

The Quiet Hour.

TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME.

Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The lips of pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that do not come.

There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the spig of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.
—*Lettie S. Bigelow, in Zion's Herald.*

SECRET PRAYER.

If Jesus prayed in the morning, how much more important is it for us, before the world gets possession of our thoughts; before Satan fills us with unholy feelings; when we rise fresh from our beds of repose, and while the world around us is still! David thus prayed (Ps. v. 3). He that wishes to enjoy religion will seek a place of secret prayer in the morning. If that is omitted, all will go wrong—our piety will wither, the world will fill our thoughts, temptations will be strong, and through the day we shall find it impossible to raise our feelings to a sense of proper devotion. The religious enjoyment through the day will be according to the state of the heart in the morning; and can, therefore, be measured by our faithfulness in early secret prayer.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

WHOM TO THANK.

It was a hot August afternoon, and the clouds had long withheld their shadow and their rain, and a little Flower lay dying. As it lay there looking pitiously up into the heavens and longing for refreshment, a drop fell down and then another and another and another all about it and fed its roots, and the Flower, refreshed and revived and brought back to life, lifted up its face and said, "Drop, I thank you; you have saved my life."

And the Drop said, "Thank us not; the Clouds sent us."

And the Flower lifted up its face

toward the heavens and said, "O Cloud, in thy summer glory, I thank thee; thou hast saved my life."

And the Cloud said, "Thank not me; the Sun drew me from the Ocean and the Wind wafted me here; thank Sun, thank Wind."

And the Flower, perplexed and puzzled, turned its face hither and thither, saying to the Sun and to the Wind, "O Sun, I thank thee—thou hast brought this water from the far-off Ocean; I thank thee, O wind, that on thy wings thou didst bear it here for my refreshment."

The Sun and the Wind said, "Thank not us; thank God who gave the Ocean and the Sun and the Wind and caused the Drops to fall."

And then the Christianly-instructed Flower lifted up its face and said, "O God, I thank thee who didst make the Ocean and give the Sun its power to draw the Clouds from the Ocean, and didst give the Winds their wings to bring the Clouds hither, and didst drop Drops from the Clouds which brought me back my life."

So may we turn all our joy to gratitude.—*Lyman Abbott.*

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE.

There is no favoritism with God; just as the spring flowers, the sunshine and the pure air are for all, as free to the beggar as to the sovereign, so God's abundant grace is for every man and woman, and there is nothing that any one has ever had which you may not have, if you will. The same stream is passing your door, though you may not utilize the power to drive your water-wheel; the same electricity is in the air, though you have not learned to make it flash your messages or do the work of your home. The same grace that made a Luther, a Knox, a Latimer, a Frances Ridley Havergal, or a Spurgeon is for you today; and if you are living a low-down life, beaten and thwarted and dashed down and constantly compelled to admit shortcomings and failure, understand it is not because there is any favoritism on God's part; because all the Holy Ghost's power, and everything stored in Jesus Christ, is waiting to make you a saint, and to lift you to the level which you pine for in your best moments. It makes a great difference when a man understands this.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

LIKE JESUS CHRIST.

All things that I can ever have to do with are set to this one end, to make me like Jesus Christ. And the grace of God is the provision by which I am to be adjusted and held rightly toward all things. And now if, at the beginning of the day, I surrender myself to God, not to be taken care of and fed and clothed, and prospered in business, and made happy; but to be made like Jesus Christ, then I am on the right lines. Then shall loss and gain, pain and pleasure, good and ill, be estimated, not by any material worth, but by their contribution to the character, by conformity to Jesus Christ. If gain leave me more eager for the world and more covetous,

then is gain an awful loss. If success bring pride and self-importance, then is success a dreadful failure. If pleasure dim and deaden my sense of God's presence, and check my communion with Him, then is my pleasure verily an anguish. This is the only end, the test, the proof of our religion—does it make us like Jesus Christ?—*Helpful Thoughts.*

GOSPEL SANDALS.

Paul advises all Christians to go forward with their "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." How obedience to this precept would accelerate our progress! The Gospel sandal is heaven-made, and always fits the foot; its sole is elastic with the spring of inspiration, and prevents weariness overtaking the steps of the runner. But, alas! all those who discard the recommended sandal for those of sectarian manufacture soon fall victims to galls, bunions and other crippling disfigurements; for all creed-makers are bungling cobblers, and the output of their shops is injurious to the feet. The Lord intends that the extremities of the Gospel heralds shall be sound and perfect; for it is written, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."—*Lookout.*

You need not cease toiling in order to find God. Martha's employments may be seasoned with Mary's devotion. The workman is not hindered by the knowledge that his overseer is watching his labors. The consciousness of an audience need not check the flow of a speaker's words; and, so, the consciousness of God's presence may be a helpful factor in the labor of the busiest moments. Maintaining the sense of God's nearness develops, while it beautifies, every active power of our natures. We shall live better when we live as Milton did, "as ever in the Great Task-Master's eye." This is what dignifies and ennoble all life. It keeps before us the restraints of One who is both holy and loving, and who watches all our ways.—*John Henry Barrows, D.D.*

Worship is a blessed privilege, not only because it brings supreme joy, but because it also brings likeness to God. It is by communion with God we are made like Him. When Moses came down from beholding God, his own face shone with a strange and awful glory; and Paul says that "we all, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." Our complete transformation into His likeness will come through the complete and undivided vision of Himself. "We shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—*R. A. Torrey.*

You can't jump away from your shadow, but if you turn to the sun your shadow is behind you, and if you stand right under the sun your shadow is beneath you. What we should try to do is to live under the meridian Sun, with our shadow-self under our feet.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*