For The Quiet Hour

JESUS AND I

I can not do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—Jesus and I.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky;
Today so eager and bright,
Tomorrow too weak to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—Jesus and I.
—Dan Crawford.

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UNQUESTIONABLY THE RADIO IS AWAKENING INterest in the minds of many who have been neglectful of the the Word, as they are listening in to the great messages being sent through the air. A well-to-do person asked a neighbor for a Bible, saying that after hearing the Sermon on the Mount as broadcasted on Sunday afternoon, he found himself under deep conviction for having neglected the Book which was such a vital factor in his childhood life, and was chagrined to find that he did not have a copy in his palatial home.

Rev. Hugh T. Kerr, pastor of the Shady Side Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, broadcasts his Sunday evening service. He received a letter from an island off the coast of Nova Scotia, stating that the people of that island had not had any religious service for years, but since they had been able to pick up his radio sermons, they met every Sunday evening, and men and women were being converted. They also asked that the congregation, which is of course hundreds of miles away, sing "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," as the people on the island knew that old hymn and longed to hear the congregation sing it.

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, SEEING A BRITISH officer standing in a slack manner, called him to account with the question: Why do you stand in such an unbecoming attitude?"

The officer replied: "I am off duty, sir."

"A British officer is never off duty, so resume your military standing," the Iron Duke replied.

When God calls us to account through his inscrutable providences, as he called the rich barn-builder in the parable, there should be no trifling with the call, but rather an earnest desire to know in what particulars—and it may be very small,—we merit his disapproval.

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THERE CAN BE NO VERY BLACK MELANCHOLY TO him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons, I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house today is not drear and melancholy, but good for me, too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it would be good for me.—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

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DR. LIVINGSTONE TOLD OF A PLANT IN SOUTH Africa which bears a profusion of beautiful yellow flowers that throw out a fragrant aroma for several feet around them; but they contain an active poison that benumbs the senses if their fragrance is indulged in for any length of time.

What an emblem of the poisoning and benumbing effects of sin!

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WHEN MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS SOUGHT IN DISGUISE to escape from imprisonment at Loch Leven by wearing the dress of a laundress and a veil, lifting her hand unwittingly she was recognized by the boatman, who took her back to captivity. A glimpse of the fair, white hand revealed the queen.

In just this manner spiritually, trifles often reveal the kind of men and women we are.

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IN VIEW OF THE EXCESSIVE EMPHASIS PLACED BY many in these days upon the social side of church life and the importance of having "a good time," it may be well to remind ourselves that the request of the disciples was not, "Lord, teach us to PLAY!" but "Lord, teach us to PRAY!" There is a difference.

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LET PRAYER BECOME FUNDAMENTAL INSTEAD OF supplemental, and modernism and worldliness and infidelity in the church will have to go. The card table and the parlor dance will have to go. Duplicity and suspicion, jealousy and dissension, back-biting and division will have to go. Our broken-down family altars will be re-erected, our young people will be saved, our coffers will be filled with consecrated money, our home and foreign boards will be replenished with men and means, and a harvest of newborn souls will be swept into the kingdom!

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A CHINESE WHO HAD READ THE SCRIPTURES SAID:

"Whoever made this Book made me. It knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else but God tells me. Whoever made this Book made me."

GENERAL BOOTH WROTE THE FOLLOWING IN THE Mayoress of Brindlington's album:

"My life is flying away. At the longest it must soon be a thing of the past. Shall I not spend it in bringing the greatest possible honor to my Lord and the greatest possible blessing to mankind?"

General Booth proved beyond question that when one is 100 per cent for Christ, Christ is 100 per cent for him. What per cent expresses your relationship to Christ?

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In the eye the Master's glory,
In the ear the Master's voice,
In the heart the Master's spirit,
In the mouth the Master's words.

In Other Communities

Taken From Our Exchanges About People of Your Acquaintance

Hanover Hospital Has X-Ray Machine

As we go to press, we learn that an expert from the M. B. Evans X-Ray Company of Detroit is in town completing the installation of a first-class X-ray outfit which is costing, we understand, in the neighborhood of $4,000. It will be remembered that only recently a sterilizer was purchased through the aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and now with this X-ray equipment, the Hanover Hospital will be able to undertake work that heretofore could only be done in city hospitals.

We have been informed that this splendid equipment is being donated by Mrs. H. H. Miller, in memory of the late Mr. Miller. A fuller announcement including a full description of the machine will appear in our next issue. The hospital is fortunate in having in Miss Sutherland, the Superintendent, an experienced X-ray operator to take charge of the machine.—Hanover Post.

Overpaid by Bank

The machinery of the police court brought an offender against one of the local banks to time on Monday. It appears that an overpayment of $50 was made, but when notified of the error, Mr. Man refused to refund the money. He was summoned, and failing to appear, a bench warrant brought him to the court. On Monday he appeared and admitted the violation of the law, paid back the money with the costs, heard a mild reproval and went away without a word of comment. The lesson to be taken from the case is that what may seem easy money often proves most expensive.—Collingwood Bulletin.

Sewer Work Delayed at Thornbury

The rainfalls of the last week have had the effect of delaying work on the new sewer now in course of construction at Thornbury by the F. F. Fry Company Limited, Toronto. But despite unfavorable weather conditions, good progress is being made with the work. The average excavating per day which the powerful digger is capable of doing depends largely on the quality of the soil it encounters at different places along the road. On Thursday afternoon, for instance, the machine ran into a "nest" of boulders a few yards east of the post office which rendered progress exceedingly slow for a time. Every time a larger boulder is encountered, it is necessary to cease digging until a rope is placed around the obstacle by one of the construction gang, and it is lifted from the bottom of the drain to the surface by three, and sometimes four or five of the men employed on the work.

An interested crowd of spectators is always present to watch the big excavator perform its work, as a machine of this kind in active operation is something new to most of the citizens. That the machine is destined to do away eventually with the pick and shovel method of excavating on large drainage or waterworks systems of a public or private nature is only one of the many gradually changing conditions of the times we see in evidence every day. And strange indeed would be our ideas of mechanical achievement it it were not so when it is taken into account that this ponderous machine, costing no less a sum than $15,000 and weighing 40,000 pounds, is capable under favorable conditions of excavating one thousand feed of sewer or cellar drainage a day to a depth of from 6 to 10 or 11 feet. The overseer of the work at Thornbury informed the writer that in a contract for laying a water main at Bridgeburg, the machine, going to a depth of six feet, excavated one thousand feet of soil in four and a half hours.—Collingwood Bulletin.

A Dangerous Prank

A couple of New Lowell youths pulled off a stunt a few days ago, which for irresponsibility, borders close upon imbecility. It seems an argument arose as to the daring and prowess of each, and in a spirit of bravado or braggartry, wagered as to who could sit on the rail of the C. N. R. tracks the longest before the approaching mogul.

The engineer of the northbound train saw the two "knuts" on the rails, and after trying all the combinations of "toot, toot's," usually used for the different animals, decided that it was better to hold up the C. N. R. schedule than scatter parts of someone's offspring over the landscape, so applying the air and sand, the heavy train was pulled to a standstill, while the trainmen rushed to the lads with faces twisted into interrogation marks, as to the idea.

When the boys explained,—! !—What a vocabulary that engineer would have for a political campaign. Grammary, literature, etc., were all sacrificed to expressiveness, the adjectives of which, while not usually found in Sunday school papers, were full of meaning and left the boys in no doubt as to what the trainmen thought of them.

The summer holidays are too long for lads with "think tanks" of this calibre, and if these antics are persisted in during vacation from the knowledge foundry, there is going to be some sad mother tottering weakly up the steps of a large brick building to whisper, "Will he live?"—Creemore Star.

First Foundry Being Torn Down

The building which housed one of Teeswater's first industries, David Fairbairn's foundry, is being torn down after having stood for the past half century or more on the corner lot of Marcy and Clarinda streets, now owned by Thomas Friendship. A few of the older residents will recall the old foundry and its activites, and the building of the new foundry on its present site. In those early days oxen were used for power, and we are told that Mr. William Little was the man who hitched the first team to the old power machine for driving the fan which supplied the air pressure for the cupola or furnace. The old order of thinks will soon only be a memory, as new methods, new inventions are quickly taking their place, and we can but wonder what will the next fifty or sixty years bring forth.—Teeswater News.

Big Steel Truck Broke Down Kimberley Bridge

A bad accident occurred at Kimberley on Tuesday afternoon, when a truck loaded with steel went through the 4th line bridge over the Beaver river just north of Kimberley. The truck was owned by the McGregor-McIntyre firm of bridge builders, who have the contract for erecting a steel bridge over the river at that point. Several of their employees were on the truck at the time, and all were more or less shaken up, two being injured quite seriously. Doctors from Priceville and Markdale attended to the injured.—Flesherton Advance.

Teeswater Hospital Opening

After four weeks of complete renovating and refurnishing the former Dr. Ferguson residence, the new owners, Mr. and Mrs. E. Carl Wallen, announce the opening of the Teeswater Hospital.

The upper floor has been converted into cheerful hospital rooms with complete hospital equipment, a nursery, operating room and nurses' room. Mrs. Wallen, R.N., who will act as directress, brings with her the latest technique of the largest city hospitals. Dr. Fraser, Provincial Health Inspector, with Dr. M. H. Gillies vistied the hospital last week and complimented Mrs. Wallen on its completeness and homey atmosphere and assured her of their heartiest well-wishes for its success. Dr. Gillies declared it was a long-needed want, especially in the winter time, and marked another step in Teeswater's progress.

The many calls and enquiries in the past few weeks already assure the sponsors of its success. They are now ready to serve the public.—Teeswater News.

Another Generation Carries On

Over in the village of Chatsworth, they have a lot of bowling trophies on display this year, and although our old friend "Dad" Merriam has passed to the Great Beyond, the name still remains, and his son carries on at the old game, and very successful he is too. For many years the Merriam rink from Chatsworth could always be marked present at every tournament in this district. Last Monday a rink of bowlers, skipped by L. Merriam, of Chatsworth, played a Southampton rink here and took home the Henning trophy, which was won at the Hanover tournament. This same rink had won a trophy at Paisley earlier in the day, and we understand they now have five trophies at Chatsworth. The Southampton rink was composed of D. E. McVittie, A. C. Huber, E. Weatherall and I. McVittie. Southampton Beacon.

Freaks at Flesherton

A couple of freaks have come to our notice the past week of a rabbit with only one ear and a cat with a naturally bobbed tail. Pussy gave birth the other day to three kittens, two of them being like their mother, tailless. On Monday Mr. Sam Semple of town brought into this office a potato top with small potatoes growing out of the joints where the leaves were about one inch long. These were real potatoes, not the potato balls.—Flesherton Advance.

Dresses for Boys, Trousers for Girls

Recently we read a report of how Editor E. E. Shortt, of Southampton, discovered there was gasoline in the tank. A lighted match gave him a quick answer. After reading a two-column advt. of Brock McAuley's in last week's edition, we wondered if his foreman had been gazing into some other kind of a tank. This is the way the advt. reads in big type: "School Days. For the School Boy—Dresses, Slips, Hosiery, Underwear, Hats. For the School Girl—Shirts, Khaki Trousers, Tweed Trousers, Sox, Blouses, Belts, Caps and Underwear." Come on now, Ernie, tell what the men and women wear.—Kincardine Review.

THE DISTANT FIELDS

"Distant fields look green." This is especially true of a young man starting out in life. All too often he feels that to make a success in life, he must go away from home—far away in fact. Some distant city, some far off country, he imagines holds the big opportunity for him to make a great success of life. And straining his eyes to see these, he misses the golden opportunity lying immediately in front of him in his own town and in his own land. But the young man is not the only one to err in that regard. Shops in other towns and cities are thought to be better than our own. It is easy to believe that an out-of-town clergyman can always preach better than the faithful man who ministers to us every Sunday; that some far-away doctor can work wonders of healing that the family physician cannot be expected to do; that some other country has a climate far superior to our own. And it sometimes takes years of experience and much money to teach us the lesson that distant fields are really no greener than our own.

Their Money Equally Good

The heads of a motion picture producing concern were holding an important conference. The concern had had a profitable year, and the weighty subject of developing new markets was under consideration. One suggested marketing a certain film in Australia. "What's the use of sending a picture to Australia?" objected another. "There's nothing but kangaroos out there." The first one refused to withdraw his proposal. "What do we care about that?" he asked. "Their money is as good as any one else's."

The young aren't foolish. They are just willing to satisfy their curiosity at the cost of a blister.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY WALK

Mrs. Horn Tells how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would not be without it now. I had a female trouble so badly I could hardly walk and I was all run-down and could hardly get around to do my housework. I would be in bed three or four days at a time. I was told by a friend to try your Vegetable Compound. I did, and by the time I took two bottles I was beginning to get around again. I took ten bottles in all, and now I am all right again and doing my own work. I have six grown-ups to work for, so I have plenty to do. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, and I think it is good. But I owe my health to the Vegetable Compound, and I think if more of it was used women would be better off. I would not be without it if it cost much more."—Mrs. NELLIE HORN, 28 St. Matthews Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario.

Do you feel broken down, nervous and weak sometimes? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently, will relieve this condition. C

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John McKechnie, Durham

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