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## For The Quiet Hour

Almost all hymns omit the opening verse of the hymn "Sun of My Soul." It is:

'Tis gone, that bright and orbid blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

These words give a new meaning to the rest of the hymn. The poet has just seen the sun set behind the western clouds, darkness is coming on, it will soon be night. But in spite of all this Keble has the faith which enables him to sing:

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near!  
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

It is clear that the central thought of the hymn depends upon the missing stanza. It may well be asked whether it would not be a fitting thing to have the missing words restored to our hymnals.—Herman S. Fickel.

In Northern Ontario a young Chinese immigrant found that to succeed he must master English. A colporter sold him a diglot Testament in English and Chinese. He joined a Chinese class and worked hard, possessed with the one thought, "Learn English, help me make money." Studying St. Matthew, he reached the verse, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Restless and ill-content, he went back to the colporter and asked how he could come for rest to One who was not there? The meaning of faith was explained to him, and he found rest to his soul. After living a Christian life for two years in Canada, he went back to China, and is now working as an evangelist for one of the missions there.

There are heights of sweet communion  
That are all awaiting me;  
There are ocean depths of mercy  
That are flowing full and free;  
There are precious pearls of promise  
That can never be priced in gold;  
There's a fulness in our Saviour  
That has never yet been told.

International Ideals of the Churches of Christ, as formulated by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America:—

1. We believe that nations no less than individuals are subject to God's immutable moral laws.
2. We believe that nations achieve true welfare, greatness and honor, only through just dealing and unselfish service.
3. We believe that nations that regard themselves as Christian have special international obligations.
4. We believe that the spirit of Christian brotherliness can remove every unjust barrier of trade, color, creed and race.
5. We believe that Christian patriotism demands the practice of good-will between nations.
6. We believe that international policies should secure equal justice for all races.
7. We believe that all nations should associate themselves permanently for world peace and good-will.
8. We believe in international law, and in the universal use of international courts of justice and boards of arbitration.
9. We believe in a sweeping reduction of armaments by all nations.
10. We believe in a warless world, and dedicate ourselves to its achievement.

To every man who faces life with real desire to do his part in everything, I appeal for a study of the Bible. No book of any kind ever written has so affected the whole life of a people.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Here is the translation of a petition received by Rev. Charles W. Posnet of Medak, India, from the outcasts of Buthipuram.

This is the seventh year since we were baptised, yet no teacher in our village. We left our old gods and burnt the wooden idols which we kept in the kitchen near our cooking pots because we have learned to pray to Jesus, but now we find no taste in our Christianity, for there is none to teach us.

We fear you will not help us because we are only the lowest caste. We have seen many wonderful things with our own eyes in the villages and around us, and many of our relatives are ready to convert into our religion, only we want a leader. We have tried to get near to the true God, but you have left us in the plight. We have a house for teacher, but it has become the shelter of all sorts of creatures. The heathen are laughing at us, saying that our religion is equal to white-washing on the walls, and it is getting dirty. Our good condition is being spoilt, and all things going contrary.

If you will send us a teacher he will share in all our difficulties and in our joys, and our religion will have good taste. Please do not think this trifling thing.

(Signed)  
Yeknanna Abraham, Tax Collector.  
Yelpula Latchanna Elias, Slave.  
Savanna Luke, Water Carrier.  
Kommu Durganna, Cultivator.

Scores of villages and thousands of poor outcasts are petitioning for teachers to lead them to Christ.

In the interior of the Argentine a storekeeper strongly recommended his partner to purchase a Spanish Bible; for, he said, in tones of conviction seasoned with humor: "This is the Book which cures you at once when you are angry."

Since undertaking relief work in Russia during the war, the Society of Friends has continually had news of the existence of groups of so-called Quakers, but has never been able to make any contact with the sect, although they have been well in touch with the Doukhobors and the Molekani. But recently two of the relief workers met a group of Russian Quakers who were about to migrate.

According to tradition they had been started about three hundred years ago by someone from England, and had been always called Quakers by other people. They looked remarkably clean, considering the conditions under which they had been lately living.

Although they had refused to register for military service, they do register in the commune for agricultural work.

Questioned as to oaths, they said that they did not believe in them, but in brotherly words. As far as marriage went they registered their marriages with the government when requested, but believed that in marriage they were guided by the Spirit, and that registration or oaths is unnecessary. They do not believe in funeral rites, but if anyone dies, a meeting is called to settle the practical details of the burial.

In all they consider that apart from other slightly different bodies they number a million, but as they do not have any form of organization or any test for membership apparently, they said it was hard to say. As far as the social order goes, they seem to be very near to communism, but desire to be moved entirely by the Spirit and have no set forms.

When a meeting begins they sing together, or talk, or sit in silence, and believe that "the same brotherly feeling runs through them all." God is always with them, they said, but they gather to express themselves and for fellowship.

These primitive Russian Quakers are vegetarians, and their life and religion are of the simplest nature. They say there is no need to pay kopecks to the priest, for everyone has equal access to God. They have no special times for their meetings for worship, and at these meetings one and all have liberty to take part.

Some of the hymns they sing are marked by a deep spiritual insight and fervor.—Friends' Intelligencer.

## BIRDS IN KHAKI

(By D. Lange, in The North Woods)

The warriors and hunters of the bird world all wear khaki. I have been trying to think of exceptions to this rule, but there seems to be a principle, in which nature has been absolutely consistent, at least for those birds that hunt over northern woods and plains. Generally she applies her principles as if she had an Anglo-Saxon mind, which is not worried by a few inconsistencies.

But in the case of hawks and owls she appeared to be strictly consistent. Khaki is obligatory. It might, however, be argued that, after all, she did allow one exception, the snow owl. But in reality the snow owl, with its white or nearly white plumage, is no exception. Khaki in the world of hawks and owls means the color of the ground, of bark and of dead stumps. The color of the ground in the Arctic regions is white for so long a part of the year, that white khaki, so to speak, is the only color suitable for an arctic owl.

In one respect, however, I think the khaki of owls and hawks is superior to that of modern soldiers. It is not plain, but is variously barred and mottled with a dark color on a lighter ground, which very much increases its concealing power.

Whether brown or grey is the best concealing color nature seems to have left undecided. In most of the hawks brown prevails. The great horned owl is brown, while the large barred owl is gray; and in the little screech owl nature seems to be still experimenting, for the same nest often contains both brown and gray owlets.

Birds of prey secure their food by the same method that the Indians of old secured their scalps; but they always aim at a surprise attack. Their victims are birds and rodents, but most of them eat far more rodents than birds or poultry, and are therefore, most useful birds. Rabbits, woodchucks, squirrels, chipmunks, rats, gophers, and wild mice constitute their principal food.

No human hunter waits and hunts more patiently with keener eyes and sharper ears for his game than do these bird hunters in gray and brown. Who has not observed how constantly robins and flickers cast about with watchful glances, and how nervously chipmunk and gopher rush in nervous haste from cover to cover?

Near my camp at North Lake a few months ago, I observed a young woodchuck, who seemed to be enjoying his meals in a very careless manner, away from any cover or safe hole. A few days after I had first observed him, I noticed a large gray owl flapping his wings over some prey. My search next morning showed that the young groundhog had paid the penalty for departing from the traditional caution of his race. The owl had caught him and had eaten half of the catch for supper. The other half he had cached between the roots of a spruce, where for some time my eye failed to detect it. From a nearby tree the hunter was watching his cache and I found that he ate it for supper that same evening, showing that he believed in one good meal a day, if he was lucky enough to make a catch.

In years when the northern hares or snowshoe rabbits are abundant, hawks and owls live principally on these, but when the rabbits die of a strange plague, as they do from time to time, the birds of prey are compelled to hunt grouse, and in this way there is a remarkable relation between the abundance of rabbits and that of grouse.

In the summer of 1912 both rabbits and grouse were very abundant. The following season the rabbits began to die, and a year later one might walk the old trails and fote roads for days without seeing a single rabbit. With the rabbits, the grouse almost vanished. Now both rabbits and grouse are again on the increase, but for some reason the grouse seem to recover quicker than the rabbits.

Just what the nature of the rabbit plague is no one knows. Fur buyers in the North Country have found that the Indians bring in few lynx skins from a region where the rabbits have vanished; and the only explanation seems to be that the lynx starve whenever their principal prey becomes scarce.

Most of us have seen hawks nailed to the barn door of some farmer, whose boys were better shots than naturalists. A bad reputation, however come by, is a hard thing to live down, and although in the case of most hawks the jury have returned a verdict of "not guilty," public prejudice makes every hawk a hen-hawk and a chicken-hawk; for to the average man hawks are hawks.

I had a fine opportunity to test this verdict on a family of Swainson hawks on the western plains. The enterprising parents had deserted the timber, their usual haunts, and had raised their family of three young on the ground and not far from several frontier farmers whose poultry were within easy hunting range.

The three large nestlings, almost ready to fly, must have kept the parents very busy carrying food, but not a feather of a bird or chicken was to be seen near the nest, where the first egg had probably been laid as long as eight weeks hence.

Birds of prey regurgitate hair, feathers, claws, teeth and other indigestible parts of their prey, in the shape of lumps, or pellets. I examined several of these pellets and found only the hair, teeth and claws of the brown prairie gopher. There was positive evidence that these birds had not tasted either poultry or birds of any kind. At a conservative estimate this hawk family destroyed from the middle of April to the middle of September about five hundred and fifty gophers and probably not a single chicken. Each gopher, I think, easily destroys the equivalent of one bushel of wheat a year, which would mean that these hawks saved the farmers of that neighborhood about \$1,000, allowing for the natural increase of the gophers, if the hawks had not interfered with them.

This bit of statistics shows that some hawks are not chicken-hawks. Birds of prey are rare enough that a nest and a family of them are always intensely interesting to every lover and observer of nature. Our most common birds of this group are the sparrow hawk and the screech owl.

The hen-hawk and the chicken-hawk are, however, not entirely fictitious creatures. Two of our fairly common hawks, the Cooper-hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk, do live largely on birds, and on poultry if they can get it.

A hawk when frightened will sometimes drop his prey, and I once secured a fat plucked robin from a Cooper-hawk by shouting at the bird as he flew past.

One spring a Cooper-hawk built his nest within a few rods of my boy's hen-house. I thought hawks were more interesting than chickens and agreed to make good any loss. The promise cost me the price of four white Hamburgs. The lure of these conspicuous chickens the hawks could not resist, but before they could take the little barred chicks some accident happened to the nest and to my regret the hawks left the neighborhood.

To the forest and forest trees, no hawks and owls are injurious, but the Cooper-hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, the horned owl and the barred owl, will kill a certain number of grouse. Unless known or seen to be injurious, all hawks and owls should be protected.

A well-known physician says that he comes across many terrible cases of secret skin disease. Because there's a natural disinclination to seek advice, the sufferer either neglects the trouble in its early stages, or else aggravates it by use of some poisonous mineral ointment. Whilst this may hide up surface trouble, it also drives disease further into the skin.

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Zam-Buk is unique in its germicidal and healing strength. Its soothing herbal essences penetrate into the skin right into the weakened and diseased inner tissues, killing the germs and uprooting disease at its very source.

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MEAN NIGHTS & DAYS OF ITCHING TORTURE.

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Don't endure skin torture a day longer! Get Zam-Buk to-day! Apply to the first itchy spot, sore or eruption; use it for healing cuts, burns, scalds, ulcers and poisoned wounds; also for weakening, painful piles.

## STOREYETTES

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said on his return from Paris: "Oh, yes, skirts are a little longer now, but if you think the new fashions are really any more modest—well, listen to this story: A young American matron with a mansion in the Faubourg St. Honore called in her French doctor to consult him on the subject of vaccination. 'Of course,' she said, 'I shan't want the mark to show.' 'No, of course not,' said the doctor. 'Well, that will be easily arranged. We'll vaccinate you a little above the knee.' 'Oh, how absurdly old-fashioned!' said the young matron. 'As if that wouldn't show when I go bathing this winter in California. Look here, doctor, isn't there any such thing as internal vaccination?'"

Edith Wharton, the writer, told this war story: "The American wounded were being brought in from the second Marne battle," she said, "and a fussy looking woman in a khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over the stretcher and said 'Is this an officer or only a man?' The brawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave her a grim laugh and said: 'Well, lady, he ain't no officer, but's he's been hit twice in the innards, both legs busted, he's got bullets in both arms, and we dropped him three times without his letting out a squeak, so I guess you can call him a man.'"

A Scotchman who landed in Canada not long ago accented a coal black negro for a direction. It happened that the black had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and lived there most of his life. "Hey, mannie," said the Scotchman, "can ye no tell me whaur I'll find the kirk?" The darky pointed with his arm. "Go right upto yon wee hoose and turn to ye're right and gang up the hill," said he. The visiting Scotly looked at him in horror. "And ar ye frae Scotland, mon?" he asked. "R-right ye arre," said the darky. "Aberdeen's ma hame." "And hoo lang have ye been here?" asked the Scotchman, breathlessly. "Aboot twa year," said the darky. "Lord save us and preserve us," said the new arrival. "Whaur ken I get the boat for Edinboro?"

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