

Dear Cousin Dorothy.—There are three railroads running through our township. I live on a farm, and can see the trains on two of these railroads. There is a construction train on one of these railroads laying steel. Last summer we could hear them blowing out stumps with dynamite on the right of way. The stumps would go up about one hundred feet, and would be blown to pieces. I go to school, and am in the Senior Fourth Class.

PERCY WADDELL (age 12).
Burns, Ont.

The Quiet Hour.

PUT HEART INTO IT.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Eccles. 9: 10.

"It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love, that the dear Lord
looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

"The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasures must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.

"Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near,
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear;
Look, Master, the love is here!"

Our Lord, in His marvellous parable of the Good Shepherd, contrasts the two kinds of shepherds, showing how differently they act in a crisis. One is the "shepherd of the sheep," the sheep are "his own," he finds it the most natural thing in the world to defend them and care for them, not one day only, but every day, not in safe pastures only, but in a dangerous wilderness. The idea of deserting them never for one moment enters his mind, any more than a mother would think of deserting her children, unless all true motherhood were dead within her. The other shepherd is "an hireling," the sheep don't belong to him, he cares nothing for them, but only thinks of the wages he will receive for taking charge of the flock. Of course, when it appears that more can be gained by leaving the sheep than by staying with them, the hireling deserts his charge. He is only working for wages, and what good are wages if one is killed by the wolf? The most natural course for an hireling is to secure his own safety, he does not understand how there can be any question in the matter. It seems that neither kind of shepherd can understand the action of the other. One who is caring for "his own," must stand by them when he is needed; and one who is working only for money, runs away when danger threatens himself.

None of us want to be "hirelings," then, for—in theory, at least—we strongly disapprove of anyone who deserts his post because of danger or difficulty.

What is an hireling? Is it a man who is paid reasonable wages for his work? Surely not. Our Lord declares that the laborer "is worthy of his hire," and St. Paul expressly says that when a man is doing good work, the reward is not to be considered a gift, but a "debt."—(Rom. iv.: 4). Whether men pay just wages or not, God sees to it that men reap what they have sown. Sin brings the wages of misery and death, righteousness receives the reward of joy and life. Those who find themselves free to serve, and who feel it a great privilege to wear out their lives in volunteer work, are paid splendid wages. They are given the happiness that money cannot buy. God says that masters must not defraud their servants, but must pay the wages of him that is hired, when they are due. Is it likely that He will unduly hold back the wages of His own willing servants, or do the thing He forbids: "the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." The "hireling" is not the man who works for money, but the man who cares only or chiefly about the money. The newspaper reporter who said: "I won't trouble myself to do very much work for my paper, because I

am only paid \$10 a week," was "an hireling." The man who is paid so much a day, regardless of the amount of work he may accomplish, and who digs away cheerily with as much energy as if he were paid by the job, is not "an hireling," though he is hired.

Some people complain that they are paid very poor wages. Well, if that is your case, see to it that your work is of such quality that your employer cannot afford to part with you. If you are paid \$10 a week, and are worth a great deal more to the people who employ you, the gain is yours, and the loss theirs—a gain in character, which is the only true wealth. But if you are being paid \$10 a week and are only doing work worth \$5, then you are flinging away character for gold, which is a terrible waste.

A country doctor may go on for years in his self-sacrificing work. He may get up from a warm bed on stormy nights and drive many miles in the teeth of a blizzard, saving lives, and, perhaps—though that means shame to someone—perhaps receiving not one dollar of his rightful pay. Does that doctor suffer loss? No, the loss is suffered by the patient who is brought back from the gate of death, and is too mean of soul to make any attempt to show gratitude to his preserver. Even if he gets his lawful fee, he need not be "an hireling." Surely very few doctors are thinking how many dollars they will make by their work as they fight their hardest to save a life. The joy of the battle, the joy of the victory, stands in the foreground—the money to be gained by the work is a very secondary consideration. The nurse may earn her \$20 a week, and be very glad to get it; but she will be only "an hireling," and no true nurse, if the money is the first thought in her mind and her patient the second. There may be such nurses, but their service is of very poor quality, no matter how well trained they may be. There should always be joy in the work itself, outside of any reward that may be obtained by it. It was when our Lord was going straight to the Cross that He talked most constantly of "My joy," promising to give this, His joy, to His disciples. What is this marvellous "Joy" of the Good Shepherd which shines out so wondrously as He presses forward to give His life for His sheep? Is not the secret of it hidden in that word of ownership? They are "My" sheep, He says. It is a glad privilege to give Himself to the uttermost for them. St. Paul expresses the same idea of privilege, when he says: "I seek not yours, but you: for the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children. And I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." He found plenty of joy everywhere, because he was pouring out his whole being in hearty service. It always is true that there is more blessedness in giving than in receiving—as long as the giving, the serving, is done "heartily." Grudging service is drudgery; willing service is the noblest and most joyous opportunity anyone can have. Christ came to earth, not to be waited on, but to be a minister. God is pouring out His Life in ceaseless energy in the service of all creation. The angels, the highest order of created things, are called "ministering" spirits—their highest duty and their highest joy is service. Can we rise higher than that? Compare a mother who seldom visits her nursery, leaving the care of her own children almost entirely to hired servants—compare her, I say, with the mother who spends her time and strength in caring for and training the priceless souls God has placed in her hands. The first may have soft, white hands, but she has missed the great joy of motherhood. The second may have to work hard all day and be disturbed at night, but she knows that she is privileged. How terrible it would be for her if she were cut off from her children, and forced to trust them to a hired nurse—especially if they were dangerously ill.

But this question of being "an hireling" or a true servant, enters into everything. We can turn all our work into "drudgery," or transform it into "service"—the noblest privilege we possess. Our work may be sewing or scrubbing, it may be plowing or reaping,

it may be the teaching of children or the writing of a "Quiet Hour." The kind of work we are called to do, matters very little. If it is the work God has called us to do, it may be as beautiful as the work done by Jesus the King in the cottage home of Nazareth, or in the little workshop. And let us remember that His manual work in Galilee has ennobled all work ever since. Hearty work is not dropped when the difficulties come thick and fast, or danger is to be faced. Even an hireling can do pretty fair work when everything is going smoothly. The test of the worker is difficulty and danger. When God calls you to meet these, prove that you are no hireling, prove it by standing firm where you have been placed; even though you cannot see that anything can be gained—gained for yourself—by your faithfulness. An hireling thinks: "What can I gain by doing this thing?" But a worker who looks on the work as his "own," thinks: "What can I give?"

Some people are continually talking about their "rights," but, as I heard a clergyman say the other day, we should never stand on our rights unless it be to trample them under our feet—at least if the claiming of our rights means the putting under our feet of the rights of other people.

Two little boys in Poland were once found frozen to death. The eldest—a child of six or seven—had taken off his own shoes and put them over the felt shoes of his little brother. His own feet were bare. Such a giving up of one's own "rights" is a far more glorious thing than insisting on claiming all lawful advantages. Anyone can insist on his own "rights," it takes a hero to give them up. We can admire the courage of the hero who gives up his life willingly for others. Can we not all be heroic enough to give up our lives by living for others? Whatever we find to do for God or men let us do it with our might, putting heart into it. Then we shall be ready to die the death of a hero, if God should see fit to give us such a privilege. We all have the privilege of giving our lives for others in daily, loving service.

"Herein is love: to strip the shoulders bare,
If need be, that a frailer one may wear
A mantle to protect it from the storm;
To bear the frost-king's breath so one
be warm;
To crush the tears it would be sweet
to shed,
And smile so others may have joy instead.

"Herein is love: to daily sacrifice
The hope that to the bosom closest
lies;
To mutely bear reproach and suffer
wrong,
Nor lift the voice to show where both
belong;
Nay, now, nor tell it e'en to God
above—
Herein is love indeed, herein is love."
HOPE.

Current Events.

Sixty men were killed on December 16th by a mine explosion at Yolande, Ala.

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Many fishing vessels were lost recently during severe storms in the English Channel.

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Twenty-seven Social-Democratic members of the second Duma have been exiled to Siberia.

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Hon. Israel Tarte, at one time Minister of Public Works for Canada, died at Montreal on December 18th.

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A recent statement of the finances of the Canadian National Exhibition shows that the profits of the last exhibition amounted to \$40,626.03.

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The United States fleet, on December 16th, started on its voyage around Cape Horn to the Pacific

Ocean, where it will remain for some time. A wireless message states that it made 240 miles in the first day's sailing.

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Mr. R. F. Stupart, Director of the Dominion Meteorological Service, stated recently, at a Canadian-club luncheon, that he sees no reason why Northern Ontario, from the Height of Land up to James Bay, should not become a good agricultural country.

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The Shah of Persia has come into collision with his Government, and has ordered the arrest of the Premier, Minister of the Interior, and Governor of Sheraz. The Parliament has demanded an explanation of his conduct, and is sitting in permanent session until an answer is received.

The Ingle Nook.

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Over and over again the question of too much work on the farm has come up in these columns, and each time it has been received by an outburst of indignation on the part of the apparently many who find no drudgery in country life, and a plaint from the few who do.

I am not trying to bring the subject up again, but I just want to call the attention of those who feel that little work and much play is the ideal life for women, to the following, from the Chicago Daily Record:

"Only an able and laboring womanhood can give birth to an able and laboring manhood. In early Rome, when