

**"THE SEA IS HIS, AND HE
MADE IT."**

(Continued from page 719.)

one want to be as superficial as before." The Crusading passion which burned within him is sometimes fused to glowing whiteness:—

"If through the roar o' the guns one prayer may reach Thee,
Lord of all life, Whose mercies never sleep,
Not in our time, not now, Lord, we beseech Thee
To grant us peace. The sword has cut too deep. . . .

Hark! The guns roar, the thunders re-awaken—
We ask one thing, Lord, only one thing now:
Hearts high as theirs who went to death unshaken,
Courage like theirs to make and keep their vow.
Then to our children there shall be no handing
Of fates so vain, of passions so abhorred,
But peace—the peace which passeth understanding,
Not in our time—but in their time, O Lord."
In the mid-winter of 1916 "I found my name put down for a 'cushy' job

behind the lines. Not feeling inclined to do the job, I asked the C.O. to select someone else, which he has done." And so he went through his second winter in the trenches, meeting death when the daffodils bloomed in the spring.

Like Sidney, he was "the very essence of congruity;" "everything fitted in so beautifully, and it was a delight to be with him in any mood or surroundings." And so he joined "that company of shining men, who, having lived to create poems, became poems themselves," and are the living soul of the country which bore them and of the great cause for which they died.



"You know my father had a nervous breakdown when he was my age."

"AND what has that to do with you?"
"Well, I have been worried a lot lately, and feel that my nerves are playing out. Besides, I believe that nervous troubles are hereditary, and I guess I am doomed."

"Now, old man, the sooner you get rid of that idea the better. You may inherit a nervous temperament, but not disease of the nerves. It is up to you to take care of yourself, and not allow your nervous system to become exhausted."

"But I am afraid it is too late, so far as I am concerned. My nerves are all shot to pieces. I am restless and fidgety, cannot sleep at night. Everything seems to worry me, and I cannot stand it much longer."

"Why don't you go away for a while and take a good rest?"

"Simply because I cannot. My business requires my constant attention."

"Then I will tell you what to do. Go to your druggist and buy a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I will guarantee that by the time you have used it you will feel like an entirely different man."

"Oh, I have been taking medicine enough from my doctor, and what good

has it done me? Perhaps I have had a night's rest occasionally as a result, but certainly no permanent benefit."

"That is just the point. You have sought relief by deadening the nerves instead of restoring them. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food works on an entirely different principle. It forms new, rich blood, and nourishes the depleted nerve cells back to health and vigor."

"That sounds good to me."

"Because the Nerve Food works in this natural way you cannot expect much change after the first box or two. It takes a little time to build up an exhausted nervous system, but if you have a little patience the results will make it worth your while."

"I will follow your advice, for I have been terribly oppressed of late by the hopeless outlook. I know you would not recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food unless you felt sure it would restore my health, so I shall do my part and give it a thorough trial."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Refuse substitutes, and look for portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

At the present moment I am writing to you with one eye on the paper and the other on the weather, because it looks to me as if Mr. Weatherman was just going to turn on the rain at the time when I am ready to take this down to the office. It's exactly the sort of thing you expect him to do, especially when he knows I've missed the mail and have to deliver my message myself.

Still, I suppose we must look for a change in the beautiful weather some time, and autumn has been very kind to us this year, allowing lots of beautiful leaves to stay on the branches for us still, though it is nearly November now. I had been intending to get out into the woods and see what the squirrels were doing in the way of food-storing ready for the winter, but so far I've been kept in the office hard at work, some days scarcely getting even a minute to peep at the sky, let alone hunt squirrels' nests.

Have any of my cousins in the country been on such expeditions yet? I used to love to go out all alone, and watch for the animal people; if you sit very still and try not to move, they'll come quite close to you. Once, I know, a silvery mole popped up out of his hole right next to me, and I put my hand right on him; he slipped away like a fish though, and I couldn't catch him. And again this summer, I sat very, very still for a long while, and bye-and-bye a little rabbit came humping up and nibbled his supper quite close; when he *did* see me, he was so surprised he just sat up and stared, but I never stirred, and he just hopped a safe distance off, and kept looking at me between nibbles till he'd finished.

I managed to call a wood-thrush, too, this summer; he came right from one end of a wood to my end, answering my call all the time, and I felt very proud of myself, because I'd never done that before.

Well, I wonder if any of you had the same sort of fright last night that I had. I was coming down the street at about 6.30, and just as I got to a dark alley between two homes, out popped a fearful apparition with a black face and shiny eyes, who boo-ed at me and made horrible noises! A Hallowe'en ghost, of course! Its long white garments were very spooky indeed, and it certainly made me jump. I wonder if all my cousins were dressing up and scaring people. I expect you all had fun. We did at our house, I know; I couldn't do any work for the noise.

Here comes the Cousin Mike Pussy looking as if he wanted to be friends; if he weren't in disgrace, I'd tell him all about you and ask him to send you a message. But he scratched me hard last night when I was playing with him, so we aren't on speaking terms just now. So he'll have to wait.

With love from

Your affectionate
Cousin Mike.

Chand's Little Sister.

By D. S. Bailey. S.P.C.K. (Boards; 90 pp.; 1/6 net.)

Both boys and girls will read this story with interest, for Chand the ten year old Bengali lad of the poorest class has to be mother as well as brother to his little five and three year old sisters, after their mother had died on their journey back from the mission hospital. While missionary in motive, there is geography and history all given in simple language, and the story has some laughable parts, so that it would be excellent for story-telling hour at Junior Auxiliary meetings.