

For The Quiet Hour

GLORY! Hit's Christmas
 'Gwine to git up early
 An' sing a howdy song!
 'Gwine to make a racket
 Dat yo'll remembah long!
 Nevah heah folks whispah
 Dey Christmas feelins, do yuh?
 Dis ain't no time fo' silent prayah,—
 Hit's time fo' Hally-loo-yuh!

"A PRESENT FOR JESUS"

It was Christmas Eve, and at an Indian mission station the workers of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission were preparing presents. A call was heard on the verandah. It came from one of the Zenana pupils from a village where the Bible-women work, and they supposed that she had come for her annual present of material. After receiving her salaam one of the missionaries said that her gift was not ready, that it should be sent on to her at the New Year; but she interrupted, saying with glistening eyes and a beaming smile:

"I haven't come for that; I have brought a present myself for the Lord Jesus. It will be his birthday to-morrow, and I want him to have this because I love him."

And from the fold of her sari she produced a four-anna piece! Major Walter Collins of the Columbus (Ohio) Volunteers of America thinks that if a number of the boys and girls who imagine that they are already men and women could now and then be given a real good licking a great number of the minor crimes would never be committed.

To the greater extent he blames these cases on the lack of parental care. In this respect he continues:

"To my mind there is no doubt that the general run of parents of to-day are more or less indifferent to the upbringing of their children. I notice on all sides less and less of the old-time family life, which went so far to mold the character of the children. The mother, I think, is more to blame than the father."

The following is quoted from The Christian Statesman:

Two girls talking on a street car. One said, "Jim says he won't come to the house any more because father reads a chapter from the Bible every night. He says it's tiresome and wants me to sidestep the thing and go out with him. But Henry likes to hear the stuff and talk with father, and have me stay at home and visit with him. I just don't know what to do. I like them both and I bet I could get either one of them for a husband."

And the other whispered: "Listen, I had a fella like Jim once and I shook the family and stepped out with him. I won't tell you any more about it—but for God's sake stay at home with your dad and the Bible and Henry."

That self-sacrificing Church, the little Moravian body, has been celebrating its bicentennial. It is just two hundred years since Count Zinzendorf founded a colony of refugees on his estate in Saxony at Herrnhut. On account of persecution a company came to the United States in 1735, journeying on the same vessel as the Wesleys, settling, however, not in Georgia, but in Pennsylvania, where its chief strength still remains. The distinctive message of these Christian people is their intense missionary zeal; it is not an extra, an added phase of activity, but the vital expression of their life. They have 105,000 converts from heathenism, and only 50,000 members at home in Europe and America. Its missionaries went to fields for generations when every man knew he could not live over three years after sailing. But Christ had said: "Go ye!"

Rarely has the record been equalled of the Scudder family for apostolic, missionary succession. John Scudder was born in New Jersey, U. S., in 1793. For several years he practised as a physician, and then he and Mrs. Scudder went to Ceylon and India, in 1819, as missionaries of the Dutch Reformed Church. They had ten children. Of these nine became foreign missionaries (five of them medical); one died while preparing to go. Eight grandchildren became missionaries. The centennial, in 1919, saw three great-grandchildren sail for India, where thirty-one descendants have labored, while thirty-seven others have served in other countries. One ventures to say that there certainly must have been exemplary living, victorious praying, and faithful teaching to so pass on the vision through the years from life to life and from generation to generation.

Thirty years ago the following illustration was used largely by men interested in the spiritual quickening of the Church. The following version of it was given in The Methodist, a religious paper published in the Maritime Provinces, under date of May 13, 1891: This minister had been doing very successful work, and was highly gratified over it. Meditating thus one evening he dropped into a light sleep, and thought a man entered his room carrying chemical implements. He asked: "How is your zeal?" With a dreamer's strange fancy he imagined his zeal to be a physical quantity, and taking it out of his pocket, he gave it to him. The stranger carefully weighed it—100 pounds. He thought that was splendid. But the stranger broke it up, melted it in a crucible, and on turning it out he saw that it cooled in layers. These he took apart, weighed and tested each, taking minute notes all the time. He handed the note to him pityingly, and, with the remark, "May God save you," he left the room. There was a deep earnestness in the stranger's tone and manner that annoyed him, and opening the note he read as follows: "Analysis of zeal of Junius, a candidate for a crown of glory. Weight in mass 100 pounds. Of this analysis there proves to be: Bigotry, 40 parts; personal ambition, 23 parts; love of praise, 19 parts; pride of denomination, 15 parts; pride of talent, 14 parts; love of authority, 12 parts; love to God (pure), 3 parts." Were our zeal put to such a test, would there even be such a good showing as that?

A Neapolitan cobbler recently said to one of the colporters of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

"Sir, I want to ask a favor of you. I know that you are one of the Lord's workers, and I see that your boots need repair. I want to have the honor of mending them."

"If it will please you, do it by all means," replied the colporter, "but you must let me pay you, for you have to live."

"I have read," replied the cobbler, "what our Lord said about giving a cup of cold water to one of his little ones in the name of a disciple." So he mended the colporter's boots, and then said:

"Dear brother, if I could, I would make you a new pair, but as that cannot be, whenever your boots need repair—the boots that you wear out in selling the Gospels—come to me, and so I shall seem to have a share in this holy mission."

A Bible was recently presented to the King of Spain bearing this inscription: "The Baptist Young Men's Christian Association of Havana, as a lasting remembrance of the delightful visit of the beloved Spanish Alfonso XIII. to the hospitable shores of Cuba, dedicates to that admired monarch this Bible, which is the most eloquent symbol of the love and brotherhood which will always exist between that great nation and this beautiful pearl of the Caribbean. Read it, Your Majesty, and you will be wise; obey it, Your Majesty, and you will be holy; believe it, Your Majesty, and you will be saved. We are sending to you this token of our high esteem and the true fellowship which unites us to all Spanish peoples, by the courtesy of your own Vice-Admiral Cornejo."

By linking religion with petty and insignificant self-denials like the giving up of a cigar or a box of chocolates, and by magnifying the importance of paltry acts of penance, there is great danger of degrading the whole idea of piety, and making Christianity seem a superficial and flimsy thing.—Charles E. Jefferson.

Spectacles recently sent as gifts to the New Hebrides were at first regarded as nose ornaments by the natives, who had only seen them used by a missionary. Thinking it was the latest fashion, the young bloods of both sexes, with eyes as keen as hawks, wanted them. One youth who tried on a pair of green glasses, dropped them in his fright.

The French are reported to be adopting unscrupulous tactics in swindling the natives out of their land. It is the old dodge of taking advantage of the ignorance and powerlessness of the natives by means of alleged title-deeds. The French government authorities acquiesce, and the British authorities, who stand for a square deal, do not resist the French.

The plan of reading a selected book through a number of times during two months, each time from a different viewpoint, was inaugurated at the annual banquet of the Religious Work Department of the Washington Y.W.C.A. in 1920, and sprang into instant favor, over one hundred enrolling at the time. Since then the idea has spread until the suggestion sheets have been sent to readers in at least twelve States. Readers in the capital city are found in every walk in life, from the high government officials to messenger boys and charwomen. A naval officer who read Amos, and who is not a Christian, said that he wished "every officer in the United States Navy would read that book over and over and over."

Captain Hope of the British Navy told his doctor a few days before his death that when he was a midshipman an older officer said to him one day: "I never go to bed without prayer. Do you?" It was a simple question, and yet that simple question was the means of converting a great and noble life. "It is between seventy and eighty years ago, but from that day to this, I have never done so, either." Then he added, "See the influence of a good word."

Aberdeen.

(Our own correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. Macdonald of Priceville, accompanied by Mr. Elmer Watson, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald.

Mr. Jack Smith spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. J. W. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Twamley of Crawford, visited the McCracken and Macdonald families on Sunday last.

A very successful box social was held at S.S. No. 10, on Friday evening last. A good program was rendered and the boxes sold well. The proceeds amounted to \$93.00. A clock for the school is to be purchased from the amount and the balance is to be given to the hospital in Durham.

We are sorry to report Miss Miller, our teacher, is leaving. We wish her success in her new school.

Messrs. Will McCracken and Herb. Hopkins attended the Fat Stock Show at Guelph last week.

Some time ago the school children collected \$9.00 in aid of the Children's Shelter, Owen Sound.

Mr. Fletcher McLean of Holstein is spending a few days at his home here.

The Wilson Bros. of Varney had a sawing bee at Aberdeen on Tuesday last.

South Bentinck

(Our own correspondent.)

Miss Bella Park of Toronto is visiting her parental home here.

Norman and William McDonald visited Mount Forest friends recently.

Mr. G. C. Gerber, the Rawleigh man of Neustadt, was peddling on the line last week.

The school children in this section are preparing for a Christmas tree for December 19.

Two men were sawing down a tree in William Kerr's bush, recently owned by James Park, Jr., when they found that the tree was hollow and a swarm of tame bees had made their winter lodging. The honey began to run out and the gang made themselves at home.

Merry Christmas.

Blyth's Corners.

(Our own correspondent.)

Mr. James Halliday is suffering from a paralytic stroke, which he took about two weeks ago. He is able to be around again, but is speechless.

Mrs. John Marshall is expected home Friday of this week from a three weeks' stay in Mount Forest. Mrs. Marshall's many friends wish her better health in the future.

Mrs. Alex. Smith and Mrs. William Carson are also under the doctor's care.

Mr. Will Thompson returned home last Saturday night from Disley, Sask., looking well.

Mr. Andrew Stewart and Mr. William Porter were in Owen Sound for a couple of days last week on the jury.

Fowl-picking is the order of the day.

We wish the editor, staff and readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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EGG-LAYING ANIMALS

Nature has a collection of animal oddities so rare as seldom if ever to be seen inside a zoo. For example, there is the duckbill, an oddity surely since it is a mammal that lays eggs and hatches its young.

The duckbill is a survivor of one of the earliest types of animal to live on this earth. It is virtually a water animal and makes its home in burrows along the banks of the smaller rivers and streams of Australia, New Guinea and Tasmania. One entrance to the home of the duckbill is always under water, another is from a grassy field. Far back in a burrow in a nest carefully bedded with grass is where the duckbill lays its eggs. It is believed that the eggs, which are less than an inch long, require no incubation, or "setting," as the eggs of a bird do, but that they hatch almost immediately after being laid. The young are born blind and hairless; the bill, which is a prominent characteristic of the older animal, is soft at birth. As soon as the young are hatched they roll themselves into a ball and spend most of their time in sleep.

The body of a full-grown duckbill is approximately twenty inches long and is flat and oval. The hair is coarse and thick. The animal has no visible ears, and the eyes are very small.

Other interesting physical characteristics of the creature are its well-developed bill, its webbed feet and a spear of horn that grows on one of the hind feet of the male. The horn connects with a poison gland and serves as part of the animal's means of defence. When attacked the duckbill drives the horn into an enemy and injects the poison into the wound. The forefeet are particularly interesting; although they are webbed for swimming, the animal can fold the webbing back at will and leave five powerful paws exposed either for defence or for burrowing.

Like many animals—the squirrel, for example—the duckbill is equipped with cheek pouches in which to store food that it gathers after dark, for the duckbill is a creature of the night. The young duckbill has teeth, but as the animal grows they disappear, and in their place grow horny plates for grinding the food.

Another egg-laying animal is the echidna; it also is found in Australia and particularly in the Arfak Mountains of New Guinea. Like the duckbill, it is of early origin. The eggs of the echidna are small and have a tough, leathery shell. As soon as they are laid they are put into a pouch like that of the kangaroo, and there the young animals hatch. Immediately after hatching the young echidna does not measure much more than three-quarters of an inch and is quite helpless. The young animals remain in the pouch until they are at least three or four inches long.

A full-grown echidna is about the size of an American hedgehog, and the body is covered with short soft hair, interspersed with long hard spines that form a means of defence. Except that the spines are barbed, they resemble those of a porcupine. Again like the duckbill, the echidna makes its home in a burrow and is a creature of the night. It lives chiefly on insects, chiefly ants, and so is classed as an anteater. It has

strong claws that tear open the ant nests and a long, tapering snout, no teeth and a long tongue with which it licks up the ants and other insects.

SPECIAL SERMONS BEING GIVEN AT BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES

On Sunday evenings the pastor of the Baptist Church is giving a course of sermons on the Messiah in Prophecy. Jeremiah's "Branch of Righteousness" was the subject discussed last Sunday.

Mr. Cameron pointed out that the historical Babe in Bethlehem's Manger was the fulfilment of the oldest covenant in the world made with Adam and also the divine Christ. The new covenant was unveiled in Him. Jeremiah's promise of a restoration which included cleansing from sin, forgiveness, and cure, pointed to the marvellous work of grace upon the individual soul.

Dropped Dead in Toronto.

Mr. Josiah J. Evans, principal of the King Edward school, Toronto, a former Owen Sound boy, fell dead

in Toronto Saturday in front of St. James' Cathedral. He was 53 years of age, was in apparent good health and was never known to be ill. For twenty-seven years he had been teaching in Toronto.

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