

whose interests should not clash with those of its Egyptian neighbor. . . The objection to a British occupation of Palestine is that if the province opens a door on Egypt it also holds the relation to Egypt of an exit, and the presence of a British garrison in Palestine would keep the inhabitants of Syria awake. So it is better to solve the problem by neutrality. How this neutrality can best be assured is discussed by the English papers, and the general opinion seems to be that the problem can be most satisfactorily solved by recreating in Palestine a Jewish State.—Literary Digest.

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The following prayer for the restoration of peace in Europe, by order of Pope Benedict, is to be recited in all Roman Catholic Churches in the United States on Passion Sunday, March 21:

"Dismayed by the horrors of a war which is bringing ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to thy most loving heart as to our last hope. Oh God of Mercy, with tears we invoke Thee to end this fearful scourge; O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long. From Thy sacred heart Thou didst shed forth over the world divine charity so that discord might end, and love might reign among men. During Thy life on earth Thy heart beat with tender compassion for the sorrows of men; in this hour made terrible with burning hate, with bloodshed and with slaughter, once more may Thy divine heart be moved to pity.

"Pity the countless mothers in anguish for the fate of their sons, for the numberless families now bereaved of their fathers; pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster. Do Thou inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness, do Thou heal discords that tear the nations asunder; Thou who didst shed Thy precious blood that they might live as brothers, bring men together once more in loving harmony; and, as once before, to the cry of the Apostle Peter: 'Save us, Lord, we perish,' Thou didst answer with words of mercy and didst still the raging sea, so now deign to hear our trustful prayer and give back to the world peace and tranquility.

"And do thou, O Most Holy Virgin, as in other times of our distress, be now our help, our protector and our safeguard. Amen."

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Who Are Life's Victors.

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer . . . ye shall have tribulation ten days; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. ii. 10.

"Speak, History, who are life's victors? unroll thy long annals and say—Are they those whom the world called the victors who won the success of a day?"

The martyrs, or Nero? the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's trust, Or the Persians and Xerxes? his judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

Our text to-day is part of the message sent to the church of Smyrna—that church which received higher praise than any other of the seven churches of Asia. It was a message sent to a real victor, one who had endured much suffering faithfully, had bravely accepted poverty on earth ("but thou art rich," said her Lord) and must be prepared for never resting in the fire of affliction. The Church of Laodicea thought herself rich and in need of nothing, but in her Master's sight she was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

God offers a crown of life to the victor in life's battles; not a wreath of earthly fame, which can never satisfy the heart, and which must swiftly fade and die, but a glory and richness of heart worth fighting and suffering for. Man looks on the outward appearance, but God judges by the heart, and His is the true judgment.

There are breaks in the quiet monotony of most lives, times of visible success and prosperity, and other times when trust is tested by struggle and tested to the uttermost. Take our Lord's life for an example. There were long years

years in Nazareth, which must have been trying in their monotony and apparent narrowness to the eager, boyish heart, longing to do some great thing for the uplifting of mankind. Then there were the days of outward success when the young Messiah went from city to city with His enthusiastic followers, carrying blessings everywhere to sick souls and bodies, feeling that his time and strength were being used to good purpose. Then came the dark days of apparent failure, when friends deserted or turned against Him, when His careful training and teaching seemed to have been utterly wasted on the Apostles, and his work on earth ended in apparent wreck. What can we think of that defeating of His unselfish hopes and plans? Would that young Life, that was so beautiful in its purity and love, have been a failure if it had not been for the victory of the Resurrection? No! a thousand times No! The earthly hopes and plans might apparently be defeated, and the loving heart be crushed and broken, but the Man Himself was a Victor long before the dawn of Easter Day.

Real success is possible to every man. We cannot always control circumstances, but there is no need for discouragement, even though we have struggled and prayed without any visible results to cheer us. As Christ was a Conqueror in the midst of shame and torture, so we also can be conquerors no matter what our circumstances may be.

If we want to join the great army of victors we must do it now. What should we think of a soldier who waited until the war was over and then enlisted in the ranks of the winning side? Outwardly he might seem to be one of the victors, but he would really be a failure as a soldier, and none of the glory would be rightfully his. After a big football match one day two men were seen buying the "winner's colors." It was a shallow way of appearing to be on the side of the victors, but such a plan is impossible in life's great campaign. The King knows each soldier through and through, and His "Well done!"—worth more than any earthly honor—must be deserved or it will be withheld.

A visitor to a cannon factory at Essen once asked his guide why each gun must go through so many varied processes of hammering and other tests. The answer was: "Because a single shot from that gun may save Germany."

Only God knows the importance of each life, or the necessity for the heavy blows which—if bravely endured—make a soul strong. When Joseph came into Egypt, stripped of everything he possessed—friends, home, and even clothes—he appeared to be only a young slave, worth twenty shekels of silver. Egypt did not

know that on that homeless, friendless lad her salvation from death depended—but God knew, and the training Joseph received fitted him for the work he had to accomplish.

God wants us to do the best work of which we are capable. The soul of each of us is infinitely precious in His eyes, and He will not spoil us (as Eli ruined his sons) by weak indulgence. If you fail to carry out your cherished plans, do not imagine that you are a failure. God can accomplish His will in improving the conditions of the world without the help of your weak arm, but even He cannot carry out His loving desire to make your soul strong and beautiful, unless you co-operate with Him. He has given you free-will, therefore He cannot make you a real victor against your will. If you are called to follow the Master along the rough road of earthly disappointment and failure, do not rest satisfied with a merely stoical endurance of pain; but lift up your head and thank God that you can stand beside Him unharmed by any outward circumstances, and can reach out a daring hand to draw priceless treasures out of the fire of sorrow.

How we honor those who press on with undaunted courage when everything seems against them. The light of hope shines most brightly when it is held up in the darkness, and the glory of manhood is most beautiful when it is strong enough to stand without the support of earthly praise and luxury. We are apt to fancy that God's purpose concerning us must surely be fulfilled if we succeed in doing some grand work for the good of mankind. Perhaps He is really more pleased if we are quietly and steadily growing more grand, noble and beautiful. One who is admired and praised by everybody around him, and who easily succeeds in everything he undertakes, may really be a failure in God's eyes. If such a man has become self-satisfied and vainglorious, thinking that he need not struggle and pray—because praise and rewards are showered constantly on him—he is certainly a failure. The Pharisee was sure that he was all right, and that the publican was spiritually far beneath him, but he made a perilous mistake. No one can be safe on the swift current of life if he is making no effort to improve. To rest in easy satisfaction with the progress already made, is to drift back. It is never safe to judge by the outward appearance, and I think that we know all that is hidden beneath. The Psalmist was troubled because he saw the ungodly man enjoying great prosperity and "flourishing like a green bay-tree." A little while after he went by, and found that the ungodly man had gone and his place could no longer be found. God is not mocked, and it is certainly

true that every man shall reap the harvest of good or ill that he has sown. The better the harvest the longer he may have to wait for it, and we can well afford to wait God's time. If we trust Him, and love our fellows, all misunderstandings will—in His good time—be cleared away. All good and faithful workers in the Great Master's vineyard will receive the priceless reward He has pledged Himself to give. His commendation:—"Well done!"—will not necessarily be spoken to the men who have launched world-wide schemes of philanthropy. It will be awarded to those, and those alone, who have been good and faithful servants—and a servant is expected to do what his master commands, and stay where he is placed.

No matter what your position may be, nor how cramped and narrow your opportunities of doing good appear to be, you can win that great commendation from the King. No one can stand in your way and keep you from succeeding—no one but yourself.

"God's ways are not as our ways: we lay down  
Schemes for His glory, temples for our King,  
Wherein tribes yet unborn may worship Him;  
Meanwhile, upon some humble, secret thing,  
He sets His crown."  
DORA FARNCOMB.

God save our gracious King.

Long live our noble King.

God save the King:

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us:

God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,

Scatter his enemies.

Make wars to cease.

Keep us from plague and dearth.

Turn Thou our woes to mirth.

And over all the earth

Let there be peace.

Thy choicest gifts in store,

On him be pleased to pour

Long may he reign:

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause

To sing with heart and voice.

God save the King.

In perfect peace serene,

Keep Thou our gracious Queen.

With her abide.

May Heaven's own sunshine fall

Rest on her everywhere:

Hear Thou Thy people's prayer.

God save the Queen.



Hungarian Shepherd.

There is now a such demand by the armies in the Eastern war zone that Hungary and all the countries of South-eastern Europe have forbidden the further export of the skins.