

The Quiet Hour.

Thine.

Thine, only Thine I am;
Help me to pray,
Ever to honor Thee,
Trusting each day.

To thy dear hand I cling,
Whate'er betide,
Sheltered from doubt and sin,
Close to Thy side.

Mine, even mine the bliss
Of serving Thee,
Hastening to do Thy will,
Whate'er it be.

When, by life's tempest tossed,
I stand dismayed,
Thy dear voice comforts me:
"Be not afraid."

Thus let me ever live
Safe in Thy care,
Till, through the mists, I see
Home over there.

—R. E. Merryman, in *New York Observer*.

Try Again.

Was it long ago or was it but yesterday, that we prayed for strength to perform a certain duty, to bear a certain burden, to overcome a certain temptation, and received it? Do we dream that the divine force was exhausted in answering that one prayer. No more than the great river is exhausted by turning the wheels of one mill. Put it to the proof again with to-day's duty, burden or temptation. Thrust yourself further and deeper into the stream of God's power and feel it again, as you have felt it before, able to do exceeding abundantly, "Thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my Salvation." O my soul, remember and trust.—*Henry Van Dyke*.

"My Son, Give Me Thine Heart."

BY REV. J. C. BEECHER.

Why? God asks, that is enough.
When? "Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation."

How? Undoubtedly. A half of some things would be an insult to offer, even a man, how much more God.

Standing at the desk in the Sunday-school room of the Liverpool Street, King's Cross, London, England, Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, in the spring of 1863, the superintendent was watching the assembling of the four hundred young people of that school. It was a little past nine o'clock of that bright June Sunday morning when a little girl came into one of the classes nearest the desk with a crisp fresh beautiful rose, sparkling with dew, in her hand. The teacher said, "Will you give me that beautiful flower?" The child dropped her head,

and in a low voice answered, "No!" holding the rose with a tighter grip, and near her side, she looked anything but happy. Closing time came, the girls filed out of the class. "Here," said the child, as she held up the rose, "Teacher, you may have it now." "No, thank you, I do not want it, now its beauty has faded." Can you imagine the pang of sorrow that came to the heart of that superintendent as he watched that scene. Then there came to him the reflection that comes again as he writes this. How glad I am, God does not do that with men. When they have taken all that they think is worth having out of life, they offer to God a heart like that faded and drooping rose. Yet He never says Nay! Let us present ourselves in youth when the heart is fresh and the life unstained by sin, our all, a living sacrifice.

Woodstock, N.B.

Christian Joy.

We all want Christian joy. We long for it; we pray for it. Yet it is possible to become all the more miserable trying to get joy. For joy does not come that way—by trying. Joy is an effect. Fulfill the cause, and you will have the effect without trying. We get joy by fulfilling its condition, which is abiding in Christ. Struggling after Christian joy without fulfilling its condition is like agonizing with God in prayer for a crop on your field without fulfilling the conditions of plowing, sowing and cultivating. Fulfill the condition and you will have Christian joy, and the condition is abiding in the vine, the maintaining of communion with Christ through faith and loving obedience.—*Rev. Gerard B. F. Hollock*.

Spiritual Wireless Telegraphy.

Canon Willerforce in an English magazine offers a new and suggestive thought relative to the operations of natural law in the spiritual world:

"Intercessory prayer is that divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry, which laughs distance to scorn and creates a meeting place in God for sun-drenched hearts and lives. I cannot analyze it and reduce it to a proposition; but neither can I analyze the invisible fragrant vibrations which proceed from a bunch of violets, and which will perfume a whole room. I cannot analyze the passage through the air of the dots and dashes of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. But I know that intercession is a current of the breath of God, starting from your own soul, and acting as a dynamic force upon the object for which you pray. It sets free secret spirit influences (perhaps the Father's mighty angels, that excel in strength, who can say) but which influences would not be set free without the intercession. I can well understand Mary Queen of Scots saying that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men. Why should not intercession be part of God's regularized workings, as much as wireless telegraphy? Why should it not be a natural law, and none the less spiritual because natural? Such forces do exist—call them thought transfer-

ence, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, what you will. These forces of influence between man and man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting by divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the divine nature in you, and passing full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray?"

Cheerful Christians.

Many young people who do not have an experimental knowledge of Christ hang back because they imagine the spirit of Christianity is a sad and gloomy one. It is the duty of all who love the Master and who want to bring the world into subjection to him, to so live in the midst of their generation as to convince their neighbors that the Christian religion brings into this human life a joy so exquisite that it must be experienced before one can comprehend it. One should be reverent in God's house and a certain solemn awe should ensue every act of worship, but the truest reverence comes from a cheerful spirit. Our Father is no cold-hearted despot, sitting isolate and silent upon his stately throne, but a real Father—who entertains toward each one of us an exhaustless love and who means to give us everything that is good for us here, and eternal life hereafter. To go through life in weeping mood, clad in garments of mourning and wearing a long face perpetually is to libel Christianity, which is as bright as a sunbeam, and to express distrust of the Father whose love has been around and about us every moment since we were born.—*W. H. S.*

Put Out the Water-Jars.

Unless you put out your water jars when it rains you will catch no water; if you do not watch for God coming to help you, God's watching to be gracious will be of no good at all to you. His waiting is not a substitute for ours, but because He watches therefore we should watch. We say, we expect Him to comfort and help us—well, we are standing, as it were, on tiptoe, with empty hands upraised to bring them a little nearer the gifts we look for! Are our "eyes ever towards the Lord?" Do we pore over His gifts, scrutinizing them as eagerly as a gold-seeker does the quartz in his pan, to detect every shining speck of the precious metal? Do we go to our work and our daily battle with the confident expectation that He will surely come when our need is the sorest and scatter our enemies? Is there any clear outlook kept by us for the help which we know must come, lest it should pass us unobserved, and, like the dove from the ark, finding no footing in our hearts drowned in a flood of troubles, be fain to return to the calm refuge from which it came on its vain errand? Alas! how many gentle messengers of God flutter homeless about our hearts, unrecognized and unwelcomed, because we have not been watching for them!—*Alexander MacLaren*.