

And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet,
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.
At peace with all the world, dear Lord,
and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake,
All's well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break."

My friend says she feels as if everybody ought to have a copy. She always repeats the words the last thing before going to bed at night. Why shouldn't we join her in this practice, and so have a large circle meet in family prayer before the Throne of God?

Some, who could easily say the last two lines for themselves, yet may be unable to repeat them trustfully for a soldier in the trenches. Yet even there the Good Shepherd prepares a table for them in the presence of their enemies. Many chaplains have spoken of the wonderful peace and joy the men have found when they have obeyed our Lord's command and have eaten of His bread and drunk of His cup, with the enemy pressing them close.

The soldiers at the front!—how constantly our prayers go up for them. Many of them pray too, and can say, as the darkness falls:

"All's well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break."

One of our readers has written to tell me that a dear brother of hers was killed at Vimy Ridge, and she says: "His second last letter to me told of his chum's passing around 'Hope's Quiet Hour' and how he enjoyed it. One of the boy's mothers had sent it." The writer of this letter—"a farmer's wife"—also sent a dollar for the needy. This, together with another dollar from Jno. J. F., of Guelph, went out at once to a young widow. Her husband was killed in an accident about two weeks ago and she has four little children to support. She is in no fit condition to go out and work, at present, and the money was very gratefully received.

In the rush of everyday life we are only too apt to allow the remembrance of God to be crowded out. Everybody is eager to do his bit, but if there is any truth at all in the Bible we can help the Empire more by prayer than even by working with our hands. The street-

car moves easily and swiftly when the "live" wire brings power to it from the dynamo. God wants us all to be like live wires, carrying His power to do His work in the world.

Some may be so capable and energetic that they feel no need of God. They think He is only a Refuge for weaklings, but they feel quite able to stand alone. It is said that before Napoleon started on his disastrous expedition to Russia some one remarked: "Man proposes, but God disposes." With proud arrogance Napoleon answered: "I both propose and dispose." But how powerless he found himself against God's servants, the cold and snow.

When Nebuchadnezzar boasted about the great city of Babylon which he had built, that same hour the kingdom was taken from him. After a period of humiliation his understanding returned, and he owned that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

Even the arrogant soldier, who said boastfully "We don't need God we have guns!" will find out some day how greatly we need Divine help.

But our danger is not so much that we deny our need of God—in words—but that we are very apt to be so busy that His presence in our midst is practically ignored. A week ago I heard a clergyman say that his best help in preaching came to him from a man who was a splendid listener. "That man was so eager for a message," said the clergyman, "that I couldn't bear to disappoint him." Then he went on to say that God is listening like that. His ears are very attentive to our prayers. He is listening—but how often we disappoint Him. If our prayers are only lip-service, we shall go away from His Throne without the help we might have had. We are not helpless sheep, but human spirits. The anointing is not a mechanical thing. We must co-operate with God's Holy Spirit. He will not treat us like machines, and pour oil into us. We are more like growing plants, which reach out for water and sunshine, and build them into their own natures.

Christ is even now beside you. He is beside me too, as I sit on an upturned tub in the cellar, trying to pass on some message to you. It was so hot upstairs that I was afraid I should have apoplexy before my message was written, but down here in the cellar I found coolness and quiet. If I were not sure that He is beside me I could not look without fear at

the storm-tossed world. If I did not feel that He had given me the happy duty of writing to His friends every week, should I dare to write at all?

"I lean upon no broken reed,
Nor trust an untried guide.
I know Him, and He knoweth me,
He walketh by my side.
I hold His hand as on we walk,
And He still holdeth mine;
It is a human hand I hold,
It is a hand divine."

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The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (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 enclosing 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.]

Keeping "Physically Fit."

THE heavy harvest work is upon us, and I wonder if, in every home in Canada where cooking has to be done for harvesters, there is a full realization of the necessity for good feeding. I use that word "good" because there seems to be no other which to the general mind so well expresses the idea. By it I mean properly cooked, palatable, and, above all things, well-balanced meals. By "well-balanced" meals one understands those that contain enough protein (meats, etc.) enough carbohydrates (the starchy foods—potatoes, rice etc.) and enough fats and minerals (in fruits and green vegetables) to provide the body with its working needs. If enough of all these things is not provided, the body wears down, excessive weariness is the result, and there is much more liability to disease.

Yesterday afternoon I spent with a young woman who is a musician—a frail girl who seems always to be living on her energy.

After coming in from a short walk, she threw herself down on her bed and confessed to feeling, nearly always, utterly fagged. And then she made another confession. While carrying on her musical studies in various cities, she had been, she said, altogether too careless about her meals. Usually she was too much in-

terested in her work to care much about eating, and not having naturally a good appetite, often "just took a bite of something in her room."

At the time that seemed very satisfactory—it economized both time and money—but now she attributes her present lack of strength and difficulty of building-up to those years of carelessness.

"No one ever told me," she said, "that food mattered much. Now I am suffering for it."

"Yes," I said, "after all we have to admit that we are only animals in many respects."

"I know now," she responded, "that we have to feed the animal part well or the non-animal part can't work right."

So she has learned her lesson, and now she is trying to make up for the deficiencies of past years. But it is a difficult matter, requiring endless care,—for many things go wrong with the body when it is improperly fed, and these all have to be got rid of somehow.

TO feed the workers well in harvest-time is not, of course, sufficient, if carelessness be allowed to creep in all the rest of the year.—Persistent good feeding is necessary,—every day of the year.—But, of course, the heavier the work (physical) the more need there is for the protein foods—meat, eggs, milk, cheese and ripe beans. The protein foods build up worn-away muscle and tissue. In harvest time, or when doing any vigorous work, the laborer requires more of these foods than when comparatively idle—discretion being observed, of course, to keep the balance even then, and not eat too much of these things, as that might bring about a clogging of the system.

So the way to health and good work must be secured by serving also a due proportion of carbohydrates, or starch foods, to supply energy, and vegetables and fruits to supply the salts, acids and minerals that keep the body in good health.

Bread and porridge, of course, contain something of both proteids and carbohydrates, and so really form a "staff of life." Cornmeal porridge and rich milk is a very excellent food. So, also, is oatmeal, but it must be very thoroughly cooked to be digestible, five hours boiling being not too long. For this reason it is better to use oatmeal porridge in winter when fires are on continuously, unless, indeed one has a fireless cooker, which helps out wonderfully in making porridge of any kind.

Roughly the following are very good menus for harvest days:

Breakfast.—A little raw fruit to begin with, followed by porridge and rich milk, toast and jam or marmalade. For variety eggs or bacon may take the place of the porridge, and, if toast is not sufficient to suit the taste, muffins may always be added.

Dinner.—A little soup (meat broth) to set the gastric juices flowing, followed by meat or fish with potatoes and one cooked vegetable; then, for the last course, pudding or deep pie, bread and butter and tea. Raw or cooked fruit with cream may take the place of the pudding.

Supper.—This meal affords great choice. The first course may be cold meat with a green salad; a substantial salad without any meat; eggs cooked in any attractive way; a rich milk soup with biscuits; Boston baked beans; macaroni with cheese; or even bacon, pancakes with syrup, or cornmeal porridge with cream, if these are liked at the evening meal. Bread and butter, of course, must be on the table from the beginning of the meal, and one kind of cake, fruit and tea will finish it.

If something must be eaten before going to bed nothing can be better than a cup of cocoa—made with milk—and a slice or two of bread and butter.

The above suggests a daily rationing that will supply every need of the body with the least possible "fuss." You will note that no place at all is given for extras such as cookies, doughnuts, etc.

The "cake" may be Johnny cake served with syrup or jam, muffins with butter and fruit. The "substantial salad" may be made of anything that contains sufficient nutriment, e. g., chopped meat or chicken mixed with chopped celery; boiled or baked beans; flaked fish and potatoes; hard-boiled eggs chopped roughly; or bananas with chopped peanuts. In each case a salad dressing must



An American Soldier Working on the Light Railroad Offers Tobacco to Some Canadian Pioneers Who are Just Returning from the Trenches.

Americans are driving the tractor. Canadian War Records.