Home Chats

By

MARIE ANN BEST

"We are shaped and fashioned by what we love."—Goethe.

The Changing Years

Assuredly we acknowledge, we grow by change. We find all too soon that today has become yesterday and is gone, while tomorrow is upon us.

But in spite of this plain truth we occasionally come across people who pride themselves that they never change their thoughts or ideas when once they have made up their minds. Illogical thought, since the world is one continual change, how then can one stand still in thought?

The days must pass, each day witnessing many plans and hopes shattered while disappointments multiply but happily there are also many compensating joys and pleasure in the day which shows the consummation of some cherished wish fulfilled or sees some good work achieved. Then as the weeks pile up behind us into years with all its storehouse of the past filled days, how changed our thoughts become as middle age approaches. We surely seem like strangers to that peculiar person of twenty years ago called "I".

The garden seed is planted and throws out its bright green shoot which in its turn buds, flowers and fruits. The blossom was perfection, no change seemed necessary, but after all it was only passing through its process of growth for of course it was not until the rich ripe fruit appeared that it could give food to its fullest value.

Perhaps this explains why it is difficult for the child to understand the parent. We must have patience for the little bud has not even reached the flower stage as yet. How then can it see the fruit?

Because we have already passed those younger days it is easier for us to understand the youthful minds, than for them to understand us, if we would but drift in thought back to yesterday. And often as we remember our youthful dreams and young ideas our discipline will perhaps be imbued with more tolerance and understanding along with the teaching which we give. On looking back we may find we did some pretty foolish and often even absurd things which seemed perfectly alright and the only thing to do at that time.

So time and change bring us ever nearer the open door of freedom, power and love and the climb upwards stretches out into a land of wondrous beauty, the tomorrow of Eternity.

Twilight Hour Story
About Wee Chicks and Other Little Friends
Chapter 15

I wonder what Jimmie Chick and his three little fluffy sisters were doing all this time. I just know they were having a pretty good time if Mamma Lady looked after them for she and Billy never—no, not once did they forget them. That was why they were so happy. It wouldn't be very nice to have Mamma all at once forget to get dinner, would it? You just couldn't be very happy without any dinner, could you? That's why, if we have a kitty or a little dog or perhaps a little canary that sings so beautifully in its cage in the sun shine, we will always, yes, always remember to feed them at meal time. We mustn't feed them too often either for it isn't good for them to have something to eat all the time any more than it is for you to always keep eating some candy or a cookie all day long. Those little tummies get awfully tired working all the time don't you think? It is much better to save the candy or cookie till after dinner or after supper isn't it? Well that is the way it is with most animals too. But you remember Mamma Hen was quite bad when she didn't care if her little chicks got any breakfast at all or not and then worse still ran away from them besides. You remember about that, don't you? Now because she did that and it was so long ago her babies just forgot all about her.

One day Mamma Lady had just fed the chicks and it happened Mamma Hen wasn't far away. She was a little hungry herself just then an she heard the little ones peeping in the box as though they were having something awfully good so she stopped and listened for awhile, then didn't she come over towards them and since no one was around to stop her, she jumped right on top of the box. The screen tipped off and she looked in at her four little babies grown so much bigger she hardly knew them. Then she saw all that good lunch, for it was just between dinner and supper and the chicks had six meals you remember. She thought it looked pretty good and didn't she plump right own in the box. She was so big she nearly filled [illegible] it scared them all terribly. But after awhile Jimmy peeked out from behind the shawl in their little bedroom. That was where they hid because they didn't know who she was for they forgot what Mamma Hen looked like, they hadn't seen her for so long. Jimmie was pretty excited but very brave for he was the biggest you know. So when he peeked out he said, "You better not eat up all our supper or I'll tell Mamma Lady." But she just clucked and clucked and had it nearly all eaten up before Mamma Lady came out and made her get out of there pretty quick. They Mamma Lady told her since she didn't look after her babies before she didn't need to think she could come around now, and she made her run over to the hen house with the big hens. After that she kept the box up high. It served Mamma Hen right, didn't it? Perhaps next time she will be a better Mamma when she hatches out some chicks. I believe she will.

Next week — "Something About Good Old Rover."

Easter Hymn

By B. C. Freeman

Awake, my soul, to lift the song.
And hush the heart's discordant strife;
The fear of death has ruled too long;
The King of Love is Lord of Life.

Night long we watch the tomb with dread.
And lo! the stone is rolled away;
Seek not the living 'mid the dead.
Who move upon the plains of day.

Then fold away this cerement
Of scarlet sorrow where we move;
Not death, but life, the sacrament
That binds us to the will of love.

A voice is calling while we weep,
Unheeding Him who patient stays
To speak the word, "I live," and keep
The tryst on Galilean ways.

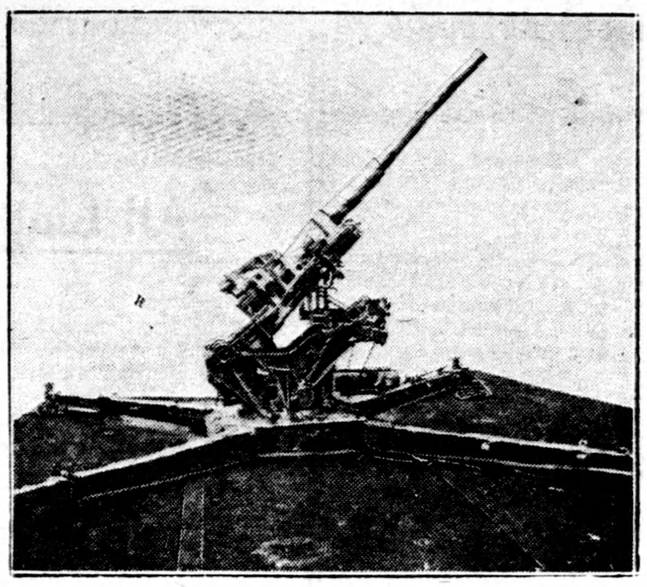
Where once He walked He walks again;
Where once He loved love knows no end;
For evermore He lives with men,
A loving Councillor and Friend.

And we, because He lives, and they,
Our loved who fell amid the strife,
Shall feel that fuller life and free;
The King of Love is Lord of Life.

Lord Algy: "Why did you accede to your valet's demands?"

Lord Arthur: "He threatened to strike and quit just when I was half dressed, you know."

Aircraft Menace



[illegible] which will make London practically invulnerable from attack has vertical range of 5½ miles, fires 25 rounds a minute, and, it is claimed, can be fairly certain of hitting plane once for every ten shots.

Sunday School Lesson

April 5. Lesson I—Jesus Teaches Humility—Luke 14: 7-14; 18: 15-17. Golden Text—Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 14: 11.

ANALYSIS.

I. ON TAKING THE LOWER PLACE, 14: 7-11.

II. ON TRUE HOSPITALITY, 14: 12-14.

III. JESUS RECEIVES THE CHILDREN, 18: 15-17.

I. ON TAKING THE LOWER PLACE, 14: 7-11.

This story, we are told, is a parable (v. 7), that is to say, we are to infer from it the sort of conduct required of the children of God's kingdom; it is also an illustration of Christian conduct. The point or meaning of the parable is given in v. 11, "whoever exalts himself shall be humbled, and the man who humbles himself shall be exalted." This principle seems often to have been on the lips of Jesus, or it is three times quoted in Luke's Gospel. It might be a mere principle of worldly wisdom, for it is a fact, often illustrated in every-day life, that the man who gives himself airs gets "put in his place," but that is not the meaning of Jesus. We are to understand, rather, that to be great on earth is not at all the same thing as to be great in the kingdom of God; that many who are first here shall be last there. In the kingdom, greatness is marked by service, not by power or wealth.

It is not only in ancient Palestine that there have been bitter disputes as to precedence, as to who should be given the seat on the hostess's right hand, who should be given the front seats on the platform. The Christian is not to push himself. Jesus Christ, though he was the Son of God, "condescended to men of low estate"; the Christian must follow Jesus in this; he is not to be "a climber." Worldly ambition, we may say, always soars up—to be served; Christian ambition always descends—to serve. The general advice about suitable conduct at dinners had been given by Jewish rabbis before Jesus, but he made his common-sense advice a parable of the kingdom.

II. ON TRUE HOSPITALITY, 14: 12-14.

We are not to understand by this that Jesus tells Christians they are to give no parties to their friends, but a man is not to fancy himself as being hospitable and a good fellow because he often entertains his friends and those whom he likes. There is nothing meritorious about that. The distinctive element in the Christian character is that it has a love which breaks through the narrow restrictions of class and of the group of people we happen to like, and embraces the whole world, including our "enemies."

The hope of reward is not to be the Christian motive. The Christian must do good to others because he loves them, not because he will be rewarded for it, but he will be rewarded. His reward will come "in the resurrection of the just," that is to say, in heaven. Jesus did not denounce wealth, but he warned men of its grave dangers and told them to spend their money, as here, to spread happiness and good fellowship for their less fortunate neighbors. He himself illustrates his own command in that he made his friends among the humble of the earth and gave of his time and strength to alleviate the distresses of the sick and those in trouble. At his table in the early Church were gathered Jews and Gentiles, masters and slaves, rich and poor, and the communion service is the image and foretaste of the heavenly banquet in the kingdom of God.

III. JESUS RECEIVES THE CHILDREN, 18: 15-17.

In Mark's Gospel we read that Jesus was angry with the disciples for trying to keep the children away, and that Jesus took the children in his arms and embraced them. We think of busy and important people as being almost inaccessible; strangers can only approach them if their business is weighty and they have made a previous appointment. But Jesus, whose task was more important and comprehensive than that of any man, was always accessible and available. He was never too busy to see those who came to him. He never gave precedence to "important" people; he was not so occupied with the world that he [illegible] children. Self-[illegible] which Christ [illegible] ways expose[illegible]

Christian [illegible] darkened by [illegible] children, unless they [illegible] tized and regenerated, [illegible] the wrath of God, but Jesus [illegible] to say that, unless grown men be changed right round and become as little children, they cannot enter the kingdom, for the kingdom consists of, belongs to, those of childlike spirit. Here is something very distinctive in Christianity. The ambition of the Jew was to keep the Law, the ambition of the Gentile to be powerful or to be wise, but power and wisdom and scrupulous righteousness are not so important to God as the child-like heart. But what is this childlikeness required of men? Jesus was not sentimental about children. He himself as the eldest of a large family doubtless knew how naughty and difficult children can be. What, then, did he mean? He was probably thinking, not of the innocence of children, but of their trustfulness. A child does not doubt that he is loved, does not doubt that his little affairs are of importance to him parents, does not doubt that provision will be made for him by a father's and mother's care.

First Actor: "The hotel clerk just handed me a bill for $10 for our board, two days. Can you beat it?"

Second Actor: "Sure, if I can get my trunk out of the window."

His Royal Highness is also the Prince of Salesmen.

An April Adoration

Sang the sunrise on an amber morn—
"Earth, be glad; An April day is born.

"Winter's done, and April's in the skies,
Earth, look up with laughter in your eyes!"

Putting off her dumb dismay of snow,
Earth bade all her unseen children grow.

Then the sound of growing in the air
Rose to God, a liturgy of prayer;

And the thronged succession of the days
Uttered up to God a psalm of praise.

Laughed the running sap in every vein,
Laughed the running flurries of warm rain.

Laughed the life in every wandering root,
Laughed the tingling cells of bud and shoot.

God in all the concord of their mirth
Heard the adoration song of Earth.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Easter Kisses

Public love-making, an old-time Easter custom, is still a feature of the holiday in various parts of England.

On the first Tuesday after Easter, the young men of Hungerford, a small town on the borders of Wiltshire and Berkshire, may safely kiss every maiden they meet. This privilege has been handed down since John o' Gaunt's day, and the men are expected to give an orange in exchange for the salute.

Many years ago a large sum of money was bequeathed to the town authorities of Smedgate, in Yorkshire, on condition that every Easter the interest on the money was distributed among poor people who wished to get married but had not enough money to buy the necessary furniture.

In some parts of the country girls have an Easter test that is supposed to indicate the identity of their future husbands. The test consists of selecting an onion to represent each of the eligible men. All the onions are then placed in the chimney corner to force their growth. The first to show signs of sprouting is considered to represent the lucky man.

Parted her [illegible]
and buoyant,
Finding brown fields, and [illegible]
song she sings.

Giver of gifts, all fragrance, light and color,
Waking and blessing every sleeping thing,
Meeting chill blasts with just a hint of smiling,
Undying youth, we greet her, friendly Spring.

They Had to Agree

It was midnight. On his way through the smoking-room to his own quarters the secretary of the club saw a young man huddled in a chair.

"Hallo," he said, "I was just going to shut up for the night. I thought everybody had gone. Aren't you going home?"

The member shook his head sadly.

"I daren't," he replied.

"Daren't?" echoed the secretary. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Plenty," came from the young man. "At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not going straight home, and"—he lowered his voice to almost a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."

India's Population

New Delhi, India — This year's census of India, which has just been completed, shows a striking increase for the last decade of more than 32,000,000 in the country's population, which is now placed at 351,000,000 persons.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished [illegible] Pattern

Ennance [illegible] flattering jacket costumes.

It is a season of jackets.

The one sketched is in the soft green printed crepe in combination with plain green silk crepe that matches the ground.

The skirt shows slenderizing line in pointed hip yoke treatment. The jacket is in popular hip length.

Style No. 3436 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. The 16-year size requires 4 yards of 39-inch figured with 1⅞ yards of 39-inch plain material.

Navy blue flat crepe silk with white eyelet embroidered batiste is exceedingly youthful.

Beige flat crepe silk is also fashionable choice.

[illegible] jersey, tweed and shantung [illegible] this interesting sports [illegible]

[illegible] it carefully [illegible] address your order [illegible] Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

The Poet

By Witter Bynner

A poet lived in Galilee
Whose mother dearly knew Him
And His beauty like a cooling tree
Drew many people to Him.

He loved the speech of simple men
And little children's laughter.
He came, they always came again,
He went—they followed after.

He had sweetheart things to say,
And He was solemn only
When people were unkind that day;
He's stand there straight and lonely.

And tell them what they ought to do;
"Love other folk," He pleaded,
"As you love me and I love you!"
But almost no one heeded.

A poet died in Galilee.
They stared at Him and slew Him
What would they do to you and me
If we should say we knew Him?

One For the Golfers

Placid Old Lady (to golf apparel salesman)—"I'd like to look at some large handicaps, please; my husband said if he had had one yesterday he would have won the golf tournament."

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding.