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The Overflowing Cup

As one looks out on the world with all its struggles for a living and its lamentations of life, one would fancy that the world was pretty much a wilderness and rather journeying toward the end of its productive power rather than a world of wealth. It is amazing that in the midst of the world's opulence there is so much poverty. It is not that God has not given us the overflowing cup in nature, but because, by our selfishness, misgovernment and improvidence we have prevented God's blessings reaching to others. "The earth is full of His riches," for all to enjoy. God has margins for all. Nature's storehouses are abundant. If all are not enjoying the overflowing cup of God's natural blessing the trouble is with man and not with God.

There is a legend which asserts that in the long centuries of the past the ears of wheat extended the whole length of the straw, and that it was owing to the sin of man that the ears of wheat shriveled to their present dimensions. It is a strange legend, but it at least suggests the truth that the munificence of God is often marred by the folly of man. One writer, in picturing the race, says: "The overflowing cup is knocked over in our carelessness or greediness and, instead of being regaled by the rich feast heaven spreads on summer's embroidered cloth, in folly and passion we doom ourselves to eat crumbs which fall from the table. Surely, when the nations return to wisdom and virtue, they shall no more be an hungred, but find the world their Father's house, with bread enough and to spare."

But the overflowing cup is not confined to the material side of life. The goodness and graciousness are wonderfully revealed in the spiritual realm. The palmist fully realized this and expressed it in the greatest of pastoral songs, when he said: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." David had wandered in devious paths. He knew something of green pastures and gloomy glens but, in seeking to give a true estimate of life, he is glad to witness out of considerable experience, that to be a guest of God's house is to be the recipient of abundant hospitality, and that salvation is a feast of good things prepared by a gracious God.

The Father's spirit is made clear in the parable of the lost son, where He speaks of "bread enough and to spare," "the best robe" and "the fatted calf." In addition, we are continually reading of joy unspeakable; the peace that passeth understanding; the abundant life, and that He is able to do for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." This is the language of grace. We see it in the work of divine forgiveness. It is full and free. An ancient king once pardoned a convict, who later appeared at the palace gate for food. As the king heard his request he said: "I granted you pardon, but I did not promise you bread." There could be no such sense of stinginess in the spiritual blessings bestowed on man. To the penitent comes the assurance of an abundant pardon.

God gives his people also the overflowing cup of fellowship. Sitting at an Eastern table meant fellowship. To eat another's bread and still be unfaithful was a grave injustice. Human friends are often guilty of this sin. David himself had reason to say: "Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat my bread, hath lifted up his hand against me." It is a great thing to find a friend, whose fellowship never fails; who

possesses a love which "suffereth long and is kind," which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things and endureth all things." This is suggestive of the overflowing cup of divine fellowship.

In order that man might enter into the munificence of God's grace as revealed in the overflowing cup of divine forgiveness and fellowship, we know it was necessary for Christ to drain the cup of sacrifice and suffering. The full chalice is not cheaply obtained nor lightly given. The cup He drank contained bitter ingredients, that the cup He offered might overflow with blessings. This is indicative of the graciousness of God and the greatness of man. Man can never be satisfied until the cup of his life is filled with the fulness of God. Without Him, life is empty and bitter, but with Him, life is enlarged and enriched to overflowing.

Hotel, Apartment and Club and the Gore

The site suggested and upheld years ago by The Free Press as the best site in London upon which to place an up-to-date, modern hotel is the Gore between Richmond street and Clarence street, at this time occupied by the Christian Science Church and a line of very modest private houses.

Ex-Alderman Drake recapitulated the reasons for this paper all the arguments originally set forth as being in its favor: Its position halfway between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways stations; its outlook on four separate streets; the street railway and bus services contingent to it, and the fact that at one side, a hotel placed at this point would look out upon Victoria Park.

The years that have passed have brought other reasons why the Gore, in part, or in its entirety, might well be made to look like something. One of these reasons is the necessity for "light housekeeping," which has been brought about by the scarcity of domestic servants. A hotel, with a large apartment house attached to it in such a way that meals, or, at any rate, dinners, could be served to the residents of the apartments, would meet a long-felt want in this city.

Such a building, or block of buildings, could also provide the Community Clubhouse and Auditorium of which London stands so sadly in need for the accommodation of its many clubs and societies.

The Gore, with its delightful prospect on Richmond street and across the park, with its convenient situation and with the chance it affords for the making of a useful beauty spot in the very heart of London, is an ideal site for each and all of these coming very pressing undertakings.

Both At Fault

The Bolsheviks in Russia and the Fascists in Italy are both organizations of repression and violence. The Bolshevik and the Fascist are advocates of measures directed against the freedom of the individual.

The idea of the right to proper growth in the individual and his capacity for obedience to moral truth is held in derision. In place of such growth and such will to righteousness in the individual, both bodies regard an unquestioning obedience to autocratic self-constituted committees as the one correct, workable theory.

Some one remarked that Italy is trying to build a "new heaven and a new earth" on that plan. So are the Bolsheviks, and, though neither bodies have been long in existence, both are doomed to failure, because true national greatness is built up only by a people that has the right as well as the capacity to think for itself. The condition of continued violence under which Italy and Russia are working precludes real progress toward national greatness, and it is but a matter of time before the citizens of those countries will realize that similar things, aimed at by greater men than those now trying to outdo their theories, have failed before, and, under lesser men, such as those in control in Italy and Russia, the present control must come to a still more rapid end.

A release from these trammelled conditions in both countries will be of benefit to the progress of true democracy in Europe.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Politics is still an art." A black art as practiced by some.

The men who scaled Mount Logan "went over the top" in fine style.

When a man pockets his pride to put money in his pocket he's decidedly out of pocket in pride.

Laughing oneself into a peaceful frame of mind is one of the best uses for laughter.

China has been "awakening" so long it's about time it rubbed the sleep out of its eyes.

Write peace into the Book and you won't have to fight for it with the Bull.

There are two sides to every industry: the cutting of costs and the creation of business.

N. B. No more meetings of the Cabinet until after the elections of August 10.

Now it's the United States that is a "world menace." Trotsky and the Harvard history professor are pessimistic pals.

One hears so much about the world nowadays (World Federation This and World Federation That) and so little about the flesh and the devil.

The Third Column

FAITH.

This much I know
And does seem wrong us here.
Though oft His judgments seem severe
And reason falls 'neath the blow,
Some day we'll learn 'twas better so.

So oft I've erred
In trifling matters of my own concern;
So oft I've blundered at the simplest turn,
Chosen the false path or the foolish word
That what I call my judgment seemed absurd.

My puny reason cries
Against the bitter and the cruel blows
Measuring the large world by the inch it knows,
Seeing all joy and pain through selfish eyes.
Not knowing hurt and suffering may be wise.

But I have come to see,
So vast God's love, so infinite His plan
That it is well, it was not left to man
To alter or to say what is to be,
When reason failed, faith also then would flee.

God knowest best!

Through the black night and agony
Of grief
Faith whispers low: "Hold fast to your belief!"

In time His purpose He shall manifest.
Then shall you learn how greatly you were blest."

—Edgar A. Guest.

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THE BEGINNING.

I have now lived more than half of my allotted time in this world and I am more convinced than ever that this life is but the beginning of an eternal existence.

To me nothing points otherwise than to this conclusion.

In the first place, our greatest Teacher on this earth is Nature. And in Nature nothing really dies. All is change, even when decay apparently brings the curtain on a former bright and active existence.

Knowledge is a growing affair. We are conscious each morning we arise that we know more than we did the day before. Even in the indifference of forces of life accumulate, try our best, as we sometimes do, to stay their march.

Every leaf, flower, shrub, or water element we are given some lesson in the book of Eternity. The very rocks in our yards or out among the hills, are merely evidences of change, or the dropped symbols from a strange language of letters that the Infinite Shepherd of all has left for our study and profit.

From these brief years to be all for us, from what source come all the numberless calls of our spirit to arise and bear out the day and night in larger, braver part.

From whence can the choice incentives of life come forth? Why are the unkind thoughts of this nature so often melted in the fire, refined anew and brought to light in the sweeter elements of our being? If we are to be classed with the breath that we give to the air about us, why were we given breath at all in the first? Why should we have been left to merely kick the leaves of the forest or the barren backs of molten rocks?

I am reminded that not a single element of this bodily life of mine is absent from the earth beneath my feet. I am but a gathering of the Divine Builder made up into a man. I am unconcerned as to what form this bodily being may sometime take. I only know that I shall not be less than what I am. And every lesson of truth teaches me every day that this life is but the beginning.

And I am
"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."
—George Matthew Adams.

TWO MEN.

I see Jim Jasper working with hatchet, saw or spade; he might as well be lurking in comfort, in the shade; for he has bonds and leases and shining silver pieces and greenbacks ready made. He's always building fences or tearing fences down; he's surely lost his senses. I mutter with a frown; why doesn't he get busy, and buy a costly Lizzy, and joy ride in through town? He's always making ditches or digging useless wells, and he has heaps of riches in safe deposit cells; I wonder, with my neighbors, just why he sweats and labors—he should be wearing bells. He sees me sit forever beneath my banyan tree; I shy at all endeavor, dodge every job I can, the sunshine round me streaming. I sit there idly dreaming and drinking ginger tea. And he has asked me often, "Why don't you quarry stone?" This laziness will soften the little brains you own; man's given them and muscle, and if he's how he'll bustle to gain another bone. How can you sit in molder in this enchanted air, with fungus on your shoulder and mildew in your hair? To sit here in the shadow and dream of El Dorado won't get you anywhere. He thinks I am as silly as he appears to me; he's trotting like a filly while I am drinking tea; we both are happy mortals, we fill the air with chortles, though different he be.

—Walt Mason.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK.
Us fellows was playing marbles for keeps in the empty lot and Percy Weaver came up in a pair of wite nickers and patten leather shoes and stood there watching us, and pritty soon I missed a shot, saying, Aw, darn you, Percy.

Why, wats a matter, wad I do? Percy sed.

You know darn well wat you did, you came and stood there in your wite patten and patten leather shoes and made me miss, I sed.

Well for goodness sakes, a perrain cant do anything any more, Percy sed. And we kepp on playing and pritty soon Sid Hunt missed a shot that was as easy as pie, saying, Aw good nite, hay Percy, get away from heer will you.

G wizz, wat am I doing? Percy sed. This sint Sunday, is it? Sid sed, Percy sed, I didnt say it was, and Sid sed, Well then wat are you doing coming around heer in wite patten and patten leather shoes on a week-day and making us fellows miss.

Well for goodness sakes, this is a free country, izent it? Percy sed. Just jest then Reddy Merfy missed a clintch of a shot, saying, Look at that, would you, can you imagine that, hay Percy if you stand around heer nutch longer looking like that I wont be responsible for the consequences.

O for goodness sakes Im not going to stand heer lisenting to such re. dickulous remarks, Percy sed. And he started to wawk away as if it was his own idee and us fellows kepp on playing and missing easy shots every once in awhile without anything apell to blame them on.

Doc. Pep's Mail Bag

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

SANATORIUM, July 31.

The insect orchestras of the pastured land are already tuning, their instruments beloved in Japan, for summer's grand finale. Yet summer's third act, August, is in many ways the best. The sheer loveliness of June, of course, is not here, but its climax is produced in the wheat field's lovely gold which borders the corn land's plumed companies. The tree fruits which delight thrifty farmwives at their preserving kettles will soon merge into maturity. October's golden pumpkins are abroad, emerald promises of pies that are yet to be. All these thoughts are born of a picture post card sent me by a friend on Strathroy's second route to me. It is a picture of red-clad youngsters tracking the Thanksgiving turkey, and the writer says: "I think the pictured snow may help you to feel cooler, and the scene is quite picturesque and happy."

Many pleasant greetings from "Leon," now on holidays and touring the country in a motor coach. Always warm, always fresh with the clean zest of a young man's life which is lived close to nature's heart. "C. J. F., of London, raised false hopes in a wonderful letter about a visit to the city. I had a lovely lad in my home, once."

Sympathy? What call for sympathy in certain afflictions. There is only this comfort: The love of one who is wholly dead, because in death we possess in memory that which of the lost is second only to their immortal parts.

"Truly, Your Friend," of London, made my heart glad with a letter which came from out the shining depths of happy experience. Telling of a young couple whose wedded bliss had been threatened by death, and who had escaped that menace in a mountain home, this friend says: "It was there I learned that content and happiness comes from within. There happiness grows." And, when happiness has bloomed, "the waking hours are not long enough in which to get out of life that is here." I am sorry the paper ran out! There are some sentences that in 10 words reveal all the burdens of a mourning heart. Such a one came from "The Oak," a friend of mine. "I had a lovely lad in my home, once."

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made me feel strong. I give it to my readers: "Laugh and be glad to belong to the old, proud pageant of man." That may not be a "Peak in Darien," but it is certainly a Gothic tower from which one sees the beauty of our journeyings. I do not acknowledge the author of the line for the good reason that I am not sure of the name you write. It may be "Maesfield" or someone else. Anyhow you've presented his card. I intend to look him up. Which was the same idea, I think, that shined in that other quotation: "There's something in not being afraid to live." With you "I shall never cease to sing the praises of the human spirit. It is wonderful. The thing that is greater than all worlds."

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