

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A nation on its knees—a people at prayer! There is something tremendous, inspiring in the thought. Greater than the mental picture of armies going forth to war is this picture of a nation praying that war and rumors of war may cease. Truly this is the age of faith. Never before in the history of the world was there such faith in the ultimate improvement of mankind—such faith in the regenerative powers of man himself.

Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck was a great rambler; with her big family of ten little Cluckety-Clucks, she loved to wander through the fields and peck at garden stuff. For that reason, the gardener caught Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck and firmly tied four yards of heavy tape to one leg, and a big iron crowbar to the other end of the tape. The bar was too heavy for Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck to move, so for many days she had to stay in the corner of the yard; and since she could wander only as far as the tether would allow her, the ten little Cluckety-Clucks stayed with her.

There is nothing to hard and too high for the world to-day to believe. Men believe in miracles of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. They believe in love, chastity and honor. They believe in fair ideals of truth and unreal nobilities of conduct. They do not delude themselves with the idea of immediate perfection. They do not think that in the closing of an eye all these beliefs can flower into action. But the world has felt the possibilities of this life as never before, and it has faith in what it feels.

Call this an age of doubt, cynicism and incredulity! Say science has "altered all its cold, peering eyes"! Affirm that all is plain, material, matter-of-fact—that the great faiths are dead and man no more believes! Never did he believe so much! Never before was there a more implicit trust in the ultimate triumph of high ideals, in the possibility of all things great and good. Wars and rumors of wars cannot extinguish this faith. It rises above the smoke and wreck of battle. For a moment only it listens to the voice of disillusionment and then goes on its shining way—still "clutching the unalterable hope, still following the inviolable shade".

Over in Europe thousands of men are daily demonstrating that there is a greater fear than the fear of death. They perform deeds of "heroic," because they dare death or injury. It is courage; no doubt about that. Also from Europe come reports of the fighting. They are "colored"—that is, falsified—most of them, to suit the purposes of the side issuing them. That is the reverse of courage. Yet men are almost always guilty of it, under similar circumstances. It is rare for anyone to admit a beating. We lie first. We have an ingrained cowardice which prevents us from acknowledging superiority in another.

It is the same with other things beside fighting. We refuse to admit another's superior merit in business, in sport, in physical attractiveness, in most things where our personal advantage or vanity is concerned. Animal courage, the kind which makes men take hard blows without wincing and dare death on the battlefield, without hesitation, is not rare. It is even common. The lowest orders of savages have in common with men of the highest civilization. But the ability to tell the truth under all circumstances, even when it is to our evident disadvantage to do so, is the rarest kind of courage—and the truest.

How He Knows. A travelling sales agent visiting a large factory made a bet with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employees.

Accordingly he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right.

"How do you do it?" asked the manager in amazement. "Oh, it's quite simple," said the traveller, "quite simple. The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the single men don't."

Wrong Ideas. A husband, a few weeks after the honeymoon, came home and said in desolate accents: "My love, I'm heartbroken. My salary has been cut down 15 per cent."

"Oh, that's nothing," cried the young bride cheerily. "Cheap and Co. are advertising perfectly lovely things cut down 25 per cent."

Young Folks

What Black-Spot Did.

Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck was a great rambler; with her big family of ten little Cluckety-Clucks, she loved to wander through the fields and peck at garden stuff. For that reason, the gardener caught Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck and firmly tied four yards of heavy tape to one leg, and a big iron crowbar to the other end of the tape. The bar was too heavy for Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck to move, so for many days she had to stay in the corner of the yard; and since she could wander only as far as the tether would allow her, the ten little Cluckety-Clucks stayed with her.

Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck was as black as a crow, but all the little Cluckety-Clucks were white, except one. That one had three or four little black spots on her back. So the gardener called her Black-Spot. One day when Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck and her family were pecking about in the yard, Black-Spot spied a big open barn door not far away.

But Black-Spot seemed not to hear. On the barn floor she found delicious grains of wheat, and then she saw some oats scattered round a queer-looking little object. She drew nearer. Snap! went something, and she felt a quick, sharp pain in her foot. She struggled and tried to get away, but her foot was caught fast! She was nearly wild with the pain and the fright! And all the time she could hear, out in that dear, delightful corner of the yard, her sister Cluckety-Clucks, and their mother, clucking and peeping away so contentedly. Oh, if she were only with them! And at that she cried "West! weest!" at the top of her voice.

"Well, well! there isn't Black-Spot caught by the foot in that rat trap!" exclaimed the gardener, as he came through the doorway to see what all the "weest" was about.

He hurried to set Black-Spot free. She could not stand on her poor foot, which was bruised and cut. So the gardener bandaged her leg as carefully as he could, carried her into a shady corner of the yard and placed her on some soft green grass.

Mother Cluckety-Cluck came over and clucked and clucked in the saddest way, and the little Cluckety-Clucks came over and peeped in the saddest way. When anyone came into the yard, Mother Cluckety-Cluck ruffled up her feathers and jumped about in front of James Black-Spot.

"Keep away! Hands off! I'm keeping guard here!" she seemed to say. One day when Mother Cluckety-Cluck was lying in the grass near her little lame daughter, Black-Spot began to peck at the tether. She pecked and pecked and pecked, and then nibbled a few bits of grass, and pecked again in exactly the same place. When the gardener came into the yard, Black-Spot stopped pecking; but he had only come to fill Black-Spot's little dish with drinking-water. She sipped at the water awhile, but when the gardener had done she began to peck away at the tether.

Snip! went a thread, and Mrs. Cluckety-Cluck was free. So Black-Spot began to "Peep, peep, peep!" in such an excited way that Mother Cluckety-Cluck thought that something had come to hurt her lame child, so she ruffled up her feathers and gave a quick dart forward. Her foot seemed strangely light. In a moment she understood it all; Black-Spot had set her free! And just then the gardener and his wife came into the yard and saw what had happened.

"You'd better tie her up again; she'll be away over the fields before night, with the whole family after her," the man said.

But the gardener's wife smiled and said, "No, I think I'll try her a day first, and see, I believe that she will remember."

THE HOMELAND'S CALL

By Ronald McCaskill.

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion, Stir ye, awake from your dream; Hark to the world-flung challenge, List to the eagle's scream: Thrown in the teeth of the nations Terrible; menacing; grim: Hear ye the words of defiance, Hurl'd to the Empire's rim! "Stand aside lest ye be too late And I tear thee limb from limb."

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion, Hear ye his arrogant cry! "Where is there one to dare me, One who'll do battle and die! Fear I the bear that was conquered, Cowed by the small yellow man? Heed I the squeaks of an upstart I ground in the dust of Sedan!" Who talks to me of the Lion's sway? A lion's cub may be eagle's prey! And mercy is none of my plan!

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion, What says thy mother's roar! "Who is this Teuton boaster To prate so loud of war! Long have I stood his insults, Long have I leashed my might But never brook'd dishonored peace. The time has come to fight!" Rise then ye whelps of the Lion's breed, Thy mother's call is the Empire's need And battle for the right!

"Send me the men from the Southern Cross Eager to do their part; Send me my sons from the frozen north, Men of the mighty heart. Send me the men from the sun-baked veldt, Bred to the rifle's crack; Send me alike both rich and poor; No fear that men I'll lack; Making one cause with my sons at home, Warring on land or on salt sea foam, To fight for the Union Jack."

—Maclean's Magazine, October, 1914.

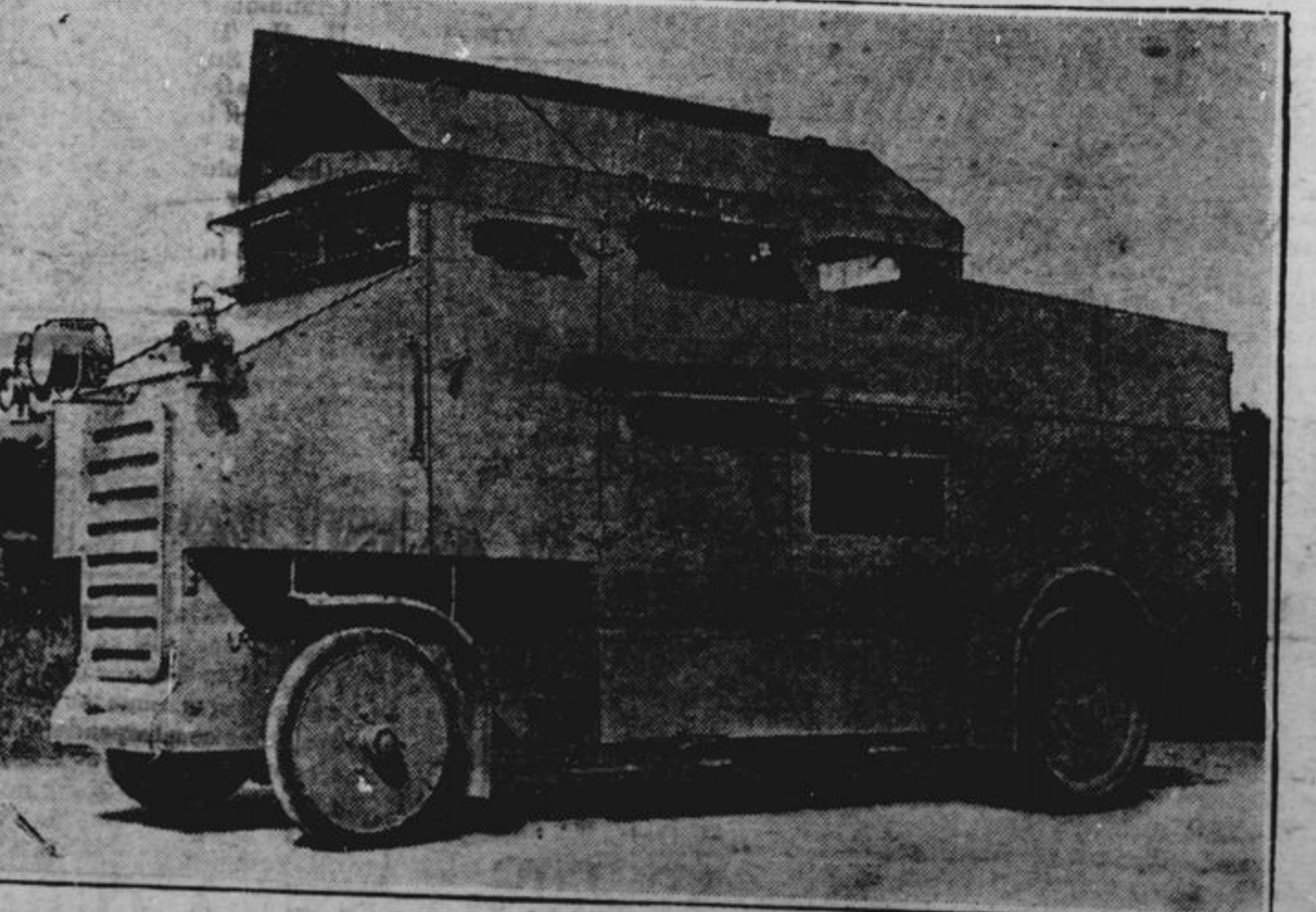
HEALTH

Care of Children in Autumn. Mothers perhaps do not fully realize the necessity for taking particular care of children during the early autumn. A little extra care bestowed upon the child at this season will save many of the colds and troublesome ailments that tax the constitution and make children more liable to disease during the winter. Autumn colds are particularly to be guarded against, as these so often develop into chronic catarrh which is very hard to cure. The thin stockings and socks worn in summer should be succeeded by ones that are slightly warmer, while the same change should be made in the underwear. This should always be of wool, except during the heat of the day. The colder evenings demand extra precautions in the putting on of warmer coats and wraps. I do not mean that a child should be coddled, far from it, but a mother should see to the children having a light coat or cape which would prevent them catching cold. Woolen combinations of light weight are excellent for children's wear, and save many a serious illness. Children take cold more easily or less readily, but if well protected there is less liability to contract a severe cold. Colds in children are best treated by keeping them in a warm, not stuffy atmosphere, and if possible, in bed. If a child is kept in practically the same atmosphere for three days, and a simple cough or cold mixture administered, the cold will generally disappear without leaving any serious effects behind.—A Physician.

The Rest Cure. It is always easier to recognize the need of a rest cure than it is to put the cure into operation. First of all there is the difficulty of deciding just where and how to give it. Then it becomes necessary to persuade the patient to take it, and every rest-cure patient is a problem by himself, and usually a difficult one. It is quite possible to be in urgent need of the rest cure and at the same time to be more obstinate, vociferous, and unmanageable than all the rest of the family put together. That is why physicians advise against attempting the rest cure in the home. It is very likely to fail there in the case of the patient, and to succeed only in making patients of the other members of the family; for worn-out people are hard to handle, although they may be perfectly tractable and reasonable when they are in a state of health. That is the reason that a good sanatorium is the best solution of the problem. The patient is at once removed from his oversolicitous family, and becomes simply one case among other cases—although he may be tacitly recognized as a very "interesting" one. Furthermore, a life of gentle but inflexible rule and habit is established. The days glide by, and they are made to glide and not to drag, which is, perhaps, the most valuable secret of the system. But unfortunately, many people who need the rest cure cannot afford to go to a sanatorium. In those cases, we must strive to attain as far as possible the atmosphere and methods of the sanatorium. Break the day up into periods, and let them be punctually observed. Try to get the patient into a mood of willing obedience to some one person, even if you have to persuade the doctor to play the ogre for that purpose. Let the meals be a succession of mildly exciting pleasures. Admit one visitor a day—no more—as a concession and a treat. And if you can possibly find the money, have a professional massage the patient at regular intervals. Remember that an impatient, intractable and thoroughly bored person living in bed is not taking a rest cure.—Youth's Companion.

"God With Us" on German Belts. Embossed upon the belts of the German soldiers is the legend, "Gott mit uns" ("God With Us"). They are a virile and believing nation—such people make a terrible enemy. There is no place in the German mind for cynicism, which sometimes in older nations makes people wonder whether the struggle between national groups is good in the eyes of God. The Germans are fighting like a band of brothers. In time of war the relations between class and class, between officer and cordial—they are "comrades," a word continually on their lips as they fight. For their nation they are cold, inhuman, barbaric. That is why, if we believe that moral laws govern this world, and that might is not right, we must fight them as we fought and conquered Napoleonism. But let us have no delusions about their real character.

Strategy. "I say, old chap, I'm in shocking luck. I want money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it." "Well, I'm glad to hear that. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could get it from me."



A Wonderful Armored Motor Fortress. One of the great features of the present war has been the armored car combats, and some very excellent work has been executed with them by the various armies in the field. The photograph shows one of these extraordinary mobile fortresses.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, OCTOBER 25.

Lesson IV. Jesus and Judas—Matt. 26. 14-25, 47-50; 27. 3-10. Golden Text, Matt. 26. 24.

Verse 47. Lo, Judas, one of the twelve—It was well known that Judas was one of the twelve. But even to the hardened bystander it was a shock to think of him as one of the disciples of Jesus and also as Jesus's betrayer. Hence the designation of Judas as "one of the twelve" is not to describe or single him out. It is an exclamation of surprise when he is found not with the other eleven and Jesus, but in a turbulent crowd moving upon Jesus and the eleven.

A great multitude with swords and staves—The indefiniteness of the words "great multitude" leaves the imagination free to compute the size of the crowd. That it was not small in number is clear; "staves and swords" also is an indefinite term. It would suggest that the crowd was not composed of regular soldiery and was heterogeneous. That they came from the chief priests and elders of the temple polity had been drawn into service. This would not be a large body in number and would naturally draw a rabble with it as it proceeded out into the night away from the city. Curiosity is always the concomitant of crime.

48. He that betrayed him—Judas elsewhere is so designated (Matt. 10. 4 and other passages). The stigma stuck to him.

Gave them a sign—Some sign would be necessary in the dark, and especially because the officers of the chief priests and scribes could not be expected to know Jesus. Whomsoever I shall kiss—Language fails one to describe the perfidy of Judas's act. But to conceive as its means of fulfillment the loving approach of a kiss stupefies one.

49. And straightway he came—He would have the act over with immediately. If he hesitated, the influence of Jesus would control him. Under his control he could not betray him.

Hail, Rabbi—At the last Judas cannot approach Jesus informally as his wont was. He comes with a formal greeting and designates him in a professional way. The kiss of affection under this approach was very deeply disguised.

50. Who betrayed him—Again the stigma. Repented himself, and brought back the thirty pieces of silver—He repented to the fullest extent; he brought back the silver. But the silver no longer had aught to do with the betrayal. What was done could not be undone. Let repentance be genuine, even apart from the restoration of the money.

4. Betrayed—This word can always be rendered by "delivered up." The betrayal included the delivery. What is that to us? see thou to it—The priests could not wash away the guilt of Judas. Had they been able to, they would not have been concerned with doing so. Let Judas stand the full brunt of his act. That was their thought. And they doubtless gloated over his discomfiture as much as they did over their good fortune when he came to them to say he would deliver Jesus in their hands.

5. Cast down the pieces of silver—He could not hold them. They were searing his flesh. Into the sanctuary—The unclean money was even to defile the temple, for it was thrown into the very holy of holies. And departed; and he went away and hanged himself—He is still pursued by the furies. As an evil spirit which ran hither and thither in the earth seeking rest and finding none, so Judas was hurried by

the lash of remorse until he is found hanging on a tree. It is supposed that he strangled himself, the rope having broken. But see Acts 1. 18.

6. And the chief priests took the pieces of silver, and said, It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, since it is the price of blood—The word for "treasury" is corbanas and means the "sacred treasury." The exclusion of "blood money" from this treasury was an application of the law against harlotry (see Deut. 23. 18). How true is it that Jesus was counted with harlots and sinners.

7. Bought—The potter's field to bury strangers in—Strange that this money should be so associated with death and burial. Strangers doubtless meant the Jews from other lands dying in Jerusalem at passover time.

9, 10. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken through Jeremiah the prophet—The words of the text which follow are not of Jeremiah, but from Zechariah (chapter 11, verses 12, 13). The error is due to the fact, doubtless, that similar texts from Jeremiah (18. 2, 3 and 32. 6-15) were in the parallel is not in the close similarity of the incidents connected with Jesus on the one hand and Zechariah on the other, but in the low value set upon the prophet in either case. Prophetic insight and activity cannot be estimated. They run beyond all power of calculation. The travesty in the betrayal of Jesus becomes accentuated when the low price set upon his head is considered.

CAIN.

VICTORY OF

Albert of Belgium Says His A

A despatch from Washington says: The proclamation posted and announcing the withdrawal of the Belgian Government from French soil was received cable on Wednesday night at the Belgian Legation. The text follows: "Citizens, for about two and a half months the Belgian people have been defending, foot by foot, at the price of heroic efforts, the fate of their country. The enemy certainly expected to annihilate an army in Antwerp, but a retreat

BOERS RALLY UNDER BOER

Dutch Commandos Flooding to Call of South African Premier. A despatch from Cape Town says: As a result of Col. Maritz's rebellion in the north-west of the Cape provinces, Gen. Louis Botha, Premier of the Union of South Africa and commander of the troops, has taken over the command of the British in defence of the Empire against which twelve years of their were in arms. This fact had a marked effect on wavering

GERMAN SPY BOAT SEIZED

Had About Nine Months' Provisions Aboard and Wireless. A despatch from Nanaimo B.C. says: The ninety-ton gasol launch Empress Ninth was captured by Canadian authorities at Compton Spit, in Union Bay. The crew, men and a woman, all giving the name of Kofke, were taken into custody. The launch had about nine months' provisions and supplies aboard, carried three auxiliary engines, and was equipped with wireless apparatus. It is supposed that the crew were intercepting messages from the wireless station at Cape Lazo. Two other launches, also named Kofke, were seized at Campbell River. They are charged with being German spy boats. Both parties were sent to Nanaimo to wait further instructions. The launch left Victoria a few days ago without clearance papers

MONTREAL PRIVATE KILLED

Alexander Carle Lost His Life His 25th Birthday in France. A despatch from Montreal says: Mr. William Carle, of 198 Bernard Avenue, Montreal, received word from the British Government that his son, Private Wm. Alexander Carle, of the first battalion Sea Guards, had been killed in action in France. An additional touch of tragedy was given by the fact that Private Carle had been killed on September 14, his twenty-fifth birthday. The official notice of his son's death was received by Mr. Carle with the following mourning card from Lord Kitchener—"The King commands me to assure you of the true sympathy of His Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow, Kitchener."

FOR MONTREAL UNEMPLOYED

Vote of \$50,000 Recommended by the City Council. A despatch from Montreal says: For the relief of the families of the unemployed this winter, the City Council adopted a resolution of Wednesday afternoon recommending that the Board of Control vote the sum of \$50,000, which it is proposed to distribute through the various charitable organizations of Montreal. The city has already passed a resolution to supply the sum of \$150,000 to the patriotic fund.

THE COST OF LIVING.

Five Per Cent. Increase in Canada Since War Began. A despatch from Ottawa says: The cost of living in Canada has jumped by nearly 5 per cent. since the outbreak of the war. The Labor Department's index number showing the general level of prices at the end of September is 140.7 as compared with 135.5, at the end of July. Most of the rise took place during the first three weeks of the war, and during the past three weeks there has been a general steadiness in prices. Retail prices are reported to have been, on the whole, steady in September, after the first upward movement following the war. In flour and sugar, however, advances occurred last month in most of the cities. Rent was reported to have risen in fifteen localities throughout the Dominion.

BUY 50,000 STRETCHERS.

Britain Contracts to Receive 1,000 a Week for a Year. A despatch from Reading, Penna., says: A local firm on Wednesday received a contract from the British Government for 50,000 stretchers to be used in carrying wounded from the field. They are to be furnished at the rate of 1,000 a week.