

parrow, for
craved, but,
and English
be much in
shments.
raging sign
cater to she
for bird-life
on the in-
ars ago, a
from the
down as far
and went
ets in their
it was com-
were knock-
icks. The
teacher re-
hink a boy
bird. Per-
rather too
fact that
t the work
study dur-
as been re-
estation of
e feathered

this work
ols. Chil-
interested
ed to find
observing
ing to kill
guns. One
last year
the warm
class—little
years—out
y morning,
distinguish
e different
wards the
hese little
y towards
tskirts of
over some
y. "What
sked, who
an to ex-
s. Then
and the
There goes
exclaimed,
er over the
the next
had disap-
and the
n. From
was very
was one
the mean-
primary

ed several
or articles
be pleas-
equest as
and shall
contribu-
in nature
aders, es-
In this
ate "may
the good

it." We
re climbing
er life.

the lesser
God's high
calls the

the fruit

u much is

h in that

o gaze at

To live we

us—if we
poetry—let
ic service.

of joy is
cherished

ll of glad
as talking

teen years
g his own

tic in his
flinging

days in a
strain on

t. I told

him he was following in the steps of Christ, and was a Christian without knowing it. He replied: "I wish Christ were alive now, for He is greatly needed, and if He were alive to-day every Jew would be a Christian."

"But," I said, "that is just where you Jews make a great mistake, for He is alive and in the world to-day." That Jew is living a life of service, and has found the secret of an interesting life, though he is not as glad as he would be if he knew the Master he was faithfully serving.

The Church is the Bride of Christ and must rejoice in the Bride of His return. "Behold, I come quickly," He says. Why, He may come to-day! Indeed He surely will come to-day in the person of some of His brothers and sisters. Let us hurry to meet Him, let us minister to Him of our best, and gladness will certainly spring up in our hearts. Bring darkness and light together, and the light must always conquer; bring sadness and joy together, and joy will be victorious too. And joy is not only a pleasant thing to possess, it is a positive sin to live our lives without it. If we have no joy in our hearts, then there must be something wrong with our Christianity, for we are commanded to rejoice in the Lord "Alway."

That means when you are serving Him by scrubbing His floors or washing His windows, just as much as when you are waiting on a sick person, or preparing a sermon. Holiness is health of soul, and should reveal itself by the outward signs of vigorous health—glad activity, a free, quick step, a sunny face and cheerful voice, and a hearty interest in your everyday work and in the people around you. Everyone is interesting if you can only get through the shell and touch the person underneath. In every soul we may see something of God. Some are like polished mirrors, reflecting His face, so that the slightest contact with them, or even the thought of them, sends one's heart upwards almost involuntarily; while in others the image of God is very dim and distorted. But, even then, we know it must be there, know that in serving them we are serving our Master and Lord. With this glad thought in

our mind, the ordinary routine of daily work is changed to the grand and glorious sacrifice of a martyr—a true witness for Christ. Then every duty becomes an inspiring opportunity, and every day is a letter day—a holiday because it is a holy day. This is the Midas touch which can change common earthenware into bright and shining gold. I have no patience with the pessimists who tell children that youth is the happiest time in life. It is an instinct with us all to press forward to something better than we already have, and it is a true instinct. Those who consecrate their lives to God in childhood will surely find that their path shines more and more until the Sun of Righteousness floods every day with inner sunshine—deep joy which is infinitely more satisfying than the gay lightheartedness of childhood. Every day brings fresh opportunities of touching other lives, and of growing in the knowledge of God, which, as our Lord tells us, is "life eternal." Then there is the joy of making real progress in spiritual growth; for it is false humility to shut one's eyes to that progress when there is a steady struggle after God and holiness.

We hear a great deal in these days about "strenuous life." Well, that is the kind of life we should live. Those who settle down to a half-hearted kind of Christianity are sure to find life dull and disappointing. Christianity is not just the conscientious doing of one's duty, it is enthusiastic devotion to the only Master who can fully satisfy the hungry heart. Though He is out of sight, He is not a long way off. You can find Him in the person of the dear father or mother, husband, wife or child, in the neighbor or visitor, or you may even serve Him by throwing crumbs to His birds or watering His flowers. If all other service be denied you, there is the rich field of your own being to cultivate. The body should be tenderly cared for and kept clean and healthy, because it is God's holy temple, and the soul should be held always in the light of His Presence until it grows with the radiant beauty of holiness.

With all these doors of opportunity

standing wide open, surely no one should find life narrow, commonplace or uninteresting. And no one can walk through life with the fearless, happy trust of a dearly-loved child in his own father's house, without radiating brightness. Joy is very infectious, and we can render grand service to our brothers and sisters just by being happy. It is no use pretending to be happy. The gladness must spring like a living fountain ever fresh from the Christ within the heart, if it is to do real service. We must walk with God every day in the week if we are to be mirrors reflecting the Sun of Righteousness. The Sun is always shining, but the trouble with us is that we don't always walk with faces upturned to reflect His light. We can get to God through serving man, and we can get to man through serving God. Our duty—and privilege—towards God, and our duty—and privilege—towards our neighbor, are so intimately joined together that it is impossible to separate them. We cannot really serve God without serving man too; we cannot really serve our neighbor without climbing ever nearer and nearer to God, where only true and living gladness is to be found.

"There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns and moons, though e'er so bright,
Aval to stop me; splendour-proof
I keep the broods of stars aloof:
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory, passed,
I lay my spirit down at last."

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I have often thought I would like to write and tell you how much I enjoyed reading the Quiet Hour, but there has always been something to hinder me from doing so; but, after reading the poem on the "Crosses," and your article on "Climbing the Ladder of

Pain," I thought I would at least say, "Thank you." But the article on pain reminded me of having heard that suffering might have three different effects upon one subjected to it, producing first rebellion, or, "I won't stand it!" second, a kind of stoicism, or "grin and bear it" kind of spirit, and, thirdly, acquiescence, or submission to the Divine will, which I trust will be the effect produced upon any of your readers called upon to endure it. And I trust that those of us who, for the present, are exempt from it will have our sympathies enlarged or increased.

J. J. LAMB.

Estevan, Sask.

Can You?

Can you put the Spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the Apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the Lily-cup back on the stem
And to cause it to live and to grow?
Can you mend the Butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the Bloom again on the grape,
And the Grape again on the vine?
Can you put the Dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the Kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken Egg in the shell?
Can you put the Honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?

You think my questions are trifling,
Let me ask another one,
Can a hasty Word e'er be unsaid,
Or a Deed unkind undone?

E. A. B.

Church Mission House, Malakwa, B. C.

Children's Corner.

The Fresh-air Child.

By Elliot Walker.

Where the cool Berkshire breezes blow
Down from the mountains,
The green fields are dotted with wild-
flowers bright,
And clear, sparkling brooklets, like
musical fountains,
Sing soft to the grasses in onward de-
light.

To the hot, tired children, just up from
the city,
All seems like a paradise fair to ex-
plore,
And our eyes somehow moisten in quick,
kindly pity
For the poor little waifs who've not
been here before.

We cannot restrain them—they leap from
the hay-carts
All running and shouting and screaming
in glee.
The meadows are theirs till the sun from
the day parts;
At last they are happy and joyous and
free.

But one little tot, with great eyes filled
with wonder,
In gentle amaze at undreamed of de-
light,
Runs off to a fence of old rails, and
crawls under
To the great patch of daisies that
catches her sight.

Like a baby returned to the arms of a
mother,
She flings her small form in the flowers'
embrace,
And her strange yearning cry the white
petals help smother,
As she presses them close to her warm,
tender face.

With her lap full of daisies, her arms full
of daisies,
Her heart full of daisies, she sits there
and cries.

Of sweet flower tributes it beat all the
praises
That ever were rendered by older ones
wise.

To come up to supper 'twas hard work
to get her,
She wanted to stay with her flowers,
she said;
And we all bent to kiss her and tenderly
pet her,
And wove a white crown for her dear
curly head.

When the two weeks were up and the
good days were over,
We started to pack in her small, shabby
bag
Her freshly-washed garments; but daisies
and clover
She had packed to exclude every poor
little rag.

Stolen from the Nest.

I said: My God, or let them not be
born,
Or from misfortune guard;
Guard these poor fledglings, Thou who
hast the power,
From vulture's claw, and heart and
hands as hard.

Some have I seen from ivy-curtained nest,
Some from tall trees, or sand-holes,
snatched away,
And sad as I, when shut from air and
light,
All perished in a day.

And all had sung, and all their wings
once grown—
Had flown through forests and across
the seas,
And with young flowers the swallows had
returned
Upon the vernal breeze.

You'd watch them, children, flying 'neath
the clouds,
You'd hear them sing at morn the
summer long;
Oh, how much better than to see them
caged!

No liberty, no song!

—Eugenie de Guerin.

When you read the first line of this



An Infant Industry.

little poem, remember that "or" means
"either," and you will understand it
better. While I agree with the kind-
hearted French girl that it is generally
very cruel to take young birds out of
their nests, I will tell you of a bird I
saw the other day who was doing more
good in a cage in the city than he ever
could flying free about the country. He
was a big robin, taken from the nest
nine years ago, and he belongs to a poor
old woman, who can't go out of her
small house so much as to walk across
the road. She has a bad disease in her
leg, and her old husband has very bad

rheumatism, so how they
manage to do the house-
work, I don't know. The
poor old woman was tel-
ling me how her leg hurt,
and what a hard time she
had, and she was almost
crying, when suddenly the
robin began to chirp just
like a free robin does to
his mate in the spring.
The old woman cheered up
at once, and chirped back
at the robin. "I wish
Joey would sing," she
said. "He's a fine
singer." So she and Joey
called to one another, and
soon he began to sing.
You never heard a wild
robin sing like that. I
suppose he learnt it from
two canaries that were
hanging near. But his
singing was far ahead of
theirs, so rich and strong.
The old woman was
delighted to hear Joey
showing off so well, and
began to tell me how she
had brought him up her-
self. She said he was
more like a thrush than
like the robins they have
in England, and his song
is like that of the thrush.
She has him in a big
wooden cage, and though
she often leaves the door
open, he never wants to
go out.

Now, I think that if Joey had a mind,
he would rather be in that cage, and give
so much pleasure to a poor old woman
who never sees any pretty sights, nor
hears any other pretty sounds, than he
would do anything else; that is, if he is
an unselfish bird. But don't go taking
any young robins out of their nests,
boys, for you are not poor old women in
the city, and don't need company; and, be-
sides, your robin would be sure to die.

The letters from the cousins, which
have been held out this week, will ap-
pear next time.