

THE QUIET HOUR.

False Economy.

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another.
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
For the heart grows rich in giving, all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds (which mildew in the garner) scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy, do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee."

Economy is a good thing, of course, but, like many other virtues, it becomes a vice if carried to an extreme. There is a story told of a man who became rich because of his careful economy in trifles. His clerks had to light all the lamps in his store with one match, and the rest of his business was carried on in the same spirit. Men who practice such a rigid economy that they may rightly be called "close," sometimes become rich—although, even in business, such a course is generally fatal to success—but they certainly lose far more than they gain. It is right to be careful in the very smallest matters, to allow no waste in the household. Our Lord taught this lesson when He commanded the disciples to gather up every fragment after the multitudes were fed, although He could easily have made provision for thousands more. Because we have plenty is no excuse for wastefulness, but often apparent economy is really waste.

"We lose what on ourselves we spend
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all."

It is a great mistake to think that God takes no account of what we are pleased to call "trifles." He is interested in even such small matters as the shaking of a tree or the way in which the corners of a field are cleaned. The Israelites were forbidden to make clean riddance of the corners of their fields—something must always be left for the gleaners. A sheaf that had been overlooked in the field must not be fetched. The olive trees were not to be shaken a second time, nor the grapevines clean stripped. These things were certainly not left to be wasted. They did not belong to the farmers at all; they were the property of the poor gleaners—the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. Boaz was a rich man who fulfilled the law generously, for he told his young men to let fall some handfuls on purpose for a poor girl to glean. This law should be carried out now in the spirit rather than in the letter. It would be waste to leave good grain in the fields where there are no gleaners to gather it, but in many ways we can see that the poor are not defrauded of their lawful portion. The grain is scattered in the fields that it may increase, and surely this is a parable to encourage liberality in everything: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." If we sow sparingly, it is no use expecting to reap bountifully. This holds good in both natural and spiritual things. Don't leave your grain, fruit, vegetables or flowers in the field to be wasted, but see that they do good to somebody. In many cases you will find that your own supply will last longer if you pick things freely, not allowing them to go to seed. This also is a parable.

If you are not prosperous, if your crops are cut down by frost or injured by drought, don't sit down and grumble, but "Consider your ways. Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways." The Israelites thought the cause of their trouble was the want of rain, but the prophet told them that the real cause was their neglect of God's honor. They built their own houses, but allowed the house of the Lord to lie waste. God had warned them long before that if they did not obey and serve Him, the heaven should be like brass, the earth hard as iron, and the rain should be powder and dust. They should carry much seed into the field and gather little in: the worms should eat their grapes, and the olive trees should cast their fruit. On the other hand, if they obeyed God, He would send his blessing on the increase of their fields and cattle, and would bless all the works of their hands. When Elijah found a poor widow preparing to cook her last handful of meal, he asked her for a share of her scanty stock of food, and she gave it to him. If she had practised a rigid economy then, she and her son would probably have starved before the famine was over. It is always false economy to be niggardly, but very few of us could stand such a test of generosity as that. The very poor are generally more willing to give of their little than the rich. One who had a great deal of experience in the New York slums, said that it was wonderful to see how many were eager to help others who were "poorer than they." One German family, nearly starving, themselves, took in an old man, who was past work, and kept him all winter. They hardly knew him; it was enough that he was lonely, hungry, and cold.

"We need—each and all—to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Towards soothing the moan of earth's hunger;
And we know that then only we live
When we feed one another, as we have been fed
From the Hand that gives body and spirit their bread."
One kind of false economy is economy in wages.
To withhold from your helpers the money honestly

earned, or to pay them just as little as you can possibly get them to work for, is not justice. Do not fancy that God overlooks such things. He says: "Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy. * * * At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it: for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it: lest he cry against thee unto the Lord." And again, He pronounces woe upon him "that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."

Perhaps the worst kind of economy is trying to save by making our offerings to God as small as possible. It harms ourselves terribly, both temporally and spiritually. We can't transfer our obligations, either. If one person in the seat puts 10 cents on the plate, that is no reason why another should give nothing. A little girl put sixpence into the bag at church and whispered: "That's all right, grandma! I paid for two."

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

HOPE.

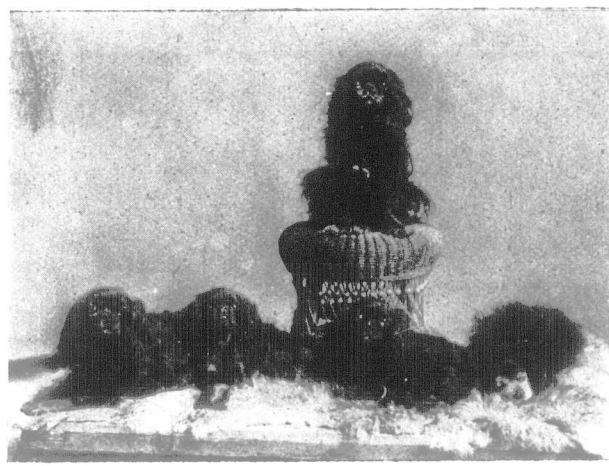
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

What Would You Do?

I am not quite sure whether Marian was cross that morning or not, but it is quite certain that she looked so. "Oh, dear," she said, pouting. "Seems to me some people have everything."

By "some people" she meant May Wilson; by "everything," the pair of black ponies which May had received on her birthday. And, indeed, I think that almost any fifteen-year-old girl, finding herself sole mistress of those sleek ponies, and the gay little cart with the yellow wheels, would have felt that her most ambitious dream of pleasure had been fully realized.

"Yes, May has everything nice," assented Jessie with a sigh. Jessie was Marian's bosom friend, and, except on rare occasions, they agreed perfectly.



GROUP OF FAVORITE KING CHARLES SPANIELS.
OWNED BY MRS. W. S. LISTER, "MARCHMONT FARM,"
MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

"If you owned those ponies, now," she went on, musingly, "what would you do with them?"
"Take you riding every single day," answered Marian promptly. "Wouldn't the other girls be jealous, though?"

A rattle of wheels in the street below prevented Jessie's reply, and the two girls ran eagerly to the window. "There she is now," Marian exclaimed, half resentfully, as the gay little turnout passed. May, glancing back, waved her whip laughingly at her friends, who looked at each other doubtfully. "Who is that with her?" Jessie asked, staring hard after the white-faced little girl closely wrapped in shawls in spite of the warmth of the day.

Marian reflected. "Oh, I know. She's the daughter of that little bit of a woman who comes here to help about the cleaning sometimes. They live over the grocer's on the corner, and the girl's been sick ever so long. How funny for May to take her riding!"

A couple of days had passed, and the girls were resting on the front lawn one afternoon, when May again drove by. This time her companion was a little old lady, from under whose quaint bonnet looked out the happiest wrinkled face imaginable. Her lap was piled with golden-rod, and purple asters, those late darlings of autumn, whose wide-awake faces seem to defy frost and cold alike.

"Doesn't it look as if we had brought the fields home with us?" called May, while the little old lady laughed and hugged her treasures closer. And after they had passed, Marian asked, in an odd voice, "Say, Jessie, isn't that the old Mrs. Winter who lives at the poorhouse?"

Jessie nodded. "Yes. Mamma says they were really well off once, and were always helping everybody, but Mr. Winter died, and somebody cheated her out of all her property. I suppose she's unhappy up there. You know she's lame, and can't even go to church."

It was Saturday, I believe, when they again met May down town, and she stopped to speak with them. The little cart seemed overflowing with children. There were three on the seat with May,

and a sturdy four-year-old was perched on a stool in front.

"I want to come and take you driving some day next week, girls," May said with her quick, bright smile. "I should have come before, but Mrs. Waldo—she's our minister's wife, you know—has been sick for two or three days, and it worries her to hear the children playing around. So I take them out with me, and as long as I'll drive them they'll be perfectly good;—won't you, Robbie?" with a laughing glance toward the little man in front.

"Yes. We're perfectly good," Master Robbie assented promptly. Then he added, with the air of one whose patience was nearly exhausted, "Now please say gedap, and don't talk any more."

May laughed and obeyed. And as the ponies trotted blithely away, Jessie said as she had said a week before: "Yes, May has everything nice." But her voice had an argumentative sound, as if she were replying to some unspoken thought.

Marian answered promptly. "Yes, she has everything, and she deserves it. Oh, Jessie, how different she is from the rest of us. When we get something nice we think what fun we and our particular friends can get out of it, but May just thinks what she can do for other people."

Jessie was silent, in her loyalty to her friend unwilling to admit that any girl could be more unselfish than she. "Perhaps if you had as much as May, you'd do as much for other people," she suggested feebly at length.

Marian shook her head, determined not to accept the undeserved comfort. "No, Jessie; if I'm selfish with what I have, it wouldn't make me unselfish to have more. Why, I can hardly bear to let the children take my checker-board or my croquet-set. But I'll tell you, Jessie," she added, lowering her voice, for, like most girls of her age, Marian found it hard to tell her best thoughts even to her most intimate friend, "I'm going to try after this to be unselfish enough so—well, so that I could be trusted even with a pony-carriage."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

A Message from Mollie.

If Mollie's promised "Notes" do not reach us in time for this issue, a message from her will serve to prove to her readers that she has not forgotten them, and this message they shall have. Under date of 22nd May, Mollie writes from London: "I wonder what you will think of my long-silence! But the fact is that I have been sight-seeing with a vengeance—ever since I landed in England. Everything is so overpowering, that even if one did not come in tired out in mind and body, as I literally have done daily for the last six weeks, it would seem impossible to find the right words with which to give a readable account of one's varied experiences. Now, Oxford, for instance, from which I have but just returned: I should want columns of space, instead of only the limited amount which is all the ADVOCATE can allot me, to give my dear readers any conception of that marvellous seat of learning. As we walked around that fine old city, through the quads, gardens, halls, libraries and chapels of its glorious colleges, the thought would obtrude itself, how can I attempt to tell them all about it? My own heart was overflowing, and I wanted to share with my Canadian sisters the pride of heritage with which it was surcharged as tale after tale was unfolded of the past history of the Oxford I was visiting to-day—a history which my eyes could read as well as my ears hear. But presently I will collect my jottings into a less disjointed record than I can attempt to send you by this mail, just only adding now that my enjoyment of it all was greatly enhanced by the pleasure of having for my hostess and cicerone one who, like myself, hailed from the Forest City of Ontario, and who, as the wife of a resident Oxford professor of note, not only gave me the glad hand for old sake's sake, but who could so thoroughly enter into the feelings of a Canadian on visiting for the first time one of the two great universities of the motherland."

We hope to have a nice long letter from Mollie in time for our next issue.

Humorous.

An excursionist newly arrived from the coast after a week's holidays was accosted by a friend as to what kind of weather he had. He replied—"Man, there wis only wan shoor, bit it lasted a' the time."

It was a moonlight night, and two farmers, who had been in Aberdeen and got a little intoxicated, were proceeding homeward with the train. Just as the train was crossing a river one of them chanced to look from a window of their compartment, and on seeing the reflection of the moon in the water, exclaimed to his neighbor—"Losh keep's, Sandy, whaur on earth can the train be takin' us till? It his us above the meen already."

A literal copy of a letter sent to a parish clerk is rather quaintly amusing: "Mister, mi wief is dede, and wants to be berriet, digg a grav for her, and she shall come and be berriet two-morro at wan o'clock; you know where to digg it, by my other wief, but let it be dip."

Two brothers were working in a stone quarry in the Highlands. One of them hurt his leg, and his brother sent home this filial letter: "Dear mother,—Here's a letter frae Donald, your son. Puir Sandy's broke him's hock in quarry hole. Wishing ye a' the same. Post haste, and away she goes."

A tramp rapped at a door the other day, and asked the woman if she could spare him a piece of bread. "No, I can't," replied the woman. "I am a policeman's wife, and if my husband were in he would take you." "Well," said the tramp, "if he'd take you, he'd take anybody." (Collapse of woman.)

A colored girl happened to meet a gentleman going down a street in New Orleans, and nearly came in collision with him. Then both made for the other side of the path, and another collision was imminent. They then danced back and dodged again, when the girl suddenly stopped and said—"See heah, mister, what am dis gwine to be—a schottische or a waltz?"