

For The Quiet Hour

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Not to the mighty, to the wise or great
 Did God unroll the starry scroll of fate;
 But simple shepherds, keeping watch by night,
 Beheld the glory break on mortal sight,
 And humble ears, attuned to lofty word,
 The gracious "Fear not," rapturously heard,
 Angelic prelude to the carol high
 That swept with harmony the earth and sky.

Once, only once, that song to mortals came—
 Divinest spark of music's heavenly flame;
 But evermore the deepening echoes roll
 In tender cadence through each humble soul;
 And simple folk, while keeping watch by night
 At duty's lowly shrine, with glorious light
 Are flooded as of old from Bethlehem's light
 And know that Christ, the Lord, is drawing nigh.
 —Ella Gilvert Ives.

IN A RECENT NUMBER OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR World, a valuable point was made in referring to a letter written by a doctor to the editor of The Saturday Evening Post protesting against what he regarded as the practice of their story-writers in their persistent reference to the use of cigarettes by the heroines, with the evident purpose of popularizing the practice by women. He received a reply signed by the editor in which was this statement:

"It may interest you to know that The Post has just discontinued entirely, as a cost of some \$300,000 a year, the advertising of cigarettes, and that while we may not feel as strongly against them as you do, we are always careful, wherever possible, to edit them out of both pictures and reading matter."

PREACHERS WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS EXTRACT ON THE SUBJECT OF PREACHING:

"Thought I have a scientific mind and a university degree in sociology and philosophy, and though I am an expert in social service and an authority on Browning, and though I use the language of the scientific laboratory so as to deceive the very elect into thinking I am a scholar, and have not a message of salvation and redemption for the man without hope, I am a misfit in the pulpit and no preacher of the Gospel."
 It is said that a great preacher was once speaking to a student on this great theme, and remarked: "You will always find certain fundamental needs in every audience. One is a remedy for sin, and another is a help in trouble. Preach helpfully on these themes, and you will never lack an audience."

IT IS REPORTED THAT THERE WERE CIRCULATED ON A STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS DURING THE WAR SOME CARDS WITH THIS PRINTING UPON THEM:

"Why enlist? You have nothing to gain, and your life to lose."
 One commenting said: "God pity the miserable, self-seeking sneak who gives that as an argument for following, or refusing to follow, any course in life. Surely students with such self-at-any-price motives must be very rare."

Have you ever met Christians who were apparently dodging the issue of service in their church and community for the same reason, self-at-any-price? And what did you say to them? If real religion means anything, it means sacrificial service.

A COLORED PREACHER, HAVING CONCLUDED A POWERFUL ADDRESS ON "Salvation Is Free," announced that a collection would now be taken up for the parson and family. Up jumped a brother back in the church, saying:

"Look a-yere, parson, if salvation am free, what's de use in paying for it? I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' till I find out. Now—"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "Till lucidate. S'pose you was thirsty an' came to a river. You could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Ob co'se not. Dat's just what I—"
 "Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But s'pos'n yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, suh, but—"
 "Wal, brudder, salvatin is free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon."

It would seem that to bring the Kingdom of God into our churches via the pocketbook is a most difficult task for some.

MR FRANK HODGES, LABOR LEADER AND SECRETARY OF THE British Miners' Federation, a lucid and able speaker and thinker, got his earliest training in an English free church. He was greatly influenced by the Welsh Revival of 1906, and used frequently to preach to the Primitive Methodist congregations in the mining regions of Monmouthshire, where he was brought up.

Mr. Robert Smilie, the president of the Miners' Federation, is a member of the Free Church of Scotland.

AMONG THE MANY SUGGESTIVE UTTERANCES OF THE LATE Dr. J. H. Jowett, the following can be adduced and deserves thoughtful and earnest consideration:

"Evil for good is devil-like; evil for evil is beast-like; Good for good is man-like; good for evil is God-like."

Then Dr. Jowett follows with the comment that the last named lifts us into the heavens in Christ Jesus and gives us the mind of Christ, because the soul that follows the "God-like" is shadowed by the sleepless grace and love of God.

THE CHANGELESS CHRIST

"Jesus himself drew near and went with them. . . They constrained him, saying, Abide with us. And he went in to tarry with them." (Luke 24: 15, 29).

Come, and abide with us, O Heav'nly Guest!
 Then shall our lives indeed be richly blest;
 For with Thy presence darkness turns to light,
 And at Thy coming all our life grows bright.

Lord, without Thee, we faint and go astray;
 Alone, we cannot climb the heavenward way;
 But, Master, if with Thee we journey on,
 Our lives are joyous, and our hearts are strong.

O Master, share with us Thy presence sweet;
 Thy changeless love our every need can meet;
 O, come, and ever in our hearts abide,
 And be to us our "Light at Eventide."

Then, as for us earth's shadows flee away,
 And on our vision breaks Heaven's perfect day,
 Thy presence, Master, still our joy shall be—
 The changeless Christ—through all eternity.

"IT WAS A HOT DAY," SAID THE TOURIST. "THE CAR was crowded, but not uncomfortably. Two young ladies, handsomely dressed, attractive in appearance, occupied seats near the front door. They spoke so loudly as to be heard by one far from them. Their conversation was kindly, and upon religious matters."

"A woman with a baby came into the car, but though she came to the seat occupied by these two young and seemingly Christian ladies, they made no movement to find her a place; so she remained standing, with her pale, tired face, her peevish, fretful child, and her whole bearing indicative of much trouble and responsibility. These young ladies contented themselves by giving her a look, partly of curiosity and indifference, then resumed their conversation on religious matters."
 It is an open question as to how much real religion these young ladies possessed.

North Vickers

(Our own Correspondent.)
 A sleighing party from this vicinity attended the Christmas Tree at our school on Friday afternoon. A good program was presented by the teacher, Miss Wilson, and pupils Master Melville Johnston occupying the chair. Miss Wilson has proved a very clever teacher since coming to our school, and is certainly much appreciated in her work, both by pupils and parents. We wish her every good wish for the New Year and only hope she remains with us for some time.

Mr. Alex Knisley of Hutton Hill has been spending a few days at his sister's, Mr. and Mrs. George Turnbull's.

Mr. John Burns of Aberdeen accompanied by his brother, Mr. Robert Burns, from the West, spent Thursday evening last at Mr. and Mrs. George Mighlton's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wells of Ebenezer visited at Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reay's the beginning of the week.

Aberdeen.

(Our own Correspondent.)
 A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. Jack McDonald on Friday, December 19, when over fifty neighbors and friends were entertained. The evening was spent in games and dancing. Mr. Sandie McDonald of Durham helped to entertain with the bagpipes. All departed for home feeling they had a real good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Milligan and Master Tommy of Hutton Hill spent an evening last week with Mr. and Mrs. D. Lamb.

Mr. James McDonald and grandson, Kenneth McDonald, spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McDonald in Priceville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lynn and family have moved back to our neighborhood from Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McDonald and son, Kenneth, spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. William Hones and family of Crawford.

Miss Mary Lamb of Nestleton is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher McLean of Holstein are spending some time at the former's home with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLean.

We wish The Chronicle, its staff and readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Edge Hill.

(Our own Correspondent.)
 Mr. H. Williams is under the doctor's care this week. Asthma is the trouble. Mrs. Williams, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mortley, at Arthur, is home.

The local U. F. O. club unloaded a cartload of flour and feed last week. Our teacher, Miss McKechnie, is

spending part of her Christmas vacation in Toronto.

Mr. Charles Cotton has returned from his trip to England and is employed with Mr. Ernest Greenwood.

Mr. J. G. Firth met with a painful and serious accident on Saturday evening. He was repairing his radio outfit and had occasion to use a part of a small shell. While picking it to pieces, it suddenly exploded, blowing off the greater portion of the thumb and first finger of the left hand. Drs. Bell and Jamieson were called in and found that amputation was necessary and had the thumb and finger removed. This will be a serious handicap to Mr. Firth in his work. His daughter, Glennie, who was in the room at the time of the explosion, was slightly injured in the arm by a flying fragment.

On Friday afternoon an entertainment was given in the school by the teacher and pupils. Mr. David Robinson was Chairman, and a very interesting program was presented. Teacher and pupils are to be congratulated on the excellence of the program. Mr. Victor Williams made a realistic Santa Claus and distributed the gifts from the prettily decorated tree to the pupils.

THE PERSONALITY OF PEGGY

(By Eric St. John)

My first impression of her was negative. She was seated on an up-turned box, manuevering, with minute care, a well-shaped, patrician hand—somewhat at variance with the rather broad-featured face, which suggested African origin.

Her coat of smoke-gray fur was shabby; thin in places, revealing the pink flesh beneath. Now and again she shivered slightly, and raised a pair of sad little dark eyes in mute appeal.

Suspecting hunger, I searched my pockets; result—nil, save for a "soda-mint," which I refrained from offering.

People began to gather round—much in the same way as a crowd collects about a man in the street seeking for a lost coin.

Peggy watched their movements with interest.

A facetious youth inserted his stick between the bars of the cage and poked her emphatically between the ribs. She showed resentment by a display of white teeth and an audible anathema. But the hunger in her eyes persisted.

A strident voice in the rear was exclaiming: "Look, Billy! See! a monk-key!"

The owner of the voice dived into a bag, produced a handful of dried peas. They looked as hard as billiard balls, but Peggy stretched out two little hands to grab the spoil. She showed signs of disappointment and promptly stowed the unappe-

tising morsels somewhere in her mouth for later discussion.

A small boy squeezed under my elbow and thrust, an inquisitive nose through the bars.

Peggy's fist shot out like a flash and tweaked the offending member.

The lady of the strident voice clutched the boy by the shoulders, "Treacherous things monk-keys!" she remarked severely, with an acid glance at me, as if I were a party to the misdemeanor.

"Hard peas are rather indigestible . . ." I began; but she was already moving away with her whimpering offspring.

Presently we were alone—Peggy and I.

Putting a tentative hand through, I touched her with a light caress. The sad eyes held mine for a few seconds; she sensed my offer of friendship with quick understanding, and held my hand tightly, "nuzzling" her face into the palm with sundry low mumbling sounds of satisfaction.

"Poor little girl," I whispered; "captivity doesn't leave you a sporting chance—eh?"

Then, somehow, she made me understand how she hated the senseless taunts, gibes, pokes and innuendoes which revealed something of her heart's longing for love and the companionship of her kind, the loneliness of isolation behind bars.

Suddenly she released my hand. Her face wore a detached, far-away look. She leaped off the bog and started a restless pacing round and round the limited area, with soft, padding, rhythmic steps . . . The call of the jungle had laid its spell on her senses through the race heritage of her forebears. She was tasting the joy of freedom, the delight of danger amongst the waving trees of a forest home. . . . Her little monkey heart was responding to the cry of its mate. . . . Into her eyes crept the soft gleam of mother instinct. Helpless little ones taking shape. . . .

I left her to her visions. . . . Meticulously—for a period—iron bars were non-existent for Peggy.

I visit her as often as time permits. She dips into my bag for the offering she knows is there. Apples, oranges, bananas, nuts—all are welcome. But I think she likes, best of all, a couple of hot potatoes in their jackets. Then she proceeds to warm her toes round one, whilst busily polishing the other. But not a bite will she take until she has drawn my hand to her and buried her face in the palm, with those soft little mumbling sounds which first established communion between us. This is her rite of thanksgiving, rarely omitted.

The merry gibes of onlookers are often shared between us now. For

I fancy that, somehow, I am helping Peggy to find her soul.
 They say it is all "cupboard love" and "monkey cunning"—but I know!

HOW TO TELL WILLOW PATTERNS

Real old genuine Willow patterns were dates back to 1780. I have often had to point out to collectors the different brands of this old china—differences which escape observation.

Minton was the original maker of the plate on which the Chinese romance is so prettily told. Other pottery men wanted to use this popular design, so Minton sold them copper plates to print the patterns, but he took care to so alter them that they could be distinguished from his own original ware.

Look at your Willow pattern plate—if you have one. If the fence is very elaborate and there are 32 apples on the trees, that china was made by Stross.

On another plate, the trees are more profuse. If there are 34 apples then the plate was made by Wedg-then the plate was made by Wedg-then the plate was made by Wedg-

wood, a very famous potter, and the color is likely to be very good.

Yet another make of the Willow plate. If there are only 24 apples—then the potter was Davenport, who in his day turned out excellent pottery.

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