

The Quiet Hour.

THE ONWARD WAY.

Our life is one long journey, and the road is sometimes rough and rugged; but our God Who loveth us, His children, knows the way, And He will gently lead us, day by day, We meet with certain milestones on our way, That help to cheer us onward, for they say, "Our God hath kept you so far, year by year, "Then will you dread the future? Will ye fear?" How can we, when He holds us by the hand And promises to lead us to His land! Then let us simply trust Him, nor allow One single shade of doubt to vex us now.

—Charlotte Murray.

WHOSE WE ARE.

The president of the world-wide order of King's Daughters and Sons, in an address not long ago, said of the Order that its first purpose was not Christian Doing but Christian Being. *Whose I am* precedes *St. Paul's whom I serve*. In these days of Christian activity it is very necessary for us all to remember this. That activity only is valuable which springs from love to God, and of which the motive power is a holy life. But it would be a mistake for us to think that the two, Christian being and doing, can be separated. Light will shine, life will act. A light that does not give light, a life that is inert, without activity, cannot be so much as imagined. *Whom I serve* follows necessarily and immediately upon *whose I am*. It is impossible to belong to God and not desire and attempt to do His will. —*Evangelist*.

REST IN THE LORD.

In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called "Cloudland." It hangs at the end of a long gallery; and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto." If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubims. How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy. In one cherub face it would see—"Whom I love, I chasten." Another angel would say, "All things work to-

gether for good to them that love God." In still another sweet face the heavenly words are coming forth, "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. Where I am there shall ye be also." —*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

ON BOTH KNEES.

William Dawson once told this story to illustrate how humble the soul must be before it can find peace. He said that at a revival meeting a little lad who was used to Methodist ways went home to his mother and said: "Mother, John So-and-so is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night, mother." "Why, William," said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother, and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope in ourselves left, we cannot find the Saviour. —*D. L. Moody*.

THE LIGHT DIVINE.

In the British Art Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, there was a remarkable picture of a blacksmith's shop. All the homely details—the smoky walls and rafters, the lurking shadows, the forms and faces of the men showing in the half-lights—were portrayed with singular fidelity. But the greatest artistic triumph appeared in the marvellous reflection, upon a boy's face, of light from an unseen forge. The ruddy glow, illuminating the sturdy figure and honest features of the rugged fellow busy with his work, was simply wonderful. No need to picture the red flames of the forge beyond, their existence was distinctly evident. The bright reflection proved their presence and their power. So it is always. A vivid reflection is invincible proof of light somewhere. While hands are busy with common work, the face may shine with radiant reflection of light divine, and the quiet life may be illuminated, if the worker will keep near to the Unseen Source. —*Julia H. Johnston, in "Bright Threads."*

THE SKY TELEGRAM.

A gentleman while buying a paper from a newsboy one day, said to him, "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?" "Yes, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I. But I have found out how to get help; do you want to know how?" "Yes, sir." "Then just send a telegram." The boy looked up in amazement. The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger and said, "What do you do in there?" "Think," said the boy. "Well, can God see what you think?" "I suppose He can." "Yes, He can and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, you just send a sky telegram this way; just think this thought quickly, 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it and send the help."

A few weeks later he met the same

little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said: "Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks, and I've sold more papers since I've been doin' that than I ever did before." —*Evangelist*.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which, it seems to me, everywhere and by everybody is underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets, that is, makes some more or less complaining statement of something or other which probably everyone in the room, or in the car, or the street corner, it may be, knew before, and probably nobody could help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, it cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort.

There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above; and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road. —*Helen Hunt Jackson*.

KEEP UP TO TONE.

One day when I was with Mr. Hicks, the painter, I saw on his table some high-colored stones, and I asked him what they were for. He said they were to keep his eye up to tone. When he was working in pigments, insensibly his sense of color was weakened, and by having a pure color near him he brought it up again, just as the musician, by his test-fork, brings himself up to the right pitch. Now, every day men need to have a sense of the invisible God. No nature is of such magnitude that it does not need every day to be tuned, chorded, borne up to the ideal of a pure and lofty life. —*Henry Ward Beecher*.

CHRISTIANITY is intended to make one good but not unnatural. To the regenerate soul goodness becomes the natural. That was an admirable reply which Haydn the composer made to his friend, the poet Carpani, who asked him how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animated, cheerful, and even gay description. "I cannot make it otherwise," said the musician. "I write according to the thought which I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."