

man's Home," which set England in a panic, and caused the addition of thousands to the Territorial Army, but was subsequently hissed off the stage at Berlin, is being put on the stage in Toronto.

Guglielmo Marconi, the wireless-telegraph inventor, was recently the guest at dinner of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. To His Majesty, Marconi made the statement that, by the erection of an extra powerful plant at Coltano, near Pisa, he expected, within twelve months, to have direct wireless communication with America.

The Saturday Evening Post tells this story of two Canadian writers now living in the United States: "Before Arthur Stringer came into the popular favor which he now enjoys as a writer of stories, he was living with a fellow-author, Harry O'Higgins, on the top floor of the old studio building at 146 Fifth Avenue, New York. It was very Bohemian, that top floor, with one whole wall, in what they called The Chamber of a Thousand Sorrows, papered with rejection slips from editors. But in winter it was as cold as charity, for the only steam-heat was in the halls. So Stringer and O'Higgins, in those early, 'lean' years, used to hang an old burlap curtain across their stair-head, and, when the rest of the house had settled down to slumber and quietness, used to take up their beds, or rather their two-dollar cots, and steal out in their pyjamas to the hallway, to slumber in that nice, warm and steam-heated atmosphere.

"Stringer had been wrestling with a safe-breaking story, and had read a vault advertisement in the back of a magazine where 'catalogues free' were announced. So, naturally enough, he ventured to write and ask for all descriptive catalogues dealing with extra-large, burglar-proof vaults. That Fifth Avenue address brought a silk-hatted and frock-coated representative of the well-known Broadway safemakers over, with the catalogues in question, the very next morning. He ascended those shabby studio stairs, flight by flight, with gradually darkening hopes. When he lifted the old burlap curtain and discovered that the recumbent frame on the two-dollar cot was his dreamed-of purchaser, he gave vent to one silent look of disgust, and departed without a word!

"And O'Higgins always claimed that Stringer threw a milk-bottle at the man for waking him up at ten o'clock in the morning!"

Pension Day: A Landmark in Britain's History.

The first day of this present year (1909) brought to the hearts of at least half a million of aged men and women in the Old Land an intense joy and relief of mind. Many of them had lived in grinding poverty, often without even a crust to save them from threatened starvation, but now a paternal Government had passed the Old-age Pensions Act, by which, in sums ranging from 25 cents to \$1.25 per week, such applicants as had reached the age of seventy years, and who had never been in receipt of public charity, or had been inmates of either workhouse of charitable institution, might become pensioners for life.

I am indebted to friends in the Old Land for many pathetic incidents which occurred not only on this the first "pension day," but on some subsequent ones, many being within their own knowledge; and in these stories pathos and humor were touchingly intermixed. Perhaps the man who can claim to be the first old-age pensioner of all was George Yabsley, of Salcombe, Devonshire, whom the postmaster found patiently waiting at the pay-wicket, when he lifted its latch as the town clock was striking 7 a. m. This applicant was a carpenter by trade. His age was 75, and he had been at work ever since he was seven years old.

THE OLDEST CLAIMANT.

London's oldest pensioner was Rebecca Clarke, who is 104 years old. At ten o'clock yesterday morning she rose unaided, dressed herself, and walked down the stairs of her son's house, 104, High-road, Wood Green. She was wearing a black dress, and a red shawl knitted by herself.

A suggestion that the visit to the post office on the top of the hill should be postponed until the sun shone was greeted with scorn. "If you say another word, I'll run there," said the old lady. Breakfast consisted of two slices of bread and butter and a cup of tea, and at noon, Rebecca Clarke, accompanied by her son, set out for her pension, wearing a Paisley shawl and a black velvet bonnet, adorned with a black-velvet feather.

Mrs. Clarke entered the post office with a businesslike air. Her neat blue book of checks was produced, with her name and mark on the inside of the cover. She knew where to put her mark on the check, and watched her son add his signature as witness. "A happy New Year," she said to the clerks on receiving the money, "I'll be here again next week."

"What will you do with the money?" she was asked.

"Buy boots," said the old lady of 104, promptly; "I'm a plaguey one for kicking out boots."

BLIND WOMAN'S REGRET.

A blind woman of seventy-six was led in by a kindly neighbor. "They told me I could send someone for it," she said, in her high, thin, patient voice, "but I wanted to draw it myself. Put the five shillings into my hand, please. Yes, that's right."

"I do wish my old man could see me now," she went on. "He only died two years back, and he'd be quite happy if it hadn't been for wondering what would happen to me. He was a pensioner, he was; bank messenger for forty-seven years. But his pension didn't go on no longer after he was dead. It's been a hard struggle since then. I can make a little by knitting, and a lady gave me my rent-money, two-and-six a week, and the neighbors was always kind. But this five shillings here, and another next week, and the week after that, and every week as long as I live, why, it's like as if I owned a bank meself, same as the gentleman which employed my old man did."

WITH THE DEAF ONES.

With the deaf ones there was some little trouble. One old soldier who could not write, and therefore had to "make his mark," had brought no one to witness his cross. At first he thought the pleasant young woman behind the counter was telling him he had come on the wrong day. Then he imagined she was casting doubts upon his identity, and pulled out a mass of War-office documents which immediately fell in confusion all over the floor. Finally, with the help of a customer who had come in to buy stamps, he was made to understand what was wanted.

"Oh," he said, "my niece is coming to be my witness. Isn't she here?"

While he waited he offered some Crimean reminiscences to a little knot of sympathizers. "More'n fifty years ago it must be now," he said.

"Fifty-four," suggested one of his hearers.

"Yes; I said 'more,'" the old warrior answered, with an indignant glare. He had a bit of an allowance from the War Office—a shilling a day, and another three-and-six from a house he owned, so his old-age pension only came to two shillings. "But that'll help nicely," he chuckled. "Two bob a week is a lot o' money when you know how to lay it out well."

"NOW I CAN HAVE A FIRE EVERY DAY."

This was said by a tiny old woman in a faded and threadbare silk mantilla, which gave her a curious dignity. Her bright eyes glistened with enjoyment, and her tremulous

little body quivered as the genial heat of the office fire, by which she waited, penetrated to her old bones. Think of it, we Canadians who heap the fuel into our stoves and pour the coals into the open caverns of our furnaces!

"Haven't had a bit o' fire for three weeks, my dear," she said in a confidential whisper. "Hardly wanted it up to then, eh? Came two—three cold nights, and I treated myself to a warm. But then I lost sixpence out in the street one day. Never knew where it went, my dear. Just vanished, as you might say. And since then I've had no money for firing, not enough, to tell the truth, my dear, to get as much as I should have liked to eat. I've a good appetite, for all I'm small. Food first, fire after, is what I say."

ONE AMONGST THE TRAGEDIES OF THE DAY.

One pension-book was not presented for payment. One poor old soldier in the Army of Industry could not apply for the pension he has so honorably earned. A few days ago, at the end of a narrow alley, a hearse was waiting. A rough coffin was brought from one of the little houses and placed in it. As mourners, followed a woman of forty-five or so, and a little boy. She had that look of wise resignation in her face which one sees so often among women who have lived unsheltered lives.

"She don't look even sorry," murmured one of a little group of neighbors.

"She's sorry enough for herself, pore lamb," said another; "but he was glad to go, and she knows it. 'Live to draw your pension, daddy,' she'd say to him time and again, as I've heard her say it. But he'd only shake his head and tell her he was wearying for rest. 'Time for the old laborer to go Home,' he'd say. 'Ain't this home, dad?' she'd ask him. 'The Home where we shall all meet some day, I mean, dearie,' he'd answer her. And she'd just look at him and pat his old hand. Well, he's gone now where he don't want no pension. Came too late for him, it did."

Yet, I don't think we need feel sorry for the old man. With a touching, simple faith like his, who would not be "glad to go"?

Amongst my selected incidents, I will close with two out of several instances of unselfish gratitude:

In the offertory box of a parish church in Liverpool on Sunday there was a paper packet containing two half-crowns. On the paper was written, "My first week's pension, and I thank God for it." The incident was related by the Bishop of Liverpool. It is also stated that to a sale of work organized by the Primitive Methodists, at Dukinfield, Mrs. Sanderson, an aged Sunday-school worker, subscribed five shillings, the first sum she received under the new act.

It is pleasant to see recorded that, as a whole, the recipients of the old-age pensions were treated by the officials in charge with a courtesy and kindness which made it easy for even the most sensitive-natured amongst them to accept the provision made for them by a paternal government, not as a benefaction or as a dole, but rather as a recognition of their brave efforts throughout a long and strenuous life, to make, unaided, provision for themselves and families. H. A. B.

Dear Friend,—As I feel you to be, through your message in the Quiet Hour of "The Farmer's Advocate," words can poorly express the blessing they are to me. I can only say I hope God may long bless you and help you to continue your noble work, as the Quiet Hour is the first place I look for on the arrival of the weekly mail.

Please accept my sincere thanks and good wishes for your work.

I am sending some poetry, which I thought you might sometime find room for in your corner. M. M. N.

Very many thanks for your good wishes, and for the enclosed clippings, which will go into my scrap-book until needed.

DORA FARNCOMB

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Power of a Vision.

Your young men shall see Visions.—Acts 2: 18.

"Thought in the mind hath made us. What we are By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes The wheel the ox behind . . . If one endure In purity of thought, joy follows him As his own shadow—sure."

James Allen, in his recently-published book, "As a Man Thinketh," says: "The Vision that you glorify in your mind, the Ideal that you enthrone in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become."

We hear a great deal about "New Thought" in these days, and people are marvelling over the power of thought, as though it were a new thing. But in reality, it is infinitely old, for out of God's Thought all things have proceeded. David seems to have realized the power of thought when, in his great public thanksgiving prayer, he says: "O, LORD God . . . keep this for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of Thy people."

Our Lord was preaching the power of thought when He offended the Pharisees by saying to the multitude: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." His explanation to the wondering disciples was: "Those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts."

The prophet Micah is preaching the awful might of evil thoughts, when he says: "Woe to them that devise iniquity, and work evil upon their beds! When the morning is light, they practice it, because it is in the power of their hand."

But we want to look at the other side of the matter to-day, and begin to learn the power for good of a right ideal.

I have lately been reading the wonderful story of T. A. Edison's many discoveries along the line of electricity. It is easy to say that "he was a great genius, and, of course, his inventive powers must find outlet"; but it would be more true to say that the world owes a great debt of gratitude to Edison for his faithfulness to his Vision. The boy who spent every spare hour in experimenting with electric batteries and amateur telegraphy naturally developed into the man who spent every cent he could spare on his workshop and machinery, and deprived himself of needful sleep while he tried to work out his visions. The money he received for his discoveries was poured out lavishly in electrical experimenting. He could not submit to discouragement or own himself beaten, but fought on until he was victor. It is said that his year of heart-breaking experimenting, while trying to work out his vision of the incandescent electric light, revealed almost superhuman application and persistence. W. W. Atkinson says: "In order to give you an idea of what this experimenting meant, it is stated that the cost of securing the materials for the experiments, from all parts of the globe, from South America, China, Japan, Burmah, India, and many other places, was fully one hundred thousand dollars. There were about fifteen hundred species of bamboo known to science, and Edison secured a sample of every one of these. Nearly ten thousand samples of bamboo were experimented with before the half-dozen perfect varieties were selected. And then, the light being perfected, Edison undertook the formidable task of inventing the proper dynamo and machinery to run a large plant. He succeeded, of course—it's a way he has."

Of course he succeeded! It is certainly true that in all human affairs "there are efforts, and there are results, and the strength of the effort is the measure of the result." A man who never loses sight of his Vision, never tires in his pursuit of his object, is bound to succeed. Failures are used as stepping-