

by the Reeve, Mr. A. C. Ferguson, Hon. Mr. Lethbridge (who declared the park open), Hon. J. C. Brown, M. P. P., Mr. J. C. Ellicott, Mr. Thos. Clark (Warden of the County), and others. Also an original poem was read by Mr. Davis, one of the pioneers.

As the day had been planned partly in honor of the pioneers who made Lobo Township, the speeches were replete with tributes to them as well as to the boys whose graves are far overseas among the poppies of Western Europe, and honor was paid to the surviving pioneers by having a picture taken of them. Mr. John Campbell 87 years of age, the oldest man in the Township, is the fourth from the end, at the right. The next oldest, Mr. Boston, 85 years of age stands next to him, the fifth from the end. Some of these older men still talk of the time when the Lobo pioneers walked to Westminster and carried home a bag of flour on their shoulders, or drove to Dundas with an ox-wagon for a barrel of salt. In some of the speeches, also, something of the history of the township was recorded, and not the least unique feature was the reading, by Reeve Ferguson, of the Collector's Roll of Lobo for 1825, at which time the total amount of taxes for the township was £13 19s. 9d., about \$65, which would hardly cover the taxes on 100 acres to-day. Many names still familiar in Lobo were on that old roll.

To give diversity to the programme Highland dances and music were given by "kilties" from London, an appropriate entertainment for a locality still brimming with the Scottish names—the McArthurs, the McIntyres, the Caverhills, the Colvins and many more.

In the evening after a good supper such as farm folk well know how to provide, the celebration continued.

Commemoration Ode.

BY EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

The following poem was written for the dedication of the memorial arch erected to the memory of our fallen heroes, the opening of the public park, and the centennial celebration of Lobo Township, Middlesex Co., Ont., June 2nd, 1920.

Brave hearts that toiled a century past,
And felled the forest trees,
We keep for you this rare June day—
Our council so decrees.

We mention, with your noble deeds,
And all that you begun,
Those brave young lads who died in
France
Defending what you won.

We've reared these pillars strong and firm,
To hold their deeds in trust;
Yet know their lives will live in lives
When these are turned to dust.

More lasting than the granite rock,
Enduring more than brass,
Heroic souls triumphantly
From tortured bodies pass.

You made a name for Canada;
The records all attest
Our soldier boys were found among
The bravest and the best.

A brave deed never dims or dies,
Or done in war or peace
And so we pray, that from this day,
All wars and hates may cease.

It is for this our brave boys died,
Or else they died in vain,
No honest soul would wish to see
Such holocaust again.

Let love grow from the blood-drenched
soil
And spread o'er all the earth,
And let the sweet Christ-Child of Peace
In every heart have birth.

The great good God Who owns the earth
Has waited, waited long,
To hear all nations sing as one
Love's holy, holy song.

Take up the heavenly strains once more,
So sweet where Jesus trod,
"Of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,
And Glory unto God."

Much apprehension is said to exist in Germany because of the defeat of the Poles, at Kiev, by the Bolsheviks, whose operations are now directed by none other than Brusiloff. It is believed that if they succeed in capturing Warsaw, Germany will be in danger.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

He Shall Lead Me.

Cause me to know the way wherein
I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto
Thee.—Ps. 143 : 8.

"So still go onward and, in going, listen,
O Soul, that goest to beatitude."

Those words of the great poet, Dante, are worth considering. We are treading an untried way, and if we take the wrong road the consequences may be very serious. A few minutes ago I received a letter asking for my advice in connection with a personal matter of the greatest importance. I dare not give any advice except the advice to be ready to do what God wills, looking to Him for guidance. In nearly every case where a person is hesitating what step to take, the way would be made clear if the matter were referred absolutely to God. We are apt to send up our prayers like kites, strings tied to them. We are ready to do God's Will, if He can only see the matter as we do. Our prayers are usually an attempt to change the Will of God and make it one with ours. We may say with the lips: "Thy Will, not mine, be done!" but the heart behind the petition still pleads anxiously: "Lord, please do what I want!"

Real surrender of the will is, perhaps, the greatest gift anyone can offer to God. Even Christ Himself had to fight with all the powers of His untainted soul before He was able to say "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

are sure to go astray if we depend on our shortsighted wisdom.

Like Israel in the wilderness we must follow the guiding pillar of God's providence, day after day. Then, when we are called to cross the river of death, we are encouraged by the words of Joshua. He told the people to keep their eyes on the ark of the covenant,—the outward token of God's Presence in their midst,—"for", he said, "ye have not passed this way heretofore."

Christ is the token of God's Presence in our midst. He has gone before—even through death He can guide us safely. If we trust Him we need not fear.

"No matter the hovel I break from,
All outside is lone field, moor, and such
peace—
Flowing in filling up as with a sea
Wherein comes SOME ONE, walks fast
on the white,
Jesus Christ's Self."

We meet Him every day, but sometimes we do not know Him. It has been said: "Our occupation is that which we select, our interruption is that which is sent us." We wake up in the morning, perhaps, with a settled plan for the day. But many interruptions break through our frail fence, and the day slips away before we have found time to carry out half our plans. If the interruptions are God's appointment we have no need to be troubled. We could not do "our" work because He pressed "His" work into our hands.

But what if the work we had planned was very important, while the constant interruptions which irritated us were very trivial? Well, we can't always tell what is important and what is trivial. Once, when our Lord was urgently called

and the discipline of daily duty and daily difficulty.

To-day I asked a lady (who works in the Customs Office) whether she did not find it hard to keep her temper when dealing with stupid and irritating people. She laughed and said: "Oh, I have to keep my temper! I am not allowed to get irritated! People can control their temper if their position in this world demands it, and we can do at least as much to please the Master Who died for us."

St. Paul has told us to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," but too often we are clothed in our own spirit of self-will. Those who see us in our everyday clothes may have difficulty in recognizing any likeness to Him who was glad to wash the feet of His companions, and whose business on earth was to do His Father's Will.

There is a story told of Lord Kitchener, which shows that he—like General Foch—believed in taking his orders from his Commander. A certain chaplain had asked to put some plans for the good of the soldiers before him. A meeting was arranged; and Kitchener asked, as he took his seat, "Well, what's the business?"

The chaplain answered: "It is the King's business, and I think we ought to ask His guidance."

"You mean prayer? Right you are!" was the answer. They all knelt down and the chaplain prayed. Then the plans were carefully studied, and proved in the end to be a success.

Our everyday duty is the King's business. If we are to have a right judgment in all things we must not fail to consult Him.

Will you turn your eyes from this page, now, and lift them to His face. Lay your burden on Him, and then enjoy the rest and peace He wants to give you. We all need stated times of prayer in each day, but we also need to remember our Master's presence from time to time as occasion offers. If we are as determined to touch Him as the sick woman was, we can press through the crowding duties which block our way and touch the hem of His garment. Yes, and we can gain new strength and gladness from the warm pressure of His hand, we can walk safely in the company of the Light of the world.

"Being preplexed, I say,
'Lord, make it right!'
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness is light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much.
My trembling hand may shake,
My skill-less hand may break;
Thine can make no mistake."

DORA FARNCOMB.

For the Sick and Needy.

I acknowledge gratefully the papers sent for the "shut-in;" also two gifts "for the needy" of two dollars each—from "One in Sympathy," Granton, Ont.; and from Mrs. E. S.—an Alberta reader.

DORA FARNCOMB,
6 West Ave., Toronto.

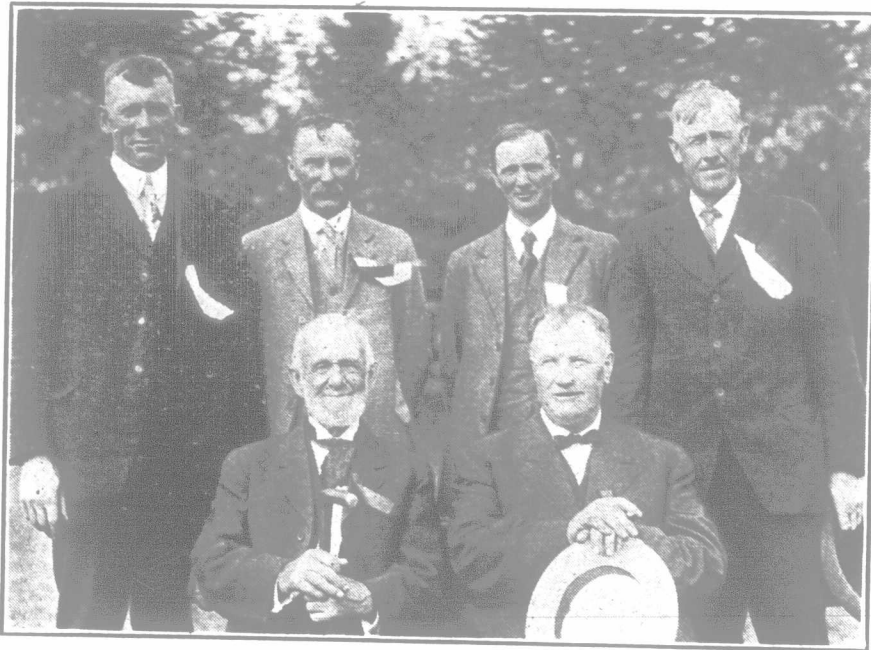
The Ingle Nook

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 a stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.

A New Era for the Country

ISN'T it odd how one thing often leads right on to another without any apparent reason for the connection? Scarcely had I finished writing the screed (published last week) in which I recommended church union and using the left-over church as a school, library, hospital or community building, when a tap came at my door. The visitor was none other than Professor S. B. McCready, of the Social Service Council of Ontario, and almost the first subject he broached was a very interesting department of his work, viz., forming community centres throughout Ontario.

As he talked his face fairly lighted up with enthusiasm, and it occurred to me to marvel at how often an "outsider" is more interested in helping us than we are interested in helping ourselves. Perhaps it is because the outsider, having "knocked



Reeve Ferguson (at front, with hat) and the Council.

But, when we stand at attention, ready to do what our Commander shall direct, we must constantly turn to Him for guidance. If our eyes are uplifted to His face He can guide us with a look, and we shall not need to be driven with bit and bridle, as the Psalmist says.

A few days ago I heard a young man say: "When I meet Christ at His table on Sunday morning I can go away happy, for I have His orders for the week." He looked very happy as he spoke; and yet I am sure he goes to his Master for orders every day, as well as on Sundays.

In an article on "General Foch," in today's paper, the following words are given as a quotation from the victorious general to whom we owe so much. He says: "Without claiming the intervention of a miracle, I say that when at a moment in history a clear view is given to a man and he finds later that that clear view has determined movements of enormous consequences in the conduct of a formidable war—then I hold that that clear view, which I think I had at the Marne, on the Yser and on the 26th of March, 1918, comes from a providential force in the hands of which one is an instrument, and that the victorious decision descends from on high, from a Will that is superior and divine."

We are not all called to positions of such tremendous responsibility, and yet we must each one give account for his opportunities. Our own judgment is easily swayed by our desires, and we

to the bedside of a dying girl, he was interrupted by a sick woman who timidly pressed through the crowd to touch the hem of His garment. She had been sick for twelve years. She could have waited an hour longer—so some people might have thought. But Christ does not keep a trusting soul waiting. He welcomed the interruption with ready kindness, and the world had been richer ever since, as a result.

When our Lord "went up into a mountain and sat down there (perhaps in order to get a little rest and quiet) the people hurried after Him with their sick friends. He willingly healed them, and then—noticing that they had nothing to eat—He provided food for them.—S. Matt. 15 : 29-38. He welcomed interruptions.

He has not changed. If we need wisdom and guidance—and we all do—He is able and willing to supply all our need. The trouble is that we seek help from people who are liable to make mistakes, and do not make God our advisory Friend. Perhaps we are afraid He may tell us to do something we think is unpleasant.

Well, if He does, it is because that is the happiest and best for us. We are apt to think ourselves indispensable, sometimes. Yet God could easily do the work He has placed in our hands. It is not that we are indispensable for the work, but rather that the work is necessary for us. We need the training

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Well, I suppos suggestions for a going to do that ask you, if you regard to what a be made to do fo yourself, to Prof to send you the for Communi Centres." (E federation Build pamphlet very c you far more th you here.