

SUNDAY AT HOME

A Creed

I believe in human kindness
 Large amid the sons of men,
 Nobler far in willing blindness
 Than in censorious keenest ken.
 I believe in self-denial
 And its secret throb of joy;
 In love that lives through trial,
 Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in love renewing
 All that sin hath swept away,
 Leavenlike its work pursuing
 Night by night and day by day;
 In the power of its remolding,
 In the grace of its reprieve,
 In the glory of beholding
 Its perfection—I believe.

I believe in love eternal,
 Fixed in God's unchanging will,
 That beneath the deep infernal
 Hath a depth that's deeper still!
 In its patience—its endurance
 To forgive and to retrieve,
 In the large and full assurance
 Of its triumph—I believe.

—Norman Macleod.

Getting Ready for Sunday

Old-fashioned mothers used to have a forehanded habit of taking Saturday afternoon as a getting-ready day, in which to see that all necessary preparation was made for the Sabbath. They had learned that the secret of readiness lies in doing as many things as possible beforehand. So the children were called in from their play a long hour or more before "sundown," and the girls were sent up to the "spare room" to lay out on the "best bed" there the things that were to be worn on Sunday, for themselves and the younger children.

Provision had to be made for both fair weather and foul, for it was a foregone conclusion that everybody was to go to church, whatever the weather. There were little white skirts with crisp ruffles over which dear hands had toiled, perhaps, but with no thought of drudgery; best hat and Sunday ribbons must come out, and every hook and eye and button be in place; even the handkerchief and Bible were placed ready.

Meanwhile the boys were busy out in the woodshed or up in the barn-chamber. Each pair of boots must have a "Sunday shine." Suits had to be brushed, the torn hat-brim carried to mother to be mended. All this was the boys' and girls' own business. If they forgot or neglected or refused it, there was a mother who would know the reason why.

Have we outgrown the need of such a day of preparation? The house-keeper's Saturday is proverbially the busiest day of the week; the busy school teacher crowds it full of odds and ends for which she can find no other time, while in these days of club and parties one breathless week is allowed to lap into another with no blessed bridge of sleep and rest and preparation, even for the little ones. To our minds this is all wrong.

There is a readiness of mind, as well as of body and apparel, which should be looked out for. The repose of spirit which ushered in the old time Sabbath was in itself a benediction. Work and playthings had been put away, and with them something else that might be call-

ed the week-day spirit. A beautiful leisure seemed to be in the air. There was room for "cuddles," time for loving. Imagine children growing up in such a household hating Sunday.

We have no special measures of reform to offer. We would merely like to suggest that, if Sunday is "the jewel of the week," it shines the brighter for a fitting setting. Many a busy man or woman who has somehow "got out of the habit of churchgoing" would find the way smoothed to getting back into the good old paths by a little purposeful and forthright preparation. That is the point—the purpose. Week-day tasks can be put aside. Week-day recreation may be taught for one day to give place to their betters.

The Sunday heart, in fine, may be put on with the Sunday garment.

He is Near

Jesus is nearer than the seat you sit upon, nearer than the handkerchief that wipes the tears away. He is nearer than the arm of the loved one upon which you lean. Jesus is where you are at this moment. He is passing by. He is going to speak to you. He is going to call you. He is going to lay that wounded hand on your heart to arrest your attention and open your eyes, to awaken new ideas, new loves, new fountains. He is going to touch new springs. He is going to give you a chance. God help you to take it!

Heaven on Earth

Not to one of all the unnumbered generations whose dust is blown upon the desert winds has it been permitted to breathe one syllable or letter of the awful secret beyond the grave. And yet the faith of man has not been shaken, nor, for all the deep, unbroken silence, has he ever ceased to believe that He who called us into being will bless, will save, will cherish the souls which He hath made. And all Christians have dwelt with rapture on the glowing symbols of the poet of the Apocalypse. Yet even these passages do not thrill the heart so keenly as others, which simply tell of a life without life's agonies and the vision of God undarkened by mists of sin. If we desire heaven we must seek it here—if we love heaven we must love it now. Heaven means holiness; "Heaven means principle." Heaven means to be one with God.—Frederic W. Farrar.

A Prayer

O my God, Thou, and Thou alone, art all-wise and all-knowing! I believe that Thou knowest just what is best for me. I believe that Thou lovest me better than I love myself, that Thou art all-wise in Thy providence and all-powerful in Thy protection. I thank Thee, with all my heart, that Thou hast taken me out of my own keeping, and hast bidden me to put myself in Thy hands. I can ask nothing better than this, to be Thy care, not my own. O my Lord, through Thy grace I will follow Thee, whithersoever Thou goest, and will not lead the way. I will wait on Thee for Thy guidance, then will I act in simplicity and without fear. Amen.



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