

in the house belongs by absolute right to Christ, but he "himself"—not leaving the task to the servant who carried the water—eagerly shows it to the disciples, and places it at their disposal. It is already "furnished and ready," as far as he could prepare it, waiting for the Royal Guest to glorify it by His Presence. What a beautiful story it is, and how it strikes home to our hearts. He is our lawful Master and King, saying to each of us by messenger after messenger: "Where is My Guest-chamber? Is it ready for Me at any moment? Or is it so occupied by a rush of cares and pleasures, thronging in and out all day and far into the night, that I am forgotten, and My claims treated as of no importance?"

Are we, like "the goodman of the house," eager to place ourselves and all that we possess, unreservedly ready for the Master's use? Or are we disappointed when He comes to us as a stranger, asking for a kindness which calls for some sacrifice of time or money or inclination? Do we consider it a glorious privilege to be permitted to welcome our King with the best that we have? Or is He only admitted grudgingly to one of the lower rooms in our heart, while the "large upper room"—His rightful Guest-chamber—is reserved for Self or the World, or even opened recklessly to Satan by the admission of such guests as Hate, Envy, or Malice?

Are we willing to admit that the best place in our hearts and lives belongs to the Master by right? Surely we are! I take it for granted that all my friends who care to read this "Quiet Hour" are willing to acknowledge that Christ is their lawful King. But that is not enough—the best place must be kept "furnished and ready" for His occupation, not only in quiet Sunday hours, not only when we are on our knees, but when work or care or pleasure try to fill every corner of our thoughts.

The King is constantly coming to us—coming in disguise—are we too hurried or too selfish to welcome Him? He gives us rich blessings of love, of health, of prosperity—do we grasp all we can get, thinking it belongs entirely to ourselves; or do we feel ourselves to be only stewards of our Master's wealth, holding all we are and have in trust for Him, to be given out according as He shall direct? The Norwegian legend of the Gertrude bird is full of solemn warning to our selfish hearts. Here is the story as told by George Litting:

"This bird was once a woman. One day she was kneading dough in her trough when our Lord went by leaning on St. Peter. They looked to her like two poor men. 'Give us of your dough for the love of God,' said the Lord Christ; 'we have come far across the field, and have fasted long.' She pinched off a small piece for them; but, on rolling it in her trough to get it into shape, it grew and grew, and filled the trough completely. She looked at it with wonder.

"No," said she, 'that is more than you want.'

"She pinched off a smaller piece, and rolled it out as before; but that grew in like manner.

"She tried a third time, with a like result.

"That is to say, her heart was hardening.

At length she said, 'I cannot give you any to-day,' for the greed of her heart was to divide all the dough into little bits, and roll it into loaves. 'Go on your journey, and the Lord prosper you.'

"Then Christ, in grief, replied, 'I gave thee plenty, but that plenty hardened thy heart, so that plenty was not a blessing. I will try thee with the blessing of poverty. Henceforth seek thy living from day to day between the wood and the bark.'

How terrible a calamity it is when a generous nature, giving freely in time of poverty, grows hard and selfish in time of prosperity. People who make the large upper guest-chamber a storeroom to be filled with their own possessions, devoting all their ambition to the desire for earthly advantage, are perilously like that woman who could give away part of her bread while she had little, but could not bear to part with it when she saw it growing larger under her hand.

Litting also tells of a lady in New York who always gave a tenth of her income to God. Once she received suddenly a very large addition to her possessions—about \$5,000. "Quick, quick," she said

let me lay aside the tenth before my heart grows hard."

Prosperity need not crowd Christ out—though it often does. Let us be on our guard, lest our best selves be terribly injured by God's good gifts.

"Where is My Guest-chamber?" says our dear Master. He wants to keep the great Feast in our hearts. He wants us to take time to be glad and rejoice with Him. Every day must be a feast day, when we are not only "entertaining angels," but also the Lord of the angels, not only "unawares," but consciously.

In a beautiful Canadian story—"St. Cuthbert's"—the author, R. E. Knowles, puts this sentiment into the mouth of one of the characters:

"I do not know that I was ever more glad with the thought of a sleeping stranger than with the knowledge that this homeless lad was beneath our roof that night. For he who homes the honest poor has borrowed the guests of God, and a mother's wandering son is His peculiar care. I know that the great Executor of all praying mothers leaves them not long indebted to any man; He Himself shall speak with their creditors in the gate."

What a privilege it is to be allowed to entertain "the guests of God," to minister to them in our homes and among our neighbors. When these "guests" have gone out of our sight—returned to the God who lent them to us for a time—we understand the sweetness and privilege of waiting on them. How gladly then we would—if we could—treat them with unflinching courtesy and kindness.

"We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends who about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that's here?"

We can only prove the sincerity of our wish to minister to those who are out of sight by gladly helping to lift burdens here and there, as we get the chance.

Do we keep the Guest-chamber, which belongs to the King, only for visitors? Are we always ready to be obliging and kind to strangers, while the "guests of God" who live with us have to put up with our very worst tempers?

"Do we answer back in a fretful tone,
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone,
And could hear our praise no more?
As the days go by are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp—for a kindly, helpful life—
The burden some one must bear?"

And one thought more. The King does not forget to invite you into His guest-chamber. You are one of His friends, He wants you to keep the Feast there with Him. He will not be pleased if, like Martha, you are always working for Him and never taking time to rest at His feet. You, like another beloved disciple, are permitted to lean back on the holy Master in sweetest peace. Perhaps you are making home unhappy with your irritable temper, just because you are neglecting the important duty of taking needful rest. One who is weary and nervous is very apt to be cross—and a short rest, in the quiet of the guest-chamber, can often work wonders in the cure of nervous irritability. A friend of mine once wrote: "Your body must lie back on God and be pressed into His life before your reserve force will be ready for hard service"—rest for body as well as soul is our duty, and also our privilege.

Unless we are drinking in God's great gifts of Love, Joy and Peace, we cannot be in good condition to do Him service in the world. He calls us to be His friends and guests—not hard-driven slaves. We have need of Him, and He—what a wonderful thought!—heartily desires our company at the Feast. (See marginal reading of St. Matt. xxii. 15.)

"And He hath need of thee, thy love is dear—
Thine uttered love, told waiting at His feet;
And hurry not to service till prepared
By quiet waiting in His presence sweet."

DORA FARNCOMB

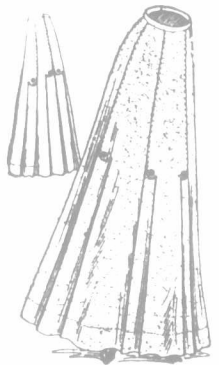
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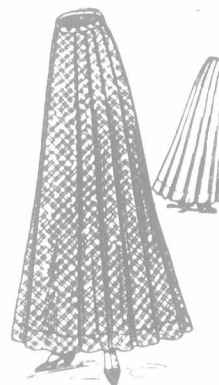
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Current Events.

Count Leo Tolstoi is ill.

The corner-stone of a new technical school, to cost nearly \$1,000,000, has been laid in Montreal.

The Toronto Press Club has endorsed the proposal to erect a statue of Prof. Goldwin Smith.

Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young, the well-known missionary, lecturer and author, died at Bradford, Ont., last week.

It has been announced by the Department of Mines that gold is being found in paying quantities in the Township of Whitney, New Ontario.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, the noted playwright and author, has applied for divorce from his wife, an actress who appeared in his first play, produced seventeen years ago.

The Finnish Senate has refused to contribute the \$4,000,000 demanded by the Russian Government as Finland's share of taxation for the defence of the empire; \$2,000,000 is claimed as the rightful amount.

The Government steamer "Arctic," Captain Bernier, arrived at Quebec from the Polar Regions on October 5th. Captain Bernier reports having planted the Canadian flag on a large number of islands in the vicinity of Melville.

A novel flight was made by M. Latham at an aviation meet at Berlin, recently. He flew a distance of 12 miles, attaining an average elevation of 400 feet, and a speed of 74 miles an hour. The long-distance prize of \$10,000 was won by M. Rougier for a flight of 74 miles, also the prize for altitude, with a record of 560 feet.

With the Flowers.

Seasonable Notes.

Save time by doing all the work you possibly can in the garden now. Dig up beds and fertilize them so that the frosts and thaws of winter may help to make the ground mellow; burn up any stray stalks which may harbor weed seeds or insect cocoons; and divide perennials that require separating.

Plants still in flower in the garden, salvia, cosmos, etc., may be kept blooming their natural time in the house if taken up carefully, with plenty of earth round the roots, and planted in boxes.

Hardy bulbs may be planted outdoors in October, e. g., tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, scillas and daffodils.

Just before the excessively hard frosts of winter set in, cover plants that may be injured by them with rough, strawy manure, or autumn leaves.

When repotting plants that have been set out in the garden for the summer, do not forget to put some drainage material, such as broken crockery, in the bottom of the pots. The soil scraped from about the roots of grass in old sod makes an excellent potting material.

Those who have been following the wonderful developments in the gladiolus, brought about by Mr. Groff, of Simcoe, Ont., will be interested to hear that "Groff's Gladioli" have been especially noted at the Royal Botanic Gardens at