

HOPE'S QUIET HOUR

WHO ARE THE RICH?

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.—Prov. xiii., 7.

"There were two men beneath the sun, one lacked and one had much;

One counted money by the ton, objects of sight and touch.

The 'fat, well-liking things of earth were all at his command, Servants, and servers from his birth, stood ever at his hand;

In fact, what he desired he got—each pleasure gratified;

Life ambled, just an easy trot, until the day he died.

"The other man, as men count wealth, had none, or next to naught;

Just trifles, such as wit and health, nothing that might be bought.

Dreams were his friends, the shadowy tribe of visions unfulfilled,

Laughter at things of boast and pride, harvests no hand had tilled.

He was not humble: 'You might guess the world his own,' folks said,

He overheard and answered, 'Yes, it is.' They laugh'd, 'his head is plainly falling—world, indeed!

Who owns no inch of land. He came of just an obscure breed,'

They did not understand. Each other, as is often so, since judging men are prone

To talk as though the way all go runs level to their own.

"There were two men beneath the sun, one lacked and one had much;

Yet, if we talked till all were done, should we agree on such?

For one was rich and one was poor, I've said it o'er and o'er,

But, to distinguish which was which, means... what you mean by poor."

It is very easy to deceive one's self about this matter of "riches." Our Lord—in Rev. III.—speaks of some who fancy they are "rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," perfectly unconscious that they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." He counsels them to buy of Him "gold tried in the fire," that they may be really rich. It is a self-evident fact—though one that is often overlooked—that gold and jewels are not valuable in themselves, but are only worth what they will buy. A miner in the Yukon may be weighted down with gold, ready to give it all for food and warmth, yet dying for want of the common necessities of life, far from shelter or friends—his gold is, in such a case, worth no more than stones. He is not rich, but awfully, desperately poor. A man may be a millionaire, able to eat off gold plates, and yet hardly able to enjoy any food, because his digestion has been ruined by the nervous strain of piling up more money than he can use. Gold plate may be all very well for a few days, but when the novelty wears off, the poor dyspeptic millionaire would surely find a healthy appetite and digestion more valuable. A "rich" lady, in silk and lace, who has sold her woman's crown of glory for gold, and married for money instead of for love, may well feel herself a beggar as compared with the busy, happy wife and mother—wife in more than name—mother of loving children who claim her sympathy and care as their right.

I saw in a newspaper the other day the description of a funeral which took place lately in Paris. A multi-millionaire had died, evidently expecting that even after death his millions could minister to his self-gratification. According to his directions a great display was made

The coffin cost \$100,000. The shroud was cloth of gold, and the pearl buttons on the waistcoat were valued at \$100,000. Everything was on a scale of the utmost magnificence—though how such display could give any satisfaction to a soul that had left material things behind, it would be hard to say. But the funeral was a terrible mockery, for gold spent in selfish fashion cannot buy love, nor even respect. The poor were angry with the man who had thrown away vast sums in senseless extravagance for his own selfish caprice. They could not be restrained, even by the police, but interrupted the ceremony by cat-calls, tin whistles, and hisses. The funeral was, indeed, an affair of note, attracting great attention, though hardly the kind of attention desired by the man who had imagined himself rich, when he was really so poor that even the thousands of people who had been working in his employ showed neither regret for his death, nor respect for his body. Was he rich?

When the Sultan of Turkey was deposed, and his harem scattered, the Circassian women who were fortunate enough to return to their homes, thought they had exchanged poverty

low stones, or bits of glass. The learned man, who shuts himself up from his fellows, "taking in" continually with no intention of "giving out," is missing the opportunity which the riches of his knowledge open to him, and is almost as poor as the miser with his pile of unused gold. It is the same with everything. God gives us many things—life, time, money, talents of various kinds, most of all, the power of loving—if we allow these gifts to stagnate, or if we try to use them principally for ourselves, then we grow steadily poorer. If we pour them out generously—knowing ourselves to be only stewards in God's household—then we are really rich. Then, only, we are winning the great prize which life offers. For life, as Browning declares,

"Is just our chance of the prize of learning Love."

Are we setting ourselves with all our might to the business of growing rich in Love? If not, don't let us waste precious time over less-important business any longer.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

Some day we shall feel that the years which might have been poured out for love's sake, and which have been wasted in selfishness—perhaps in hard but selfish toil—were a priceless opportunity, not to be regained. "Now is the day of salvation," not only

One who seeks to be rich without God's blessing, is simply heaping up a great burden to crush him miserably. Some men can be bought with gold—they are the men whose favor is not worth buying—but even they are only pretending to bow down in respectful homage before the rich man. Money cannot buy real respect from anybody, while true worth of character—the real riches—never fails to win appreciation even from enemies.

And it is utter folly to seek riches unlawfully, fancying that God takes no notice, because He lets the oppressor go on his way for a time unchecked. It is folly to obtain money dishonestly, or by grinding down the poor, and then try to make everything straight with God by giving large sums to charitable societies.

"Will He esteem thy riches? No, not gold, nor all the forces of strength."—Job xxxvi., 19.

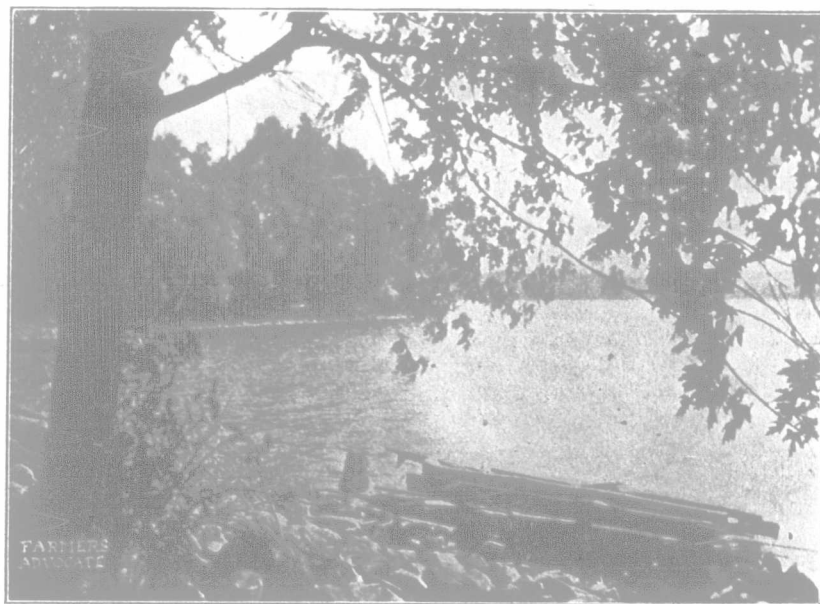
"Treasures of wickedness profit nothing; but righteousness delivereth from death. The LORD will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish: but He casteth away the substance of the wicked."—Prov. x: 2, 3.

"They shall cast their silver in the streets, and their gold shall be removed: their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the LORD."—Ezek. vii., 19.

But it is little use to multiply texts—we all know that wealth cannot blind the eyes of men to unrighteousness, how much less can it buy God's favor. We may be rich, if we will—rich in the dear blessing of God—every day. And life is made up of days, so a lifetime of riches is waiting at the door, waiting to be gathered up. God grant that none of us may sadly lament:

"Who's seen my day?
'Tis gone away,
Nor left a trace
In any place.
If I could only find
Its footfall in some mind,
Some spirit-waters stirred
By wand of deed or word,
I should not stand at shadowy eve
And for my day so grieve and grieve."

DORA FARNCOMB.



A HOLIDAY SPOT IN QUEBEC.

for riches. Many of them took up gladly a life of hard work, and considered the scanty fare of home a great improvement on the luxury of the harem. Think of the peace of living among people who loved them, instead of being surrounded by those who fawn upon them and pry out their secrets, each one trying to rise by pushing others down. Five clothes and idle days can never satisfy anybody. These do not constitute riches.

William C. Gannett says:

"The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, never exemption from it. A man born rich, is born into danger. He, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land, at least, a 'gentleman,' whatever else he is, must be a good workman; that is, one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well."

"And if you are seeking pleasure Or enjoyment in full measure, Do something. Idleness! there's nothing in it; 'Twill not pay you for a minute— Do something."

Riches that are allowed to stagnate are valueless. The miser, who starves himself that he may count his gold—gold which is doing no good to anybody—might just as well count vel-

because death may surprise us at any moment, but for other reasons. Life is too splendid an opportunity, too solemn a responsibility to be frittered away, when it may be glorified and made beautiful, simply by being consecrated, laid at God's feet for His purposes, and filled with His life and light.

There is a story told of a Sibyl who once came to a king and offered to sell him nine books of oracles for a great price. While he hesitated, three books were burned. Again she asked the same price for the six books which remained. He still hesitated to pay the price, and again three books were burned. Still the same price was demanded for the remaining three. Then the king paid it, and discovered—by the priceless value of the volumes he had gained—what a treasure had been lost in the other six books, a treasure that could never be recovered.

So it is with our life. God asks for it all, asks because He loves us, and knows that a life entirely consecrated to Him is infinitely rich. If we waste the first and best years, intending to devote a few to His service when we get near death, we are destroying a treasure. Who can give us back the years that have been recklessly squandered? The talents carefully laid out for the Master, become the treasure of the faithful steward.

"The blessing of the LORD, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

INGLE NOOK

TEACHING FOR CHILDREN

Dear Dame Durden,—I saw in June 23rd issue a letter from Annie M. W. asking you to forward a letter to me. I received two letters from members of your cosy corner of which I trust I am a welcome guest; one from a little girl and one from a lady regarding guinea fowl, for which I sincerely thank you, but the other I have not received. Cynthia Kee was also enquiring about guinea fowl in the Ingle Nook. I have a hen sitting on guinea eggs, and, if I am successful, I shall be pleased to get orders for birds in February, for I cannot guarantee their sex until the hen cries "come back." There may be other ways to tell, but I cannot find a better. If Cynthia Kee will write I will reply with pleasure, and I thank her for her kindly opinion of my poor attempts to explain the habits of these curious birds. One can tell as soon as something strange appears, for they make a curious noise, especially the male bird. I like to hear them; the prairie is so lonely and quiet that their calls and warning cries are quite cheering. It is too late to set eggs now. I will write you, Dame Durden, about the success I have. I believe we are going to have a warm fall, so I am in hopes of raising the little chicks under the hen.

My good man and a little girl who is spending her holiday with me have joined a party to the Cypress Hills for berry picking. I think it a little early for Saskatoons, but wild raspberries and gooseberries are very plentiful up there. Our cultivated