

The Home Study Quarterly

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The Law of a King

The law of a king is service,
And the kingliest serve the most.
Then, ye who are sons of promise
And would royal lineage boast,

Get under the common burden,
Go, brother the brotherless sons,
And win the royal gerdon,
The thanks of comforted ones.

For suffering is numberless,
The sorrowing are a host,
The law of a king is service,
And the kingliest serve the most.

—Stanley F. Davis



Women to be Envied

By Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D.

They are of all ranks, and of varied sorts, but perhaps amongst these six every growing girl will find at least one whom she would dearly like to be like.

The first was but a little slave maid, but nevertheless a wonderful woman in the making. She served her mistress faithfully, so that master and mistress alike honored and trusted her ; and she had a big enough soul to be free of all envy and bitterness, and so came to her master's rescue with news of healing, when he was smitten with a deadly disease. The little slave girl in Captain Naaman's household won her place amongst the noblest of her sex.

And so did the beautiful Queen Esther, who took her life in her hand to save her people from death. It was far less than "even chances" when she went in before the proud king to ask the lives of her kindred and

her nation. But she fearlessly faced death to save those whom she loved. The nurse close to the firing line, the mother or sister or nurse in the plague stricken household is repeating Esther's courage and sacrifice of self. A noble sort of woman, these.

Martha had no risks to run in her quiet home at Bethany. Her's was the peaceful life of the daily round. "Martha served." Her task was with her hands. But, oh, how her heart went into it. The loving Lord had no reproach for her except that she took too much pains for his comfort and entertainment. All the while, he knew that it was just her overflowing kindness and hospitality that lay back of her overmuch busy-ness. The busy Martha is ever a comfort to the busy-handed, busy-footed girl.

And what of her gentle sister Mary ? Who, of all women, has shown, like Mary, where the heart's love can find its highest and holiest object ? She would say to all her sisters, the world over, "There is none who loves like he. There is none whom it is such a joy to love. There is none whose love so lifts up the soul." Happy is the maiden in whose heart of love the blessed Jesus has the deepest, most abiding place !

But perhaps the crown of love really belongs to women *workers*. In service for Christ and fellow men is the highest joy and safety. Life, as we live it now, is a very complicated affair. There are a thousand paths in which young people may lose their way, and thus miss the highest and best in life. Lydia and Phoebe are safe guides. To come, as Lydia did, to Jesus' feet as disciple and follower ; and to serve him, by serving those who needed help and succor, as did Phoebe ; is to have found the secret of secrets.