches the nations of the future to hate and despise war, good will once more have come out from evil."

For a long time the two sat without speaking, then Polly reached for her work-basket.

"I have a little bit here," she said, "that you may like to hear. It was written by Corra Harris."—And drawing forth a clipping from a magazine she read:

"To grow as the trees do, fearing nothing, neither winter's cold, nor summer's heat, nor storms, nor anything that is, knowing that all things work together for goodness and peace except greed and ambition, of which all the earth is guiltless save man."

"It seems to me that is optimism," she concluded—"just knowing that things will all be right some day, and doing the best we can as the days go by."

"Yes," nodded Perdita, "just doing the very best we can."

—JUNIA.

As I write the news is arriving, day after day, about the terrible holocaust in Northern Ontario. In the face of such agony one stands dumb. But one lesson rings out, clear and loud, above the roar of the flames:—If wrong conditions are permitted consequences must follow as surely as the sun is in the sky. In this case several causes, it is said, contributed. Settlers set out fires in the midst of a dry season, tinder-dry slash had been left along the railways instead of being hauled away before it could be a menace, carelessness of prospectors in quenching camp-fires may have been somewhere to blame, while inefficient fire-rangers failed to prevent the spreading of the flames. The result was inevitable. A long period of drouth prepared the way, and not even the green woods could withstand so fierce a kindling.

Conditions must be made right, everywhere, and in everything, else someone must suffer.

How long?—How long?  
[Since writing the above rains have