

The Quiet Hour.

"Lift Up Your Hearts."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

Our last talk was about the danger of forgetting God; to-day let us consider the other side of the same question—the duty and gladness of remembering Him. "Touch Me not," said the risen Saviour, "for I am not yet ascended to My Father," but now that He has ascended we may touch Him, having "boldness to enter into the holiest," because our High Priest is there. Like Aaron, He bears our names upon His heart, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession" for us. When the multitude thronged and pressed about Him, one poor woman forced her way through, and found help and healing by touching the hem of His garment. We can do as she did if only we are as thoroughly in earnest and as determined to reach Him as she was.

"Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless."

Miss Havergal, in one of her beautiful poems describes a merry social gathering, in which she finds it possible to be alone in heart with Christ. There is a sudden hush while a song is being sung, and in that silence she seizes the opportunity to send through the light and music one happy upward glance. She knows that her Master is nearer still than all the merry throng, and she is filled with wonder at the thought of the marvellous gladness of being forever with the Lord.

"If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee."

Let us pray as Isaiah did, that the Lord may be our arm "every morning," and then let us go out to our everyday work conquering and to conquer, because we are leaning on that invisible arm of God.

Your work may be pleasant and congenial, or it may be uncongenial drudgery. I know nothing of your circumstances, but God knows all about you. Be very sure that I never write a word in this Quiet Hour without asking Him to give me the right message for you.

The Master is close beside you; the duty which may seem so hard or so unimportant is placed in your hands by Him moment by moment. He never fails to give the work and discipline that is really needed, and the remembrance of His presence must fill each day with joy if we are trying to serve Him faithfully.

"The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But my life is blossoming inwardly.
And every breath is like a litany,
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee!"

The world can understand happiness, but what does it know of the joy and peace so often mentioned by our Lord in that last solemn talk with the disciples before His death—a joy that was so strong and bright even then when He was facing unutterable agony. Surely the words are wonderfully true—"There has been a joy in dungeons and on racks passing the joy of harvest, a joy strange and solemn and mysterious, even to its possessor; a white stone dropped from the signet-ring of peace, which the dying Saviour took from His bosom and bequeathed to those who endure the cross, despising the shame."

If we remember that God is with us, we shall be prepared to dare any danger and any difficulty in fighting His battles and extending His kingdom. The young David went boldly to conquer Goliath, because He trusted confidently in his invisible Helper. So, when Robert Morrison was preparing for his great mission to China, and someone asked, "Now, Mr. Morrison, do you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the Chinese empire?" he was ready with his answer, "No, sir, but I expect that God will." Was his confidence misplaced? I saw the other day that in 1900 many thousand Chinese Christians gave up their lives for Christ.

At this time of the year, when God is everywhere filling dry sticks with new life and making them bud and blossom, let us see to it that our lives are not hard, dry and unprofitable. The rod of Aaron "brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." Why? Because it was laid up "before the Lord." Our lives will be beautiful and fruitful if we are careful to abide in the true Vine, drawing life and nourishment from Him every day, and all day. Do you remember what Abimelech said to his mother's brethren? He asked whether they were better off with seventy people to reign over them or with one ruler, and he ends with the touching appeal, "Remember, also, that I am your bone

and your flesh." So our King speaks to us, His mother's brethren, reminding us that He is indeed our bone and our flesh; and that if we obey Him, our lawful Ruler, we shall be far better off than if we submit to the many masters which the world and Satan try to impose on us. When called to lift up our hearts, let us answer solemnly and truthfully, "We lift them up unto the Lord." Let us fix our eyes steadily on our Master's face, that He may be able to guide us with His eye. But you may say, "Yes, it is all very well to talk about remembering God every day and all day, but it is not an easy thing to do." That is true enough, but though we fail every day, that need not discourage us altogether. "Because the King is near of kin to us," He will be very patient and very forgiving if He sees that we are determined to improve. We may give each day trustfully into our Father's hand, at its close as well as at its beginning, saying:

"Take unto Thyself, O Father!
This folded day of Thine,
This weary day of mine,
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
Oh, still the jar and fret!
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of Thine."

"Breathe Thy pure breath, my Father,
On this marred day of Thine,
This wandering day of mine;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot,
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved Thee
On this day of Thine."

HOPE.



The Princes in the Tower.

Could any story ever be more touching than that of poor little Edward 5th, with his brief term of nominal kingship, and of his young and equally ill-fated brother, Richard, Duke of York? The painter, Millais, has well caught the stony look of dread and horror which must have been frozen upon their faces from the moment when the big gateway of that cruel Tower clanged behind them, as they were thrust by cruel hands within it. It was in 1674, two hundred years after, that some workmen, digging within the precincts of the Tower, found a chest containing the bones of two youths, apparently about the age of the young princes, so, the fact being taken for granted, the little deposed king and his brother were interred afterwards in Westminster Abbey. Visitors from Canada would certainly be shown the spot wherein, their sorrows over, they at last repose in peace.

H. A. B.

"Mr. Punch's" Proverbial Philosophy.—It's an ill wind that escapes from the tire. It is the professional palmist who scores off every hand. As the twig is bent the boy is inclined—to run out of the door. Whom the gods hate is hissed off the stage. Never weigh the big fish story—the scales may be found wanting.

The Welcome at the Door.

There is a home I visit sometimes which has a special charm. The mistress, who answers your ring, is blind, but before you can say a word, with beaming face she cries, "How glad I am to see you!" No matter how inopportune the call may be, it is always with radiant delight and cordial words that every one is greeted.

I wondered about it—how it could always be the same welcome, for I knew there were domestic whirlwinds that upset her work and plans just like in other homes. I somehow concluded that it was her special gift, one of her compensations, and so settled the matter. Later, this same subject of the welcome—or unwelcome guest, and treatment thereof, coming up in a little circle of friends, I was interested to find my friend quoting her mother, and then I found the solution. Her mother had taught her that no matter how the unexpected guest may find you, unprepared in every way, let your first welcome be generous and instant. Let no thought pantry-ward make your greeting constrained or apologetic.

Give the cordial greeting that cannot be forgotten, and the responsive glow in the heart of the guest will gild deficiencies which may afterward appear; but no after effort can make a guest forget a chill and constrained welcome at the door. This little word has been of service to me, so I give to others.—[Ladies' Home Journal.]

The Children's Corner.

Billy.

Billy was a boy of fifteen, who had enlisted with the army. He was rather young for a soldier, but it was his business to wait on the captain. One day he was nearly broken-hearted because his master had called him a coward. Someone had to go out to the well for water, and it was a dangerous thing to do, because the muskets of the enemy were ready to put a bullet through anyone who attempted to go near it. "You'll never make a soldier!" said the captain, "you're a young coward!"

Billy tried to explain that he wanted to be a brave man and fight for his country, but his mother was a widow, and if he were killed she would be all alone. But the captain only laughed mockingly, and the poor boy went off behind the tent and cried like a baby. A few days later he got a letter from his mother which made him ready for anything. It ended with the words: "Above all, my boy, never shrink from a dangerous duty on any account, even mine. Show yourself a hero, as your father was, and his father and mine. Remember that night and day I pray for you, my darling."

That very day came the opportunity to show that he was no coward. An orderly, carrying dispatches, was shot down within a few hundred yards of their trenches, and the captain asked for volunteers to bring in the valuable papers. Four tired and dusty men came forward, but before one was picked out for the dangerous duty a shrill voice was heard saying, "I'm off, captain!" Then someone scrambled over the top of the embankment and crawled off like a snake towards the dead body of the orderly.

"Who is it, sergeant?" said the captain. "I can't make him out," was the answer, "it's too dark to see plain."

After straining his eyes for a while the captain grew thirsty, and sent a private for his canteen. "Get it from Billy," he said, but the private soon came back and reported that Billy was missing.

"He's deserted, I'll bet!" said the captain to one of the officers; "I told him he was a coward." Then came a sudden sound of firing. "They've spied our man!" exclaimed the sergeant. "That's what they're blazing away at."

"What's he doing?" asked the captain. "He's got the dispatches in his mouth, and now he's coming back on all fours. Whew! Listen to the firing! They're bangin' at him with every musket they've got behind their old mud-pile. Now he's up and running. No, down he goes!" was the excited shout, and the four volunteers rushed out and brought him in with a bullet through his heart.

"A brave man," said the sergeant, "and he died a soldier's death, though he was shot in the back."

"Who is he?" said the captain, as he took the dispatches and another paper which had fallen out of the dead soldier's pocket.

One of the men lowered a flickering torch, so that it lighted up the white face. The boyish lips were smiling, and the captain gave a smothered groan as he looked. "Why, it's Billy," he exclaimed, "and this paper is a letter from his mother, I suppose." After glancing at it he said quietly, "He spoke the truth the other day. This letter came since then, and he has obeyed his mother's orders and shown himself a hero." Then the captain walked sadly away to write to the lad's mother.

Billy certainly was a hero, but don't you think