

## The Upward Look

### Strength Given to the Weak

No fact is better proven by history, than that God chooses the weakest of the world to despen and quicken our trust in the All-Powerful, All-Loving Being.

Rack our imagination as we may, can we conceive of any condition more helpless and hopeless than that of an infant of three months, in a tiny ark of bulrushes, rocked on the often turbulent waters of the Nile? And to make that condition still more hopeless he was the son of Hebrew slaves, and his life was commanded to be taken by the cruel Pharaoh. Did that slave mother know or was it a God-given impulse to cover that little basket with a certain preparation which was particularly repugnant to the crocodiles which infested that river?

The only weapon of defence of that mite of humanity was that he was "a goodly child and exceedingly fair to look upon." This appealed to the heart of his Princess rescuer, a childless woman, to such an extent that she decided to adopt him as her son and eventually had him educated in all the wisdom and skill of the Egyptians, which we know from the pyramids and ruins that remain, was very great.

No one now knows the name of

that powerful Princess, but the name of that child will be known and revered while the world stands wherever the Ten Commandments, the underlying principles of wise law-making may go. But even with these commands, with all the explicit warnings, the whole world went for many as it does now, until as that brilliant historian of the times writes: "The enfeebled world was already tottering on its foundations, when Christianity appeared."

Who are the chief agencies in the reception and proclamation of the new "Dispensation of Grace?" Not but a simple, modest, Jewish maiden and a small band of fishermen! Little wonder that the chief rulers in all the pomp of Roman pride and paganism looked with scornful derision upon the humble band who were entrusted with the new message. The power of Rome is broken forever, but the names and deeds of these fishermen are known and honored wherever the Gospel of Peace goes in its all-conquering power around the Globe.—I. H. N.

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Small holes in black or white kid gloves can easily be mended with court-plaster. Cut the plaster a little larger than the hole (itself, and stick it to the under part of the glove directly over the hole, pressing the kid down smooth on the sticky surface of the plaster. This will last as long as the gloves themselves do.

## OUR HOME CLUB

### The Rural Poor

"There is distress and destitution of the worst possible kind in isolated rural districts, and no social machinery to carry friendly help and encouragement to the unfortunate people," writes Mr. J. J. Kelso, of Toronto. "Wealth gravitates to and accumulates in cities and money for the relief of distress and social uplift is spent there also. The consequence is that there is suffering and misery in the rural districts that is not attended to, and conditions that are manifestly wrong drift on for years, until children grow up to be a lifelong burden on the community, and to perpetuate in their offspring the only life they have known. There is need for organized social work in rural districts and a judicious expenditure of funds. How can this be brought about? is the problem."

My first impulse on reading the above paragraph in a Toronto paper was to say that Mr. Kelso did not know what he was talking about. On more mature reflection, however, I decided that perhaps he have conditions of our attention sufficiently. I have often wondered how city people could live so comfortably with such poverty-stricken at hand. On thinking over Mr. Kelso's accusation I can better understand the position of the city person,

for we do have slums in the country. Right in my own county there are families of working people who have the hardest possible time to get along. The children are poorly clothed, poorly fed, and go practically uneducated. The fathers are the men who do our work for us when day labor is required. True, too large a portion of their earnings oft-times go in drink, but this doesn't minimize our duty to the women and children. Here is work for country philanthropists, and, above all, for the country church.—Cousin Frank.

### "The Valley of the Moon"

We who live amid the green fields and breathe the pure air of the country do not half appreciate our blessings. Two weeks ago I thought that I appreciated the country as well as any one possibly could. To-day I of a country life from the very enthusiasm. The reason for my new enthusiasm is that during the past two weeks I have been reading Jack London's new novel, "The Valley of the Moon." I would like to tell Home Club members something of this book that has inspired me with so much enthusiasm. I know that it would do every country person good to read it.

Billy Roberts, the hero of the story, is a young prize fighter. The most admirable character, however, is Saxon, a beautiful young girl, with whom Billy promptly falls in love. An unusual feature of this story is that their "Valley of the moon," and settle (Concluded on page 26)



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