

Dr. Maria Montessori

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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto JESUS, Who— with eyes on the joy that was set before Him—endured the cross, despising the shame. Susan Coolidge writes:

"The day is long and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march and of keep-
ing guard,
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and work to be
done,
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.
And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the dear Lord's company.
We fight, but 'tis He Who nerves our
arm,
He turns the arrows which else might
harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm."

As the New Year dawned I was kneel-
ing before Christ, accepting from His
hand the cup He offered. It was a sol-
emn thing, in the midnight hush, to
reach out both hands for that cup of
blessing; remembering the Master's ear-
nest question to disciples who wanted to
share His coming glory: "Are ye able
to drink of the cup that I shall drink
of?" Remembering His death, and set-
ting out to follow Him, how strange it
is that we fret and worry and complain
over trifling troubles and inconveniences!
We read of the marvellous endurance of
many martyrs who follow in His train,
and we claim to belong to the same
glorious army—how is it that our pa-
tience is so poor and our trust so weak?
Perhaps it is because we don't realize
that little trials and testings of our
faith matter much. If we were given
our choice between denying Christ and
suffering pain of death, we should at
least know it was worth while. We
don't always realize the splendor of to-
day's fight. Every day we are called to
walk in that strange procession of cross-
bearers, pressing close after our Leader.
Then it is always worth while to bear
commonplace troubles with the joy of a
martyr. Keble reminds us of our high
privilege:

"Thus everywhere we find our suffering
God,
And where He trod
May set our steps: the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high,
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon
light
In open fight."

Sometimes we are called to deliberately
choose the hard and lonely road. I am
at present reading with deep interest the
life of Hudson Taylor, the great mission-
ary to China. From childhood the de-
sire to carry the news of God's love to
the Chinese had been pressing on his
soul. But at the threshold of manhood
he was called to a momentous choice.
The woman he loved did her best to
shake his determination and drown the
call which sounded so clear. "Must you
go to China?" she questioned, evidently
thinking that it would be much pleas-
anter to serve the Lord at home.

God intended woman to be a help and
an inspiration to man, but how often
women have acted like Eve, and have
tempted the men they loved to choose an
easy path, though they knew God was
calling them to a hard and great duty.
If Hudson Taylor had yielded to the
temptation, the apparently easy path
would have been far from peaceful, for
his own heart would have given him lit-
tle rest. It is a daring thing to tempt
a man in one direction when God is
calling him elsewhere. It is so natural
to feel—on the surface of one's nature—
that this life's business is to have a
good time. But the pursuit of selfish
gratification can never really satisfy a
soul. We all want to make our lives
worth while.

Hudson Taylor knew that he would not
be really happy if he yielded to the in-
sidious temptation and shut his ears to
the call of God. Nothing—not even a
pure earthly love—could be allowed to
stand between him and his Leader. The
fight was hard, but when he at last suc-
ceeded in accepting the Divine call in his
heart, sacrificing even the love which had
become part of his life, the light re-
turned in wonderful glory. He wrote
soon after:

"Unspeaking joy, all day long and
every day, was my happy experience.
God, even my God, was a living, bright

Reality, and all I had to do was joyful
service."

He gave up the idea of marriage, for
Christ's sake, and God gave back the
gift of human love—a love that was
really in harmony with his own. A few
years later he married a woman who
had already worked for five years in
China. Six weeks later he wrote from
Ning-po:

"Oh, to be married to the one you DO
love, and love most tenderly . . . that
is bliss beyond the power of words to
express, or imagination conceive!"

Those who choose duty, resolutely fol-
lowing their Master, find that He presses
joy also into their hand. A cross—car-
ried after Christ—is like the tree which
made the bitter waters in the wilderness
sweet and wholesome.

The happiest people are not those whose
lives are most easy—look around you and
see—but they are those who take daily
work, pain and pleasure, as gifts from
the hand of their Master.

"Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my
day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, Thy seam-
less dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and
bless."

DORA FARNCOMB.

"Lonesome's" letter, with its enclosure
of \$3.00 for my "Charitable Work,"
reached me yesterday. Part of it has
already been given to another lonely per-
son—a sick woman who is alone all day—
who asked me to thank the giver. The
balance will soon find a chink to stop
up. I thank all the readers who have
sent me good wishes for Christmas and
the New Year. It is an ever-fresh joy
to find myself in touch with so many
people.

HOPE.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other De-
partments: (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 en-
closing 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.]

Helen Keller.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—To me, for
a long, long time, there have been just
three absolutely wonderful women in the
world, Helen Keller, Mrs. Sullivan Macy
(Helen Keller's teacher), and Madame
Curie, of Paris; and a few nights ago I
had the very great privilege of seeing
two of these women, and hearing them
speak,—Helen Keller, and her scarcely
less wonderful teacher.

You know about Helen Keller, do you
not?—that wonderful girl who has tri-
umphed over blindness and deafness, and
put to shame a world of people equipped
with all that is necessary to progress in
life? At nineteen months of age she
was left, through a serious illness, abso-
lutely blind, and absolutely deaf. Not
a soul was near who knew how to teach
the afflicted child. Her only avenue of
learning was by touching, feeling, hand-
ling everything within reach, hence, as
a consequence, until nearly seven years
of age, she was like a little blind ani-
mal, perfectly healthy, yet knowing noth-
ing except what came to her by intui-
tion and through her wonderfully sensi-
tive fingers, not even the names of
things. Her world was a world of
things without names. She had signs
by which she made known her wants, and
she was accustomed to fly into fits of
uncontrollable rage when she could not
make herself understood. Then came
Mrs. Macy, or as she then was, Miss
Sullivan, and before six months had
passed the little baffled animal had be-
come an alert, enquiring child. At the
lectures of which I have spoken, we were
told how the miracle was accomplished.

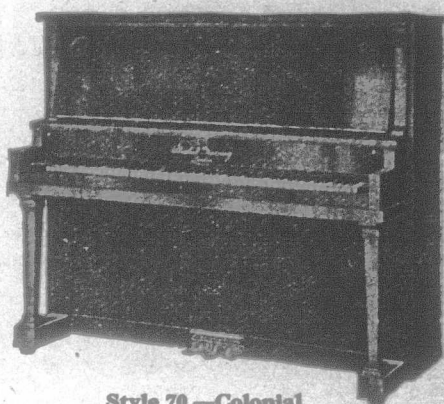
Mrs. Macy spoke first, a woman of
charming personality and a fine elo-
quence. She herself, almost blind until
eighteen years of age, when an operation
gave her relief, had been at the Boston
Institute for the Blind, and had some
intercourse with Laura Bridgman, born

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