

The Quiet Hour.

THE DUTY OF GLADNESS.

Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say rejoice.—Phil. iv.: 4.
Rejoice evermore.—1 Thess. v.: 16.

"I would my friends should see
In my glad eyes the beauty of His face;
Should learn that in His presence there
Is peace,
Strength and contentment, that can
never cease."

Yesterday someone said to me: "You always look so happy," and I thanked God for His answer to my prayer that "my friends should see in my glad eyes the beauty of His face." I do most earnestly want to "help a little," in my journey through life, and I am more and more convinced that gladness is one of the greatest gifts we can bestow. I know a young girl who is seldom noisily jolly, but whose face is always so glad that the common saying about her is: "Her face is like a benediction." Such gladness is a benediction—a blessing to the world—and it is the outward visible sign of God's benediction; the proof that the soul is walking with God in secret. "I have set the Lord always before me," says the Psalmist, "because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." And he goes in to explain the effect of such a cause: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth."

The great secret of perpetual gladness is the realization of the presence of God. It must destroy cowardly fear of danger to know that God is close beside us, all-loving and all-mighty to protect and strengthen His forgiven children who are earnestly trying to obey Him in all things. No wonder Elijah dared to confront Ahab with his stern message of a threatened and terrible punishment, when he could calmly say: "The Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand."

What higher place could even the angel Gabriel covet than this: "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God."

Our Lord was strengthened to go forward to voluntarily bend beneath the awful weight of the sins of the whole world, because He could say with confident assurance: "I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." We all want to be happy, but gladness does not always come at our call—and yet the command of the Apostle, "Rejoice in the Lord alway," does not stand alone, but is reiterated over and over again in both of the great divisions of the Bible. It is true that life has its times of agony. The soul must pass through the fire before it can be purified as silver or fine gold. There are times when the deep joy of a soul that rests upon its God is pressed down under pain, as the everlasting joy of Christ was hidden under a cloud in Gethsemane and on Calvary. When He felt that even His Father had forsaken Him, the cry of pain was terrible, and yet the "joy" of which He had so often spoken to His disciples on that last evening—"My joy," He called it—was still His precious possession. And if the joy of Christ's felt presence has become the priceless possession of any soul, pain or darkness cannot kill it. The black cloud will surely pass, and the sun—which has never ceased its shining—will be seen again. If you are passing through the fire now, and feel as though life were a burden which could hardly be endured, remember that One who loves you is watching tenderly over the refining process. He is showing His love by purging away the dross. Surely we can be glad, glad in the midst of the pain, because the Great Refiner sees precious gold in our souls and is not willing to lose that gold through the cruelty of a too-indulgent softness in dealing with us. But we cannot be refined if we refuse to submit to God's dealings with us, if we persistently say: "Not Thy will but mine be done." Surely we do not want the lament of Jeremiah over his people to be true of us, when he declares that the refining process is a failure. This failure is not the result of want of skill on the

part of the Refiner, but is the fault of the material He is trying to refine. "The bellows are burned, the lead is consumed of the fire; the founder melteth in vain. . . . reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them. Yes, we may rejoice in tribulations, and seek to gain the gift of a beautiful purity, gazing continually into the face of the One whose hand 'presseth sore,' yet very tenderly; until He can see His own beauty of holiness reflected in us, and can, with great joy, take his beloved as pure gold out of the furnace.

"God never would send you the darkness,

If He thought you could bear the light,

But you would not cling to His guiding hand

If the way were always bright,

And you would not care to walk by faith

Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true 'He' has many an anguish

For your sorrowful heart to bear,

And many a cruel thorn crown

For your tired head to wear,

'He' knows how few would reach Heaven at all

If pain did not guide them there.

If 'He' sends you the blinding darkness

And the furnace of sevenfold heat,

'Tis the only way, believe me, . . .

To keep you close to His feet.

For 'Tis always so easy to wander

When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then put your hand in your Father's

And sing, if you can, as you go.

Your song may cheer someone behind you

Whose courage is sinking low,

And, well, if your lips do quiver,—

God will love you better so."

Let us try to form the habit of rejoicing

in everything which the Lord our God giveth us. One way of making this

a possibility is to realize that the things which come to us—even though they may be the result of our own sin, or of the sin of others—are really offered from our Father's hand to ours. Our Lord forbade St. Peter to make any resistance, telling him to put up his sword into the sheath, and explaining his reason for accepting, willingly, the rough treatment He was receiving: "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" He said. It mattered less than nothing to His clear sight that the pain and the shame were caused by the wickedness of men. The cup might be pressed into His hand by cruel enemies, and yet He knew certainly that their attempt to hurt Him would fall back powerless, unless God intended the Captain of our salvation to be made perfect through sufferings. He took the cup from His Father's hand—not from the hand of man—and so can we. And only by keeping our eyes open to see His face and our hearts warm to feel His love can we possibly obey the command: "Rejoice evermore." A short time ago a dear little lady of my acquaintance said to me: "Two years ago, when I came to the city, I thought that there was nothing for me to do but creep into a corner and get out of everybody's way. My relations were dead, I was very deaf, and felt myself a nuisance to anyone who tried to talk to me, and I felt as though nobody cared what became of me. But,

suddenly, an opportunity for congenial work came unsought, then new friends came into my life, my horizon grew wider as my sympathy went out to the young people around me, and I began to understand that God cared for me after all, and was trying to make me happy."

Do we not share her experience, to some extent? Opportunities came unsought, gifts are laid at our feet, paths widen out before us, until we cannot doubt the living continual care of our Heavenly Father. Should we not be as glad as little children, knowing that our Father is caring for us, planning out our future, watching over us in the present, and always willing to forgive the sins of the past, and let us start afresh with no record against us in His book of remembrance, if only we are really sorry for our sins and earnestly set an amendment? How can we fail to be happy if our past sins are blotted out, if our future is in strong and loving hands, and if we walk every hour close beside the One who is altogether lovely? Then we can respect the sweet refrain of the Song of Solomon: "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

"The busy fingers fly; the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold:

But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;

While through each labor, like a thread
Of gold,

Is woven the sweet consciousness of
Thee."

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I have been impressed, week after week, to write and tell you how helpful your addresses are to me, and yet I did not do so, but kept putting it off. But this week I feel I must write. Why, as far back as last Sep-

address, "To die is gain," for a friend in England, who, a few weeks ago, had a little grandson drowned. He was only six years old. I am writing it all, as I think it will comfort her. She is a good Christian. So, you see, dear Hope, how your work extends. I hope I have not wearied you with my long letter. I do pray God will bless you and that your work may be a joy to you. (MRS.) H. F. BAYLISS.

Hickson, Ont.

Thank you very much for your kind letter, Mrs. Bayliss, I am glad you use the little morning prayer, and I hope others may be remembering to say it each day. In case any of our readers have forgotten the words, I will repeat it: "I praise my GOD this day, I give myself to GOD this day, I ask GOD to help me this day." Then there is the little Act of Love: "Lord Jesus, I love Thee, and I want to love Thee more."

HOPE.

My dear Hope,—Our workers here wish me to write and thank, through you, the friends among the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," who helped us by sending money, but by not signing any name gave us no chance of thanking them personally. We appreciate also, of course, those who have taken children, but our secretary has been corresponding with them. This note is particularly thanking those who so generously give, and keep themselves in the background. We will let you know later of the number of homes, etc., that we have received through your columns. The work has gone on very successfully this year; about four hundred children have gone out now. We think the work is nearly over for this year. Wishing you success in your work, and thanking you for your constant interest,

Yours very sincerely,

ESTHER HOW.

AN ELECTRIC HOUSE.

It would be delightful, as Tennyson says, to "fall asleep with all one's friends," and sleep a hundred years, and then awake to enjoy the wonderful inventions and discoveries that will have been made by that time. For one thing, the lucky person who could do that would probably wake to find humanity living in labor-saving electric houses.

There is one of these electric houses already in existence. It is in Troyes, in the Rue Pierre Gautier, and is owned by Monsignor Georgia Knap.

The description of the house sounds rather weird. Had it stood in old-times in Salem, the inhabitants would surely have been hanged for witches. For when, desiring to enter, you press a button, instantly the door flies open, and a mysterious voice bids you welcome—a hidden gramophone. There is an electrically-activated doorman in the hall of this house, and it rubs the visitor's feet clean in the most thoughtful way. Along the wall are dozens of labelled buttons, and the mere pressure of the right button will do almost anything, from setting your tea or dinner before you to taking hot water to your room or closing the window.

When the guests are going in to dinner, the host presses a button, and the doors open; another, and the chairs place themselves. The center of the table is arranged with its flowers and silver and food down in the basement. Electricity lifts it, all adorned, to its proper place, and along with it come the lighted candelabras. From the chandelier above issue the strains of soft music as you eat. At the end of the meal, the host presses a button; the table vanishes, and windows open to air the room.

There are no hot-water bottles in the bedrooms, but they are not needed. There are bottles electrically treated, which keep warm all night. A human massuse is never needed. Massage machines are there, and can be set in motion by a touch, and applied to any part of the body.

Of course, the food is all cooked by electricity. There is a human cook employed in the house, also a flesh-and-blood butler, and a lady's maid. But housemaids, footmen and kitchen maids are eliminated by electricity in this marvelous house of the future.



Coming from the Fair.

(From a painting by Rosa Bonheur, 1822-1899.)

tember I wanted a little help with a paper I intended giving, and when "The Farmer's Advocate" came, I turned to the Quiet Hour, not expecting to find what I was looking for, but there it was. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

How surprised I was. Then some time ago you told us of a minister you had heard addressing some young people, teaching them a little consecration vow, and said, if all the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" would repeat it every morning what a chorus of praise would ascend up to God.

So I commenced to say it, and I think I have not missed but one morning. I am sure I have been blessed and really helped through the day.

I think it's so nice to say first thing in the morning: "I praise thee my God this day." It often reminds me of a verse:

"New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us as we pray,
New perils passed, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."

I thought when I wrote to my friends, I would ask them to join me, and I would ask God to bless every one who repeated the vow, from "Hope" down to Amy, a niece of mine. So I wrote to five; four in the Old Country. I have only been in Canada two years.

Then, this week I am writing out the