

THE QUIET HOUR.

Lift Up Your Hearts.

"Lift up your hearts:" I hear the summons pealing
Forth from the golden altar where He stands;
Our great High Priest, the Father's love revealing
In priestly act, with pleading, outspread hands.

"Lift up your hearts;" with hearts to heaven soaring
I hear the Church shout forth her glad reply;
"We lift them up unto the Lord adoring,
Our God and Thine, through Thee, we glorify."

"Lift up your hearts;" Alas, O Lord, I cannot
Lift up aright my burdened heart to Thee,
Thou knowest, Lord, the care that presses on it,
The chains that bind it struggling to be free.

O Lord, Divine! Thy promise comes to cheer me;
O Voice of pity! blessing and thrice blest,
"Come unto Me, ye laden hearts and weary,
Take up my yoke, trust Me, I pledge you rest."

I dare not waver by such grace invited,
I yield to Thee my heart, I close the strife;
Lift Thou my heart until, with Thine united,
I taste anew the joys of endless life.

—John Macleod, D. D.

Drawing Near to God.

There is a great deal of discussion in these days about the neglect of public worship, and every inducement is held out to attract people to church. Music, decorations, popular preachers, are advertised to draw a crowd, until it seems as though God's House were a theatre intended for entertainment only, or a charity bazaar which people must be bribed to attend.

Is not this a terrible state of things? When the Lord is in His holy temple, instead of all the earth keeping silence before Him and coming into His presence with awe and reverence, like Moses warned that it is holy ground, what do we see and hear? The multitudes drawn to this church or that by various attractions, struggling for the best seats, eager to see and be seen. They come away, not with the trembling gladness or holy fear of souls that have been face to face with God, but with good-natured ridicule of the singers, criticism of other people's clothes or manner, an inclination to pick the sermon to pieces, or often with the bored feeling that a wearisome duty has been performed. Surely there is something wrong when our public worship is ever degraded to such a condition as this. What is the matter? We are naturally religious, we have felt, sometimes at least, the marvellous joy of drawing near to God, of real communion with Him. We are dissatisfied with such a sham as our church-going often is. How can we improve our own plot of ground?

Let us remove the weeds first, beginning with Selfishness. A common excuse for staying away is,—"I don't find that it does me any good." Now, that may sound very satisfactory, but think a moment. If you heard a man say, "I don't often visit my father, because he doesn't give me anything when I go, it doesn't do me any good," wouldn't you think that man a monster of selfishness? Do we go to meet our father only because we hope for a gift from him, and do we come away vexed and disappointed if he does not give us anything, or if we fancy he does not—sometimes the full value of his gifts is not discovered for years.

The only way to kill this weed of Selfishness is to plant Love in its place. Instead of going to church principally for our own good, let us go to meet our Father, to praise and thank Him, to listen to His words, to ask pardon for our sins, to intercede for others more than for ourselves, to be drawn more closely together in the mysterious spiritual unity of the one body.

Then there is the weed of Irreverence. Think of the irreverent behavior of many people in our churches. The giggling and whispering, the turning round to stare at newcomers, the inattentive words of prayer and praise which we dare to offer to the Most High, the pretence of kneeling which is such a mockery of Him who cannot be deceived. God is very jealous of His honor. He smote Uzza for touching the sacred ark, and the men of Bethshemesh because they looked into it. When king Uzziah ventured rashly and unlawfully into the Temple he was struck with leprosy. Can we fancy that our irreverent behavior is unnoticed or disregarded when "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

The best way of overcoming irreverence is to remember that we are in the presence of God. Where two or three are gathered together in His name, He is specially present. If our bodily eyes were opened to see His glory we might be like St. John who "fell at his feet as dead." But the thought of His presence should bring joy rather than fear, as He says:—"Fear not, for I am with thee," and again:—"It is I, be not afraid."

There is another weed which threatens to choke religion out of our hearts, the pursuit of novelty. Like the Athenians, we are ready enough to listen to a popular preacher, and will flock in crowds after him if we hope to "hear some new thing." It is a good thing to hear sermons, but that should not be the object of meeting together in the House of God. As the sacrifices were offered in the Temple, so we should offer our "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." We ought to be more eager to give than to get when coming into the presence of our King. "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him."

Do not fancy that a restless craving for novelty,

or a selfish seeking after your own good, and indifference to other people, indicate a truly devotional spirit.

"Prayer was not meant for luxury
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet."

We should not come regularly to church, then, only for the good we may get there, or because the service is attractive and we like the preacher. To stay away, without good and sufficient reason, is to disregard the invitation of the King of Kings. When even an earthly monarch invites a subject to an interview with him, the invitation is really a command. Our King has declared that the people who disregard His invitation shall in the end be shut out. If they refuse the invitation they will find at last that the door is shut, for "none of those men which were bidden shall taste of My supper." Remember, the excuses made by the men in the parable were what people might consider reasonable excuses for staying away from church. One had his farm to look after, another was busy with his cattle, another was married and must stay at home with his wife. God has declared that He will not accept such excuses; is it likely that the Sunday headache—which would be unnoticed on Monday—the desire for a walk or drive, the fear of a shower, the cold or heat, the "having company," etc. will be accepted? As I said, man is naturally religious, and cannot help reaching up to God while there is a trace of the Divine image left in his nature. The surest way to attract him to church is not to make it a place of entertainment, but to make him understand that God will meet him there.

"What is it that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God! let me for once look on Thee,
As though none else existed—We alone!
I need Thee, and I feel Thee and I love Thee!"

HOPE.

Recipes.

BUTTERED BEETROOTS.

Six moderate-sized beets; wash carefully, so as not to bruise the skin; put into a pan, cover with cold water, bring to a boil, and cook an hour, or a little longer, if very thick. Throw them into cold water; rub off the skins with the hands; cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; put two or three ounces of butter in a frying pan, and when hot, put in the beets. Sprinkle over them a small teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, and lemon juice, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and two of good stock or gravy. Simmer gently for 10 minutes. Serve as hot as possible.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.

Tomatoes now often accompany bacon, the slight acid of the former counteracting the fat of the latter. The following is very nice, and the addition of the rice makes the dish resemble a "pilau"—that favorite dainty of Anglo-Indians.

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of streaky breakfast bacon into thin rashers, and fry slowly till done through, but not crisp; add pint of tomatoes; then stir in half a pint well-boiled rice. Stir all over a gentle heat till nearly dry, seasoning with pepper, cayenne, a pinch of dried herbs, and salt (omitting the latter unless the bacon is very mild). Cut thin slices of dry toast into sippets; pile up the "pilau" in the center of a very hot dish, and arrange the sippets all around.

CREAM CAKE.

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons of water, 2 teaspoons baking powder stirred into $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour. Take one cup of white sugar, put in the water, add the yolks of the eggs well beaten, then the flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. For the cream filling: 1 egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, heat to the boiling point, and add 1 tablespoon cornstarch, previously stirred in milk; when it has boiled add the flavoring to suit the taste; spread this dressing between the layers of the cake, icing the top if desired.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

In preparing strawberries, be sure and wash them in cold water before the hulls are removed, for if hulled and then washed the flavor is spoiled.

Sift two cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half teaspoonful of salt. Rub in one teaspoonful of shortening. With a fork stir in lightly and quickly enough sweet milk to make a soft dough (too soft to roll). Turn into a greased tin and cook in a hot oven, turning it about to make it rise evenly. When done, remove from the oven and split it in two, liberally butter the inside and fill with berries that have been standing crushed in sugar enough to sweeten them. Replace the crust and cover the top with berries. Serve with whipped cream.

A MORE SIMPLE CAKE.

Make a good rich layer cake filled in with whipped cream, and whole berries, arranged close together.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.

Use the tough ends of the asparagus, and save the water in which the asparagus has been boiled. Put the ends in the water and cook for half an hour. Press through a colander. To each pint of liquid add one of milk, add a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour that have been rubbed together, a little salt, a dash of pepper, and serve.

Travelling Notes.

AUSTRALIA.

Now that our stay in Australia is drawing to a close, it seems as though so many things which deserve mention have been left unsaid. When one is literally overwhelmed with hospitality, with delightful surprises, with specially-got-up entertainments, luncheons, teas, garden parties, etc., etc., and all accompanied by the loving kindness of our dear belongings, who don't want us to go—all this makes one's brains somewhat confused, especially when there is a very tight pull at our own heart—several pulls, in fact—and all pulling different ways! One pull for Australia, another for Vancouver, another for England, and, oh! that other one for home—for Canada—our own dear, dear land, never forgotten amidst all our travels—never, never!

Well, we must not begin in too sentimental a mood, the mood perhaps accentuated by the recent embarkation to England of a big Australian ocean liner with 1,000 passengers, amongst them an Australian cousin, going to take in, with so many others, the great Paris Exposition. What crowds are going from all points this year, not that it will be, by any means, the best time for seeing the different points of interest of the city itself—these exhibition times never are. Even when no one belonging to you is on board, there is, somehow, always a feeling of desolation as we watch the great steamer slowly get free from her moorings, then faster, faster, faster, until she seems but a mere speck on the boundless sea. Such a big thing when near, so important, so majestic; and now a small, small habitation for many (comparatively) souls in the midst and at the mercy of unspeakable vastness, for what can give a greater impression of vastness than God's ocean?

Amongst the many interesting things we have seen here were some remarkably good fairs. Although there is always a certain similarity in all such things, still, to those really interested there is much that is new, and especially in other countries than one's own. Mount Barker Show (Mount Barker is where we are staying) was opened by its patron, Lord Tennyson, and was a great success. It was the 53rd annual show of the Agricultural Society, which is naturally very proud of the fact that at the two great English exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 the first prize for wheat was awarded to South Australia. This fact was announced in the address to Lord Tennyson (the Governor of South Australia, as has been already mentioned) by the Chairman of the Council, and His Excellency, in reply, said: "It may interest you to know that from wheat grown somewhere in this part of Australia, wheat was raised on my estate in the Isle of Wight which gained the first prize in the English International Exhibition of 1862."

The buildings are very fine, and this year a magnificent pair of iron gates have been added, the funds having been raised by local ladies at a fair held last October. The exhibitions here are not kept open as long as with us, and many of the exhibits are, of course, different to ours, such as the quantity of beautiful wool specimens, which are so soft and luxuriant that one feels like tumbling onto them and taking a good comfortable nap, but perhaps it would be a little too warm a couch, with the thermometer above the hundreds. The fruit is more varied than ours, and such bunches of grapes! One can only wonder how these fruits and flowers grow in so dry a climate. Certainly that fair was most instructive, most interesting, and what a privilege to be able to compare the natural productions of our own Dominion of Canada and its far Northwest, and now of our big sister far, far-off colonies.

Another delightful feature here, too, is the intensely blue and clear skies, absolutely cloudless for days together. As we have said before, every fresh beauty seems as though it were the very best, but in reality we doubt if many skies can beat our own, but perhaps we are prejudiced. Well, anyway these Australian skies are absolutely lovely.

One most delightful week we spent at the sea, enjoying the bathing, the big boulders and monster breakers, and the fresh, invigorating air. Truly we have been, as it were, passing through one long dream of enjoyment—no, not a dream, but a vivid reality, the dreaming of which will be afterwards—and what a dream of large-hearted hospitality, of generosity, of loving kindness, will it be.

The Light of the Church.

There is a little church on a lonely hillside where they have neither gas nor lamps, and yet on the darkest nights they hold Divine service. Each worshipper, coming a great distance from village or moorland home, brings with him a taper and lights it from one supplied and carried by the minister of the little church. The building is thronged, and the scene is said to be "most brilliant." Let each one of our lives be but a little taper—lighted from the Life of Christ, and carrying His flame—and we shall help to fill this great temple of human need and human sin with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

Merely Curious.

Stranger—I noticed your advertisement in the paper this morning for a man to retail imported canaries.

Proprietor of Bird Store—Yes, sir. Are you looking for a job?

Stranger—Oh, no; I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails.