

They came to end the blight
Of a vast ungodly might;
And by their gallant coming overcame."

John Oxenham wrote those lines before the victory was won. He saw the victory coming, and knew that the sacrifice was not made in vain.

I have been reading "The Glory of the Trenches" and "Out to Win," by Lieut. Coningsby Dawson; and I want to pass on to you some of his inspiring thoughts. He describes how men who are not eager for a post of danger seek service well behind the lines. Little by little they press nearer to the front. "Why? Because danger doesn't appeal; it allures. It holds a challenge. It stings one's pride. . . . The safe job is the only job for which there's no competition in fighting units. You have to persuade men to be grooms, or cooks, or batmen. If you're seeking volunteers for a chance at annihilation, you have to cast lots to avoid the offence of rejecting."

It was not because our heroes liked the horrors and hardships of life at the front. It was a call of a great need that drew them away from peace and comfort. Their courage rose with danger and they ran towards the danger, instead of away from it, to save their people from the awful plague.

Dawson describes how some society girls from New York hurried across the sea to do their bit. For three months they lived in comfort in Paris and were consequently disgusted. They wanted to get into the danger-line and endure real hardships. They gloomily objected to having an easy time. At last they found themselves in a doomed city, where they had to care for women and children and the wounded, getting the helpless out of danger and remaining themselves where they were likely to be bombed. Then they cheered up and were really happy. The call of danger had drawn them across the Atlantic, and they were eager to stand between the dead and the living and do something to stay the plague.

When I was in Boston in 1918 I found the spirit of eager sacrifice everywhere. Women took the greatest pleasure in using "substitutes," in order to save wheat and other things for the soldiers. If they couldn't stand in the post of danger, at least they could do something to strengthen the hands of the men who were facing the horrors of war.

This is often called a "luxury-loving age;" and, now that the war is over, women seem to be willing to forget the hunger on the other side of the world in their desire to wear expensive clothing and revel in selfish pleasure. But the war has shown us that the spirit of selfless sacrifice may be hidden under an outer covering of selfishness. When the great call came the outer crust was thrown off and the hidden heroism leaped into sight. We are sure to make mistakes if we attempt the task—the task which is not our duty—of judging our fellows.

Dawson says that the British treat war as a "sport," the French consider it "martyrdom," and the Americans look on it as "a job;" but each nation faced undauntedly. Instead of running away from danger they hurried forward to meet it. "France became consciously and tragically heroic when war commenced. England became unwontedly cheerful because life was moving on grander levels. In America there was no outward change. The old habit of feverish industry still persisted, but was intensified and applied in unselfish directions."

But what of the New Year—the first great Peace Year after war has done its worst? Have we learned the lesson that life is not given to be spent in selfishness, but can be beautiful and glorious only if it is poured out unstintingly for others? Is it necessary for the scourge of war to be applied in order to make men grandly heroic, cheerily fearless and quietly resolved to "carry on" to the end?

Our greatest gain comes not from what we get but from what we give. Our soldiers faced death unshrinkingly, and we are facing death, too—though we may not be called to pass through it this year, or next. When our Master takes account of His servants, and asks what we have gained from the great opportunity of life in this world, what account can we make? If we can only show Him what money or admiration we have obtained, He will care nothing for that. If we tell Him we have had a

comfortable and pleasant journey from birth to death, He will not be satisfied. Have we lived bravely, accepting hardships as cheerfully as the "Tommies", and determined to "do our bit" in the post where the Commander-in-chief has placed us? If not, then we have lost our opportunity.



Mrs. E. C. Drury, Wife of the Premier of Ontario.

(From her latest photograph).

Life is always a great adventure. We go out, like soldiers, not knowing where our Captain may lead us. Each day and hour we receive our orders from Him. The monotony of daily routine is intended to prepare us for the moment when we may be called "over the top." We can't afford to despise or neglect the drill, which at times seems rather wearisome. Life, like the Great War, is not a battle, but a campaign. It is not necessarily waste of time to stick fast in one place for months or years. It probably took more courage to endure the deadly

monotony of trench life than to make a swift dash into danger. If you intend to make this great opportunity of life worth while, you have your chance now. Don't miss it. We are all invited to walk in the steps of the King of Kings, who worked faithfully for many years in a village workshop—and then went out fearlessly to stand in the post of danger, and give His life for the world's salvation. He was our Leader when working in Nazareth as truly as when dying on the Cross.

"What little spot is lighter,
Or better any way,
Because we live, all light to give,
Within our little day?"

DORA FARNCOMB.

Christmas Gifts for the Needy.

As usual (during this season) Christmas gifts for the sick and needy have been pouring in. One young girl of fifteen sent \$15—which she earned by her hard work. Two readers (A. D. W. and "Discharged Soldier") sent \$10 each. Two readers (Mrs. E. B. and "A friend," Oxford Co.) sent \$5 each. Three readers (C. McD., "Doris," and R. M. H.) sent \$2 each. T. L. M. asked me to give her donation of \$6 to six little sisters. (I gave it to their mother and it was most thankfully accepted.) Mrs. J. J. H. and "Crescent" each sent \$3. Besides this large amount of money I received 8 boxes of "good things to eat" from the M. L. S. C., Thornbury—"for poor families"—and many packages of papers also arrived. It is a good thing my own Christmas gifts are ready for posting, or I should be swamped by your great flood of kindness.

Three gifts of two dollars each arrived this week—from a Quebec reader, J. M. H. from Mrs. J. M.; and from "one who cares." I was quite overwhelmed when I opened a letter from two sisters, E. and E. W., for the letter contained fifty dollars for the needy.

I am honestly trying to justify your confidence in my judgment, but sometimes

the responsibility of acting as your steward makes me turn coward. It is easy to "pass on" your money, but it is not easy to spend it wisely. However, I will try to do so—God being my Helper.

During 1919 I received 125 gifts of money from readers of the "Quiet Hour," amounting to \$449.75—nearly a hundred dollars more than in 1918. Out of the "Quiet Hour Purse" have gone 234 separate gifts to the sick and needy; and the purse is far from empty to-day, thanks to the generous people who filled it up for the New Year. Some needy families have been helped again and again, and many messages of thanks have been sent to the kind readers of "The Farmer's Advocate"—messages which I can't possibly deliver in detail. The first \$2, sent years ago by "a country woman," has multiplied in marvelous fashion. What can I do but thank God and thank you, as we step across the threshold of the New Year?

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave, Toronto.

Current Events

Parliament is to meet in Ottawa on Feb. 26th.

Hon. W. L. M. King began a tour of Canada on Jan. 6 at Newmarket, when he spoke before the Liberal electors of North York, for which he has accepted the nomination.

The Board of Commerce, Ottawa, has ruled that sugar, in Canada, will not be higher than 16 cents a pound retail for a period of 3 months.

John B. McArthur, inventor and maker of the "McArthur plough," well known in the 'seventies and 'eighties, died at Paisley, Ont., in his 88th year.

Representatives of organized labor have asked the Dominion Government for legislation enacting the 8-hour day.

A resolution was passed at the Urban School Trustees' Association of Ottawa asking the Department of Education to abolish the Entrance examination in the cities of Ontario.

Nova Scotia school inspectors are pressing for better salaries for teachers.

The Associated School Boards of Montreal have started a movement to have a grant of at least \$1,000,000 given to the elementary schools of Quebec Province.

The quarantine against people from Ontario entering Montreal without vaccination certificates has been extended to the whole Province of Quebec.

Mr. J. J. Morrison, Secretary of the U. F. O., who has just returned from the Dominion Council of Agriculture at Winnipeg, says a Dominion-wide Farmer Party "has got to come."

The most important and interesting collection (a loan) of paintings ever exhibited in Toronto, are now to be seen at the Art Museum. Among them are works by Rembrandt, Reynolds, Raeburn, Hals, Corot, Anton Mauve, L'Hermite, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Constable. The great modern painter, Sir William Orpen, is represented by a portrait of the late Prof. Jas. Loudon of Toronto University. Canada is represented by works of Horatio Walker, Homer Watson, Fowler, Wyly Grier, Archibald Browne, G. A. Reid, Florence Carlyle and many others.

Failing to obtain relief from the high cost of living by any other means, the American Federation of Labor has decided upon an experiment in co-operative buying, production and distribution. An All-American Farmer-Labor Co-operative Commission has been found to work out the details of the scheme.

According to a resolution adopted by Indian Moslems who gathered at Delhi recently in the All-India Khalifat Conference, British goods will be boycotted if the peace settlement with Turkey is not satisfactory to Mussulmans.

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Photo by Boyd.

A Disaster.