

QUIET

HOUR

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty ; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious tho' it be, of her blue hours ;
But is hidden in her tender leading
To the summer's richer world of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light,
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above ;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more Divine and perfect love.

—A. A. Procter.

Love without reverence and enthusiasm is
only friendship.—George Sand.

God is the poet ; men are but the actors.
The greatest dramas of earth were written
in heaven.—Balzac.

There is no life so humble that if it be true
and genuinely human and obedient to God,
it may not hope to shed some of His life.
There is no life so meager that the greatest
and wisest of us can afford to despise it.—
Phillips Brooks.

What higher praise can we bestow on any-
one than to say that he harbors another's
prejudices with a hospitality so cordial as to
give him, for the time, the sympathy next
best to, if, indeed, it be not edification in,
charity itself. For what disturbs more and
distracts mankind than the uncivil manners
that cleave man from man?—Bronson Alcott.

Have charity ; have patience ; have mercy.
Never bring any human being, however silly,
ignorant or weak, to shame and confusion of
face. Never by petulance, by suspicion, by
ridicule, even by selfish haste,—never, above
all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a
sneer—crush what is finest and rouse up
what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-
creature.—Kingsley.

The prayer which Robert Louis Stevenson
wrote for his family in distant Samoa the
night before he died :

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us
with favor, folk of many families and nations
gathered together in the peace of this roof,—
weak men and women subsisting under the
covert of Thy patience. Be patient still ;
suffer us yet a while longer—with our broken
promises of good, with our idle endeavors
against evil—suffer us a while longer to en-
dure, and (if it may be) help us to do better.
Bless to us our extraordinary mercies ; if the
day come when these must be taken, have
us play the man under affliction.

"Be with our friends ; be with ourselves.
Go with each of us to rest ; if any awake,
temper to them the dark hours of watching ;
and, when the day returns—our Sun and
Comforter—call us with morning faces, eager
to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness be
our portion, and, if the day be marked to
sorrow, strong to endure it.

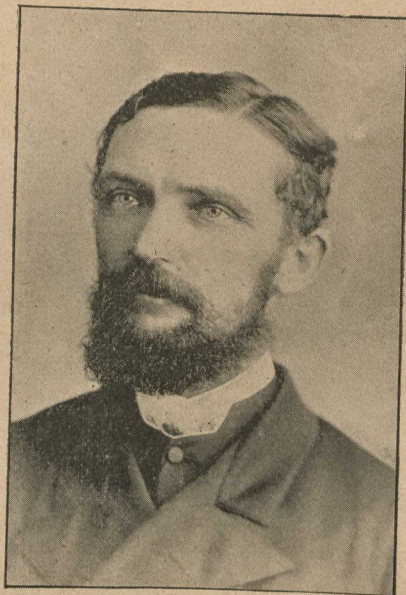
"We thank Thee and praise Thee ; and in
the words of Him to whom this day is sacred
close our oblation. Amen."

The following hymn was a marked favorite
of the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. He gave
it out more frequently than any other for
Sunday evening services, and quoted it much
in private :

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark has been the midnight,
But day spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love ;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
Our web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Are lusted with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.



REV. D. J. MACDONNELL.

O, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine ;
He brings a poor, vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

He was almost equally fond of the follow-
ing fine paraphrase by the Marquis of Lorne :

Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes ;
O, whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise ?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved,
Safe shalt thou be ;
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold, He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade ;
Jehovah evermore on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin ;
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee, watching thee, whom we adore,
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

God, the maker of all things, has left His
impress on the Sacred Writings, as on His
book in nature, and all are for our instruc-
tion. We contend that the record was not
written to teach science to all generations,
but given for moral and spiritual ends. The
cosmogony of the heavens and the science of
Genesis cannot be forced out of harmony.
The theories of science may change with
every generation, but the Bible keeps abreast
of all human knowledge whatsoever.

The Delphian oracles did not grow with
the years, but the Bible has been a perfect
growth, until it has reached a stage of com-
pleteness.

If by the attentive reading of the
prophecies we cannot see that exquisite har-
mony which exists between them, we would
be dull indeed ; and, yet, while this is said,
we do not forget that the food there found is
varied. . . . It is suited to the capacity
of all states and conditions of men,—none
need to be disappointed who come with will-
ing heart to learn its precious truths. The
New Testament is latent in the Old, and the
Old is like a room nobly furnished but dimly
lighted, needing but the sun to shine therein.

So by Paul we stand ;—to us it is good
science, for out of its treasures are brought
things new and old, to nourish the soul and
to make men wise.—Prof. Warfield's Lectures
at Knox College.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said :
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"—
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the living
bread."

O human soul ! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night !
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.
—Arnold.

We must remember that cheerfulness has
to be learned ; it does not come naturally.
The cheerfulness which comes naturally is
not that which our Master bids us to have.
We are to be of good cheer in tribulation,
and this certainly is not a natural experience.

Nor does this Christian cheerfulness come
as a direct gift from God when we become
Christians. All the fine things in Christian
nurture and Christian culture have to be
learned. Even Jesus Himself "learned
obedience by the things which he suffered."

When he was an old man, St. Paul wrote
to his friends that he had learned in what-
soever state he was therein to be content.
It is a comfort to us to think that Paul was
not always thus contented, and that it had
taken him a long time to learn the lesson.—
J. R. Miller, D.D.

Children of men ! the unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man :
Thou must be born again !

Children of men ! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.

—Matthew Arnold.

No man—no woman is always strong.
Calumny, even from the mouth of a fool,
will sometimes cut into unguarded feel-
ings.