

lars, in fear of detection, than that the gilded saloon should be allowed to flaunt its temptation before every young man who may pass.

"Nemo" insinuates that more liquor is drunk under local option than under license; that brewers and distillers are doing a more flourishing business than ever. Without burdening your space with facts and figures to disprove that oft-exploded contention, I will content myself by pointing to the mortal dread with which the liquor party regard any form of prohibition; and, while sneeringly contending that prohibition does not prohibit, that more liquor will be drunk under local option than under license, they proceed to subscribe a good fat campaign fund to fight local option, to reduce the amount of liquor drunk, presumably. Wonderful temperance reformers!

"Nemo" objects to "G. H. L." accusing him of being a drunkard. I wouldn't have thought of accusing him of being a drunkard. In all probability, if himself or family had been stung by the traffic, he would be only too glad to welcome any help to overcome the depraved appetite of himself or friends. The drunkard is not the most formidable opposition that temperance reformers have to contend with. It is rather the arm-chair moralist, like "Nemo," who has never been affected in person by the traffic, who sneers and scoffs at the heroic efforts of temperance "fanatics," but who will not lift a finger to lessen the blight of strong drink.

I wonder if it ever occurred to "Nemo" to think of the advancement and progress of human history that is due directly to the enthusiasm of "fanatics." Practically every pioneer who has blazed the trail in religion, science, art or commerce for others to follow in, has been dubbed a "fanatic," and has had to contend with all sorts of sneering opposition from arm-chair moralists like "Nemo," who were only too ready to reap the benefits of their self-sacrificing toils when their "fanaticism" had finally been crowned with success.

Temperance reformers may rest assured they are on the right track, when they can invoke the opposition of men like "Nemo." I remain, sir, yours, for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. J. D. TAYLOR.

Pleasure in Labor.

A writer in New York Independent remarks: "If you will examine the better sort of life, you will find that pleasure constitutes the better half of it, including reading, news-gathering, the arts, and now, more and more, direct labor."

It is to the last phrase of this statement that we desire to draw especial attention, viz., that "direct labor" constitutes one of the chief pleasures of life. This is true. There never was a time when direct labor, manual, as well as mental, was so widely recognized as good for both body and soul, as at present.

The time was when a life of do-nothingness—at least, of easy pleasure—was the general idea of a desirable existence. To-day the viewpoint has shifted. At the present time, some of the richest men, men who could afford to do nothing, are among the hardest workers, while even the idly rich feel that they must do something strenuous. They must motor, or take trips to Europe, or go mountain-climbing, or have some especial charity or estate or manufactory in which to be interested, even though hirelings do the work. By and by, they also will learn to find "pleasure" in vigorous labor of hand or brain, and will scorn to spend lives of idleness.

In the past, too, there was a general impression that brain-workers should be brain-workers only, and nothing else. To-day, the tendency of these men themselves is to find relief and change, in some form of manual labor; hence, we find the clergyman or the physician making arts and crafts furniture in his spare

time; the bookkeeper glorifying in his vegetable garden; the retiring merchant looking to a "place" in the suburbs.

How much of this new attitude towards labor is due to the initiative of a few minds, which have churned the matter into the organization of societies, and the introduction of technical-training institutes, it would be impossible to estimate. For several years, Arts and Crafts societies, inspired by the teachings of William Morris and John Ruskin, have been in existence in Europe and the United States. More recently they have penetrated Canada, and though as yet comparatively little heard of, their influence may be detected in the gradual spread of arts-and-crafts houses, hand-made furniture and homespun.

For several years, too, technical institutes have been in existence—the Pratt Institute, of New York, and Armour Institute, of Chicago, are familiar examples—and gradually the idea of technical education has spread, until it has taken form in the introduction of manual training and domestic science into every school of recognized position in the educational world. Closely following has come the movement for school-gardening and the teaching of agricultural principles—a venture which promises to be the most popular of all, because, perhaps, the most pleasant and most interesting.

All this cannot but have a tremendous influence in setting forth the dignity of labor. While, to some degree, an expression of the innate desire of healthy man for useful activity, such movements also lead. Little by little they will demonstrate the "pleasure" of actual work. Then will the line between white hands and work-hardened hands, merely because of that distinction, fade gradually away. The mental worker will be a manual worker, also, and the manual worker will realize that he must be a mental worker as well.

This is the idea which Tolstoi has so long, and with such infinite pleading, advocated. "If the question had been put thus after I had repented," he cries, "What have I, so ruined a man, to do?" the answer would have been easy: First of all, I must try to get my living honestly—that is, learn not to live upon the shoulders of others; and, while learning this, and after I have learned it, to try on every occasion to be of use to men with my hands and with my feet, as well as with my brain and my heart, and with all of me that is wanted by men."

Tolstoi has not been heeded so much, perhaps, in his own day, as he may be, upon some points, at least, in the future.

Current Events.

The New Brunswick Legislature has defeated the bill to extend the franchise to widows and spinsters.

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The Archbishop of Rupert's Land, the Most Rev. Samuel Pritchard Matheson, has been chosen as Primate of all Anglican Canada.

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Ontario now has armorial bearings, approved by Herald's College, and authorized by the King. The design of the Coat of Arms is the well-known shield, with a moose-deer and a red deer as supporters, and a black bear as crest. The motto is: "Ut Incepit Fidelis Sic Permanet"—"As loyal she began, so loyal she remains."

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Abdul Hamid was deposed last week, and his brother, Mehmed Reshad Effendi, who asserts himself to have been ever a "convinced and ardent supporter of the cause of enlightenment, liberty and progress," has been made Sultan of Turkey in his place. Abdul Hamid's life will be spared, but the Young Turks consider him too dangerous to be left

at liberty, and he has been sent to a small country-house in Salonika, where he will be kept practically a prisoner. On April 29th, his second eunuch, Nadir Pasha, a member of his private Cabinet, was hanged, and already the death of 250 fellow-conspirators has been decreed.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Your Father Knoweth.

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.—S. Matt., vi. 8.

"I the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen.
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.

Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!"

Here is part of a letter I received from "An Anxious Mother" a short time ago: "I used to enjoy Christ's Presence every moment in my youthful days, but cares distract and doubt enters, and things do not seem to be what they used to. Heaven used to be to me a place of rest and a real place. Now one says it is a state, another something else. . . . Would you tell me, through 'The Farmer's Advocate,' some time in the future—as it is too much to ask you to write private letters—what you think of Heaven, if we will know each other and remember what relation each one was to us in this life? . . . Would you have a place in your prayers for one who needs the way made plainer and doubts removed; and for wisdom and grace to manage children, to train them in such a way as will make them a blessing in after years. I feel unequal to the task, though I used to enjoy training them. It would be the crowning point to see them grow up pure and good. But oh! if contrary, the remorse, for I would blame myself. . . . they want to play on Sunday after church, or stormy Sundays when we cannot all go to church. Do you think it right to allow children with any toys, or to run down on the ice with their sleighs? . . . Would you sometime write on what you think is the 'unpardonable sin'?"

"Anxious Mother" also asks my opinion of a book she has heard of, and wants to know whether it would be helpful to her children.

I will try to answer these questions to the best of my ability, beginning with the last two. The book may be helpful to some readers, but it seems to me to be extravagant and unnatural, and also I disagree entirely with its presentation of the great gift of Prayer. If prayer were intended by God to be a magical charm—a talisman like the famous lamp of Aladdin—it would be a terribly dangerous gift. We should be like spoiled children if everything we asked for were instantly put into our hands. That is not the way a wise parent would train children to be unselfish, brave and patient.

Then, as to the vexed question of the "unpardonable sin," I would simply refer my correspondent to God's own words on that subject: S. Matt., xii. 31, 32, Heb. vi. 4-6; x. 26-31; 1 S. John, vi. 16. I don't profess to be able to explain the mystery of evil, but the whole Bible repeats the glorious refrain, "GOD IS LOVE," and no repentant prodigal can fail to find a Father's heart. One who in sinning against the Holy Ghost must be deliberately and wilfully unrepentant; for penitence is a proof that the Voice of the Divine Spirit within the soul is not finally silenced. God is our Father, and we are His loved children. We can be content with mysteries which are no mysteries to Him. We can walk safely over the most dangerous road if His hand is holding us up.

Then there is the question about Sunday amusements for children. The old law of the Sabbath was one of strict rules—though even that prohibited work, not play—but the Christian's holy day is not guarded with an iron wall, bristling

with "Thou Shalt Not"! No, it is guarded far more securely by an invisible law of love. Children are naturally religious; and, if Sunday is the day when the near presence of the invisible King is particularly impressed upon them, they will soon love to hear about Him and speak to Him as a great privilege. The day will gradually have an atmosphere of its own, if it is not artificially forced into a painful mould. One who makes Sunday a day of galling restraint is apt to drive young people into rebellious opposition. God loves to see the children happy, I am very certain of that; but they are never so happy as when they are hearing about Him and trying to serve Him in little ways which are within their reach. Leading is better than driving; principles are far more satisfactory than iron rules. Impress on their susceptible subconscious minds the reality of Christ's presence, and the glad truth that Sunday is the day when His people are especially allowed to meet Him in His Own House, and I don't think a little innocent play will hide Him from their clear eyes. If His Face is not very visible to yourself, ask Him trustfully to reveal Himself more fully to you, and to help you to lead others to Him. The surest way of being certain of Him yourself is to do your best for the spiritual growth of your fellows. No disciple can keep his spiritual vision keen if his religion is selfish. We must "give out" or we shall soon cease to "take in"; and we must "take in" more and more of God's Spirit, or we shall find that our efforts for other people are useless and we cannot give them any spiritual help. Prayer and service go together. Prayers which never blossom out into service will soon grow formal and lifeless. Service, which does not draw its very life and breath from God, is like a perfectly-appointed electric car without any live wire to supply invisible power.

You "feel unequal to the task of bringing up children to be pure and good." Of course you do! If the wisdom of all mankind were concentrated on the effort to make one seed spring up and bear flowers and fruit, it would fail. Man can plant the seed—any child can do that—and then he must stand aside and wait patiently while God does the rest. If we are so helpless in the physical world, it is not strange that we are incapable of making spiritual seeds spring up and bear fruit. But that is just why we can plant the seeds in joyful hope of a harvest. We are fellow-workers with Almighty Wisdom and Power. If we put in the seeds, looking to Him for increase, He is pledged to do His part. Why should we be faint-hearted because the result of our prayerful sowing is not immediately visible? Let us use common sense in soul-gardening, and not show distrust of our Master by constantly trying to see whether the seeds we have tried to plant under His direction have begun to sprout. He can see into the hearts which are hidden from us. The business of training souls is really His—though He has allowed us to have some small share in it—and surely He knows the special training each soul needs.

So I would say, give up being an "anxious" mother; trust your dear children in their Father's hands. He knows what things they and you have need of. Ask Him simply for wisdom to do your part, and never be anxious for fear He may fail to do His—that part which is so far beyond your power. Your Father knows what is needed, is not that assurance enough.

I am always glad to know something of the difficulties of our readers, and will always try to help them to the best of my ability. The other question asked by "Anxious Mother" must be left for another time. I can't dispose of a question about "Heaven" in a word or two, and space is limited.

DORA FARNCOMB ("HOPE").

The following is written by one of our readers, in reply to a question by "Enquirer."

"What Is a Saint?"

A "Saint" is a disciple, a friend or follower of Jesus Christ. This world would indeed be dull without such sanctified human beings. Some would ask what characterizes such and how to attain to such blessedness? Let us then start at the beginning; again some may