Little Mr. Inch.

Once upon a time there lived a little green inchworm. He lived in a flower bud that grew on a flower stem in a garden bed. All day long he went about measuring things. From pink-gold sunrise to purple-gold sunset little Mr. Inch went about among the flower stalks and the green leaves, measuring everything. He measured everything by himself.

Now, as you know, there are many ways of measuring things in this sunny, big world; an inch is one measurement and a yard is another; but for little Mr. Inch there was only one measurement—himself. He would crawl out long, and then he would crawl up short, and so he would measure everything that was to be measured.

Things never came out even. They never fitted the exact size of Mr. Inch. "Everything is wrong! Everything is wrong!" declared little Mr. Inch. "There is nothing that measures right. Everything, everything is wrong!"

He had just come to the edge of a great green leaf that he had been measuring, and as he stood up and looked about to see where he should go next, he saw a fuzzy-wuzzy, cheerful caterpillar coming along the branch.

"Nice day!" said the fuzzy caterpillar.

"Bad day!" returned little Mr. Inch. "Everything is wrong. There is nothing that fits my size."

Indeed, now that the inchworm felt that someone was listening, he made a great fuss. "Nothing, nothing, nothing is right!" he declared.

He made such a fuss that a little bird sitting on a twig near by immediately saw him; he caught little Mr. Inch in his bill and bore him away.

But the fuzzy-wuzzy caterpillar turned and curled himself up on the great green leaf in the sunshine of the garden; he was larger than little Mr. Inch, but somewhere he had learned never to measure things by himself, and so he was happy in the garden, sunning himself on the great green leaf.—Youth's Companion.

Fashion Hints

Madame Mode Says.

No cotton material is better than voile for practical wear.

A touch of black in neckwear is in vogue for the moment.

The tendency in linen dresses is toward the tailored styles.

Never was there such a liking for the sailor in millinery.

Fine organdies are the greatest favorites for fluffy frocks.

Lots of the summer wash suits are being made up in gray.

Narrow belts are a feature among the new wash skirts.

Bridesmaids are carrying crooks with knots of apple blossoms.

White pongees and taffetas are seen among afternoon dresses.

All sorts of cotton frocks are finished with colored silk sashes.

Low-heeled shoes are correct with any sort of daytime dress.

Flowered silk crepe is an excellent material for a summer dress.

Very often the one bright touch on a dress or coat is the buttons.

Costly embroideries seem to be entirely out of the question on summer gowns.

The more simple the little girl's hat is the more fashionable and becoming.

This is the hour of the long silk glove, and never was it prettier or daintier.

Small hats with ostrich about the crown and mounting high in the front are new.

Self-colored and dull gold soutache are used in carrying out the military effects of coats.

Dull gold and metal soutache embrodiery are being used on chic tailored costumes.

Revers and waistcoats of linen, striped or plain, are seen in the new white serge jackets.

Grass linen blouses have twine decoration and are worn with sand-colored covert skirts.

High stand-up ruffles of tulle and neck ruchings of lace are among the revivals in neckwear.

Some of the silk dresses have the long peasant blouse belted, and they are high in the collar.

Some of the best Paris dressmakers are cutting their blouses low in the neck—round or square.

There has been a tremendous swing from the tube-like skirt to the picturesque skirt that billows.

A dressy blouse is in a combination of black chiffon and black velvet ribbon, the latter forming the lower third of the blouse and the cuff bands. Embroidery in Oriental colors relieves the sober tones of the materials.

An attractive linen blouse of lavender is trimmed with white linen. The front panel of the waist buttons straight up to the collar, forming one continuous line. The sleeves are long, with cuffs trimmed with the buttons.

The dressy waist, which takes more the form of a dress bodice, is made to match the skirt. Sometimes these waists are touched up with a contrasting color. White is frequently used in the collars, cuffs, vests, buttons and other trimmings. White is especially used on navy blue and black.

A chemise blouse of felt net and lace in the natural color has a skirt part of black chiffon. The blouse belts slightly below the normal waistline, but the effect of a lower line is given by the continuation of the lace below the ribbon belt. Stitched to the tail of the blouse is a hem of black chiffon. This blouse has no other opening than that at the neck and slips on over the head. It is of the almost shapeless kimono cut, but the long sleeves are fitted snugly to the arms from half-way below to the wrist, where they are almost skin tight. The collar and inside vest are of flesh-colored mousseline de soie. This transparent bodice is worn over a guimpe bodice of flesh-colored mousseline.

Wise Man.

Farmer Stack—You say you went through an agricultural college? Then you must know all about nitrates?

Stranger—Sure thing! Where did you want to telegraph to?

Polynesian mothers mould and flatten the noses of their daughters, and think that the long, thin nose of English women are the result of being pulled out in infancy.

RASPBERRY LORE.

(By Peter McArthur.)

The meanest man in Canada has been discovered, but I dare not give you his name or tell you where he lives, for like all the mean men I know, he is very respectable, and moreover, he is well off and for that reason his neighbors look up to him. It would never do to cast a slur on so estimable a citizen, but let me tell you what he does. He hires the children in the neighborhood to pick raspberries for him, and it is part of the bargain that they must whistle all the time they are in the berry patch. As he is always within hearing he is able in this way to make sure that they do not eat any of the delicious berries they are picking. Now, what do you think of a man like that?

I wouldn't consider this man so mean had it not been that for some time past I have been trying to determine the origin of the name "Raspberry." The explanation given in the big dictionaries is perfectly absurd "Rasp—with reference to its rough outside—looking like a rasp." What nonsense. The appearance of a raspberry might remind one of a cluster of rubies, but never of a blacksmith's rasp. But philology, or the science of words, is a mere matter of guesswork in many cases so I feel quite at liberty to guess at the origin of the name raspberry myself.

What does a healthy boy do when he discovers that raspberries are ripe? Anyone can answer that. He comes rushing towards the house yelling "Rah! rah! rah! The rahs-berries are ripe. "Rah! an abbreviated cheer, expressive of joy. Hence rahs-berries is the berry that makes the small boy cheer because of the joy he feels. Do I hear any objection to that? Of course not. Anyone can see that that is the true explanation. Let the makers of dictionaries take note.

And now that I am at it I may as well set the learned philologists right on another point that has to do with the raspberry. They seem unable to decide on the exact origin of the word "jam" as used in raspberry jam. Once more I am amazed at their blindness. Also once more I go to the healthy small boy for my explanation. What does he say when he gets a chance to steal raspberry jam? If you cannot imagine, just use your memory and recall what you used to say. "Yum yum!" of course. With this starter any learned professor will tell you that by the application of Grimm's law, or some similar law, this ecstatic exclamation in time became changed to "yam, yam!" Still later it was changed to "jam jam!" and then in the hury of our modern life was abbreviated to "jam!" Do I hear any objection to that? It is all as plain as mud. Say I have a notion to give up farming and go in for philology. The college professors and dictionary makers seem to lack both imagination and knowledge of the small boy.

Now can't you see why I consider the man who makes the boys whistle when picking raspberries the meanest man in Canada? The berry itself and its chief product both take their names from the love of them shown by the small boy. If you do not believe in my derivations just try any healthy boy with ripe strawberries and strawbery jam and see how he will act. If he doesn't say "Rah" and "Yum yum" he is not a normal boy.

A Gentle Rebuke.

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am, very fine indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said, somewhat later, examining carefully a basketful. "They look,"—here she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

"There was," said the grocer, respectfully, "but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't—"

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Beacon.

It has been established that the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo never uttered the famous words, "Up, guards, and at them!"

MAKING READY FOR A "WHITE ARM" ATTACK.

French troops preparing for an attack on the enemy with bayonets or "white arms" as they are popularly called. Recent despatches say that the French are replacing the bayonets with knives, as bayonets are difficult to handle in the trenches.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUGUST 8.

Lesson VI. The Kingdom Torn Asunder—1 Kings 12. 1-24. Golden Text, Prov. 16. 18.

I. Rehoboam Takes Counsel of the Elders (Verses 6, 7).

Verse 6. **With the old men, that had stood before Solomon**—Solomon valued good counselors highly (see Prov. 11. 14; 15. 22; 22. 6). These men were much advanced in years, as they were the counselors of Solomon, Rehoboam's father. Rehoboam was forty-one years old when he began to reign (1 Kings 14; 2 Chron. 12. 13). These men probably were at least seventy years old.

7. **If thou wilt be a servant unto this people**—That is, listen to the popular clamor. This at least would have been expedient and, therefore, in the opinion of the elders who were close to the people, wise.

II. He Rejects Their Counsel and Advices With the Young Men (Verses 8-11).

8. **Young men that were grown up with him**—Men of Rehoboam's own choosing, and hence in mind and attitude like him. It was natural for him to place their view and advice above that of the elders. These younger men were the privy counselors of Rehoboam, just as the elders were the privy councilors of Solomon. Rehoboam, doubtless, asked the advice of the elders in deference to the regard of the people for the wisdom of his father Solomon, and in the hope that they would agree with him.

11. **Whips . . . scorpions**—In despotic countries scourging men to induce obedience is not unknown. There is, however, no record of Solomon ever having chastised his people in this way. Just as "my little flinger is thicker than my father's lions" is metaphorical, so is the expression of chastisement with whips and scorpions. Some define "scorpions" as "whips having laden balls at the ends of their lashes with hooks projecting from them." The Romans had such a whip or rod. Perhaps one was used on Paul (see Cor. 11. 25). Others suppose the term to refer to the thorny stem of the egg plant, which, when used as a whip, leaves an irritating wound. These figures of speech are sufficient to show what kind of a burden Rehoboam's young friends advised him to place upon his people. Their advice suited Rehoboam's haughty spirit, and he was not long in deciding upon his course of action.

III. He Adds to the Yoke of the People (Verses 12-16).

16. **What portion have we in David**—David had been able to unite the tribes of Israel. Rehoboam's conduct brought about a division. These words of the people, which express their intention to revolt, are very like the words of Sheba, the son of Bichri, who carried on the revolt against David after Solomon's death, and are a clear indication of the spark of tribal jealousy which had never been put out.

To your tents, O Israel—A rallying cry (see also 2 Sam. 20.1). The words literally mean, "Go to your homes and prepare to protect yourselves. We shall have to fight for our rights."

See to thine own house—The tribe of Judah was now all that was left Rehoboam. He must look to it for support.

THE PERFECT PIE.

(By Peter McArthur.)

Probably no dish that ever appeared on our tables has caused so much burning as the pie—and I do not mean by that to suggest the connection between heartburn and indigestion. The pie with the hurting case crust has eclipsed many a honeymoon. The unsuccessful pie has been the uncharted rock on the sea of matrimony, the slough of respond on the straight and narrow path. But the good pie, the perfect pie has been from time immemorial the peacemaker, the healer of lovers' quarrels. The great outstanding fact of married life is that man wants pie. As Scott did not exactly say:

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his wife hath said:
"I wish that you would learn to bake
Pies like my mother used to make."

But I have known a man to do even worse than that. I have known a man to say to his wife: "I wish you could make pies like your mother used to make." In that way he rebuked her and made friends with his mother-in-law, a feat of diplomacy never equalled in the chancelleries of Europe.

But the question has been raised: "What kind of pie was it that mother used to make? What was her masterpiece?"

There is no need of any dispute on this subject. Just wait till you find one of those old fashioned pie-making mothers and listen to what she is singing to the grandchildren on her knee.

"Can she make a cherry pie?
Billy Boy, Billy Boy!
Can she make a cherry pie,
Charming Billy?
She can make a cherry pie
While a cat can wink its eye
But she's a young thing and can't
leave her marry-O'.

When the biggest cherry trees that are now laden with ruddy fruit were mere seedlings, that song was as popular as Tipperary is to-day, and there are still merry grandmothers who sing it to their marriageable grandsons when they go a-wooing. In the good old days before there were pie factories where pies are made by machines and should be eaten by machines the making of a cherry pie was the ultimate test of a housekeeper. No girl was accounted worthy of a home who could not make a perfect cherry pie.

And this is the season of the cherry pie! Let me whisper something. Every girl should show that she is able to make cherry pies. Every love-lorn boy should see that the girl he loves is able to make them. A word to the wise is sufficient—though in this case a word to the foolish might be more appropriate.

Eyes in the Dark.

Most of us are familiar by now with the marvellous streams of light which shoot up into the sky every night, switching from side to side in their search for Zeppelins. These searchlights are among the most wonderful of the devices used in warfare.

The candle-power of the lamp is, in some cases, about 25,000. Their precise range has not been determined, but on a clear night they can pick you out if you are very many miles away. There is a searchlight at the Eigerwand station, on the Jungfrau Railway, the beam of which is visible at a distance of 60 miles, and it is strong enough to enable a newspaper to be read 20 miles off.

At night, grey or khaki is more easily seen by searchlight than the French red. When landing troops by night at the Dardanelles our own soldiers were more conspicuous than were the French. Nevertheless, the landings would have been infinitely harder had not the great shafts of light picked out the dangers and obstacles on shore.

In some parts of Norway corn is used as a substitute for money.

8937

SMART VACATION DRESS.

May times is one confronted with the difficulty of deciding on the most satisfactory dress for the vacation—Is it to be an Empire, a Princess or what? Shall it have a low neck, short sleeves, yoke skirt or——"Oh, on just what shall I decide!" A dress that will be found highly satisfactory in determining these little vexatious points by combining many of the season's most popular features, is Ladies' Home Journal Pattern No. 8937. The pattern includes a Quaker collar and cuffs, a waist with a gathered yoke and a one-piece skirt gathered to a two-piece hip yoke. The pattern cuts in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure, requiring in size 36, 6½ yards 36-inch material.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be purchased at your local Ladies' Home Journal Pattern dealer, or from The Home Pattern Company, 183-A, George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told In a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

Vancouver fire losses in June totalled $182,445 with insurance of $122,850.

One Vancouver hotel has contributed 53 men for service at the battlefront.

Two hundred dollars a month is distributed to soldiers' dependents at Cranbrook.

Sperm whales are reported to be plentiful off Vancouver Island and the Pacific coast.

Henry Digby, himself a Vancouver veteran, has four sons with the Canadians in the war.

The Okanagan Valley apple crop will be about the same in quantity as last year—825 carloads.

James Boyd of Caribou, prominent rancher and crack shot, has gone to the war as a transport driver.

Nearly 300 Montenegrins left Vancouver for Three Rivers, Que., to moblize for the European war.

The first shipment of California pears to arrive in Vancouver were rejected for traces of San Jose scale.

New Westminster City Council are cutting out many grants hitherto made to local and other organizations.

Magnesite, a valuable non-metalic mineral, has been found in a large body on the easter shore of Lake Atlin.

The new lumber mill at Castlegar has a wage bill of $5,000 monthly and is already shipping two carloads a day.

After two years' idleness the lumber mills at Queen Charlotte City, near Prince Rupert, has been reopened.

Arrangements are being made to transport many unemployed of the coast to prairie provinces for harvesting.

For the first time in the history of Kootenay and Boundary a shipment of antimony ore was made to England.

Vancouver License Board may stop the much prevalent practice of gambling for cigars with dice at the cigar stands.

In British Columbia this year the apple crop will amount to about 700,000 boxes, and the apricots about 50,000 crates.

Angus Armstrong, night watchman at Ashcroft, has retired on a pension after 30 years' service for the C.P.R.

An ice cream storekeeper at Nanaimo was fined $50 for selling an Indian woman apple cidar on which she got drunk.

Because Constable Parker lost his home and the contents by fire, New Westminster City Council passed him a resolution of sympathy.

The Social Service Commission at Victoria are putting forth efforts to have a permanent works scheme for the unemployed this winter.

Claims are being made that the Indian River district is very rich in minerals, particularly copper with fair returns in gold and silver.

The G. T. P. steamer Prince George has completed her two-hundredth run from Victoria to Prince Rupert and steamed 300,000 miles on the coast service.

At Grand Forks, B.C., Joseph Snavely, of Danville, Wash., was fined $50 and his team and waggon confiscated for smuggling fresh meat into Canada.

Three Brothers.

The following example of ready wit appears in "The Memoirs of Lord Charles Beresford." When in December, 1897, on the death of Sir Frank Lockwood, the seat of York became vacant, Beresford stood for the election, and was opposed by Sir Christopher Furness, afterward Lord Furness. The contest was close and exciting and eventually won by Lord Charles with a narrow majority of eleven, after two counts, on a poll of over eleven thousand votes. He says:

My brothers, Lord William and Lord Marcus, were helping me. Lord Marcus accompanied me to a meeting, and I told him that he must make a speech.

"I can't,' he said. "I don't know what to say."

I told him to begin, because he would surely be interrupted, and then, being an Irishman, he would certainly find something to say. Lord Marcus thereupon rose to his eeet, and a voice immediately shouted:

"Who are you?"

It was enough. The fire was kindled.

"Who are we?" cried Lord Marcus. "I'll tell you who we are. We are three brothers, and our names are Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And we have come here to put out the burning fiery Furness.'

TELL THEIR GREAT DEEDS.

(By James L. Hughes.)

Stories of dauntless heroes
Dying for liberty,
Winning for truth and honor
Triumphant victory;
Tell these great stories ever;
We should forget them never.

Heroes of Balaclava,
Heroes of Waterloo,
Heroes who saved St. Julien,
Fearless were they, and true,
Tell their great deeds forever;
We should forget them never.

What shall the coming ages
In story tell of you?
Honor, and faith and freedom,
Impel you right to do.
You must record your story,
Either of shame or glory.

Never was freedom threatened
As now by despot power,
Never was duty clearer
Now is your testing hour.
You must record your story,
Shall it be shame or glory?

Duty to home and Empire,
Duty to liberty,
Calls you to valiant action;
What will your answer be?
You must record your story,
Shall it be shame or glory?

Civilization weeping
For Belgium's heart that bleeds,
Calls in the name of mercy;
"Wake and do noble deeds!"
Wide are the gates of glory,
Enter! Record your story.

Toronto, July, 1915.

TWO-HANDED.

Every Boy and Girl Should Be Trained to Use Both Hands.

Many brave men when the war is over will have to earn their living with only one hand. As a rule, they may count themselves fortunate if the one left to them is the right, because ninety-nine per cent. of mankind, for some strange reason, are brought up to use that hand almost exclusively, using the left only where two hands are needed, says London Answers.

Yet the fact that the left hand is just as good a tool as the right has been proved by many left-handed people, and it has often been urged upon our educational authorities that it would be well to train every boy and girl from infancy to use either hand indifferently—in short, to make them ambidextrous, or two-handed.

And, after all, what is the use of having two hands if you do not use them both?

Mr. Townsend, the art editor of "Punch," and himself a most brilliant artist, is a splendid instance of the effect of this training. His drawings are done with the left hand, but he writes with his right. He is a left-handed billiard player, but he deals cards with the right. He is a left-handed bowler, but a right-handed batsman.

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell is two-handed. When he was a boy his mother showed some of his drawings to John Ruskin, but expressed concern that her boy drew with the left hand. "Madam, let your son draw with which hand he likes," said Ruskin, and she took the advice, and did not check the boy. The result is that "B.-P." is two-handed, and does all in his power to persuade every Boy Scout to make the best of both hands.

Artists, who have a very high regard for their physical fitness, are more apt to value two-handedness than most other people. The great animal painter, Sir Edwin Landseer, was so wonderfully ambidextrous that he might have earned a big income on the music-hall stage had he been living today. He could not only draw with either hand equally well, but he could actually draw with both at once.

He would frequently take a pencil in each hand, and draw a horse with the right and a dog with the left, simultaneously!

His Reply.

The humor of Scotland (according to an English writer)—An old gentleman arrived in a hot and breathless state at the railway station. "I say, porter," he panted, "why do they put the station so far away from the village?" The porter replied—"Weel, sir, I couldna say; but I think it was to be near the line."

A Chinese father has the supreme right of life and death over his children, and is not amenable to any law in this respect.

HEALTH

Hints for the Home Sickroom.

There should be no pictures or decorations upon the walls of the improvised hospital in your home, and the floor should be bare, without even a rug. Only the necessary furniture should be permitted in the room. A white enameled bed should stand well in the middle of the room, so that the nurse may pass easily from the head to foot and from one side to the other. The mattress and spring should be high, so that the nurse will not strain her back in her constant bending over the patient. A table and chairs of inexpensive wood, so that in case of contagious disease they can be burned, and a cot for the nurse, screened off in one corner of the room, should complete the furnishing. Banish upholstered chairs or cot coverings that cannot be washed. Curtains, if used at all, should be of simple material readily laundered.

With a room of this sort kept always in readiness a prolonged spell of sickness, where one after another of the family catches the disease, may be prevented, and is worth fitting up as a matter of precaution, even with the prayer that it will never be used.

In one home such a place has been installed, with every appliance for a hurry call, even to the operating room. Here, through one of those floor, wall and ceiling coverings put on in the plastic state, the entire room is seamless and without a crevice, so that a hose could be turned on and the room washed without danger of water getting in the plastering under the floor. A room of this kind would be easy to instal when building, or could be made over in an old house, but is somewhat expensive.

However, there is no reason why an ordinary room in an ordinary house could not be set aside at little expense. It should be as near the bath as possible, and on the sunny side of the house. The chief thought must be given to sanitation and the room so arranged that it can be readily dininfected. The walls should be painted instead of papered or calcimined. A soft gray or neutral blue is best, as the glare of a white wall is trying to the eyes, and harsh or bright colors have a bad effect upon the nerves. The painted walls can be washed with antiseptic wash.

Water on a Red-Hot Stove.

Why it is impossible to throw a few drops of water on a red-hot stove? Perhaps you never knew that this cannot be done.

The water can never touch the stove at all. What you see is a few drops rolling rapidly over the surface. These become smaller and smaller until they entirely disappear. If the drops are on a perfectly level place it can be proved that they are not in contact with the stove itself by the fact that one can see under them to the other side of the room.

What is the explanation?

The bottom of the drop changes at once to steam or vapor on coming close to the hot surface. This vapor is supplied by the drop as it gradually goes away—in other words, the drop rests on a cushion of vapor until it has entirely disappeared.

You may ask why the drop is not immediately evaporated or changed to steam. The answer is this: The water vapor that intervenes between its under surface and the red-hot stove is not a good conductor of heat; consequently the full intensity of the heat cannot get to the water itself, the only amount available for this purpose being that transmitted through the vapor.

Johnnie's Demand.

A young hopeful of four was at table with mother on Sunday morning, the father being from home for the week-end. "Now, Johnnie," said his mother, "you'll sit in father's chair this morning and say grace." "Weel, mother, if I'm to be father I maun hae twa eggs," returned Johnnie, imperiously.

Goldfish in a globe usually swim round to the right.

HUMAN KINSHIP ESSENTIAL

Because Religion Did Not Prevent War Shall We Quit Trying to be Religious?

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men."—Acts xvii., 26.

This age seems further away than any other from a realization of the truth of this text, for nationalism has served to plunge the world into strife and sectarianism has made a hell in hearts where heaven should be enshrined. Sectarianism in religion and nationalism in politics have bred hatreds out of the conditions that confront mankind.

In the realm of religion the days when hatred flamed into the fires of martyrdom have given place to days of tolerance, but in the realm of political life a dislike of the unlike still kindles cruelties and fans the flames of war.

Family quarrels are notoriously bitter, and bitter indeed is the present quarrel among many members of God's family of nations. The influence of religion ought to be able to quell the spirit of strife, but religion as now organized, or rather as now disorganized, is impotent. Nor can any revival of religion that seeks only to restore what has been succeed in creating permanent conditions of human betterment, for what has been can never be again save as it lives in the higher vision and works in the greater aims of the day that now is.

Broader views of religion must be cultivated before it will be able to bind men in a pact of peace. It is not my view of God or your view of Him that is essential. It is not the approach to Him by way of the teachings of Parsees or Taoists or Buddhists or Christians, either Catholic or Protestant, or of Jews or of any creed you will that matters. It is humanity that matters. It is the fact of human kinship that is essential. Nor does kinship mean a likeness that is merely a sameness. Sameness makes a mob but does not make a family. In the family all are different, though all are alike. And kinship means a tolerance of each by all. More, it means co-operation between the unlike until the varying qualities of each are put to the service of all.

This is the hour of destiny for religion. Its business of teaching a tolerance that passes into brotherhood through the path of co-operation was never so important as now. What shall we do? Quit? Sam Fessenden rightly said "God Almighty hates a quitter." Shall we say that all religion is useless? Shall we say that all religion is useless save the particular brand of which we happen to approve? Rather let us one and all recognize the value of individuality in religion as in all the realms of life. Then it will be easier to co-operate with men of many minds and many creeds, as all men seek unity and peace through fraternity.—Rev. Addison Moore, D.D.

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