

## Quiet Hour.

### The Unreached Goal.

A little time for rest  
And then—away.  
There is a race to run  
Ere close of day;  
A battle to be fought,  
Conquer who may.

High up among the hills  
The best things wait:  
Climb on and do not tire,  
The hour is late;  
The victor shall be crowned  
At heaven's gate.

Yield not to sloth; be strong,  
Alert, alive;  
From effort, courage, toil,  
New strength derive.  
There is no prize for those  
Who will not strive.

Take heart, keep hope, go forth  
On some good quest;  
Be satisfied with naught  
Less than the best:  
Those who the heights have reached  
Have leave to rest.

Be not thou beaten back,  
Persist, contend;  
Aim at the highest place,  
The noblest end;  
God's grandest prize awaits  
Those who ascend.

—Marianne Farningham.

### The Defensive in Christian Warfare.

BY REV. D. W. SNIDER.

The weapons used by the Christian soldier in the contest forced upon him by his spiritual foes, according to Paul's list of them in Ephesians, are chiefly defensive. It is evident that he must be able to resist attack as well as to give battle. He is to ward off blows as effectively as he may give them. He is to anticipate, encounter and struggle and malicious opposition—not an easy, uneventful, unopposed march to victory. Many, in their simplicity, have been conquered, because they were not prepared for the defensive.

I have seen boys play soldiers. I remember the thrill of it myself, as with a broomstick for a gun I joined the ranks with my playmates and marched gloriously behind the band, composed perhaps, of two tin pans and a toy drum. We never forgot the decorations of war for we had to have cockades if only made of newspaper. The boy of the one who could demand most envy was the one who could dangle a sword at his side—the belt buckled about his waist with many an inch of superfluous length. His father had doubtless been an officer and we were proud of him. But boys playing soldier have no idea of the defensive in battle. They march and the fort is taken. They lift their broomsticks and shoot and the enemy are gone.

Alas, that there should be so many in our churches who play—Christian; who go through an imitative pantomime of

religious exercises; shout at conventions and wear badges, but who fail to realize the immense issues of the faith. How many of us stand aghast when some prophet of God, some apostolic hero with the scars of battle upon him charges us with idleness or slumber or with the parade of worship while the devil strengthens his position in the pleasures and worldliness, in the covetousness and vice of the people!

Why are politicians wallowing in corruption not more afraid of our organized churches? Why does not the liquor traffic capitulate at the demand of Christian citizenship? Why do monopolies defy the attempts at their overthrow in the interests of liberty and justice? It is because too many are yet wearing cockades and carrying broomsticks, and have not come to the dignity and use of the implements of Christian warfare. For this reason they go back upon their principles, instead of defending them under the assaults of society. They give the lie to their principles in business instead of stoutly maintaining them. They adjourn their principles in the days of political upheaval instead of bringing into the field every needed reinforcement. Says the apostle, "Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

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### Nominal Christians a Failure.

There is no victory without a struggle. The world, the flesh and the devil are in league hostility to the cross of Christ. The demoniacal nature of unregenerate man has suffered no abatement since it hung the Saviour on the cross. Victory can never be achieved by the might of merely nominal Christians. What! Send forth a company of imbeciles in the form of professed Christians to take the world by storm? They are better fitted for a hospital. You might as well attempt to bombard a fortified city with snowballs, or to storm it with an army of manikins, as to think of taking the world by the might and prowess of merely nominal Christians. The work needs living, breathing, faith-inspired men, who count not their lives dear unto them, and who sing and shout with a constant certainty of triumph.—Rev. Geo. C. Wells.

### Anger in the Morning.

"If I get angry in the morning, it spoils my work all day."

That is an experience which many of us can recognize with lament for days which did not bring their full harvest of accomplishment. For each day is a new beginning endowed with possibilities of work and pleasure, but strictly limited in its allowance of energy—and especially of that highest type of nervous energy which enables us to bring out the best that is in us. Anger is an irritant, a fever. If we begin the day with it, the fine flower of our vital strength is exhausted in the effort to get back to serenity, and we work all day with the poorer forces of our mind and spirit.

If there were no other argument for peaceful home morning hours, this of itself alone would be worth considering. If the son or husband robs the housewife of her serenity of soul by trying words before he leaves for his work, he has robbed his home of energy all day. If children go scolded and angry to school, they are in no mood to make the best of their opportunities. The world wants the best work, and will reward nothing less than that. Our best work is none too good for the world's needs and for our own conscience. Let us not provoke one another to anger in the hour of beginnings, lest we make ourselves responsible for failure. And let us not overdo to-day, lest we be tempted to visit our own weariness on others to-morrow, so hindering their work.—*The Congregationalist*.

### A Bruised Reed.

A woman who was for years a resident of Palestine, in speaking of the shepherds of that country, told of the pipes upon which they played—a simple instrument fashioned from a reed. In the carrying or using of these they are easily bruised, so that their music is marred.

"May there not be a reference to these pipes where we are told that Christ will not break the bruised reed?" she asked. "The shepherd could so easily throw aside that which had been crushed, and supply himself with another—the reeds are many and common—but if he has grown attached to his little instrument he may put in a new piece, restore the tone, and keep his old companion still."

The thought, at least, is beautiful and true. There are so many hearts bruised by sorrow, by sin, by unbelief, until all the music grows mute, and the notes of praise they raised in earlier years die into silence. But the Master is pitiful and patient. Not for all the music of angelic choirs will He cast away one of these bruised reeds as worthless, but with infinite tenderness He heals and restores, until the melody of love and thanksgiving arises once more.—*Forward*.

### Telltale Lines.

"I watched that pretty woman the whole evening, and I saw that she was cross and dissatisfied. There were telltale lines about her face which spoiled her beauty."

"Suffering lines, maybe?"  
"No; suffering writes one story, and ill-temper another. That woman is not a good-tempered person."

The fragment of conversation gave me a text. Telltale lines are graven on our countenances by emotions which ravage and lay waste our souls. She who would be free from those marks of care and fretfulness which disfigure some middle-aged faces, must be neither care worn nor fretful. We are the artists of our own faces; we—not outsiders—by the domination of our thoughts, change ourselves from one degree of grace to another, or mar the loveliness we might have. No fretful heart can fail to impress itself on a face which will proclaim fretfulness to all beholders.—*Christian Herald*.