

friends and bearing with them. His enthusiasm was measureless." Later on, Scott dedicated a volume of poems to Rossetti, Morris and Swinburne, referring to the last as

The youngest, with the rainbow wrought  
About his head, a symbol and a dower.

The moment Swinburne had read the lines, he took a cab and drove to Scott's house. "Tell me now, mon cher, tell me exactly what you alluded to as the rainbow wrought about my head?" "Well," I said, "you know you are hailing in the new time hopefully; you are assisting the advent of the brighter day; you are writing 'Songs Before Sunrise.'" "Ah, is that all? I was in hopes you meant the glory of my hair, that used to be so splendid, you know."

**The Farmer's Wife.**

In regard to the duties of a farmer's wife, I would say that a married woman, in ordinary circumstances, has enough to do if she care for her house properly and make home pleasant, looking after her children as only a mother can, without engaging in the dairy, poultry, etc. Home-making is woman's province, if she be wife and mother; and breadwinning is that of the husband and father. An able-bodied man should support his family. It is a misfortune for a married woman to assume too many responsibilities, for the husband insensibly learns to depend upon her, and lessens his own attempt to bring in a sufficient income. He loses the high respect he should have for his wife, and looks on her as a machine for turning out work—the pack-horse of the family—to help fill the family exchequer, a sort of upper servant or slave. A woman, if married, when so involved in outdoor labor, either finds her health injured, as she is not physically fit for such strenuous work, or she misses the opportunity for intellectual development, and also the opportunity to stimulate and direct her children's growing mental powers. Every child has the right to be well born and well reared. Every woman has the right of enjoying all the innocent pleasures of the world, and allowing herself a larger measure of relaxation and recreative pleasure than falls to the common lot of the farmer's wife.

There are some women physically strong, or regular Amazons, who do enjoy that life, and speak from their viewpoint. Then, let them live their own lives, and find their own happiness that way. Or, perchance, a leech-like husband, who has no more manliness about him than to suck his wife's life-blood by such a slavish life, speaks from his standpoint. Now, these are not the ones who should pass sentence on what is to be the standard or custom. But, by those who have a keen insight into men and things, will the correct perspective be reached. The progress of the race, and the destiny of the nation depends on the way it has treated and is treating its women. The reason the Christian nations have made more progress than others, is that they have a higher estimate and honor for their women. The home is one of the greatest organizations in the world, and its fundamental basis rests on placing its women in their true place, for their physical, mental, moral and spiritual needs, development and advancement, so that they may transmit to their children and descendants a higher and better and more moral race, with a higher appreciation of its women. Let the wives be what the Creator intended them to be—man's companion, counsellor and guide, not a slave; do not be a creature of circumstance, or tradition, or transmitted custom; do a little clear thinking for yourself. And remember, the first law of nature is self-preservation, and she who transgresses the law must pay the pen-

alty. Life never pays one for such sacrifices. Find your true sphere in the home—a queen, not slave.

The reform for the emancipation of the farmers' wives will be like all reforms, rise and fall, and rise again—and stand among its worshippers.

A WORSHIPPER.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

**Hope's Quiet Hour.**

**Glorious in the Eyes of the Lord.**

Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the LORD, and my work with my God. . . . Yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the LORD, and my God shall be my strength.—Isa. xlix. 4, 5.

Why are we so blind to the glory which fills and transfigures material things? We live days and years in dull monotony, even as Moses—who had been set apart for a great work—cared for his flocks in the desert for forty years, before he discovered that God was filling "every common bush" with divine glory. We settle down in a dull, prosaic plodding along life's road, imagining that we are only commonplace "worms of earth," and forgetting that the mysterious statement contained in that much-abused Book of Genesis, is absolutely true: man is not

only formed of the "dust of the ground," but God has breathed His own Divine Life into him, and he is the image and glory to God. As our text says: we struggle sadly on, fearing that our work has been wasted because we cannot see any results, while all the time God is gathering up every precious grain of love-inspired service, and both the work and the worker are priceless and glorious in His eyes. I don't believe our Lord cares so much for the quantity as for the quality of our service. A cup of cold water, really given in His Name, may have more love, and, therefore, more life at its root, than thousands of dollars given without joy or willingness. He does not need either our gifts or our service, but He is watching eagerly for proofs of spiritual life. Phillips Brooks declares that, in His dealings with men, Christ "beat His whole care over the heart. 'Is this man alive?' He laid His hand upon the heart to see whether it was beating, whether the man was trying to be good. 'Is this man dead?' Again He laid His finger on the heart, and, so long as there was a flutter there, so long as he felt, under His sensitive touch, the longing to be good yet trembling in the breast, He said, 'This man still lives, and all awak-

ening of the cold extremities, all quickening of intellect is still possible with him.'"

If the life be there, God can easily be patient. He knows we have all eternity before us to develop in. As Mrs. Browning puts it:

No perfect artist is developed here  
From any imperfect woman. Flower  
from root.  
And spiritual from natural, grade by  
grade  
In all our life. A handful of the earth  
To make God's image the despised poor  
earth.  
The healthy odoriferous earth,—I missed,  
with it  
The divine breath that blows the nostrils  
out  
To ineffable inflatus,—ay, the breath  
Which love is."

When anyone says sadly to me: "I am afraid there is something wrong with my spiritual condition, because I can't feel like some Christians do, I don't enjoy sitting quietly for hours studying my Bible, I try to show my love for Christ by actively helping His children."—I wonder whether they have ever done any gardening. When the spring weather draws the life hidden in various seeds to the surface, would you be delighted if there was a monotonous sameness all over your beds? Did you want your lettuce to develop exactly like your beans? Are you disappointed in the least because your nasturtiums seen very different from your tulips? Each plant draws its own peculiar qualities from the earth, the sunshine and the rain, and you, who have planted the seeds hopefully, are far more pleased with the variety of the plants which are slowly developing from

blade of grass, which would wither and die without it as certainly as the greatest forest tree.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
In the little face below,  
Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best;  
So, when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best."

When our Lord declares that not one sparrow falls on the ground "without your Father," He opens our eyes to the fact that God fills all things and, if our eyes are open, we may see Him everywhere. But, though the common desert bush was—and is—blazing with divine glory—though "only he who sees takes off His shoes" in reverent wondering adoration—though the Father's Presence and Life glorify each tiny bird and fill its heart with joy; still we know that we are "of more value than many sparrows." Even heathen poets declared that we are the offspring of God, for "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

And how does God wake in all creation that wonderful, mysterious thing which we call life? How does it push its way upward through all obstacles (as tender-growing plants have sometimes forced a passage through paving-stones), reaching up towards the light and developing in beauty and fruitfulness? Not suddenly, by startling effort or tremendous leaps, but slowly, quietly, imperceptibly. The solid, enduring wood of the tree is built up by the work of the tiny, perishable leaves, and the hidden, lowly, unnoticed roots. Little by little, the helpless baby develops into the tall, strong man, and every breath drawn into his lungs, every step he takes, every crumb he eats, adds its mite to the sum total. He can only grow by little things, he can only assimilate food—bodily, mental, or spiritual—in small quantities. Therefore God, in wise and tender love, gives the routine tasks of every day, so that the soul may grow as they are cheerfully and faithfully performed. Don't fancy that your life is uneventful, just because you have the same tasks pressing on you that were filling up your time last week, or last year. The food and sleep and exercise that a growing child makes use of to build up his life, may be the same to-day as yesterday—but he has grown a little, by their means, and daily growing is a glorious thing. As the body assimilates sunshine and air and food, so the soul is drinking in more and more of God's Life, while the little daily duties are done in a consecrated spirit.

When a crisis comes, a man stands revealed as a hero or a coward—by the power of years of quiet growth. The tree, which can endure the shock of the storm, has gathered its strength—how? By the steady work of plodding roots and weak little leaves, accepting gladly the opportunities given to it of extracting life and health and nourishment from very ordinary surroundings.

And the souls that accept the duties and opportunities within reach, growing steadily by unnoticed victories over pride and selfishness and ill-temper, are getting ready for any sudden strain. It is a mistake to think that pain and sorrow are God's only helpful gifts to a struggling, aspiring soul. Days and years of peace and outside happiness are given to draw us upwards, as the sunshine draws up the eager plants, while the soft rain and gentle dew bathe and refresh them. Every moment of life is glorious, because God's Love is always pouring its glory upon us.

Inmost heaven its radiance pours  
Round thy windows, at thy doors,  
Asking but to be let in,  
Waiting to flood out thy sin,  
Offering thee unending health,  
Love's refreshment, boundless wealth,  
Voices at thy life's gate say,  
"Be immortal, soul, to-day!"

DORA FARNCOMB.



Summer Scene, Canada.

only formed of the "dust of the ground," but God has breathed His own Divine Life into him, and he is the image and glory to God. As our text says: we struggle sadly on, fearing that our work has been wasted because we cannot see any results, while all the time God is gathering up every precious grain of love-inspired service, and both the work and the worker are priceless and glorious in His eyes. I don't believe our Lord cares so much for the quantity as for the quality of our service. A cup of cold water, really given in His Name, may have more love, and, therefore, more life at its root, than thousands of dollars given without joy or willingness. He does not need either our gifts or our service, but He is watching eagerly for proofs of spiritual life. Phillips Brooks declares that, in His dealings with men, Christ "beat His whole care over the heart. 'Is this man alive?' He laid His hand upon the heart to see whether it was beating, whether the man was trying to be good. 'Is this man dead?' Again He laid His finger on the heart, and, so long as there was a flutter there, so long as he felt, under His sensitive touch, the longing to be good yet trembling in the breast, He said, 'This man still lives, and all awak-

those seeds, than if they all aimed at a dull uniformity.

Are you an enthusiastic gardener? Do you rush out after a warm spring shower to see how each tiny leaf and shoot has enjoyed and benefited by it? Do you love and care for your plants individually, giving to each one the special attention that will encourage and help it best? Then rejoice in the certainty that the Divine Husbandman is giving special attention to you, all the year round, every moment of every day, giving you all the culture your nature demands, and drawing you up from your earthly surroundings by the sunshine of His wonderful love. This is the way He describes His watchful care of His vineyard:

"I, the LORD, do keep it, I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day. . . . let him take hold of My strength. . . . He shall cause them that come of Jacob to take root. Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit. . . . He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind. . . . and ye shall be gathered one by one."

How wonderful is the thought that each of us is "glorious in the eyes of the LORD," that each of us has the whole mighty strength of God at his disposal—even as the glorious sun places his mighty strength at the disposal of each tiny