

who deserts his post in time of danger. But we all want to be worthy of hire. When our Lord sent out His apostles He told them they need not take food, or extra clothing, or money with them because, He said, the laborer is worthy of his hire. Though they were volunteers, they might expect reasonable payment for their services. St. Paul has also told us that, when a man is doing good work, the reward he receives for it is not to be considered a gift but a "debt"—Rom. IV:4.

Whether men pay just wages or not, God sees to it that we reap what we have sown. Sin brings the wages of misery and spiritual death; righteousness receives the reward of joy and life. Those who are not forced to work hard for daily bread feel it a great privilege to spend their time in volunteer service—especially in these war-times. If they are worthy of hire they do not fail to receive it, though they may give away money instead of heaping it up. They win happiness, and happiness is more valuable than wealth.

God warns masters against the injustice of defrauding their servants of the wages they have honestly earned,—is it likely, then, that He will deal unjustly with His willing and faithful servants? Wages must be paid when due; for the master must answer to his divine Master: "Woe unto him, that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."—Jer. 22:13.

A man who is hired to work need not be "an hireling", in any base sense. The "hireling" is working only for money. The man who says "I won't do a stroke of work more than I am paid for!" is "an hireling"—and such a man is not worthy of his hire. No one wants an employee who takes no interest in his work.

We all know people who are "slackers", and we all know people who put heart into their work and try to really earn their wages. Watch the Carpenter of Nazareth as He makes a wooden cradle for a neighbor's baby or a rough plough for a farmer of Galilee. How glad He is to be doing something useful, and how brightly He smiles as the day's earnings are poured into His mother's lap. Jesus was worthy of hire—doing work for the men who employed Him—and his touch has ennobled all honest work. He was hired, but was never "an hireling." He did, with whole-hearted willingness, the work His hand found to do. If we are to be worthy of hire we must be glad to have the opportunity of service. There is a vast variety of work to be done; but it is the spirit in which it is done that matters most. God calls some women to nurse wounded soldiers in France, and He calls other women to earn their bread by "going out to service", as it is called.

We are all called to serve in the palace of the King; and the remembrance of our Master's presence will fill every day with gladness if we are serving Him faithfully.

"The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see Only the glancing needle which they hold, But all my life doth blossom inwardly And every breath is like a litany While, though each labor like a thread of gold, Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee."

Some people complain—perhaps with justice—that they are paid very poor wages. If that is your position—if you are worth more to your employer than he is paying you—the gain is yours and the loss his. You are gaining in character and he is losing in character, if you are giving faithful service and he is wilfully defrauding you of the money that should be yours by right,—and character is worth more than all the money in the world.

But, if you are being paid good wages and are wasting your employer's time by idleness, then you are unworthy of your hire and are daily flinging away character for the sake of money—a terrible tragedy for you. What can it profit you, when Death loosens your grip on your bank-book,—to have piled up millions of dollars, if you have sold your highest self for money?

When a congregation accepts faithful service from a minister, without attempting to make him a reasonable return, the degradation and loss of honor are not his but his people's. No one can afford to be unjust; for, even in this world, honest dealing pays best in the end.

A country doctor may spend years

in self-sacrificing service. He may get up from his warm bed, on many a stormy night, and drive for miles in the teeth of a raging blizzard. He may have saved your life, or the life of one very dear to you; and you may not be even trying to pay the money you owe him. If that is the case then yours is the shame and loss. Was the doctor "an hireling" when he fought death for you and yours? Was he thinking of his pay, or of the joy of saving a life? If he was doing good work he could not have been thinking first of the amount of his bill.

The other day I heard someone say that a large proportion of the army nurses went overseas for the sake of the money they would get for their work. Of course we can't look into their hearts; but I feel sure the great majority of those devoted women care more for the opportunity of splendid service than for pecuniary profit. They should be well paid for their exhausting and dangerous work—the country would be disgraced if they were not—but no nurse worthy of the name puts self-interest first and her patient's welfare second.

A cynical collector of curiosities placed in his museum a Chinese god labelled, "Heathen idol," and next to it a gold coin marked "Christian idol." In these days, when thousands of men and women are giving time and strength and money—even life itself—for the sake of others, we should feel ashamed to join the ranks of the disgraceful worshippers of "the almighty dollar."

Listen to this story of a stewardess

who was "worthy of hire", giving faithful service without thinking of pay.

Mary Rogers was stewardess of the Stella, which was wrecked in 1899. She served out lifebelts to the women and children under her care, retaining one for herself. Then, as the ship was sinking, she saw a woman who was unprovided with a belt. Without a word, she unfastened her own belt and clasped it round the passenger's waist.

The boats were filled, but the crew of the last boat to leave the ship urged the stewardess to jump in.

"No," she said, "If I get in the boat will go down. It is too full already."

Then she lifted her hands to the Master she had served so loyally, saying: "Lord save me!" and went down with the ship.

Even "an hireling" can do pretty fair work when all is plain sailing. The test of a worker is difficulty and danger. One who is worthy of his hire is not thinking chiefly of the wages he is earning, but is determined to do his work faithfully as the servant of Christ.

"Thank God for the willing hands That are honest, and brave, and true; That lie not folded, but labor hard To do what there is to do."

DORA FARNCOMB.

For the Needy.

A dollar from M. B. P.—one of our Quebec readers—was dropped into the Quiet Hour purse yesterday. Its stay here was very short, for in a few hours it went out to help a poor widow with seven young children.

HOPE.



The Beaver Circle

A Hallowe'en Party for Boys and Girls.

Faye Jones gave a party on Hallowe'en last year. Perhaps you would like to hear about it. And perhaps you would like to give one something the same for your own little friends this year.

First she made up a lot of invitation rhymes, and wrote them out very neatly on pretty yellow note paper. One of the rhymes was this:

"Come to my bogey party,
Just about at eight
On the night of Hallowe'en;
Be sure you don't be late.
And dress up like a bogey.
Please do this for me,
And I'll do the same for you
Oh what fun 'twill be!"

That was why all the girls and boys came "dressed up", some like witches, others like ghosts, and others like "just bogeys" with cloths tied over their heads with holes cut for mouths and eyes. All who did not wear these bogey faces wore short black masques that came down as far as the mouth, with holes for the eyes, and part of the fun was in guessing who each was. As everybody changed his or her voice, and talked in squeaks or growls, this was not so easy to do.

One of the games was just the old one of "Catch the handkerchief", only a loose flying bogey made of white cotton made into a loose floppy doll, was used instead of a handkerchief, so it was "Catch the bogey!"

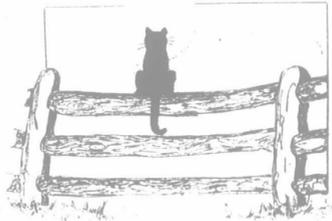
But every boy and girl knows plenty of games to play.

When lunch-time came all were on their very best behavior, and tried to show what nice mothers they had by having nice "manners". Lunch time does show bad manners so shockingly, doesn't it? No one forgot to say "Please" and "Thank you", and not a boy helped himself from any dish until the girl next to him had been served.

Every place at the table was marked by a bogey that Faye had made, with a body of potato, carrot or turnip; legs of tooth-picks stuck into a peanut for shoes; arms of toothpicks with raisins for hands, and a head of a piece of turnip or potato, with cloves stuck in for eyes and mouth. Each bogey was propped

up against a card on which was written the name of the girl or boy who was to sit at that place, and so there was no confusion in getting the table filled.

After supper, Nora Tilley, who knows plenty of fairy and witch stories told one of them, and then all went home, feeling that a very pleasant evening had been spent.



Thomas Cat.

"And they say the third rail is dangerous." Try this for a drawing lesson some day.

A New Army.

HAVE you heard that "Uncle Sam" (I am sure you know what is meant by "Uncle Sam") is to have a new army?

The soldiers in this army will all supply their own uniforms; indeed their uniforms all grow right on them, so that will not cost Uncle Sam much, will it?

None of the soldiers in this army will volunteer; they are even likely to be a good deal puzzled about it all; but they are expected to be very good and faithful soldiers for all that.

Not one of them can speak a word of French—nor a word of English for that matter—yet they understand English very well, and have a speech of their own which they use with one another.

Now, I wonder if you have guessed by this time, that Uncle Sam's new army is to be made up of dogs? It is, just that, for dogs are of much more use in this war than horses. Being so much more like human beings they can understand more, and can be trained to do many useful things.

Since the beginning of the war Belgian and French and German dogs have been doing this work, and many of them wear medals for "signal bravery". So valued are they, too; that a dog hospital has been founded in Paris, with nurses and

dog-doctors who look after the wounded doggies that come back from the front.

Uncle Sam's dog army will be made up of 1,000 war dogs, and so important has it been thought to have them that a bill for the training of the dogs has been introduced into Congress and endorsed by the Secretary of war.

Many dog-owners all over the United States are sending the finest and wisest animals they have to "enlist", so there will be all sorts, from beauties that have won prizes at the fairs to strong big huskies from Alaska. Indeed a team of huskies from the Hudson Bay is ready to start at once.

The Germans were the first to use dogs in the war; when their army was mobilized in July 1914, eight dogs were included. Now there are many thousands among the armies in Europe, and so quick at learning are they that they are said to do whatever they have to do "like Prussian infantrymen."

They haul provisions over the snowy mountain roads, and carry first-aid to wounded men. Also they search for wounded men, paying no attention at all to dead soldiers, but barking furiously when they find a living one, so that stretcher-bearers and an army surgeon may come. Then there are patrol-dogs, who go out over "no man's land" scouting for the enemy. These dogs never bark. When they scent an enemy patrol they bristle and stand at attention if their masters are near, or race back to "tell the news." Occasionally, too, the dog will spring on a man and hold him down until help arrives.

The dogs trained to carry important papers are very trustworthy. When all other communication is cut off, the dog can often get through, and, as someone has said, "once started on his mission nothing can stop or delay this true-steel little messenger, save death."

Aren't dogs wonderful?—that is, if you give them half a chance. The kinder you are to them, and the more you talk to them, the more clever they become, until really they seem to understand almost everything you say.

I am sure we all wish good luck to Uncle Sam's new army. After a while, quite likely, you will see them and their work in the "movies."

The Girl's Creed.

1. I believe that I have a right to be happy every day.
2. I believe that God's blue sky and God's green earth are a part of my inheritance.
3. I believe that I have a right to love little chickens and ducks and lambs and puppies, as well as dolls and ribbons.
4. I believe that I could take care of these things as well as my brother, who does not love them as much as I do.
5. I believe that I should love to keep house better than anything else, and I only wish they taught house-work at school.
6. I believe that keeping a garden "all my own" would be great fun, and I believe that I could be very happy in giving away the flowers and in cooking the vegetables that I raised myself.
7. I believe that I could study real hard at my grammar and geography and arithmetic and spelling if I could do cooking or sewing with the other girls in the afternoon.
8. I don't want to go to town and leave my father and mother and my brothers and sisters to live in the country, for I know I should miss them all, and the trees and the creek and the garden grass and the old woods and everything; but I want to do something more than washing dishes and carrying water. I want to learn everything I can.
9. I believe I can learn to sew and cook and do laundry-work and do them well. And I want to learn them and I want to do them well.
10. I believe in the square deal for girls as well as for boys, and I want everybody to be happy all the time—the old as well as the young.—Woman's Century.

Little Bits of Fun.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way. "It's all right", said his host, "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"