

HOPE'S QUIET HOUR

"GOD MAKES OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR"

"We make our friends; we make our enemies, but God makes our next-door neighbor. Hence he comes to us clad in all the careless terrors of nature; he is strange as the stars, as reckless and indifferent as the rain. He is Man, the most terrible of the beasts. That is why the old religions and the old scriptural language showed so sharp a wisdom when they spoke, not of one's duty towards humanity, but one's duty towards one's neighbor. The duty towards humanity may often take the form of some choice which is personal or even pleasurable. That duty may be a hobby; it may even be a dissipation. We may work in the East End because we are peculiarly fitted to work in the East End, or because we think we are. . . . But we have to love our neighbor because he is THERE—a much more alarming reason for a much more serious operation. He is the sample of humanity which is actually given us."—G. K. Chesterton.

Love is not our one great business in life, but Love, as St. John quietly states, is life: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"—and all men are our brethren—"He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." If the Apostle's strong statement be true when he says: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen"—if it be true, I say, then it is surely just as true that anyone is deceiving himself when he thinks he is living in love and yet is at enmity or want of charity with his next-door neighbor.

And who are these next-door neighbors of ours? Surely the nearest of them are the members of our own family. You, who read this, may be living on a lonely prairie. The nearest neighbor may be forty miles away, and you may be very delighted to meet him in kindly fashion when you get a chance.

But wait and think a moment. Did not God give you neighbors long before you went into the wide world and found others for yourself? Did you choose whether you should be born in Africa or Canada? Did you pick out the kind of parents and brothers and sisters that seemed likely to be congenial to your particular disposition?

One reason why the fashionable game of "Bridge" is far more prosaic than the old-fashioned "Whist," is because the players—or at least one of them—can "make the trump" instead of being flung in, like a child into the water, and forced to do the best with things as they are. Life would be far less romantic, far less interesting, if we could choose our relations. A life of adventure is a life where the unexpected is constantly happening. If you "plan an adventure," it ceases to be an adventure. If you plan the rescue of a child from drowning, and throw the child into deep water so that you may be able to carry out your plan and jump in to save it, other people may fancy that you have had an adventure, but you know better. Probably when the moment arrives for you to risk your life, and appear heroic, you will turn coward—because, in such a case, you would not really be a hero, but only trying to look like one.

In the same way, if you plan out the living of a grand career of philanthropy, if you desire to do something that seems really very important, and are so busy looking over the fence that the people near you are overlooked, then it is very evident that you care more about the appearance of greatness than about greatness itself. It was a wonderful help to the world when the greatest man it has ever seen was willing

to spend most of His earthly life in a little country village. It helps us all to remember that He lived gloriously, when toiling in the shop or helping His mother in the home.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Nor hurl the cynic's ban,
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

St. Paul gives very plain and matter-of-fact advice when he says, "Be ye kind." Only three syllables, and yet what a paradise this would be if everybody carried out that advice everywhere! We may be very kind to strangers, but what about our God-given next-door neighbor? What about the parents, brothers and sis-

which will awaken and stir us up to sweeter and more helpful living for others." How sadly true her words are, when she says that instead of helping those near us who are "burdened with care,

Wrestling hard with the problems of life;
We censure and blame, or pass silently on,
And by silence add pain to the strife."

We want a great opportunity of proving our mettle, and here it is. "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city,"—Prov. xviii., 19—and it is a grander task still to live with him in true brotherly fashion. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head. . . . as the dew of Hermon. . . . for there the LORD commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."—Ps. cxxxiii.

All men are our brothers—especially those who have been joined with us by God Himself in the sacred bonds of family life. Does He consider it a trifling offence for brothers to sever that sacred bond and live in

really be friendly to everybody—yes, even towards our relations and neighbors—to disagreeable as well as agreeable people. Anyone can "get on" with the amiable man or woman—we should attempt more splendid tasks than that. We surely have no business to stand aloof from anyone, thinking "I am holier than thou, and don't care to have any dealings with such an objectionable person." That was the tone of the "Elder Brother" in the parable, and I feel sure we cannot hurt our dear Lord more than by such an attitude. The persons we despise are very dear to Him. Their battles against sin and struggles after holiness are matters of intensest interest in His eyes. If we love Him, we must try to look at them from His point of view.

"We starve each other for love's caress,
We take but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live."

DORA FARNCOMB.

"The Vision of His Face," by Dora Farncomb, postpaid \$1.00—224 pages; cloth. The William Weld Co., London, Canada.

BOYS WANTED

Two million boys wanted for the drink business! One family out of every five must contribute a boy to supply this demand. If any family fails to meet the demand, some other family must send two boys. Which of your boys will you voluntarily give to answer the saloon-keepers' advertisement?

"Wanted, some bright boys full of cheer,
To stand at my counter as drinkers of beer,
To fill up the ranks without further delay
Of the army of drunkards passing away,
A hundred thousand a year will just supply
The loss to our trade from the drunkards who die.
Send those who can toil or have wealth to bestow,
For profits are small on old drinkers you know;
Let them come from the shop, the school or the home;
We'll welcome them all, whoever may come.
Let mothers surrender their sons to our cause,
And fathers keep voting for good license laws;
For if you will vote to keep running the mill,
You must furnish the grist, or the wheels will stand still."

The drink seller has the legal right to your boy. You voted to grant him the privilege of keeping a saloon, and he has paid the money you demanded of him for the license. Then why are you unwilling your boy should help to sustain the business you have sanctioned by granting the license?

If you do not want your boy to answer the saloon-keeper's call, why should you by your vote compel other families to give theirs?

The liquor men are not making their call simply in poetry. They have been laid plans for securing somebody's boy to take the place of one of their old customers.—Character Builder.

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Old-fashioned. Gingerbread.—Mix together a scant teaspoonful of brown sugar, a scant teacupful of New Orleans molasses, and half a cupful of butter beaten to a cream. Set on side of range, to get slightly warm, and then add one tablespoonful ground ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Beat with an egg beater until it is light brown in color. Now stir in a cupful of sour milk, three cupfuls of well-sifted flour, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of baking soda first dissolved in a little hot water. Beat all together again, and bake in shallow baking pan.



ON SHADOW RIVER.

ters God has picked out for us to live splendidly with? He is watching to see whether we are "big" enough to get on well with them, to appreciate their fine qualities and improve by contact with them. He is watching to see whether we take advantage of the daily opportunities of "doing little kindnesses, which most have left undone or despise." We must be very "small" indeed if we exaggerate little failings in our relations and neighbors, if we are rude in speech and inconsiderate in behavior.

Have you and I never stooped to needlessly unkind criticism of the people placed nearest to us by God's own wise appointment? Oh, let us repent of such a base and mean breaking of the glorious Law of Love, and fight against it as we would fight a loathsome cancer that was slowly poisoning the fair, beautiful body God gave us to dwell in, festering and corroding with its insidious decay.

Mrs. Hayward sent me the verses given below, asking me to give the poem a title. She says she wants to "send to the many readers of 'The Farmer's Advocate' a thought

strife or friction? We come before our King with gifts, hoping that He may accept them graciously, and what does He say? "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—S. Matt. v., 23-24.

It is a hard thing to win "a brother offended"; not so much—in most cases—because the brother (or neighbor) wants to continue the quarrel, but because neither party is willing and eager to "forgive and be friends"; but neither is big enough to look honestly for his own share of blame in the matter, and, when he has dragged it before the bar of his own conscience, to say first to God and then to the one he is quarrelling with: "I have done wrong. Will you forgive me and let us start fair again." It takes a big man to do this hard thing—is that any reason for our being too small and petty to own ourselves in the wrong?

But, whatever we say or do, don't let us be affected, nor sham a friendliness which is not genuine. We can