

THE QUIET HOUR

THE SECRET OF RICHES

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.—Prov. X., 22.
Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold,
Who opens it hath it twice told.

—George Herbert.

We all want to be "rich," though we may not all agree about the meaning of the word. George MacDonald says: "To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power," but of course we don't all want the same things. Some may want to become millionaires, others think that fame is the great object of ambition. Some long for a quiet, peaceful country home, while others are only happy in the stir and rush of a city. Some like ease and luxury, while others much prefer "roughing it." Some are eager to gain, while others earnestly desire to give. Some want to be loved, others want to pour out their lives in self-devoted loving service to God and man. If we don't get what we want, then we are not rich, no matter how much money we hold. One whose chief desire is to be accepted in the best society, is poor and miserable if the lavish use of millions fail to secure that desire. One who hungers and thirsts after righteousness could never be satisfied with anything else, and would not consider himself rich just because the riches and fame of Solomon were given to him.

In the November number of "Canada West" there is a modern fairy tale, called "The Midas Touch." It describes how the son of a practical business man was considered by his father to be weak-minded. Instead of studying the financial page of a newspaper, he preferred to study poetry; instead of trying to figure out how he could obtain enormous dividends, he became absorbed in the mystery of the stars. His father thought that he had made a grand success of his own life, because he had started in life as a poor boy and now had to pay taxes on more than \$60,000 worth of personal property. "He estimated every man's worth by the size of his bank account, and to him the word success had only one meaning, which was wealth."

It was a great sorrow to this "successful" man that his son Arthur could not be made to understand that God had put man into this world "for the sole purpose of getting rich."

Arthur was sorry that he could not rise to his father's ambition, and one day a fairy came to his aid and gave him the power of turning into money everything that he touched. He was delighted to find that leaves plucked from a tree became bank notes of large denominations. He patted a little dog on the head and it turned into a heap of silver coins; but to his horror, when he reached out an eager hand to grasp his father's, that poor man, who had sunk the glory of his manhood's opportunity in the paltry ambition of money-getting, was instantly transformed into a "bright, new nickel and a ten-cent piece." The fairy explained to Arthur that when he turned things into money they were transformed according to the standard of measurement which men had chosen for themselves, showing their intrinsic value. "Do you mean to say," Arthur demanded, "that my father, a prominent citizen, and a man who has made millions of dollars, is of less real value?"

But the fairy vanished without giving him any answer.

I have described this story in detail because it is a splendid object lesson. No one wants to feel that his real intrinsic worth is only fifteen cents, and yet many seem to turn their energies as enthusiastically in the direction of money-getting as though that were the best way of living successfully.

Our Lord describes the sad condition of a "fool" who had heaped up so much property that he didn't know what to do with it. He thought himself rich and prosperous, and yet he was miserably poor, for that night his soul was required of him, and he had to go out into the darkness, leaving all his wealth behind. His treasure and his heart were certainly not in heaven, and he must change suddenly from a rich man to a beggar.

Those who have laid up treasure in heaven, by giving many gifts of love during their journey of life, will be surprised to find how rich they are when the great call—which must come sooner or later—forces them to give up the treasures they think they hold. God pays the highest interest, and money or time placed at his dis-

standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades and doing some really hard fighting. A brave young soldier would be bitterly disappointed if he never had a chance to face danger and endure hardship, to prove his pluck in a hard march, and his courage under fire.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich," with a wealth that has no ugly sediment of bitter disappointment. A man who has, by example and precept, inspired his children with the spirit of cold-hearted worldliness will feel terribly poor, in the midst of millions, when he looks at a friend who is surrounded by loving sons and daughters. And a man who sells his integrity for money will bitterly repent the foolish bargain he has made. How can money make anyone enjoy life if his conscience is continually informing him that he is a liar and a thief, or has obtained his riches through grinding down his poorer brothers and sisters?



A PRISONER OF THE FROST

posals is a splendid investment. Even in this life it always pays to go into partnership with God. Usually He sees to it that the man who honors Him, in word and act and thought, receives honor from men, and as much worldly prosperity as is best for his real, eternal interests. A man who is hungering after holiness will not thank God if He heap wealth upon him at the expense of his soul's growth. It is as hard as it ever was for a rich man to keep his heart's desire always set on the highest things. Those who consecrate all that they are and all that they have to God's service can safely trust their temporal prosperity in His hands. He is pledged to see that they have everything that will make them really rich—rich in love and happiness, rich in purity, courage and patience. A true man would be disappointed if life were too easy, if he slipped luxuriously through, in a pullman palace car, without once

The opportunity to become really rich lies in our own hands, the opportunity of living successful lives. The most successful life the world has ever known was a young carpenter in a little country village. He had no capital, no influential friends (from a worldly point of view). He died a shameful death in the very prime of life, and, under God, only the charity of a comparative stranger saved His body from a shameful burial. He devoted the best years of His vigorous young life to healing those sick in body and in soul, without charge. And even common gratitude seemed to fail Him at the last when His people—the people He had loved and helped with untiring enthusiasm—cried "Crucify Him!" and cut His agonized soul to the quick with taunts of derision. What a wonderful example of a man's powers of triumphing over a mountainous array of obstacles and achieving success with all the cir-

cumstances against him! That undaunted man sacrificed all He had to give, and the riches of millions have been poured out at His feet. He has won not only gold—little He cares for that, unless it is the outward expression of love and loyalty!—but the hearts of earth's noblest men and women, and the hearts of dear, innocent children, multitudes which no man can number are His treasured possession. Rich! what man in all the world's history was ever as rich as He who sacrificed heavenly riches willingly, gladly, joyously, for the sake of His brethren?

He is rich to-day in love and joy—and so may we be if we choose His method. A farmer knows the truth of the saying: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." If it is true in regard to grain, it is no less true in other respects, though the harvest may be slower in appearing. "The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." This applies to everything. A miser, who clings to his wealth and will not spend it, might just as well have gilded stones to hold; he is not master of his money, it is master of him. Everything we have is lent by God; we are only stewards and should lay out time, money and opportunities to the best advantage, not for our own profit, but for the highest service of God and men. Then God, who holds all kinds of riches in His hand, is pledged to look carefully after our interests.

"We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
Who givest all." HOPE.

THE GUEST OF SLEEP

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—
A kindly host he waits,
And all night a goodly throng
Comes softly through his gates.

A varied company—
Scholar and clown and king,
Or prince or priest, or great or least
He gives them welcoming.

For each he fills the cup
Where poppy-petals swim,
Wherefrom each guest at his behest
Drinks deeply, toasting him.

And old men drink of youth,
And sad men of delight,
And weary men drink deep again
The pushing wine of might.

And poets drink of song,
But best and oh, most sweet,
Above that brim where poppies swim
The lips of lovers meet.

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—
A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
Comes softly through his gates.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Scribner's Magazine.

THE STARS

I shall walk bravely through my days,
Though love, that flaming torch
that lighted me,
Has dropped away in darkness utterly,
I shall not falter on these unguessed ways,

Nor cry aloud for any spark to see
The forward step, lest, failing, I
might be

A lost thing dazed and wailing in
the haze,
For God, who gives each soul its
certain light

Will leave me not in darkness. For
a space
I may go blindly where no guid-
ance bars;

Yet, confident that in this torchless
night,
Sudden shall break above my up-
turned face

The white, unchanging radiance of
the stars.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's

IN

INGLE NOOK NE

One of our shut-in men
a silk quilt to keep
employed during a tir
inactivity. She has no
pieces and would be glac
that we can spare. If t
me I will see that they
to their destination. D.

TELL US OF YOUR

Dear Dame Durden
much pleased to have you
to write more letters, as
chance to have anothe
shut in through the col
time drags rather heavil
visit, through Ingle N
another, but until you
afraid of writing too ofte
I have been reading n
this winter, which is a p
spend the long evening
fond of poetry and good
old works, Dickens is
author.

I hope you were a litt
frigid zone, during the p
We, in Saskatchewan, (T
where I live) felt it quit
but misery likes company
feel it quite as cold after
30° and 40° below zero i
We shall soon forget a
as spring is fast appr
everything seems imbued
and energy.

I wonder if anyone h
rendering lard, instead c
large crock to dig out w
to bake, using quart to
cans to turn it in. I fir
when wanting lard or d
set a can where it is war
work is being done, whe
trouble, it is ready for u
be put away up-side-down
and are very convenient.

A nice way to use a s
is to boil it until tender,
bone, put through the
liquor down to a pint, m
season highly with salt
put in quart bowls, to st
cool place until ready to
may be turned out on a
for tea, and will be just
looks.

Hoping all of the men
well at Christmas as Da
will close for fear of crow
else who would like to m

You surely haven't writ
It seems a long time si
from you. I had the ple
ing an acquaintance of y
cheon recently—a you
woman who has tried fa
own account. She was v
interesting. I hope, for y
the great cold is over f
Personally I do not find
Extremes of heat are mu
to bear than any am
D. D.)

SOMETHING TO THIN

Dear Dame Durden—
for some time an inter
of your interesting circle
bold enough to enter.

I do not know wheth
school teachers to enter
not, but as I am not teach
and am a farmer's daug
you will overlook that
such it be.

This is the first winter
at home in Manitoba, havin
the east some four years
having taught since and I
I find the Western winters:

In this connection, I hav
ing the report of the annu
the Woman's Institute o
Guelph, and the question oc
Have we such an instituti
this province? If there be
I have never heard of it a
too bad that such a pro
vince as ours should let O