

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

It is when I am told that God is love that I commit all judgment to Him gladly. It is when I believe that some one loves me that I am never afraid to be myself.—G. H. Morrison.

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Honour must grow out of humility, freedom out of discipline, righteous joy out of righteous sorrow, true strength out of true knowledge of our own weakness, sound peace of mind out of sound contrition.—Charles Kingsley.

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When a child cries over its broken toy, the true mother does not laugh at it. Rather she comforts it tenderly, while knowing the real slightness of the loss. So God, the true Father of all spirits, does not turn from any sorrow His children suffer, but comforts them even in the smallest troubles and mistakes.

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We say to men: The Church is not a human organization with a Divine mission; she is a Divine organism with a human and a Divine mission. The Church is not a company of men on earth seeking the kingdom of heaven. She is the kingdom of heaven seeking men in the kingdom of earth.—Exchange.

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Peace and patience are twin helpers of the soul. Some one has said they are two golden keys which God leaves in our hands to unlock the mysteries of pain. They admit us into the upper room of life, where we see Jesus face to face. He said: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." When peace has possessed the heart, then patience will have her perfect work.

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A fault-finding, criticising habit is fatal to all excellence. Nothing will strangle growth quicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws; to rejoice in the unlovely, like a hog, which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up. The direction in which we look indicates the life; and people who are always looking for something to criticise, for the crooked and the ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving the world a picture of themselves.

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Each of us has daily and hourly to choose—to choose between right and wrong, between gratification and duty, between pleasing ourselves to the injury of others, and benefiting others at the cost of self-denial. To choose in the one way is easy, and at the time agreeable; but it means defeat and death. To choose in the other way is difficult, and at the time painful; but it means victory and life. To him that overcometh, and to him alone, is it granted to eat of the tree of life.

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If you would be happy, keep your temper. Gain a little knowledge every day. Make few promises, and speak the truth. Give full measure and weigh with a just balance. Consent to common custom, but not to common folly. Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it. Have courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Think of Heaven with hearty purpose, and strong hope to get there. Do good to all, that you may keep your friends and gain your enemies. Count your resources; find out what you are not fit for and give up wishing for it. Remember, happiness is a duty—quite as much a duty as truthfulness, honesty, or good temper. There are many Scripture words which exhort us to rejoice.

## Spectator

"Spectator" has already spoken of the impressiveness of an assembly of nine thousand troops at Barriefield. He is now undergoing a still deeper impression in observing on parade, in review and at Sunday services twice that number assembled at Camp Valcartier. These men come from city, town and farm, all the way from Central Ontario to the Atlantic ocean. They represent the most diverse home training, the most varied ideals of life, and yet they are united in this one thing, in their service to their country and in their determination to defend the same even unto death. One of the most notable features of this camp is the frequency with which one hears the French language spoken. In the Montreal and Quebec battalions one is prepared for that, but when you find French spoken by a surprising number of men in battalions recruited from counties like Peterborough, Durham, Northumberland, Renfrew and Lanark, one wonders if the dual language problem has really taken root in the old Province of Ontario and become a permanent feature of localities that were popularly supposed to be devoted to the memory of William of Orange. As a matter of fact, a surprising number of French-Canadians have enlisted in the English-speaking battalions, and glad, indeed, were the battalions to receive them to fill up their attenuated ranks. Most of these men have come from the Province of Quebec, where enlistment has been notoriously slow. They prefer, for the most part, to be under English-speaking officers, and have shown that, when the cause of Canada and the Empire has been plainly and effectively presented, the French-Canadian will enlist. If the political leaders in Quebec would only throw themselves into the cause of enlistment the remainder of our half-million contribution to the fighting forces of the Empire would soon be recruited. It is further interesting to note how happy these soldiers from Quebec are in uniform. They are leaders in the camp sports. With the men from Merry England they pretty well divide the zeal for football. They are a good second to the British-Canadian in their enthusiasm for baseball; and wherever they are they loudly proclaim their approval or disapproval, but mirth is of the essence of their life. So far as I have been able to learn, not an instance of trouble has developed between the two nationalities in uniform. This great experience of living, and perhaps dying, together cannot fail to bring about a better mutual understanding between the citizens of two great provinces in our Dominion.

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Another surprising feature of the two important military camps referred to is the position of the Y.M.C.A. in relation to the soldier. In times of peace, in the militia training camps of this country, the Y.M.C.A. was naturally looked to as the most enterprising and effective organizer of the physical and perhaps spiritual possibilities of the soldiers. They were accustomed to dealing with young men who had no military decision to make, and, as the summer training camp was not taken any too seriously either by officers or men, there was no question raised as to the status of a civilian in the midst of soldiers. To-day the situation is entirely changed, and the recognition of this fact is quite candidly expressed, from the highest to the lowest, in the camp. When your expert Y.M.C.A. physical trainer comes and offers his services to develop the physique

of the Canadian soldier he is very kindly but firmly asked why is he not in khaki himself and directing the training from within and not from without? A young man of military age and special physical fitness presuming to train men for a great national struggle in which he is unwilling to take a hand himself is bound to be received with frigid indifference. That is exactly the situation as it has developed in the camps already mentioned. In like manner, the "religious" training that is undertaken has lost unspeakably from the fact that young civilians of manifestly military fitness are still leading in the benevolent enterprise of furnishing moral strength to the men who will shortly offer their lives to their country, an offer which, up to the present, these spiritual guides have utterly failed to make. There is in the heart and mind of the observer a conviction that the man who has counted not his life dear unto himself when his country and his conscience called him is not a fit subject for instruction at the hands of men who have every obligation to enlist that he had and yet decline. I am not merely giving utterance to a personal conviction, but to what from careful observation is an almost universal sentiment in camp. The Y.M.C.A. must be manned by soldiers who are on their way either to or from the front if it is to have any real and abiding influence among soldiers in time of war.

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The business end of a military camp of twenty thousand men of all ranks is an astonishment to the lay mind. Every battalion has a canteen, where certain luxuries and necessities are sold for the benefit and convenience and comfort of the men. A canteen is simply a little shop of all sorts of odds and ends, more or less jumbled together on shelves, boxes, barrels and other resting-places, in a building or tent set apart for that purpose. While to the lay eye all may appear confusion in these emporiums of commerce, there is in reality not only order, but excellent business management. No capital is required to start a canteen. Their business is so coveted that they can get any amount of credit, and by the time the bills are due the sales enable the management to meet them. Thus ice cream, drinkables, smokes, shoe polish, laces, socks, pies, swagger sticks, battalion badges and a hundred other things are to be had at a reasonable price, and gaily do the men and officers avail themselves of the opportunity. Boys who have never handled more than a few cents a week before enlistment indulge themselves in the "eats" and "drinks" with boyish enthusiasm and buy everything in sight until they "go broke." An effort has been made to encourage savings accounts, but the bank on the field does not take to this idea very kindly, as it involves so much work for the staff. It is felt that the civilians who remain safely at home keeping books and counting money ought to be willing to do this much for the fellows that fight for them. However, the canteen proves to be a great benefit to the battalion. Every cent of profit is expended for the benefit of the men. For example, at Barriefield every battalion bought tent floors for the men to keep them out of the mud at night at a cost of nearly a thousand dollars for each regiment. A good regimental canteen will during ordinary conditions return a net profit of fifty to sixty dollars a day, or considerably over a thousand dollars a month. The profits within the army, however, are all spent for the army's comfort and efficiency. The money is theirs and they are entitled to its full enjoyment.