

ing, preparing apples for market, and even nut-gathering, as being remunerative occupations for the daughters. Do they not do all this, anyway, and where do the proceeds go? Into the farmer's till, and she gets her board and clothes.

She may marry and get a feather bed, and then, again, she may not. And if so, what? Domestic service, most probably, for any other positions with lighter work and better pay are given, without exception, to the young girl who has given her whole time after leaving school to the preparation of work of this kind. Then, M. E. B. says she may still have a home with her brother after he marries. How delightful! The home, perhaps, that once was hers, that she helped to build up from a poor little dwelling with few comforts and no conveniences, to a commodious, well-furnished home, full of the sister's many little decorations. So the wife comes in and reigns, and the sister, if she stays on, will do anything her hands find to do; not only as much as she always did, but more, for there are children to care for now, and all aunties know what that means. Anything but a home like that!

Mr. Editor, why are there so few chances for the working woman to make as much money as her brothers can? I have one in mind—the oldest sister on a farm—who, in the busy seasons, worked day by day with the boys, and all evening would bake, sew, mend and knit. When she was no longer needed at home, she went to "service" in the city. After many years' hard work, she has now a boarding-house (paying rent) with a life of endless toil, and perhaps a thousand dollars in the bank, while her brothers, younger than she, have their beautiful farms, well stocked, worth seven or eight thousand dollars.

A young man goes to the West, homesteads, and perhaps buys another quarter beside him. In a few years, if they are favorable ones, he is the owner of a large tract of land, and saves several hundred dollars every year, and his property increasing in value all the time.

Let his sister try to homestead, and she is told, unless she is a widow or has someone depending on her for support, she cannot do so. Some people ask, Why do girls want to go into offices and stores and take employment that young men should have? I tell you they don't want to do it; they go because they have to. When girls have their living to earn, why should they not have the same choice of work as the young men? But my letter is long enough. Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success, especially through the automobile war. SISTER.

Wellington Co., Ont.

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN.

Smile, you inland hills and rivers!
Flush, you mountains in the dawn;
But my roving heart is seaward
With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
Peace and the mild evening star.

Always your bright face above me
Through the dreams of boyhood
shown;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This gray port of the gray sea.
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

When the breath of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer, too—slip my moorings
With the ships of gray St. John.

—Bliss Carman.

The Quiet Hour.

THE GLORIOUS TO-DAY.

Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation.—2 Cor. vi.: 2.

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

"Rise from your dreams of the future,—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

"Rise! for the day is passing:
The low sound you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it Past."

There is a great deal of half-hearted Christianity in the world—let us see to it that we are in solemn earnest when we profess to be the servants of Christ. And it is very easy to deceive ourselves about the value of the present day, this hour that lies so quietly in our hands, and, perhaps, looks very tame and trivial. We look back to the first ages of our faith, and we see men and women laying down life itself, enduring terrible torture rather than deny their Lord. Christianity was a matter of tremendous interest to them, but it doesn't seem to matter very much how we spend to-day, or this week. We are Christians, of course—everybody knows that—and to-day seems only like thousands of other days; what can it signify if we are not very energetic in our service for one day? If our eyes were only open to the spiritual world in which we live, perhaps we might consider "To-day" a very important bit of our earthly life. The angels are watching, eager to build "To-day" into the wall of God's glorious Temple—a Temple which can only be built of precious material. Our dear Lord is watching, too, hoping that this day, which He has put trustfully into our care, may help our souls—souls which are most precious in His eyes—to grow more strong and beautiful. If God and the holy angels think this is a very important day, surely we shall not venture to treat it with careless unconcern.

What can we do with this day which is such a priceless opportunity, an opportunity which can never be ours again? Let us begin by considering what difference it would make in our treatment of it if this were the last day we expected to spend on earth. Yes, I know that is a very trite remark, but it can go home with tremendous effect if we will only make real use of our imagination. Two weeks ago to-day, the father of a friend of mine—a man who hardly knew the meaning of illness—came home from his business, went into a room alone and died instantly. His wife heard a slight noise, and went to see if anything was the matter. She found him dead in his chair. Of course, I know that we feel so full of life—most of us—that such an event impresses us very little. Death is only a dim shadow in the dim future, and we have not the slightest expectation that this may be our last day on earth. And if we were to spend to-day well, only because we felt ourselves very near death, our service would probably be worth very little, I mean, if it were inspired by fear of possible consequences. But if to-day were the only chance given us of sacrificing something to prove our love for the Master who died for us! If this were the only chance given us of showing the love we feel for those about

us! If this were our only opportunity of returning good for evil, how precious it would be in our eyes! It is easy for the dying to forgive injuries, slights which look very trifling in the light of eternity. It is not easy to see that slights are always slight and trivial, for they always stand in the light of eternity. The person who irritates us by little peculiarities, would meet with our warmest expression of kindness if we knew he would pass out of reach to-morrow. Well, the chance of overcoming evil with good is ours to-day. Are we going to let it slip past us? If we knew that this would be the last day in which we might spend ourselves in kindly service for those about us, of course we should eagerly pour it out as a beautiful sacrifice. And yet it is really just as precious an opportunity, or even more precious, because now we can prove that our love is not only spasmodic and transient, but able to constrain us through years of kindly service to make the whole life a beautiful sacrifice.

"We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should only drink at the purest springs
On our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If our hours were few;
We should rest,—not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do."

Don't overlook the last two lines of that verse. As, in all probability, we shall have the opportunity given us of active service to-morrow, we must seek to make all our service effective—and rest, "for fresher power to be and to do." And as we need far more power and strength than is ours, if we are to live the simplest life divinely, we must do more than "rest," we must pray. Prayer—communion with the ever-present GOD—is the secret of a beautiful day. Anxiety cannot ruin our peace, corroding body, mind and spirit, if we look up into God's face and know that He has planned the whole day wisely and perfectly, and that He has full control over a dreaded future. Lilian Whiting says: "Life should be radiant, abounding, serene, with the positive serenity of high purpose and noble exhilaration, not the mere passive repose or even inertia that is sometimes mistaken for serenity."

It is easy to preach "serenity," but the only way to make it persistently ours is to walk with God all the time. The moment we begin to doubt His leading, the moment we tremble because we forget that He can see through the darkness which is so dense to our sight, then our radiant serenity fails us. Though I don't desire to claim the name of a "Christian scientist," still I firmly believe that a trustful faith is the great cure-all for the whole world. Pain and sorrow are very real things, but we can always draw strength enough for the present moment if we turn to our Royal Companion for it, and we can always leave future troubles to Him.

And if we really recognize the glory of "To-day," we shall get hold of a correct way of valuing everything. If "To-day" were all the time we expected to spend in this world, then the matter of supreme importance would not be the amassing of wealth—for, of course, we could not take one cent with us through the gate of Death. We should not trouble about the good opinion of the world, for to-morrow we should be out of the reach of its praise or blame. But any added beauty of character we might make our own to-day, any increase of faith, hope or love, any gift laid at the feet of our King—though it might be only a "cup of cold water," any increased knowledge of Him: such things as these will belong to us eternally. If every night when you lie down to sleep you can look up in God's face and say, like Christ on the Cross, "It is finished, the day Thou gavest me to spend," then it matters very little whether the world knows anything about you. If, day after day, you are sowing the seed God has put into your hands, then you may safely trust Him for the harvest. What a harvest it will be if the sowing has been lifelong! Day after day, year after year, decade after decade, you have been pouring out your hours in consecrated service, and every moment is

sparkling as a jewel of price in the King's hand. Not one can ever be lost, not one moment that has been purified and brightened by real love—love unselfishly sacrificing—has been wasted or will ever be forgotten by GOD. Is not that inspiration enough to make "To-day" glorious and radiant? And the moments of love which are a secret between you and your Lord keep their sweetness most of all. The little gifts which no one else knows about, which bring no praise from men, are the most worth doing of all.

And life grows sweeter, stronger, richer as we drink in day after day more of the Life of Christ. It is no parable to say that we may abide in Him as the branch abides in a vine, no parable to say that we are members of Christ. It is a glorious reality. Dr. Starr says: "The Life—strong, full, sweet, pure Life—of the Living Lord, controls, conquers and casts out sin. New impulses, desires, thoughts, forms of conduct, all spring from the indwelling Life of the Risen Lord. We are one with Christ, and He is one with us. His Life is our life, His strength is our strength. We are in a state of salvation, daily and momentarily saved by His Life." And He is looking to see if we are manifesting His Life to the world. Is it weak and sluggish in our veins, or are we drawing it consciously, moment by moment, from Him and letting it flow through us to brighten, sweeten and strengthen the lives around us? If we only keep in constant touch with Christ there is little fear that our days will be wasted, though the big world may know little about us. A violet is just as beautiful—yes, far more beautiful—when it is growing wild in a lonely wood than when it is transplanted into a magnificent garden.

It is not so much the work with which the day is filled that makes it glorious or gloomy, but it is the spirit which inspires it. Martha of Bethany moved swiftly about in a feverish eagerness to serve the Great Master who was the honored Guest of the home. Mary sat quietly gazing up into His face until she was accused of wasting her time in idleness. Yet it was Mary who made that day and hour glorious, with a glory that has not faded yet; which, indeed, shines brighter than ever with a much-needed light in this age of energetic service—service which almost threatens to crowd out spirituality altogether. Let us try to make each day glorious as it comes. Then we may be able to echo the following exultant lines:

"Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends!

For once in my life has a day
Passed over my head and out of sight,
And my soul has naught to unsay.
No querulous word to the fair little child

Who drew me from study to play;
No fretful reply to the hundred and one

Who questioned me, gravely and gay;
No word to the beggar I fain would take back,

No word to the debtor at bay;
No angry retorts to those who mis-judge,

And desire not a nay, but a yea:
No word, though I know I remember them all,

Which I would, if I could, e'er unsay.
Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends!

For the patience that lasted all day."

Such a day would indeed be glorious. Though we may not reach its height, still it is worth a great deal if we are struggling up the mountain side.

I must again thank the many readers who have written kindly notes of encouragement. Such encouragement is always most helpful, and I appreciate very heartily the kindness which prompted the writers. HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I was reading in your paper a few weeks ago that you were a little discouraged, and about to give up writing to us every week. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to say that your letters are as good as a sermon to me. And I pray that you may be long spared to continue your work. I know of several other people, and also one who has passed into the arms of a loving Saviour, who was always praising the Quite Hour.

Angle, Ont.

E. McL.