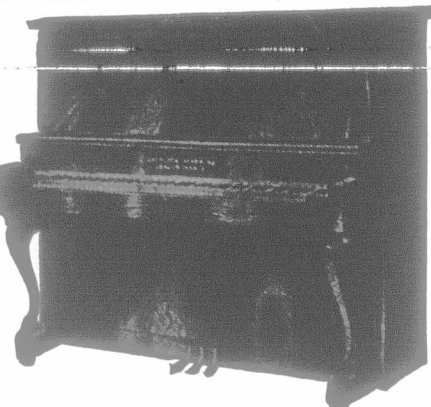


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appointed work, and takes for granted that his breakfast, and his dinner and his supper shall be awaiting him at the appointed time, is to me as a type of the feeling with which we should dwell in the household of faith, doing what God has appointed for us, believing that our bread shall be given us, and our water sure.—Memorials of J. McLeod Campbell, D. D.

I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of Psalms.
Till the wintry sea of my troubles
Was soothed by its summer calms;
For the words that have helped so many,
And that ages have made more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer.
—Marianne Farningham.

There is many a thing which the world calls a disappointment; but there is no such word in the dictionary of faith, what to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the Will of God.—Newton.

No man was ever crushed by the burdens of one day. We can always get along with our heaviest load till the sun goes down; well, that is all we ever have to do.

To-morrow? O, you may have no to-morrow; you may be in heaven. If you are here, God will be here, too, and you will receive new strength for the new day.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

We say, "The sun has set," and we sorrow sore
As we watch the darkness creep the landscape o'er,
And the thick shadows fall, and the night draws on,
And we mourn for the brightness lost, and the vanished sun;
While all the time the sun in the self-same place
Waits, ready to clasp the earth in his embrace,
Ready to give to all of his stintless ray;
And 'tis we who have "set," it is we who have turned away.

"The Lord has hidden His face," we sadly cry,
As we sit in the night of grief with no helper by,—
"Guiding uncounted words in their courses dim,
How should our little pain be marked by Him?"
But all the while that we mourn, the Lord stands near,
And the Son Divine is waiting to help and hear;
And 'tis we who hide our faces, and blindly turn away,
While the Son of the Soul shines on 'mid the perfect day.
—Susan Coolidge.

It is astonishing how soon the whole Conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops. One single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

"Taught out of the ship." If you do not teach out of your common, daily lives, you will not teach to much purpose anywhere. If those who work with you and those who eat with you are not made to love Christ more deeply through the image you reflect of Him there, you will scarcely lead anyone to love Christ more deeply. "The P. C. you saw in your dream written in letters of fire, my brother," it is said, in the familiar story, "does not mean, 'Preach Christ!' it means, 'Plough corn!' No, it means both. Preach Christ while you are ploughing corn."—Amos R. Wells.

O' for love to be as gracious to another as one is to one's self, to put the same favorable interpretation upon their acts; to make the same liberal allowance for opinions; to choose among the many more generous motives; to be as gentle of the living as of the dead, as kind towards the present as the absent, as jealous of to-day as one is wistful about yesterday!—R. W. Barbour.

(We might well offer the above as a daily prayer.—Hope.)
They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours,—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace. If they mistake,

Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault, for they and we
Have such a little way to go, can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.
—George Klinge.

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart
For Calvary day and Easter day,—
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,—
Were just one day apart.

No hint or whisper stirred the air
To tell what joy should be;
The disciples, grieving there,
Nor help nor hope could see.
Yet all the while, the glad near Sun
Made ready its swift dart,
And Calvary day and Easter day,—
The darkest day and brightest day,—
Were just one day apart.
—Susan Coolidge.

Do not be troubled if, in spite of all thou triest to do, the times are out of joint and things go wrong, and thou seemest to do no good. God made the world, not thou, have patience; even thy poor good deeds cannot die. If they seem at first to yield no fruit, they shall still be as seeds shut up in the darkness of a sepulchre, and when they are taken from the hands of time, years afterwards, it may be, they shall rise in golden grain. Be it little, be it much, God will accept thy honest offering.—Farrar.

If you have done a kind deed, go and tell the fishes of it. They cannot hear—but God does.—From the Chinese.

God is a Circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.—Charnock.

From Readers of the Quiet Hour.

I wish to thank all the readers of the Quiet Hour who have sent me Easter greetings, and also the friend who sent a dollar for "someone in need of assistance." It brought gladness to a poor woman's heart yesterday (Good Friday), and she sends her grateful thanks to the giver. I can "pass on" any interesting and helpful reading matter—papers or magazines—to those who are "shut in." Please address any parcels you would like me to distribute to 52 Victoria Avenue, Toronto. HOPE.

The Windrow.

The Copenhagen newspaper Politiken says that Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist Deputy, has been ordered to place himself at the disposal of the German military authorities. Henceforth he must consider himself under military law. He is not to write articles, nor will he be permitted to attend public political meetings, excepting the Reichstag and the Landtag.

A magnificent hospital for animals, named the George T. Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in memory of Mr. Angell, that benefactor of the animal world, was dedicated in Boston recently, with much ceremony. The building is equipped with all necessary equipment for treating sick animals, and for putting them to death painlessly when that is required. There is also a section equipped for "boarders."

The Red Cross Society, so much in evidence since the beginning of the Great War, was originally instituted as the result of a book written by Henri Dunant, a Swiss gentleman, to whom the terrible need for an efficient nursing corps was brought home by the sights which he witnessed at the battle of Solferino. The book was translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and as a result M. Dunant was asked to present a plan before a Congress called by the Geneva