

"the harvest of the quiet eye," and will take the trouble to write about it, so that others may glean something from it also.

RULES.

1. All questions on the paper must be answered; otherwise, the three rules laid down in regard to our "Three Fishers" study will be followed.
2. Kindly state, when writing, whether, if successful, you would prefer a Literary Society Pin or a book.
3. Kindly send your papers so they may reach us on or before the 22nd day of November.

How will You Winter?

Now that the harvest is in and threshed, the silos filled, and the roots in the cellar, the farmer may well ask how he and his family are going to spend the winter. He has his mind made up regarding his animals. Some of them are to gain so many pounds of flesh, while others are to yield so many gallons of

milk by the first of next April. He can tell to a ton or to a bushel what will become of his fodder or his grain. But has he done any planning regarding his family? If he has not done so he has left the most important part of his duty undone. For instance, it is part of his duty to arrange for some social recreation. During the strenuous months of seeding and harvest, the duties of the field and household are so imperative that little social life can be enjoyed. In the winter there is time for a breathing spell, and the farmer acts wisely who makes up his mind that he and his family will see a little of the great world-life that goes on outside his own immediate concerns. He knows the good effect upon his fields of a rotation of crops. In the winter, let him learn the value of the rotation of ideas. The city business man knows the importance of a stay in the country for a few days during the summer. The farmer will be immensely improved by spending a few days of the winter in the city. It

is there that his implements are manufactured, and it is there, too, that his farm produce finds a market. Surely it is to his interest to know something of the way in which the manufacturer and the consumer spend their lives. Every summer he finds his crops beset by an army of insect foes. In the winter he finds an opportunity of learning a little of the nature of his enemies, and of the best known ways of fighting them. Further, in the stress of an election campaign, he hears but little except one party's calling the other unfit to hold office. In the winter he has the opportunity to learn the relation of the Government to the savings bank, to life insurance, to the home and the school, and the thousand other ways in which it affects him as a citizen and as a man.

It may be urged that few can get away from their homes for any length of time. Nevertheless, the farmer must decide if he can afford not to take a little recreation by getting a new set of ideas. It is

the dead-level monotony of farm life that drives so many boys away from it. A little relief from its daily demands will often mean that the farmer will return to it with a freshened interest that will satisfy him that it has, when pursued with interest, a variety that no other occupation in the world possesses.

Yet, it is not absolutely necessary to leave home to get new ideas. The Farmers' Institute, the Farmers' Club, and "The Farmer's Advocate," are gateways to better things. The old-time debating society has been a mighty discoverer of latent ability. The city is eager to send, at a trifling cost, the best of its papers and books and magazines to every rural fireside. Only let the farmer bestow upon his mind and upon the mind of his family the same care that he gives to the cultivation of his fields, and let him resolve that his mental and home life shall improve during the winter as much as his fattening stock, and he will find the coming winter one of the most joyous he has ever passed. O. C.

The Quiet Hour.

Ordained to Serve.

"I have had dreams of grander work than this,
Some seal of greatness set on hand or brow;
Sometime, somewhere, a work of greater bliss,
Not here, not now.
Some work which leads more near the mighty God,
Like that of dwellers on the mountain's brow,
This common work is all too near the sod
Of here and now.
But He who plans for each his work and place,
And kindly teaches when we ask Him how,
Will surely give to each the needed grace
Just here and now.
No need that I should stumble up the hill
In search of blessings; I but humbly bow
My head in sweet content to do His will,
Just here, just now."

Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God; He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that He poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.—St. John xiii.: 3, 5.

We speak of men as "ordained to the ministry," or ordained to serve, when they are made officers in the Church of Christ; and the very words express the truth that, as the Captain of our salvation was the Servant of all, so the duty of all the officers in His Army is ministry or service. But is it only the clergy who are "ordained ministers"? Surely we are called and ordained to serve. Let us look at the wonderful text which I have chosen to-day. It was because the Incarnate God realized His greatness, because He knew "that the Father had given all things into His hands," and that His life embraced all eternity, it was when He considered these things that He stooped to perform the lowliest service. How calm and deliberate were His movements, as described so tenderly by the loved Apostle, who did not venture—like his friend and comrade—to question his Master's doings. Christ felt that His vocation at that moment was this lowly, lovely ministry. He was called to it just as surely as He was called to save mankind by His death a few hours later. And it was not a trivial act, for it has inspired men and women in all ages since, teaching them the glory of common work. Christianity—if it be a real following of Christ—has a marvellous power of glorifying whatever it touches, and it should touch everything. Every moment of our lives may be devotional—devoted to God. The old idea that a man who wished to be religious must shut the world out of his sight altogether by becoming a hermit or

a monk, has pretty well lost its hold on public opinion. Our bounden duty is not to leave the world in order to live with God, but to live "with God in the world," and to do this so plainly and frankly that our world can see clearly that His Presence can—and does—glorify and transfigure our everyday tasks. We, too, come from God, and are going to God, therefore the most ordinary work becomes grand, and is the outward expression of a real vocation.

"Is thy labor very lowly?
Brother see, at Nazareth He
Swept the floor for Mary.
Knowst thou what it is to labor,
Toiling on till youth is gone?
All His life He labored.
Dost thou serve an earthly master
And his will not thine fulfil?
Jesus worked for Joseph."
Of course, our Lord's washing of the feet was a symbolical act, typical of a cleansing of the soul, which He alone can do, but still it was the ordinary duty of the lowest slave, and, as such, objected to by the impetuous Apostle. We women have reason to be very thankful for that one recorded act of common, everyday work performed by our Lord before His Resurrection, for it is quite enough to change weary drudgery into glad service. Women, even more than men, are ordained to serve in countless un-noticed ways. They are called to "wash one another's feet" a hundred times a day—if not literally, at least in the way of ministries of kind attention. Is it not possible to fill the days with fragrance by remembering that in such washing of His servants' feet you are in very truth ministering to the Master Himself? When you set a table with careful daintiness, it is because He will be your Guest at the meal—a Guest you delight to honor. When you are cooking or washing dishes, you can feel the great privilege of caring for Him. When you make the rooms clean and attractive it is because you know He will notice everything, and will gladden your heart with His gracious approval. And, on the other hand, if the house and meals are slovenly and neglected, you will feel the shame of one who has been called to a high office in the Church, to an important post in the Great Army, and who has to answer to the King Himself for neglect of duty.

Our life here has often been compared to a drama. It matters little whether we are called to play the part of a king or a slave; the thing that matters, that for which we shall receive praise or blame when the clothes in which our souls have performed their part are thrown off, is the spirit in which we have acted. It is not enough to be outwardly religious, to say "Lord, Lord," but we must do the will of the Father—and He looks very closely at the motives which inspire our everyday acts. His commands are not a hard, unnatural tyranny, they are intended to fill us with joy every day and all day. Those who serve Him most enthusiastically are the people who thoroughly know the meaning of gladness. "Joy" is a word whose deepest meaning is revealed to the loved and loving servants of the Lord Christ. If you are one of His loyal servants, then "serve the Lord with

gladness," see to it that the world can read joy in your face, and hear it in the tones of your voice. Those who do not "rejoice" in the Lord, but make outsiders think that their religion has made them gloomy and stern and unattractive, are bringing dishonor on the cause of the Master they love, and are driving others away from Him. If we feel the glory of our position in being ordained to serve, there is little fear but that our pleasure in our work will show itself outwardly. Thoughts are not easily hidden, we reveal them unconsciously through our bodies. For instance, yesterday a friend of mine gave me Bishop Hall's new book—"The Example of our Lord." In thanking her I said, "I liked his sermon very much, the only time I ever heard him preach."

She rather startled me by the cool reply: "Yes, I could tell that you were enjoying it by the look of your back as I sat behind you in church." We cannot hope to influence the world for good by words or acts, unless we go to the root of the matter, and let the love of God rule in the secret thoughts of the heart.

And let us cultivate tender gentleness in our ministry. If we were given the glorious privilege of washing our Master's feet, as Mary and Martha may often have done in Bethany, how careful and tender our touch on that sacred flesh would be. There would be no roughness or rudeness, but holy reverence in every movement. And our ministering to Him, through His brethren, may—if we choose—be really touching Him. His words are plain and emphatic: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto ME." And if we fail in the service to which we are ordained of God, HE is neglected or treated unkindly: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." And there is another wonderful honor bestowed upon servants. The Master is touching men through you and through me. When we are washing the feet of others, waiting on them and working for them, He is working through our hands. Through our kindly ministrations He touches their bodies and their souls. He washed the feet of twelve men that they might pass on that act of service.

Perhaps you hear of great things being done in the world, and get discouraged because you are only ordained to do little things that don't seem to count for anything, and that have to be done over and over again through long, monotonous years. Well, what of that! Are these things really your vocation? Can you see that God has plainly ordained you to serve Him just where you are? Why, think of the honor of being chosen by the mighty Creator of the universe to do His work in any particular place. Then lift up your head and go rejoicing on your way. The Son of God thought His work was great when He was doing His Father's will, even when, as in the agony in Gethsemane, His own desires would naturally have led Him in an opposite direction, even when, as in our text, the work seemed commonplace and trivial. He felt that His work had been grandly and faithfully done, not because He had manifested God to the whole world, but because, as He said, "I have

manifested Thy Name unto the men which Thou gavest Me." It is not by doing a work that the world will declare to be grand and noble that we can win the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant," if we have failed to manifest His Name and His glory unto those whom He has given us to serve and to influence. If He has plainly told you to serve at home—serve, perhaps, in ways as lowly and as holy as the washing of the disciples' feet—then it will be useless to offer Him a great work done out in the world instead. He will not accept a sacrifice which He has not Himself put into your hands to offer. And the work itself will not, cannot be a blessing to the world or to yourself, unless the Holy Spirit works in and through you. Christ only could truthfully say: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do;" but if we are to be owned at the last as faithful servants, we must at least have tried to do that particular work, instead of turning our backs upon it as Jonah tried to do. Happily for him, God stopped him in his flight from duty, and gave him again the task he had refused. But it is not always so. Those who, without a direct call from God, turn their backs on the ordinary home duties and rush out into the more exciting battle of the world, may some day feel that they would give all they possess for the chance to minister to the dear father and mother, once left to care for themselves.

But, whatever may be the ministry to which we are ordained, let us prayerfully and earnestly try to make it pure and single in intention. We are constantly tempted to seek the praise of men, and win the admiration of our little world, whether at home or abroad. Our service loses its glory and beauty the moment it is sold for admiration, the moment we feel boastfully that we are not as other men are. Satan is very subtle, and when he fails to tempt us to desert our post, he is pretty sure to do his best to make us self-righteous and conceited. We are apt to forget that, even if we could succeed in doing all that God required of us, we should still be "unprofitable servants"—only having done that which He had a right to expect, that which it was our duty to do.

Our hearts require constant watching, lest our offerings of praise, service or money be stained and spoiled by selfishness and worldliness, and contain no real love to God or man to make them of value. How can He accept an offering if it is not really given for anything but to feed our own vanity and self-complacency? We may well pray constantly that the Holy Spirit may "cleanse the thoughts of our hearts," for our best actions are often so mixed with sin that they are not worth offering to Him who searcheth the thoughts and intents of the heart. And an apparently good action becomes sinful if it is entirely inspired by a wrong motive. Yes, thank God, we are "ordained to serve." May it be truly said of us—

"Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor ever hath she chanced to know
That aught was easier than to bless."
HOPE.