

Quiet Hour.

God's Will

When we pray Thy will be done,
Every day beneath the sun,
As it is in heaven, do we
Think how vast the change must be,
What surcease of strife and stress,
What the peace and perfectness?

As it is in heaven. Then must
All our being breathe but trust,
In the life of that new earth
No rebellious thought have birth—
In that radiant atmosphere
Mighty love must cast out fear.

As it is in heaven. Then
Love for God, and love for men
Every heart would overflow,
Self would be forgotten so—
All our joy, and all our dream
But beneficence supreme.

Speeding here, and speeding there,
Just God's work our only care,
Just God's will the only one,
When that will on earth is done
As it is in heaven, we
Must ourselves God's angels be!

—Harriet Spofford, in *Congregationalist*.

Beautifying the Desert.

Thackeray tells of an English nobleman who always carried his pockets full of acorns as he walked over his estate, and whenever he found a bare spot he would plant one of these. So should we carry with us ever a heart full of loving thoughts and impulses, and whenever we find a life that is sad, discouraged or defeated, we should drop a seed of kindness which by and will grow into something beautiful.

Strange Credulity.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was once listening to a very improbable story, related by Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, who protested that the story was true, the Emperor quietly remarked: "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible." This remark finds abundant illustration in our age. The capacity of some persons to accept any theory of the physical world except that which makes God its author is simply boundless.

The Folly of Fretting

The personal sin of fretting is almost as extensive as any other evil. It is not universal, but very general. It is as vain and useless a habit as one can harbor. Nothing so warps man's nature, sours his disposition, breaks up the friendly relationship in the domestic circle. It is a direct violation of the law of God. It is sinful in the beginning, in its progress, and sinful continually. The divine direction is, "Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil." David's knowledge of human nature was as large as it was exact. Scolding is confined to no age or climate. Some bad

streak in one's constitution, a little mishap, or a score of causes may stir and stimulate this irritable disposition. Such a spirit in the family, in the school, or church, may become contagious, and result in great injury. It may be quelled and conquered. When we see its manifestation in time to take a second thought, a determined silence is sure to ward off the most fiery outburst. It is difficult for a quarrel to continue long without opposing agents. Nothing so surprises an angry person as kind words. Let them be few and spoken in a loving manner.—A. A. Lason.

The Best Version.

In a Bible class recently the teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible, and their different excellencies. He spoke of Jerome's Vulgate, of Luther's German Bible, of our own King James Version, and of the Revised Version, and how it was made. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James Version for my part," he said, "though, of course, the Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it," said Fred. "She translates it straight too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Her everyday life is a translation of God's Word that a child can read, and that Saint Jerome could not better. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

Happy the young man whose mother's life is such a transcript—a "living epistle known and read of all men."

The True Sabbath

The true Christian Sabbath is not a day of penance, for suffering, for enforced solitude. It was made for man to do man good. It was made for his bodily rest from the fatigues of manual labor; for mental rest from the pressure of business problems; for social rest from the excitements of intercourse with busy people; for the political rest from the contests and controversies of municipal and financial and national life. The Sabbath is in the legislation of all lands and the more we study the subject the more plainly appears the reasonableness, the righteousness, the necessity of a day made for man—for man made in the image of God.

Our exciting age, the tension of the times, overworked bodies, over-taxed brains, anxieties about business and domestic life and responsibilities of every kind require some social regulation to compel recuperation.

How fully are these requirements met by the Sabbath stillness, the subduing power of sacred music, the impressive solemnities of public worship, the joy and love of home life, the growing memories, hallowed by love, that draw our souls toward heaven!—Bishop Vincent, in the *Chautauquan*.

The Shorter Road to Loved Ones

In an address on "Prayer" at Toronto, Dr. Torrey said: "Have you loved ones out of Christ whom you would like to see saved? There is a way to reach them. 'O, but,' you say, 'I do not know where they are; they may be in Africa, India, or elsewhere.' God knows. The shortest road to India, to Africa, to any corner of the earth, is by way of the throne. You can put up a prayer to-day in Toronto, and God can answer it the same moment in India."

The Little Germs

In the worst epidemics of disease, nowadays, the doctors set themselves at once to battle with things that seem "infinitely little"—mosquitoes, bacteria, and so on. A big disease does not necessarily have a big beginning or cause. The little germs, the tiny insects, do the mischief. So the causes of the most fatal diseases of character may lie in very small temptations, which have crept in and started the trouble. No sin is so small that its result is harmless. We may think so—but that shows our ignorance, not our breadth of mind.—Forward.

The Little Front Wheel

There is a quaint saying that "the little front wheel of a wagon travels just as far as the big hind wheel—only it has to turn round oftener." It goes over the same road, helps carry the same load, accomplishes just as much work, and is just as necessary to the wagon, as the big wheel. In one way it does what the big wheel could not do—for when it comes to a bend in the road, it turns easily under the wagon and makes possible what the big wheel could not accomplish without it.

Is it not so that often the most useful Christians are those who serve the Father in little things? God never despises the day of small things, or He would not hide his oaks in tiny acorns, or the wealth of a wheat field in bags of little seeds.—East and West.

Looking in the Right Direction.

A party of tourists were climbing a high peak, when one of them begged for a halt, complaining that he was dizzy. The guide had been watching him closely for some time, and knew where the trouble lay.

"It ain't the climbing that makes you dizzy, sir," he said gruffly. "It's looking down," and he led on toward the top.

So, when we are troubled over something, and feel we are overworked or overried, we are not to call for a halt, and a resting spell. But if we look into