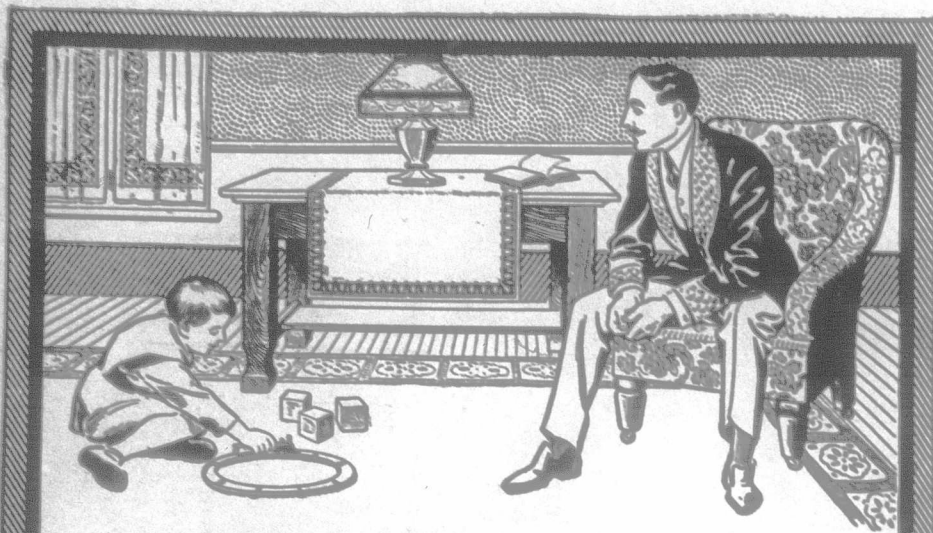




A Father's Soliloquy--No. 1 The Boy's Future

"His future prosperity will demand more knowledge than I had the opportunity of acquiring in my youth.

Competition in his day will be much keener than it is right now, and goodness knows it's keen enough.

I have felt the need of a university training, again and again. His success in life will demand it.

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Hope's Quiet Hour.

Continued from page 384.

It is so easy to preach "Trust," and so hard to live it, soaring above the troubles of earth on the wings of Faith. Two days ago I was introduced to a young Englishman who told me, calmly enough, that the doctors gave no hope of his recovery. A death of lingering pain was awaiting for him, and he made no complaint, but accepted the situation with the quiet courage of a brave man. I began to speak of the richer, fuller life of grand opportunity which awaited him on the other side of death. Then the tears gathered in his eyes as he explained that his wife had to go out to work for the support of their young children. There is a harder thing than trusting one's own future in God's hands, and that is trusting Him for those who are dearer than self. When God sees that one of His sons is spiritually strong, He sometimes forces him to use the wings of faith, leaving him with no other support. Faith grows strong through daily use, and it is a priceless possession when won. This school of earth would be a poor "university of character" if all difficulty and pain "were swept away, and all were satiate-smooth." When life is very easy and comfortable, we are not forced to exercise the wings of faith, and the pleasures of this world distract us from higher ambition. "What we win and hold is through some strife."

When David Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house and the treasures he had collected, the Doctor said: "Ah, Davy, this is the kind of thing which makes dying hard work."

We all must die, and the battle may be a fierce one. We all want to pass through the ordeal bravely, preferring the title of "hero" to that of "coward." Shall we act like the Israelites, who complained bitterly when their deliverer hoped they would prefer hardships to shameful slavery? Do we want to be slaves to comfort and worldly pleasure, or bound by the heavy chain of covetousness like "Marley's ghost"?

When earthly possessions are taken away, the spirit of a brave man is not crushed. He can rise above misfortune, knowing that faith, hope and love are far more priceless treasures than he has lost. When Jeremy Taylor was robbed of position and estates, he said serenely: "They have left me the sun and moon. They have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience." The cross only lifted him nearer to God, so poverty was changed to lasting prosperity. One who is really seeking "first" closer fellowship with God will not forget to thank Him for past troubles which have lifted his soul higher. Can we not be grateful, even in the midst of trouble, trusting the Love which will not leave us to settle down in inglorious peace? When we sink instead of flying, growing depressed in the weakness of cowardice, instead of facing trouble cheerfully and uncomplainingly, crying out faithfully: "Depart from me, O Lord, and let me rest!" He does not give up the discipline which we need.

"He will not leave thee, He will not depart,
Nor loose thee, nor forget thee; but will clasp
Thee closer in the thrilling of His arms,
No prayer of ours shall ease before their time."

When the Israelites were apparently caught in a trap, with the sea in front and their fierce foes behind, God's stirring message to their leader was: "Wherefore criest thou unto Me? speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

It is a weakening thing to complain—even to constantly tell out our troubles to God. Each difficulty and trouble comes with a message from Him: "Go forward!" Are we no stronger in spirit as a result of wholesome discipline? Has He taken trouble with us to no purpose?

Garibaldi promised his soldiers "marches, wounds, hunger, death—and Victory." Their answer was: "We are your men." Christ told His followers that they must suffer many things for His sake—even death itself (St. John xvi: 2)—and a mighty army of undaunt-

ed Christians accepted the situation, knowing that Victory was the prize. They were ready, with St. Paul, not to be bound only, but also to die for the Name of their loved Master. Their Leader endured scorn and agony—could they make it their chief aim to secure an easy place in life's battle?

"Yea, through the Shadow of an Agony
Cometh Redemption—if we may but pass
In the same footprints where our Master went,
With Him beside us; and for me, I fear
No evil, since He has not failed me yet,
Nor will, for ever."

DORA FARNCOMB

Gifts From Our Readers.

Again I have had the pleasure of acting as your steward. One of our readers sent three dollars "for the needy," and another asked me to "pass on" a dollar "to the poor working girl who has just gone through an operation." I have gladly fulfilled her request. The father of my young friend is out of work at present, so she started work again less than a fortnight after leaving the hospital, when she was still far from strong.

HOPE

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 Remarkable Similarity.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—I have just been wondering if any of you have been reading during the last few weeks, as I have, Mrs. Macy's (Miss Sullivan's) letters about Helen Keller, and then any of the books about the Montessori method. If so, I am sure you must have been struck by the similarity of the conclusions reached in regard to teaching by these two very thoughtful and far-seeing women.

Dr. Montessori, you will remember, uses some of the kindergarten materials, though in a different way, and discards many of them in favor of others which lead more directly to development of thought through the child's own efforts. Dr. Montessori, too, bases her system on the conclusion that the child is naturally religious, and naturally anxious to learn, and that, therefore, he should be permitted to learn naturally rather than through forced and artificial lines, that he will make more rapid progress and with less strain by this method, and that the teacher should be, therefore, a suggestor rather than a commander. Such a system, she holds, will enable the child to develop, almost spontaneously, his OWN personality, the precious possession that God has given him.

Now, hear Mrs. Macy:—"No," she says, after a few weeks' work with the seven-years-old Helen, "I don't want any more kindergarten materials.—I used my little stock of beads, cards and straws at first because I didn't know what else to do; but the need for them is past, for the present at any rate. I am beginning to suspect all elaborate and special systems of education. They seem to me to be built up on the supposition that every child is a kind of idiot who must be taught to think, whereas if the child is left to himself he will think more and better, if less slowly. Let him go and come freely, let him touch real things, and combine his impressions for himself, instead of sitting indoors at a little round table, while a sweet-voiced teacher suggests that he build a stone wall with his wooden blocks, or make a rainbow out of strips of colored paper. . . . Such teaching fills the mind with artificial associations that must be got rid of before the child can develop independent ideas out of actual experiences." (From one of Miss Sullivan's letters to Mrs. Sophia Hopkins, Matron of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, Boston, added as a supplement to Helen Keller's "Story of My Life.")

Of course, it is only fair to state that

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