

The Quiet Hour.

Some of God's Fellow-Workers.

Now, he that planteth and he that watereth are one: but each shall receive his own reward according to his own labor. For we are God's fellow-workers: ye are God's husbandry ("tilled land"—margin), God's building.—1 Cor. iii: 8, 9. (R. V.).

Ready to go, ready to wait,
Ready a gap to fill.
Ready for service, small or great,
Ready to do His will.
Ready to suffer grief and pain,
Ready to stand the test,
Ready to stay at home and send
Others, if He see best.
Ready to do, ready to bear,
Ready to watch and pray,
Ready to stand aside and give
Till He shall clear the way.
Ready to speak, ready to think,
Ready with heart and brain,
Ready to start where He sees fit,
Ready to share the strain.
Ready to seek, ready to warn,
Ready o'er souls to yearn,
Ready in life, ready in death,
Ready for His return."

In the third chapter of Nehemiah we find a long list of names, the names of the men who built up the ruined wall of Jerusalem. It is not very interesting reading, and yet it is inspiring to see how each one worked steadily and quietly on at the special bit of the wall that was apportioned to him, finishing the wall in the wonderfully short time of fifty-two days. It was not only a hard piece of work, but there was continual danger to be guarded against, for enemies surrounded that band of workmen, and, therefore, it was necessary for the builders to have their swords ready for use at a moment's notice. And, though each had his own special task, each stood ready to spring to the help of his comrades at a moment's notice. They worked so eagerly that, as Nehemiah says, "Neither I, nor my brethren, nor my servants, nor the men of the guard which followed me, none of us put off our clothes, saving that every one put them off for washing." In the revised version it is translated: "every one went with his weapon to the water." But among all this band of devoted, watchful warrior-workers, one name stands out prominently above the others. In verse 20, we read that one man "earnestly" repaired his particular piece of the wall. It seems as if, though all worked well, Baruch flung himself with white-hot energy into what he was doing. It is still the same. All true Christians are building the wall of God's city, the New Jerusalem. Each one labors watchfully and steadily at the special portion allotted to him by Christ, Who, like Nehemiah, is both Governor and Fellow-Workman. But some, like Baruch, fling themselves into their work with intense earnestness, and it is of some of these enthusiastic fellow-workers with God that I would tell you to-day. I have just been reading the June number of "The Spirit of Missions," and think you cannot fail to be interested in hearing something of the work described there.

Let us first take a peep at the dauntless Christians in California. All the world is interested in California just now, all the world knows that thousands of people have suddenly been reduced from prosperity to deepest poverty. Such a test reveals character very plainly, and it is grand to see how nobly our brothers and sisters have stood the trial by fire. Here is one testimony: "The spirit of our men and women in California during this trial has been superb. It was almost worth while to have such a disaster to witness the resurrection of such a spirit."

It is terrible to picture the destruction caused by a fire that swept over 7 square miles of city, not to speak of the damage caused by the earthquake—"buildings shifted from their foundations, walls fallen out, roofs fallen in, piles of brick here and there that tell of chimneys having been transferred bodily from the house to the street. And yet, in spite of it all, the spirits of the people seemed to be undaunted. The general feeling seemed to be typified by the action of the old sea captain who, when he was

asked how his family had fared, replied, 'All well, thank God!' and raised his cap. The wind-breaks around hastily improvised street kitchens—no fires were allowed in houses for fear that defective chimneys would start the flames afresh—showed that the people were trying to make the best of the situation. 'Camp Cheerful,' 'Camp Don't Worry,' were typical of the names selected for these open-air cooking places. A particularly fine construction of dry-goods boxes covered with yellow cheesecloth was facetiously named, 'The New Hotel St. Francis.' The spirit of St. Francis D'Assisi seems to be inspiring the people of the city which bears his name. We may well look with wondering admiration on the brave men who, at their earliest services of public worship after the awful disaster, offered an earnest expression of thanksgiving to God for the many mercies of preservation which they had received.

Here is a glimpse of one day in the life of another man who is "earnestly" building the wall of Jerusalem. His name is known to God, and he prefers to remain unknown to man, appearing only as a missionary on the Northwestern frontier.

Thursday, March 22nd: "Arose at 4 a. m. and fed my horses. Started at 6 a. m. to go forty-two miles through mud and water to baptize a sick baby. Got there at 6 p. m. Horse had dinner; I had none. Baptized baby and had a short service with neighbors who gathered. Then we told ghost stories until 11 p. m. Retired in a corner of the room at 11.30. So few coverings, I was cold and could not sleep, so ran over in my mind several times the Holy Communion service in Sioux Indian."

Now, let us go, in the spirit, to Japan, and glance at the "patient, happy little Christian nurses, flitting about in their short white frocks, from morning till night, and through the nights, too, always with a cheerful smile, ready to do anything, never saying, 'I am tired.'"

Let us look more closely at one of these Japanese Christians—Miss Kashiuchi. There she is in the waiting-room of the hospital, "listening sympathetically to the troubles of this one or that one, and skillfully pointing out the source of true comfort, charming all the children and the babies right out of their mothers' arms, with her bright smile and winning ways. . . . a neighbor's son is persuaded to consult the foreign physician about his ailing eyes. He becomes a Christian, and gradually other members of the family, from the old grandmother down to the babies, are brought into the fold by Baptism—many instrumentalities being used to obtain this result, but all started by Miss Kashiuchi's ever-readiness to speak a word in season or out of season. After the patients are cured, and come no more to the hospital, she follows them up, as far as she can, with her efforts for the salvation of their souls."

She plays the organ at every service, welcomes newcomers, hunts up absentees, looks after the women's meetings, calls on the sick, teaches those who wish to study about Christianity, and often sits up all night with sick people. During the war, she seized the opportunity to get into touch with the soldiers who passed through the station. "On the cold, damp winter mornings before the sun arose, she was there to meet the trains, often staying all day and late into the night. The soldiers, as they returned from the dining-hall to their train, would hear a little voice singing a Christian hymn, and, gathering around her, would soon be persuaded to join their big voices, and learn to sing the hymn, the words of which are printed on slips of paper, which she gave to them. . . . Many, many of these thousands of men had never had an opportunity to hear the old, old story before; some only knew that the enemy's country was said to be a Christian country, and were prepared to be prejudiced; occasionally there was a Christian among them, and he was encouraged and helped by meeting this earnest Christian worker. . . . The soldiers were attracted by her frank, earnest ways and quick repartee. She was like a soldier among them, overflowing with patriotism, but never forgetting the concerns of the Higher Kingdom of her Lord Christ. Many a letter came back to her from the front, written as to sister or a mother, telling of the help received from her. She holds a

clever pen, and many were the replies which she made time to write, urging faithfulness and work for the Master of the Christians, answering the knotty questions which arose in the minds of those keen-witted men in their attempts to solve the mysterious ways of Providence. These letters showed that those men were thinking deeply, out there on the fighting line, face to face with death, although there was no shrinking, and Testaments or Gospels were taken out, and words of comfort drawn from them by men pressing forward to do or die for their country. Miss Kashiuchi could not often afford to give them the Testaments or Gospels, cheap as they are in Japan: she found that she could not even afford to have enough of her own visiting cards printed to supply every soldier who offered his own in exchange, and so had her name and address printed on the little hymn slips. Indeed, it was a wonder she could afford to get even these little slips printed by the ten thousand, with her small salary of \$9 a month, and support herself, although she lives very simply in her little rented upstairs room, all alone.

"Now she is getting past her youth, and as she is not naturally robust, and is so unsparing of her strength, sometimes she suffers physical pain; but the spirit of our 'valiant woman' never flags. The joy and peace in her face tell of the unfaltering trust in Him to whom she is giving all."

Are you growing tired of these quotations from "The Spirit of Missions?" I should like to glance at one more earnest "fellow-worker with God," who is building the wall of the Holy City in the Arctic regions, in the teeth of terrible cold. He does not think anything of spinning along a hard trail at forty or even fifty degrees below zero, if there is no wind, though when he comes in it sometimes takes half an hour to thaw his beard from his scarf and hood. But forty below zero, with a strong wind blowing, takes some courage to face. Archdeacon Stuck says: "Again and again the wind overturned the toboggans; again and again, did we slip ever so little on the smooth snow, we were overbalanced and thrown down. The wind had carved out the loose snow from the sides of the trail, leaving the trail itself sticking up six inches or more from the ground, rough and broken. It was impossible to keep the toboggans on it; they slipped off and fell over scores and scores of times. And it took all one's actual strength, in the strictest literalness, to set those toboggans up again in the teeth of the wind. It was the hardest work I ever did in my life. Several times I was so exhausted that I felt that I could not go on. And yet, in the face of that wind and that cold, to push on was the one possible course."

That is the kind of "hardness" endured gladly by this good soldier of Jesus Christ for the sake of telling the Good News of God to white men and natives who are hungry for spiritual food,—they appreciate it because it is hard to get. The natives even come to the services for white people and squat on the floor, "listening most reverently and attentively to what they could not, in the least, understand." The Great Builder has His fellow-workers in every land, and not one is working alone—He stands close beside them, whether they are in the Arctic regions or struggling against the enervating influence of a tropical climate. We, too, have our portion of the wall to build,—are we, like Baruch and these modern workers, building "earnestly."

"There are ways more than one of serving Thee, Lord,
In a world full of sadness and sin,
And all will afford an ample reward,
When the harvest is gathered in.
The records of Time insculpture the name
Of hero and saint on their roll;
And the trumpet of Fame will blazon the same
Till the heavens are burned as a scroll.
And yet, when the Lord in the reckoning day
Shall all of His jewels make known,
Those who service essay in a far humbler way
Acknowledged shall be as His own.
The name has been lost of the boy who brought
The loaves and the fishes to Christ,

Yet his deed is inwrought with the Saviour's, who sought
The redemption for all which sufficed.
What we do for God, be it small or great,
Is never entirely in vain;
The kingdom's fine freight is not measured by weight,
But the passion of love it cost."

HOPE.

Dear Hope and E. L.,—I take the liberty to have a little talk with you through the "Quiet Hour." Have read your letters of Sept. 13th, and was interested about the question, "If one is saved once, can they be lost again," and wished to speak from experience what I understand from God's Word, which makes me feel as restful concerning salvation as if I were in Heaven, and although I sin still, I seek to overcome it. I notice the main feature is to accept Christ as our personal Saviour, as Jesus answered the inquiry of some in John 6:29, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

I rest fully on Christ's atoning work for salvation, for past, present and future, for God can be just and still be justifier of Him who believeth in Jesus, according to Rom. 8:26, on account of Christ's redemptive work. I will close now. Yours sincerely,
B. N.

With the Flowers.

Dahlias—Begonias.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" three years, and it seems as new as ever. I enjoy your Flower Department very much. Our Dahlias appear hardy, but do not come to bloom. The buds turn black and drop off, or are nipped off. Could you please let me know, through your valuable paper, what the trouble is, and what to do for it?

Our house plants are infested with a tiny fly—very numerous. They work close to the ground, and seem to go into it. The Begonia seems to be their choice of plants. They die from injury of the fly.
B. W.

Perth Co., Ont.
Dahlia blossoms may become blasted for two reasons: improper watering, or the ravages of a bug. In regard to the first, Prof. Bailey says: "Many people believe Dahlias should be watered every evening, and as soon as they are up commence watering them daily, unless it rains. This practice is very injurious, as it causes a rapid but soft growth, and as the soil is seldom stirred, the roots become so enfeebled for want of air that they are unable to supply the needs of the plant; as a consequence, but few buds are formed, and they generally blast before developing into flowers. . . . If large, strong roots are planted, and the soil kept thoroughly stirred, there will be little need of artificial watering until after the plants come out in full bloom. However, if it should become hot and dry after the Dahlias come into bloom, it would be very beneficial to give them a thorough watering once each week, or ten days, during the continuance of the drought; but care should be taken to stir the soil to the depth of half an inch next day, carefully pulverizing it later, in order to seal the natural capillary tubes by which the moisture is evaporated."

If the blasting of the buds is due to beetles, Paris-green solution—one teaspoon Paris green to three gallons water—should be sprayed over the blossoms. For borer, which often attacks the Dahlia, piercing the stalk and boring upwards through it, the solution should be poured around the roots so that the soil will be soaked to a depth of three or four inches. The hole made by the borer will be found near the ground, and the worm may be destroyed by running a wire up the stalk. If the earth is then heaped about the wound and kept moist, new roots will start. Attacks of the borer may be prevented by applying Paris-green solution once a week from the time the plant is a foot high until the plant is grown and the stalk near the ground hardened.

A Begonia-grower who has had much success advises soaking the soil occasionally with tobacco tea to rout the flies.