

## SOUL-QUIET.

In this age of intense mental activity, we are in great danger of losing that holy tranquillity of soul, that abiding restfulness in the inmost recesses of our being. What is this blessed stillness? It is not idleness or carnal sloth. It is not indifference. It is not inactivity. It is a state of *rest in God*, of being filled with a peace that passeth all understanding. It is to cease from self—self-energy, self-will, self-seeking, self-consciousness. It is what the old writers meant by *recollectedness*, an abiding sense of the Divine Presence. "Recollection," said Cecil, "is the means by which God Himself becomes the mainspring of all our actions, the inspiring element of our lives." God deals with us as we deal with our children. The first thing to get the wayward, thoughtless child to do, is to *listen*. You call the little thing to your feet; you simply say, "Now, *be quiet*; listen to me for a moment." To how many an anxious worker is He saying to-day, "Be *still*, and know that I am God." "In *quietness* and in confidence shall be your strength."—*Rev. E. H. Hopkins*, in "*The Life of Faith*."

## SECRET OF A TRUE LIFE.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, gives in one of his letters an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of crib: never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," says Dr. Arnold, and I think his words are very beautiful, "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind. Intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself—save as regarded her improving in all goodness—wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant