



View of the "Trophy Room" in Col. Roosevelt's Home, "Sagamore Hill," Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Virile in effect, and typical of the owner, is this room in which have been collected skins, heads and tusks of animals killed by Col. Roosevelt on hunting expeditions in Africa and elsewhere.

town was there, with huge wreaths and the *Maire* and Gen. Watson made speeches.

We are to have yet a most signal honor, for the 126 Army Brigade, R. F. A., is to accompany the Canadians into Germany and the trip will start very soon. It will be most interesting and I wouldn't miss it for anything. We should only be there a short time and then I hope we'll soon be demobilized. We'll have Christmas in Deutschland I expect and I'll be glad if I get home by the spring.

I've had your letters and papers; a parcel of them came about three days ago, and a dandy piece of maple sugar. We've just finished it to-day. Would it be possible to send a can of honey? I shouldn't ask for I know it costs such a lot to send and gives you a lot of extra work, but I've got a sort of hankering for some, and then too, I know you don't mind as long as I eat it! I'm thinking I'll have a big contract eating what you'll put up to me when I get home—but I'll make an honest effort!

Just now we're getting cleaned up for the big joy-ride to Boschland and cleaning steelwork and polishing is the order of the day. You'd be surprised if you saw how things are done in the army. No matter how dirty and rusty the harness gets or how muddy the wagons, it must all be cleaned spick and span when we get any time. The harness is strong and serviceable like ours, but every buckle and link has to be cleaned with sand and then burnished and the leather work oiled and polished with saddle soap. The wagons are like ours, but they have to be all washed as we would a buggy and then oiled over until they shine like glass, and the steel and brasswork polished "Spit and Polish", we call it.

Well, mother this is the last of the paper, so cheer up, and you can go to sleep these nights in perfect peace for the big war is over and I'll never hear another 5.9 so long as I live. Hurrah! See you all again before too long.

PETE.

Part of the toll of dead in the War according to latest revised lists is as follows—those of the Turks, Roumanians, Belgians, and Bulgarians not given. British, 706,726; French, 1,071,300; Russians, 1,700,000; Americans, 58,478; Germans, 1,600,000; Austrians, 800,000. The total casualties of Serbia were 320,000; of Germany 6,330,000, and Austria 4,000,000. Canada's total casualty list was 220,182, of whom 60,383 are dead and 425 missing.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Glorified Stones.

He took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. . . . And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel. . . . And this stone . . . shall be God's house —Gen. 28: 11, 18, 22.

Last Sunday we were, as usual, singing hymns in a hospital ward. One of the patients had asked for "Nearer, My God,

to Thee;" and, as we sang about Jacob's plan of changing stones into restful pillows and into memorial pillars my thoughts flew to the "Quiet Hour". Before the hymn was finished I had a message for you flashed into my heart and mind. If Jacob could use hard and common stones for rest-giving pillows, so can we. If Jacob could transform unhewn wayside stones into the house of God, so can we. We all have the material at hand, the only question is how we use them.

A few weeks ago I had a letter from a reader, who said her special reason for liking to read the "Quiet Hour" was because I wrote about "commonplace" things and she had so many in her life. An hour or two before her letter reached me a friend had said to me: "I don't see how you can find things to write

about every week." My answer was: "I write about the ordinary things of everyday life. I am not in the least a learned person, and there are always commonplace things to write about."

Jacob was plodding along day after day. The journey might easily have seemed dull and wearisome, for he was all alone; and even his memories of the home behind him were embittered by the knowledge that he had acted meanly towards his brother and had deceived his blind old father. There did not seem to be anything reposeful or glorious about the stones which littered his path. But he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and—resting peacefully on that hard bolster—he had a vision of Him Who links heaven and earth like a shining ladder. Rising up, refreshed hopeful, Jacob took the stone which had helped him to rest and transformed it into a "Beth-el"—a house of God. It was remarkable to build God's House in that lonely spot, for he had just found out this amazing truth: "Surely the LORD is in this place; and I knew it not."

When darkness is over me I ought to be able to say, "My rest a stone." When my road is lonely and littered with hard and "stone" grief I can use them to build up a Beth-el—a house of God—wherever I am. Right here, in this place where He has put and keepeth me, I may find out the glorious truth: "Surely the LORD is in this place."

When a young man—a friend of Bishop Ingram—was told that he must die very soon, he said joyously: "Then I shall see JESUS." I was talking yesterday to a woman who has been for years incurably ill and who is now, I feel sure, very near the gate of life. She is looking forward hopefully to the new day that is dawning for her. The stones, which have long made her way difficult and painful, will soon be transformed into pillars—memorials of God's love and care. Through the suffering she has discovered His near presence; and when death lies behind her, she will thank Him for the pain which kept her close to the Good Physician. She is resting quietly on the Everlasting Arms, and soon she will rise up with renewed strength and hope to do Him service in His palace.

"Commonplace lives!" Why should any life become commonplace? Common stones were just as good for pillows as if they had been diamonds—or better. They made a house of God just as beautiful in the sight of the Master of that house as if they had been rubies or emeralds. Jacob used what he had, and so should we. He did not say: "I would build a Beth-el if I had suitable material;" but he used the material he had.

The ordinary work of week days may be changed into a temple where God will meet us. No one who discovers that the Lord is in a place is likely to call that place "common". Just think of it!



Canadian Pipers Entering Mons After the Signing of the Armistice.