

FEBRUARY 11, 1915

distracting us, then we are not giving the help required of us to the troubled world.

When Joshua was fighting bravely against the foes who had treacherously attacked the weak stragglers in the rear of Israel's host, Moses went up into a mountain—as near to God as he could get—and there, in silence, with two faithful, quiet companions, he held up the rod of God. When Moses held up his hand Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

Moses did not consider that he was only helping his people in an unimportant fashion. He was the leader of Israel, and bound to do his very best to save them in a time of national danger. Therefore, he went to the quietest spot he could find and held up the rod of God (with the help of Aaron and Hur) until the going down of the sun.

Moses evidently did not consider that prayer was only an incident in the day's business; it was the business of that day. His prayers were a mighty help in the time of national peril, because he really believed himself to be in the Presence of the Lord of Hosts, the Rock of Refuge of his people. The ordinary business of his life was entirely thrown aside, and his whole strength of body, mind and spirit was concentrated on the work of prayer.

If our war could be settled in one day, our wisest course would be to follow that example of faithful, prevailing prayer. But we could not pray in that intense fashion for months at a time, and we should not be serving God if we neglected the ordinary work He has committed to us. Let us pray while we work, whenever possible, but—if we really believe that God hears and answers prayer—we shall retire often from the rush of the outside world and shut ourselves in alone with the Father, who seeth in secret.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews beseeches his friends to pray for him, declaring that if they do this he will be restored to them the sooner. If we really believe that our prayers will "restore to their homes the sooner" the brave young men who are fighting our battles in Europe, we shall not be satisfied to "say our prayers," but will gather up all our powers of body, mind and spirit, shut out the confused noises of earth, and kneel before the Throne of Light, offering genuine and very earnest petitions to the King and Ruler of all the nations.

Sir W. Robertson Nicholl said to those who had gathered for prayer in the City Temple of London on Friday, Oct. 23, "Our soldiers and sailors, in their long days and nights, go on cheerily with their work, but who among them does not long to be back, crowned with victory, and in the arms of his own? Pray for that. Pray as those who believe that your prayer may make a difference. There is such a thing as the suppliant almightiness of prayer. God does not mean our prayers to be mere sighs of acquiescence. He loves to be entreated, pleaded with, wrestled with. He does not wish to break our wills, but to make them. We are to put will into our prayers."

Many of our prayers are as will-less as those ground out by machinery in Tibet. Many words of prayer go up from Christian lands, but how often—like Israel of old—we draw near God with the mouth, and with the lips do honor Him, while our hearts are far from Him. The prophet Micah describes the cruel oppression of the poor by those in power, and declares that as a result God's people find no vision in the night, and even the day is dark over them. "Then shall the seers be ashamed, and the diviners confounded; yea, they shall all cover their lips; for there is no answer of God. But truly I am full of power."

If our prayers seem to bring no answer from God, it is not because he has no power, nor is it because He is unwilling to help. Instead of losing faith in the Righteous King, if our prayers seem to avail nothing, let us humbly see if the blame is not our own. Isaiah says: "Behold the LORD'S hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear. . . . none calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth; they

trust in vanity. . . . they have made them crooked paths."

The prayer of faith can only be offered by one who is earnestly determined to live a life of faith, and whose business is the service of God. We are seeing now something of the horrible results of greedy ambition, selfishness and hatred. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," says St. James; and he prefaces that stern warning by the words, "When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin." The horrors of this awful war have come from lust, from the lust of possession. Let us, shut in with God and baring our secret desires before His searching gaze, find out whether we are swayed by selfishness or love in our daily life. Prayer—if it is to be effective—must be offered by one whose heart is right with God. "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working."—S. James v.: 16, R. V.

Prayer, if it is to bring peace, must also bring righteousness as the day-star of the nation. It is folly to cry "Fight on till death. God give us grace" and to stay the sweeping tide of sin.



A Little Quebec City Boy,
Kent Gate in the background

"Peace!" when there is no peace. Isaiah says that the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly when they see desolation on every side, "the highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities." Those words might have been written to-day, for they express the situation exactly.

A writer in "The Scotsman" points out that the torture of an innocent Man on Calvary has roused a passion for righteousness in the human heart, revealing to men the hatefulness of that motive of self-interest or selfishness which culminated in so shameful a deed. He goes on to say: "And as humanity will realize through rivers of blood the horror of that selfishness, the word 'Sin' will once more burn red before men's eyes, and there will arise that passion for righteousness which will lay sin low

even as the dust. There will ring round the world the compelling cry that this power of hell must not for ever hold humanity in its grip—that ruthless ambition, militarism, despotism must be made to cease from the face of the earth. Once more the shadow of the Cross will mean salvation to men."

Let us keep very near God, wrestling, like Jacob with the Angel, until the day breaks and the blessing is given. Our Lord—the Prince of Peace—said: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." We belong to a "militant" (fighting) Church, the Great Army which is here to fight evil of every kind to the death. Prayer is a mighty weapon, placed in our hands by the King, but it can only be used with effect by those who are tremendously in earnest, and who are fearlessly upholding the cause of righteousness.

"Fight on till death. God give us grace"

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Winter Boy.

(Written for the Beavers, by Mrs. Buchanan.)

The boy stood out upon the snow
Whence all but he had fled,
And tho' it was quite cold, you know,
The sun shone overhead.

But soon the sky was overcast,
(The boy, oh, where was he?)
For bitter, bitter blew the blast,
Till one could scarcely see.

But as the drifting snow came down,
And as the wind grew higher,
This little boy was safe beside
His mother's roaring fire.

The End of it All.

By Janet Graham.

Uncle Ruthven Harper had improved greatly in health since coming home to Canada, and he was learning to walk without even the help of a cane.

Christmas was drawing near, and all sorts of mysterious parcels were hiding in out-of-the-way places until the good old Saint would come to distribute them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper had announced that there would be one big Christmas-tree at their home. All the school children and their parents were to be present, besides all the Harper relatives.

The children were delighted; such an undercurrent of mystery pervades the entire house. Papa Harper had a mischievous twinkle forever in his eyes. Mamma Harper seemed endlessly busy, and such a heap of cake and pastry she and cook were making! Busy and all as she was, she was continually breaking into song, and Grandma Harper, who had come to stay a month, was alternating between tears and smiles. Occasionally she was seen to give Miss Webb a motherly pat on the shoulder, and smile down at her in a proud and happy way.

Uncle Ruthven was the gayest of them all. He could be heard tilting at all hours of the day, "My love she's but a lassie yet." That is, when he was at home, but he was much up at Captain Ben's house, talking over old times on the sea when he and Captain Ben sailed on the Nancy Lee, so he told the children, while mamma looked wise and papa's eyes twinkled harder than ever.

How could the children know, of course, of the old friendship existing between Miss Webb and their Uncle Ruthven, of the question asked the first time they were alone together after his return, of the answer given, the long silence explained away by the return of several letters written to Miss Webb that had never reached her, and he had lost hope of tracing her, until he could get leave to come home and search for her, and the happy surprise of finding her waiting for him, as it were, right at his own old home?

Uncle Ruthven had been given a position in the Bank in the little town of Margreave, and had rented a little cottage near hand where, he said, he should move in the first of January.

Mabel had jokingly offered herself as his housekeeper, only to have her cheeks pinched, and told to wait until she had a few cooking lessons before she offered herself as any man's housekeeper, but she could come and see his housekeeper as often as she liked.

Your housekeeper, Uncle Ruthven! "What is she like, and who is to be, and will you have to pay her wages?" asked Mabel all in a hurry to know everything at once.

"Well, I have been told she's tall and fair," said Uncle Ruthven laughing, "her name I can't tell you just yet, and about the wages I am not just certain yet, either."

"Will Santa Claus bring her?" said Baby Harper.

"Sure he will, pet. You just wait and see," said uncle laughing, and no more would he say. And so another

To serve our fellows, and to win
For God, our country, and our race,"
DORA FARNSCOMB.

From Readers of "Quiet Hour."

One of our readers has sent \$2.00, and another \$5.00, to be used for any who are in need of practical help. There are many people, struggling against difficulties, who have gained fresh hope and courage because our good "readers" have shown them kindness in Christ's Name. Thanks to you all!

"There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor."—R. L. Stevenson.