

hind, but plain and decent, nor go without aprons, nor to wear superfluous gathers or plaits in their caps or pinners, nor to wear their heads drest high behind; neither to cut or lay their hair on their foreheads or temples. And that friends be careful to avoid wearing striped shoes, or red and white heeled shoes or clogs, or shoes trimmed with gaudy colors.—T. P.'s Weekly.

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The prize of £600 offered by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers, London, for the best novel submitted in their Prize Novel Competition, has been awarded to Miss Rose Macaulay, for a story entitled, "The Lee Shore," which came "easily first among the novels submitted." The second prize, £400, went to Mr. David Hennessey, for a book entitled, "The Outlaw." The judges were Miss Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night"; Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Clement K. Shorter, a well-known writer and journalist.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Good Temper.

It is better to dwell in a desert land, than with a contentious and fretful woman.—Prov. xxi: 19 (R. V.).

A mother mourns over the child God has lifted out of her sight, and her thoughts about that member of her family are full of tenderness. She loves the other members of the family just as dearly, yet too often she speaks to them with fretful irritation. Their fidgeting gets on her nerves, their noise is unbearable, they litter up the house so. Instead of rejoicing over their rosy cheeks and bright eyes, she finds fault continually. The husband, who is all the world to her, is thankful to escape sometimes from the continual lamentations which make him feel sore and bruised. Perhaps he escapes to the cheerful atmosphere of some public resort and falls a victim to intemperance or gambling. The wife, of course, laments more than ever, never suspecting that her habit of fretfulness lies at the root of the husband's fall.

Good temper is such a commonplace virtue that we forget its tremendous value, and fretfulness is such a "trifling" sin—or so we imagine—that we don't pray against it, or really fight against it. But just try to imagine what it would be like to do a day's shopping in a big department store, if all the clerks were cross, and were at liberty to show it. Of course, they know it is fatal to their chances of rising if they are snappish and disobliging to customers. They may be bad-tempered at home, but they can be cheerfully obliging to the most trying people abroad—it pays, you see.

Good temper may be only a shining veneer, worn only on the outside, or it may be one of the proofs that Christ is reigning in a heart, and then it goes all the way through.

Whatever you do, never make the astounding mistake of fancying that God is only interested in big virtues, or only hates big sins. The more we learn about this marvellous universe of His, the more we realize the tremendous importance of little things. I have just been reading a popular work on modern science which dives deep into the mystery of the infinitely small. We are told that even a solid bar of iron is made up of atoms so small as to be invisible under the strongest microscope. Yet each atom—magnified in our imagination to the size of a large church—is a real universe in itself. Imagine yourself inside that magnified atom, and you will see "electrons"—as the scientists call them—whirling round continually, each in its orbit, like the sun, moon and stars, which seem to us so enormous. These electrons—though magnified innumerable millions of times—as compared with the atom—look small as specks of dust. No one can possibly see an atom—no one but God—and only in imagination can we possibly conceive of anything as tiny as an electron, yet all the solid things we see and touch are made up of these invisible, intangible things. God directs their orderly movements, and gives them force and energy, as He does the earth

and the stars. Who shall dare say that anything is trivial or unimportant in the eyes of the One Who can measure infinite space with a span, and comprehend the infinitely small dust of the earth in a measure.—Isa. 40: 12.

Good temper is tremendously important. It has been called "nine-tenths of Christianity." It not only lies enshrined in the short prayer our Lord has given, but it is the one petition in that prayer which He enforced most particularly, saying: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if you forgive not their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

Did you think that only referred to great offences? Yet you say the prayer several times a day, and probably you are not either committing or forgiving great offences every day.

We seem to think we have a right to be irritated with our neighbor (that word means also a brother or sister), when he is, as we say, "so irritating." On the other hand, that is just an opportunity of bearing witness to our Master by being sunny and good tempered under difficulties.

yet have no idea that by her profession of Christianity, coupled with her uncertain temper, she is doing terrible harm to the cause she loves, driving people away from a Master whose disciple is so unloving. We seem able to convince ourselves that we are good Christians, or, at least, "pretty good," while we go on keeping up an old grudge for years. We say, perhaps, "I am not refusing to forgive, I wouldn't wish him any harm"; yet the resentment lies cold and hard in our hearts, and yet we are not afraid! Or perhaps the irritation dies out quickly and we forget all about the cause of offence, not because we are living the life of love, but just because it is crowded out by other interests. Let us lift this matter of a sunny, even temper, up to a high level. Let us "try to get even" with those who have not treated us very well. How? Certainly not by hitting back and so provoking a worse repetition of the offence. Our orders are to overcome evil with good, to do good to those who hate us, to pray for those who treat us badly. Christ is our Master, and it is our first business in life to obey His orders. Instead of the flash of anger,

individuals treat their fellows, feeling sorry when others slip or fall, and always ready to stretch out the helping hand of a true comrade. How is it that we discuss the faults of others behind their backs, and take genuine pleasure in imputing bad motives to people we dislike? These same people have, perhaps, ten virtues to one fault, but we are more interested in finding fault than in praising. Is that a proof of our own goodness? A man once visited America for a few months and made a great fuss about the wickedness he discovered there, declaring that the young country was as terribly steeped in vice as Paris. The critic was really condemning himself. If he had not been seeking for vice he would not have found very much. If we seek for the virtues of others, instead of hunting eagerly for their defects, we shall be delighted to find good people everywhere. If we have enemies we can pray for them, and be kind and neighborly. It is very interesting to change enemies into friends, and distinctly worth while. It is folly to repay evil with evil, injuring one's own soul vitally. Bad temper is not a trivial offence, for it is a sin against love, and without love all virtues are worthless.

A man once determined that—God helping him—he "would not speak one cross word in one kind year." He had always supposed himself to be reasonably good-tempered, but the change in everybody else during that year was marvellous. His wife stopped fretting, the children took to climbing on his knee, the meals were jolly, the business at the store seemed to be well oiled, all the neighbors were glad to meet him. If everybody seems cross, perhaps you are wearing smoke-colored glasses. Be happy and kind, and you will find hosts of happy and kind people.

DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents 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.]

### Fall and Winter Fashions

Dear Ingle Nook Folk,—Once again it is time to consider clothes, so, in order to find out what "They" will be wearing this fall—that wonderful, comprehensive "They"—I have been, this week, taking a trip through the shops, and burrowing through and through the fashion magazines.

First of all, let us take a peep at the coats. Again, this winter, there will be a great demand for long coats; indeed people scarcely can think of doing without a long coat now-a-days,—it is so handy for slipping on over any kind of dress, and so comfortable for wearing in cold weather.

These coats are being made in all sorts of heavy materials, but also in lighter weight cloths, and she who is wise will choose the latter. A very heavy long coat is a weight to carry about in any but the coldest weather, while a lighter one may be made warm enough any time by wearing a woollen spencer or a sweater, (how I hate that word!) underneath. Just one word more in regard to the long coats,—be sure to choose one with a reversible collar or revers, that is, one that may be worn open at the neck, with the revers turned back, in comparatively warm weather, and with the revers buttoned across to form a snug double-breasted effect in cold weather.

Pre-eminent in favor, however, especially with the girls and younger women, will be the loose, mannish "Mackinaw" coat, made of thick material, often in large yet unobtrusive checks. This is really the "newest thing" in coats. It reaches just a little below the knee, has large patch pockets, is double-breasted, and has a collar exactly like those seen on men's overcoats.

Suits will also be worn, especially during the fall and spring, and in these the long, straight lines seen all during the summer, will prevail, although a faint



"What So Rare as a Day—of This Kind?"

Do you feel that you could be like St. Stephen, who prayed for the men who hurled stones at him? Do you listen in reverent adoration to the pleading, "Father forgive them," which rose to the lips of the King, as the rough soldiers drove the nails through his quivering flesh? Then do you answer a word that hurts your pride a little with a cutting retort, or hold your tongue in sullen silence when some unfortunate person has thoughtlessly offended you? How small we are? How we resent even a good-natured joke at our expense, if it touches a tender spot. We "fire up" at the smallest provocation, yet claim to be following One Who loved those who heaped on Him every kind of insult and torture.

A man may be truthful and honest, may go regularly to church, and be trying to live a real Christian life, and yet he may be making no effort at all to keep his temper in little things. Or a really good woman may be like the woman in our text, cross and fretful;

let us form the habit of flashing up a quick prayer for one who is cross, unreasonable, or rude. Instead of "paying back in his own coin" a person who has been unkind or ungenerous, let us think up some nice thing which we can truthfully say of him, or go out of our way and take some trouble to do him a good turn.

There is a story told of a prince who went out with his army against an invading host, declaring that he would not leave a single enemy alive. He sent out ambassadors with proposals which won them as his valuable allies. When asked why he had failed in his determination not to leave an enemy alive, he replied: "I have not failed. I have changed enemies to friends."

That is the commonsense idea, and far pleasanter and cheaper than fighting. Long ago, criminals were caged like wild beasts, and fiercely punished. Now their punishment is corrective instead of retributive, the object of it being to help them to live better lives. So should