

never doubting that all will be well. Characters grow strong and beautiful during these days of commonplace work, lighted up by the radiance of love. Our great business in this world is to love—love God and our comrades. We all have the same task, and the same opportunity, whether we be rich or poor, ignorant or learned. And every day can be filled with joy if we keep our hearts raised to our Master.

In Eastern countries, a well-trained maid-servant watches the hand of her mistress. If a gesture is made, she instantly brings what is wanted. All day long the mistress can issue her orders silently, because her maidens are always eagerly watching for every motion of her hand. And, as the Psalmist says, as the eye of a maiden watches the hand of her mistress, so our eyes are on our God all day long. He does not need to command if we are eager to obey His lightest wish. We do not need to worry about difficulties ahead; the Captain is able to conquer any difficulty, if only we trust Him and obey orders for the present moment. Often before, in our own and other lives, have apparently insurmountable difficulties fallen down suddenly and made it possible for us to advance. Happiness is our duty as well as our privilege. Even the best of human generals finds it almost impossible to do great things if his soldiers are discouraged and gloomy, if they plod along in dispirited fashion, instead of stepping out briskly to the music of the band. It is wrong to worry, for it shows that we have no confidence in our Captain. I had a letter yesterday from a young Jewish girl who said: "I am very happy, with the happiness that comes from inside—the only kind that lasts." Is not that a true view of life? One who is walking along a path lighted by love can be happy, no matter how commonplace his appointed duty may be. Happiness that only lasts as long as everything is pleasant outwardly, is scarcely worth having. It is sure to fail us just when we need it most. But the joy of one who has laid his life at the feet of LOVE, is renewed every moment. He has only to lift his eyes, in glad realization of the Master's presence, to find the load of care lifted from his heart, and the path flooded with sunshine. Every time we allow ourselves to be anxious and troubled, we are showing distrust of our Master, we are disappointing Him, injuring ourselves, and harming His cause. We need not call Him to help us, for our cause is His, and it is absolutely safe in His hands. We have little faith in our Captain, therefore we are cowardly when things seem to be going wrong. The secret which is worth infinitely more than any charm which can transform common metals to gold, is within the reach of each of us. It is simply an attitude of loving trust towards our Captain. It can fill us with joy and peace, with hope and courage. How is it that we ever allow ourselves to be downhearted or afraid? Let us try to carry out the familiar saying:

"Build a little fence of trust around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work, and therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow."

It is folly to refuse to serve God, saying: "I want to be my own master." One who spends his years in serving himself may be outwardly comfortable, but he always fails to find joy. It is folly to devote time and strength to worldliness. One who should gain the whole world must still be dissatisfied, for his soul is too divine to have its hunger satisfied by the things which must be given up in a few years, and which soon lose their interest and become commonplace even in this life.

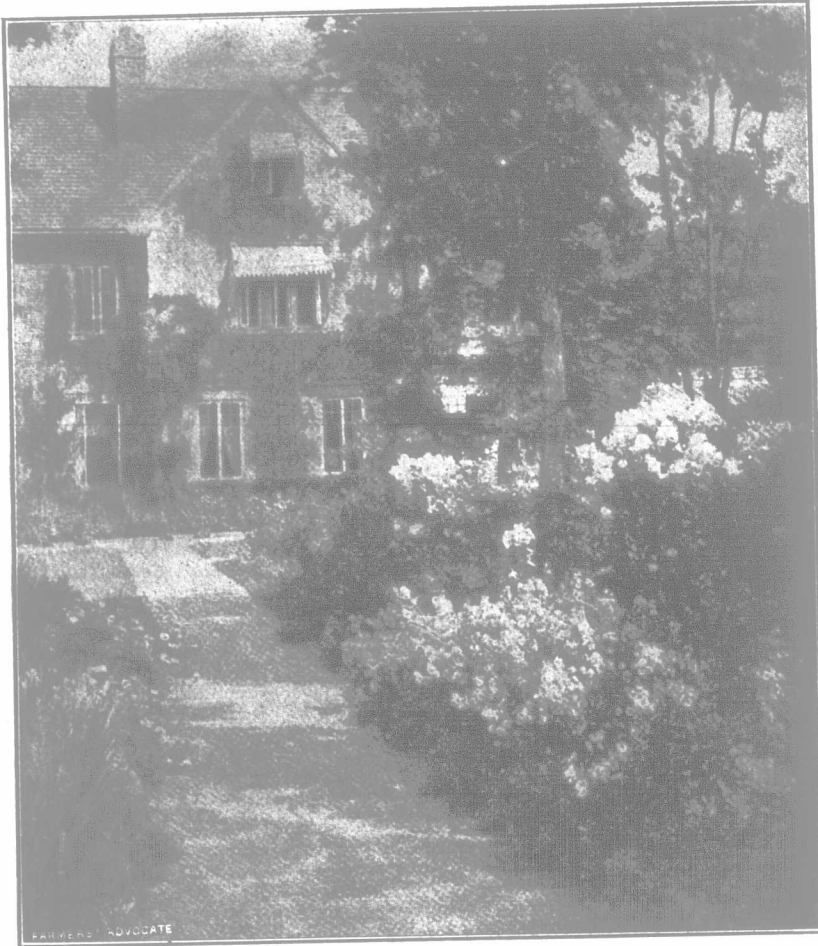
We are hungry for absolute holiness; nothing else will satisfy us. And where can we find perfection except in God? Why should we waste precious time in serving other masters, when we know—deep down in our truest consciousness—that we shall certainly regret that wasted time?

One man boasts that he is free. Perhaps he is being dragged down by the chain of his favorite sin. A woman boasts that she is not a servant. Per-

haps she is miserable, if she has done something which is not considered exactly "the thing," or if she has to wear an old-fashioned dress. Is she not a slave, shrinking before the look of public opinion? Someone once said: "If we would only make up our minds to go straight for the next world, we could throw up our hats in this and be perfectly happy."

If we are setting our hearts on pleasing God, then failure is impossible. After

petitions and claim His promises before bestowing the blessings on us? Undoubtedly because we need first to come into a proper attitude of heart to receive them, and to be advantaged by them. Even as it is, we may be sure we do not sufficiently appreciate the divine care bestowed upon us, hitherto and now. Even in the attitude of prayer and thanksgiving, we probably do not discern one-half of our causes for gratitude, as



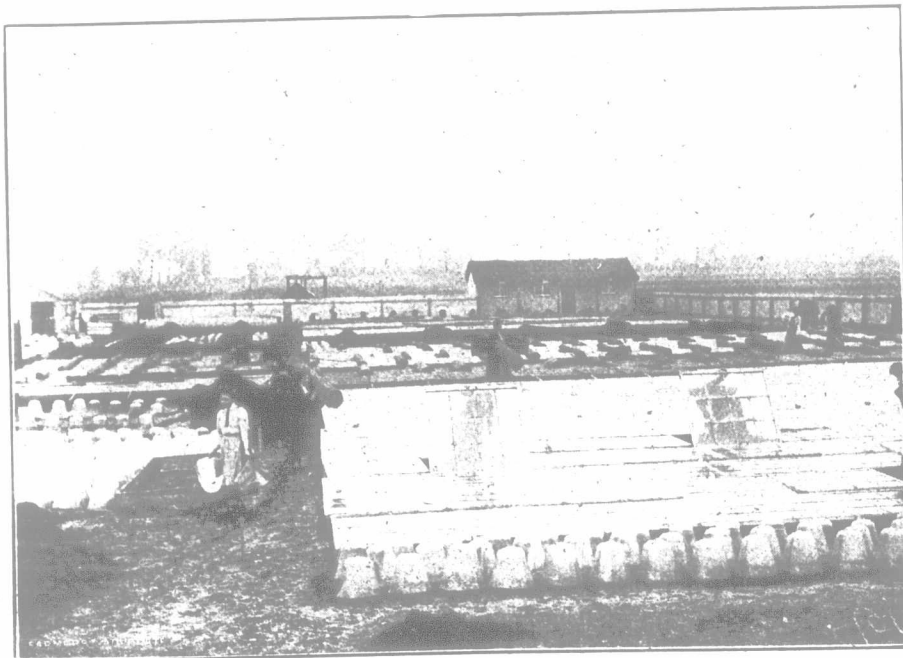
Flowers in Masses.

The effect of massing flowers is excellent for the informal garden. Perennial phlox and fall anemones are the especial feature here.

every fall, we can start again, sure of His love and forgiveness. Those who are on God's side are sure of victory. To fight for Him is to make our lives worth while.

"Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine."

DORA FARNCOMB.



Hurrying Lettuce.

The author's idea carried out with glass bell-jars, manufactured for the purpose, near Newbury, England.

Dear Hope,—I was interested in reading about "Faithful Reader's" puzzlings along the line of prayer, and why we should pray for those things which He will give us anyway, and I thought I would just quote to you these words from a little volume, "Daily Heavenly Manna for the Hungry of Faith": "The question may arise, Why will God have us to make

There is not any benefit so glorious in itself but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it. The virtue, I know, rests in the intent; the profit in the judicious application of the matter; but the beauty and ornament of an obligation lies in the manner of it.—Seneca.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

The Vegetable Garden.

By the time this paper reaches you, most of you will be busy at your garden,—the vegetable garden, at least—planting the seeds of lettuce, and beets, and parsnips and carrots, that are to delight both eye and palate later on, and I am not sure that the feast for the eye is not the more delectable of the two.

Once upon a time I had a garden, a little patch of vegetable garden in one place—no, a big patch, for like the artists, who so often paint their largest pictures first, I was ambitious—and a little patch of flower-garden in another; and I remember very well how often I used to steal out in the late evening, when the slanting rays of the setting sun made golden light and threw deep shadows, to admire the rows of just those common vegetables that I have mentioned,—with a purely aesthetic joy, too, I believe. Were they not beautiful, those rows of feathery carrots, fresh green parsnips, waving corn, lush and fern-like parsley, and red and purple beets? If you think mine were not, just think of your own, and I warrant you you will say yes.

We used very tedious methods the first year, made raised beds with paths between everywhere, and cultivated assiduously with the hoe during all of the early summer. But the next year we knew better, and put our plants in in long rows, running from north to south, to catch the sunlight on both sides as far as possible. And we found out many things. We found out, for instance, that one can scarcely have the garden ground too rich for most plants, but that one must never, never use entirely fresh manure on any garden; the older and more muck-like the fertilizer, the better. The plants which, it proved, needed deep, rich soil, were beets, cabbage, lettuce, carrot, cauliflower, celery, corn, cress, egg-plant, radish, melons, parsnips, peas, rhubarb and turnips. One had to exercise more caution with beans, cucumbers, squashes, tomatoes—the "viney" plants, you see—which had a tendency to run to vines rather than fruit if fed too well. Onions were found to do best on rather rich, but firm soil, with quite shallow surface cultivation.

Have you ever carried pails and pails of water for your garden, until it seemed that, notwithstanding the admiring visits at sunset, that same precious spot was threatening "awfully" to become a burden? I am sure that first year we wore a fine deep path to the pump. Indeed, it took a long time to discover that, by a very simple process, much less water-carrying was necessary. One day an old woman, with the wisdom born of long experience, said, "A good hoeing is as good as a rain." And so it proved. If you have never heard this, just try it. Leave one row of something undisturbed, except when you pull out the weeds; keep another well hoed, and the soil constantly stirred up, and just see which will make the more progress. Of course, there is a good reason for it. The soil, by capillary attraction, because it is porous, keeps evaporating the moisture from below, sending it up to the surface and off into the air. When you stir up that surface you make a dust-mulch, which helps to keep the ascending moisture where it ought to be, about the roots of the plants. For this reason, after the first thorough working-up for the seedbed, deep cultivation is seldom necessary, just a shallow, though constant stirring-up of the surface, being sufficient.

Of course, in dry spells, notwithstanding the hoeing, a good watering is usually advisable, but we found out that each watering was twice as efficacious, and fewer waterings needed, if we were careful each time to draw a covering of dust over the wet patch about each plant,—the dust-mulch again, you see.

Lately I have heard a hint or two that I should like to have verified. As I cannot, in the heart of the city, experiment,