

The Quiet Hour.

Paul at Rome.

S. S. LESSON—ACTS 28: 16-24, 30, 32. June 14.

GOLDEN TEXT—ROM. 1: 16. I am not ashamed of the *gospel* of Christ.

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When we came to Rome, v. 16. The reward of patient striving, the answer to earnest prayer, is sure to come, though it may be long delayed. When it does come, it will amply repay us for the most strenuous and prolonged effort. The moment of triumph, when the successful athlete in the Greek games felt the laurel wreath placed on his brows by the judges, was a sufficient recompense for the months of severe training and the stern contest of the arena. The hope of success casts its cheering light over the rugged and toilsome path which leads to it. In the case of those who serve Christ this hope will never be disappointed. Work for Him will bring the purest satisfaction our souls can know in this life, and in the life to come the welcome and commendation of the glorified Master Himself.

Paul called the chief of the Jews together, v. iv. However others may injure us, we should never allow ourselves to wish them harm, or slacken in our desire to do them good. It may be that one more helpful deed, or one more kindly word, will win for us their friendship, and enable us to influence them for good. And even if some do repay love with hate, we can endure it with patience, when we remember that our Lord Himself received the like treatment.

The Jews spake against it v. 10. Thus Paul describes the hateful conduct of his foes. When truth obliges us to speak about the evil deeds of others, love should lead us to use the mildest possible language. Children of God, while they heartily hate and boldly condemn everything that is sinful, ought to be kindly in their feelings and gentle in their speech towards wrong doers, for the heavenly Father, while sin is most hateful to Him, shows unflinching love to the greatest sinner.

For the hope of Israel, v. 20. Christ is the sure holding ground of the Christian's hope of forgiveness, of purity, of immortality.

This hope, like the anchor of a ship firmly imbedded in a tenacious bottom, steadies the soul of the believer and keeps him from drifting with the current of worldly influences or being driven away by the storm of temptation.

I am bound with this chain, v. 20. How many slaves have been set free by the gospel which Paul, the prisoner, preached! In his day there were a million slaves in the city of Rome, and even while Paul was in Rome four hundred of them were put to death, by law, because one slave had killed his master. Now, in all the lands where Christianity prevails, slavery has been abolished. It is not only from the limbs of man that the fetters of bondage have been struck off. They have been set free from the more degrading captivity of superstition and vice. Multitudes once held fast in the bonds of passion and appetite have become free men in Christ Jesus.

Dwelt two whole years, v. 30. There are large tracts of dry, barren soil in our Canadian northwest, which a few years ago were

looked upon as utterly useless for farming purposes; but enterprising settlers made channels to convey to all parts of this region the water of streams fed by the melting snow of the mountains, and now each year a splendid harvest covers the fields, upon which it seemed that nothing green could grow. Through the grace of God we may often get out of those parts of our lives which seem most incapable of producing any good results, our best work for the building up of God's kingdom, and the helping of our fellow-men.

All that came in unto him, v. 30. The blessings of the gospel are not limited to any class or nation. As the Gulf Stream, that mighty river without banks, whose flow never fails and whose volume never decreases, carries the genial warmth of Mexico across the Atlantic to temper the colder climates of northern Europe, so the vast river of salvation, which has its source in the throne of God, will not stay its progress until its life giving current has reached the remotest bounds of earth and caused to spring up in every land the beautiful flowers of truth and righteousness.

Preaching the kingdom of God, v. 31. How insignificant seemed the kingdom which Paul preached, in comparison with the mighty empire over which Nero, his judge, ruled! And yet while the Roman power has long fallen into decline and decay, the kingdom of God remains and grows among men. And it will ever continue to extend its boundaries and increase its influence until it has subdued all the kingdoms of this world. Those who link their fortunes with the progress of this kingdom will share in the certain glory of its triumph.

With all confidence, v. 31. The life that is confident of the truth and bold to proclaim it, is the life that tells. Nothing can take the place of earnestness; it is a condition of helpful service. Let us shun the dangers of half-heartedness.

Bible Study : One Verse at a Time.

No. 1.

MRS. ANNA ROSS.

Psalm 103: 4.

This verse gives Christ and the Holy Ghost toward our enemies as verse 3 gives them toward our sins.

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction." Here in the Redeemer, our Lord Jesus. I like to translate this thus: "Who redeemeth my life from the power of the enemy" Christ has redeemed our life to Himself as well as our souls—"That we which live should not henceforth live unto ourselves." "But a very little fighting to do right will reveal to us that our daily life is under the power of the enemy as Israel was under the power of Pharaoh. Thank God. Christ is our redeemer from the power of the enemy as well as from the guilt of sin. "If the *Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed.*" This freedom is one of the "benefits." Let us not forget it if we would sing.

"Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." The crown is placed on the head of the victor and He crowns me who tenderly and steadily leads me on to victory, making me "more than conqueror through Him that loves us." The Holy Ghost makes me conqueror through Jesus Christ who has redeemed me. Victory is

my portion through Him who loves me, and the Holy Ghost has come down to earth to crown me with loving kindness and tender mercies. "Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Psalm 103: 5.

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles."

The "good things" are the four "benefits" enumerated in the two preceding verses. These are the rich provisions of our Father's table "Bless our Father, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." (The Three in One.) Not one note is lacking because not one need is left unsupplied. Each note will be full as each "benefit" is apprehended.

It is interesting to compare Isa. 40. 27 with the verse above, clause by clause as far as they correspond.

Ps. 103. "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things."

Isa. 40. "They that wait upon the Lord." Those who wait are fed.

Ps. Their youth is renewed.

Isa. Their strength is renewed.

Ps. Like the eagles.

Isa. They shall mount up with wings as the eagles.

Waiting on the Lord, remembering His "benefits," and being "satisfied with good things" and God's highway to the renewed strength and the eagles wings.

The Little Tots.

In this advanced age of Women's Clubs, and multiplied social functions, the question arises, who is caring for the little children in the homes? I do not agree with the pessimist, who declares that the mothers of today are not as good as our grandmothers, when children were supposed to be "seen and not heard." Neither do I think Women's Clubs a shame and a disgrace to a community. On the contrary, I believe they are a blessing to tired mothers, who must needs have rest for overtaxed nerves, as well as tired body. The study of Shakespeare, and the pleasant hour spent at the club, discussing the best books, is uplifting. It is as refreshing to tired nerves as summer showers to the thirsty fields; and time is well spent if the privilege is not abused. Housekeepers are less apt to grow morbid, and are better prepared to rear families of intelligent children who take time to attend a Woman's Literary Club.

But we all know, from observation, that there are women whose time is given, almost exclusively to clubs, receptions, teas, etc., while their children are left to the care of colored nurses, whose harshness and cruelty often cause the dear little ones to scream and tremble with fright. Such mothers are in the minority. There are hundreds of noble, self-sacrificing women scattered over this broad land, whose sweetest music is the laughter of happy children, and the patter of busy little feet; who think not their time wasted when they must stop work, or lay aside a favourite book to cut paper dolls for the little tots; the mother who is ever ready to cuddle in her soft arms the little fellow who comes in with a broken kite, his manly face aquiver with emotion, he tries to hide. As her children grow up at her knee, she teaches them to be truthful, honest and upright; watching with mingled pleasure and pain, the character of each child as it unfolds; fostering the good, and gently but persistently rooting out the evil, with "Line upon line, precept upon precept."